Offer Everything to You

by ncserran

Summary

Priest G!Sans/Reader
Based on ElicitSin's Priest G!Sans design.
Controversy inducing relationships. A hidden club under the guise of a hip uptown bar. An awakened thirst for revenge.

You are a rebellious teenager who works a part-time job in order to support your single mother. You normally don’t attend church by choice, but your mum manages to convince you to visit just this once for one reason only; There’s a new priest in town, and he’s not human.

Notes

The following fanfiction was heavily inspired by Tiffany Reisz' Original Sinners series and is based on ElicitSin's Priest G!Sans design. If you enjoyed this fanfiction as much I enjoyed writing it, I would like to encourage you to see their works.

It's thanks to them that I am feel motivated to write and create.
Reader starts out at 16 years old, but there won't be any extreme/explicit sexual play until they reach 20 years old. This ride is going to be a long and slow one.
In The Name of the Father

You woke up to the sound of your mother pounding her fist on a wooden surface. Your transition from the dream world to reality was slow and gradual, just the way you like it. Your mother hollers your name which sounded muffled from the other side of the door. Her tone and volume increased every second of her frustration. You clambered out of your bed, not giving two shits about the string of drool that dribbled from your lips. The moment you open your bedroom door, your mother pelted you with the usual early morning nag. Hurry up, get dressed, yadda yadda yadda. It was a Sunday and your mother was not going to waste another minute staying in this house. You and your single mother had to get ready for the morning service like her life depends on it. You swear to God that in another life, your mum would be happy living as a nun.

Instead, she had you. Poor woman thought she had a real thing going on with your father. Thought they would stick through the thick and thin. Yet the moment she announced she carried you in her womb, he immediately abandoned her. At least they didn’t have to worry about complicated divorce papers. You whined about how you didn’t want to go to church anymore. It might have been okay years ago when your mother had the right to drag you along to those sermons, but you’ve grown. You’re a ripe age of 16 now and you can make your own choices - and that was to not go. You had a hard time believing in an invisible man who hid in the sky and acted like he was Big Brother. Your mother only reprimands you for this and you rolled your eyes. Just a little bit longer, you told yourself. With the money you save up from those part-time jobs, you’ll get out of this place as soon as you can. By ‘soon’, that meant about four years from now, considering the measly amount you made per week.

You ask your mother why she’s being so persistent today. You thought she had given up trying to convince you to attend two years ago. She replied that there’s a new priest in town that might actually keep you awake during service. Interesting. You raised an eyebrow and ask how is that going to be possible.

“Well, rumour has it that the new priest is a monster.” You countered that this wasn’t uncommon. Ever since monsters resurfaced from Mt. Ebott, they’ve been applying for normal human jobs left and right. It took some getting used to, since back then it wasn’t every day that a rabbit-woman could run a bakery. Now it was the norm. Although there was still some racism going on, but that was normal. Humans were xenophobic of their own kind after all.

Your mother continued. “I hear he’s your type.” You crossed your arms, still in your pyjamas as you watched your mum pick out a decent dress from your closet. You ask if she was actually suggesting that you might have the hots for this new priest because the idea was gross. You reminded her you liked tough, brooding men with tattoos on their arms and wrote Gothic poetry. That was an exaggerated example but you knew for sure you weren’t into a chastising, old man. Or monster. Finally, as your mother pulled out one of your light coloured shirt dresses. You cringe at it. You don’t wear that dainty thing anymore.

With a glum expression, you receive it as your mum shoves it into your arms. “He also has a motorcycle.”

Your ears pricked up.

“Indian Scout?” You ask with doubt clouding your face. Your mother shook her head and your heart sank with disappointment, only to jump again at her next words.

“Ducati.” she corrected with a gentler voice than earlier as she also handed you a pair of Mary Jane
shoes to go with your outfit. “Now go get dressed. We leave in twenty, so you’ll have enough time to have breakfast.” You can’t remember when was the last time you got ready for church this fast.

The trip to the local church wasn’t that far, it was only a fifteen-minute walk from home. Once the two of you reached the front steps of the church, a couple of older women greeted the both of you. Close friends of mum, you supposed. They said hellos and how are you doings to you, and before you knew it you out of the loop of the conversation.

While your mother mingled with them, you strayed away from her side to look for a certain friend of yours. Hettie, with her large brunette curls, was your classmate, and one of your closest ones. You walked into the church, ducking your head low to avoid attention from others. The last thing you need is someone coming up to you and remark how long they haven’t seen you return. Finally, you found her in a pale yellow high-waist dress where the hem dropped just below her knees. Freckles adorned her pale arms and cheeks, a trait she despised but you thought they were cute. It didn’t take long until she spotted you as well with her round blue eyes. With a small squeal of delight, she ran up to you with arms outstretched.

“I thought I was going to be lonely this week again,” she said as she gave you a hug. “I miss you here at Sunday morning service.”

“Idiot,” you teased her with a smirk as the both of you pulled away. “I see you at class all the damn time.”

Hettie blushed. “Yes, but the church can be boring before and after the service when I don’t have a dear friend around. By the way, I don’t think you’ve met the new priest who replaced Father Alex.”

“No, not yet,” you confirmed. “I hear he owns a sweet ride.”

“It’s more than just a ‘sweet ride’.” Hettie giggled as she took your hand in hers and pulls you towards the back of the church. As you rounded the corner towards a narrow pathway, a dark motorcycle leant on the side of the building. You never saw a high-quality bike up this close, no less a Ducati. You bet this one purred like a kitten when it’s awake. You allowed your hands to run from the back end towards the soft leather seat and up the handles. It’s when you noticed that the motorcycle wasn’t even locked.

You were about to make some witty remark about it when there was the sound of footsteps approaching. They stepped on crinkly leaves and twigs from the back of the church, which you and bike were facing. With a hiss, Hettie made a beeline for the bushes, signalling you with a panicked hand to get you to follow her. Before you could even move, a tall figure rounded the corner in front of you, humming a quiet hymn. He only stopped when he spotted you and your hand on the handle of his ride.

The man had a lanky build with broad shoulders and he stood at least six feet tall. He wore dark clothing for the church; a pair of black leathers, fit, black trousers. His black buttoned shirt had the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. The only thing that wasn’t black in his clothing was the small rectangular square at the front of his collar. It was pure white, but that wasn’t the only thing that was white either. His skin was an off-putting shade of white as well. Was it even skin? It looked more like bone.

What you supposed was his face was a skull instead. His nose was a flat, triangular hole and he had two dark eye sockets with orbs of light that mimicked actual eyes. One crack ran from the top of his skull down the right of his brow. Another crack ran down his left eye socket down his cheek.
until the corner of his lips. His exposed forearms were ulnar and radius, and you noticed there was a black bracelet on each wrist. His hands looked more organic. He had palms, but there was a large, perfect circle hole on each of them as if someone punched out a chunk of his hand. His fingers were smooth metacarpals and phalanges, which twiddled with a ring of keys.

Mum wasn’t joking around. Your new priest was a monster.

You spent so long examining him from afar, you didn’t notice how long you were staring until he spoke.

“Fancy a ride, kid?” he asked you. His voice was a silky baritone, one that would compliment a choir well. His tone was light, almost playful. The light in his eye sockets bore into yours as if he observed you as close as you did to him. The thickened air from the tensed situation dissipated. You’d accept the offer in a heartbeat, but you instead, you said the first thing you wanted to say earlier.

“How could you be so clumsy to forget to lock your Ducati?”
In the Name of the Son

Chapter Summary

You met the new priest and he’s nothing like you expected. In fact, if it wasn’t for his collar, you wouldn’t even think he was a man of God. His personality was too laid-back and he dishes out the most horrendous of jokes. What else is there to this skeleton?

There was a short silence between you and this walking bag of bones. First, he raised an eyebrow at your accusation about his forgetfulness. Bright, striking eyes watched you as you fidgeted in place. You swore one of them glowed a faint violet. His mouth was a little agape, which showed the top row of his blunt teeth. You realised that telling the new priest off was a bad idea, but you held your stare with his.

"Heh."

Your jaw dropped a bit. He only laughed it off?

He continued. "I guess the trip here just made me tyre-d."

You wondered why he had to stretch the last word until he gave the tyres of his bike a light kick with his right foot. Somewhere in the bushes, you hear Hettie let out a faint laugh, but the priest kept his gaze on you. Your face scrunched up as well.

"Oh stop. That was terrible," you replied with a shaky voice, unable to contain a giggle.

His lips stretched into a small smirk. "Hmm?" He hummed as he placed his hand on the other handle. You removed your own hand from the other so he could take back his bike. "I think you can handle some more of my puns."

You tried your best to look upset at his dreadful puns.

"You're smiling," he purred, looking pleased with himself.

"And I hate it." You pouted, blowing up your cheeks to stop yourself from broadening that smile. He just shrugged as he took both the handles and pushed the bike away towards the parking lot. No way, you were not going to let him have the last laugh.

"Hey," you called him, and he paused for you but didn't look back. You continued anyway. "What do you call a vicar that rides a motorbike?"

Now he looked back at you with a lazy, skeleton grin on his face. You felt a hitch in your breathing as he stared at you with amused eyes. "Go on," he goaded you. "What is it?"

You swallowed your grin that was about to plaster on your face. "A rev."
His grin widened and he let out a snort. "Heh, good one," he replied, and you beamed with pride. However, the feeling was short-lived. "But I heard that one before."

Your jaw felt like it hit the floor for real as you watched him walked away.

"I'll see you at service, kiddo,"

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You could hardly contain yourself at worship service. As the choir sang hymns that you usually ignored, you found yourself singing along. It helped distract you from the awful jokes that awful person made. Well, he wasn't that bad. But his puns were bad enough that if you and Hettie so much as exchange glances, you both broke into hysterics.

Still, you can't help but feel infuriated that you were unable to one-up that smug faced bastard. Heard that one before? No way, he must be bluffing. That was the best joke you ever came up with, and way better than his lame, cheap puns. While some representative came up and read aloud the verse of the week, you sat down next to mum in thought. Your mother was happy that you weren't being all fidgety. She just didn't know that most of the time, you were planning a better, wittier joke to outsmart the priest.

"And now, the gospel delivered by Father Gaster."

A respectful hush settled over the crowd as the verse reader stepped down to give way for the tall skeleton. No surprises there. But you'd bet most of the people here would have their jimmies rocked if they found out about his sense of humour.

The dark clothed man of bone walked into the pulpit with a heavy leather-bound bible in his hand. He propped it on the surface, made sure it was secure, then surveyed the crowd. He looked relaxed, and so did the visitors today, so you assumed he's been around for a good amount of time. He had a pleasant and gentle smile, not like the complacent one from earlier. You glared at the thought until without warning the two of you made eye-contact. Your features changed into a surprise, but his smile only grew a little wider. There it is. That shit-eating grin. Before you could react, he looked back at the crowd and raised one hand. His fingers looked soft and his greeting looked casual.

"The Lord be with you." He spoke, his voice was firmer than before but still retained that rough, sleepy deep tone.

The crowd replied with a hearty, "And also with you."

Father Gaster placed his hand down and opened his bible to the verse that the scripture reader read. You weren't paying attention which verses you were all learning today. You didn't have to worry about that too long because, by the gods, this skeleton can speak. His demeanour was warm and welcoming, while his voice spoke with captivating authority. Once in a while, he would pull a joke which gave everyone a good laugh before returning back to topic. At least they were better ones than the first time you met.

"Human, monster or mouldy pizza, we are materialistic beings." Each word that left his lips had perfect annunciation. "We want more money. We want more things. We want more likes on Facebook. I heard of a kid who wanted so many hotdogs he didn't have any more room in his pockets for 'em. So he got the rest stacked on his head."
The crowd chuckled at the thought.

"But hey, what happened when he tried to walk away with that many 'dogs?' There was a pause for effect. "They all fell. Every single one of them. No longer useful to eat. Like the material things of this world, they will no longer be of use to us when we enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

He started talking about how you all had to store blessings instead of earthly things. You felt compelled to tithe the next service. Well, if your boss gave you a bonus.

Out of nowhere, his glowing white eyes landed on you once more and you felt your body stiffen. You're sure you didn't yawn or did anything particular to catch his eye. The way he stared right into your own, it was evident that he was making eye contact with you and nobody else. Luckily, no one seems to notice this, nor the fact that you felt the blood heated up to your cheeks.

"We must all remember to store our treasures in Heaven." Father Gaster continued, his unyielding gaze kept on you. His smile lingered, but you weren't sure if it was still there. You somehow felt trapped by his eyes. "Especially when we finally realise what our treasure is."

You felt your ears warmed up as he said this. You dare not break eye contact like you were being challenged. After that, he finally looked away and you heaved a relieved sigh. What was that just now? How can something as simple as gazing feel so much like getting choked? Your mind felt stunned for the rest of the mass.

At the end of the service, everyone got up from their pews and went back to mingling, you stayed still in your seat. You watched as humans and monsters crowded around Father Gaster with smiles. Some asked questions about this week's message. Some praised the way he shared the gospel. Others invited him over for dinner or tea, to which he all declined. His excuse was that he still needed to settle in his office, which everyone respected. When the crowd diminished, you mustered up the courage to speak with him.

He noticed you from the corner of his eye and faced towards you with the smile he wore for everyone else. You felt your stomach knot as you approached closer. Up this close, you notice he had dark bags underneath his eye sockets. He must be telling the truth earlier - how far did he travel again?

"You're," you started, but found yourself stuttering. Father Gaster only made a few sleepy blinks at you and looked patient for whatever you needed to say. "You're not a normal, everyday priest, are you?"

You thank the heavens that there were not many people surrounding him right now. That question was rather odd, even for you. Yet for Father Gaster, he answered it with a hearty chuckle.

"Hehehe," There's that grin again. You're not sure that grin made you smile or made you pissed off. "My God, I hope not."
In the Name of the Holy Spirit

Chapter Summary

You can't get Father Gaster out of your head and you blame it on his own existence. How does one new priest make you feel this way? You resort to certain methods to relieve yourself.

Chapter Notes

Disclaimer: The following chapter contains Wax Play. Please don't actually attempt wax play or any sort of play in a BDSM context unless you are experienced with BDSM and/or have a professional/trained partner with you. Always research before attempting any kind of play. Number one rule of BDSM: Safety first.

I would also like to thank everyone who has given this work kudos, bookmarks and comments. Each one of you encourages me to continue writing, and I hope you'll enjoy the rest of this fanfiction with me.

Ever since that Sunday, you've been looking forward to attending church more and more. Father Gaster has made quite an impression at your small church. The church was even having new attendees from out of town. His delivery in the gospel was new and refreshing, not like how the other priests who spoke in lullabies. He even set out new rules about his office which were all respected by everyone. One; if anybody under the age of 18 wished to speak with him about anything, the door must be ajar. Just open enough to prove that he wasn't planning to do anything stupid, but not too wide either. 'Kids, in particular, keep a lot of secrets,' he said before. 'And I will keep my lips sealed for them.'

Another was that he removed the tithing plate and replaced it with envelopes by the entrance. This way, no one was ever pressured to donate, and it also discouraged those who tithed huge wads of cash to show off. Tithing was now anonymous unless you put your name in the envelope. Then you'd have to slip it in a small, modest wooden box for collection. Many things, in your opinion, had improved in the church.

Of course, even someone like Father Gaster had his critics. Some thought that a Jesuit at the age of 21 was far too young. Two, there was still the issue of some people being racist against monsters. An undead preaching the holy word? Oh my. You didn't care - you thought he was doing a good job except for one thing.

For you, you have a complicated relationship with the way he looked at you. He didn't look at you in a funny way, no, he glanced at you just as he would to others. Once in a while, he'd smirk at you when you tried to one-up him again with a joke, but he would deliver back tenfold. Whenever this happened, you felt the blood rush to your face over and over again. You swear it feels like getting into a smouldering sauna, then dunked into ice water. You hate it. You hated the way it made you feel, but you ached for it. You wanted him to hear your latest joke, until one day he would finally
hear something new. You wanted to wipe that smug, impish grin that's forever plastered on his teeth.

That yearning got worse as a whole month dragged on. You got addicted to the heat of his bright, white glowing eyes. At home, you did some studying. What else could help emulate that feeling? Something that would make you feel hot, and then cold? You looked it up for days on the internet. Some methods were too extreme for you. Others were too boring. You never thought you would try to look up things like this. Finally, you settled on something balanced.

"I'm going to take a bath, mum," you called downstairs as you grabbed a couple of spare scented candles.

"You didn't have to tell me that, dear," your mother called back, but you don't think she understood.

"I mean, I'm going to take my time in there," you hollered back. "No barging in!"

"Alright, but don't take too long," she groaned on the couch as she flipped through the channels on the TV. "You might get wrinkly like a prune."

You grunted at her childish reminder at that but paid no mind.

Ahh, if only you could dim the lights in the bathroom, but that wasn't possible. While you ran the water in a plugged tub, you placed the candles at the foot of the bath and lit them with care. The flame flickered and devoured the thread and melted the wax. It took about five minutes before the room smelled of creamy vanilla and lavender. You applaud you mum's choice of scented candles, these weren't so bad.

You dipped your undressed self into the tub, careful not to splash the water out. You made the water lukewarm, not too hot but not too cold. Just right. You leant back and let out a relieved sigh as you allowed the water to envelop your body and soaked your hair. You can't remember when was the last time you ran a bath like this. Usually, you were in a rush and could only take quick showers.

Once you felt relaxed enough, you glanced at the two candles you lit earlier. Right, you weren't here just for the aromatherapy. You sat up, causing a few tiny waves around you in the bath and took the pastel purple one. You spent a few days studying about wax play and thought it was scary. Hot wax dripped on your body? You thought you would pass it up, but the more you read into it, the more intrigued you got. It's considered an advanced form of play, but it seemed tame when you compared it with others.

Plus, you wanted that hot-cold feeling. The feeling only he could do so far. You needed it now, and not a moment too soon. If you waited any longer, the wax was going to be too hot. Just to be safe, you blew out the light.

You held your breath. Your arm started to shake. Your mind was spinning with thoughts of doubt. "Why am I even doing this?", you said to yourself, but you needed to know. You needed to experience that sensation you craved so much. And so you pressed on, tipping the candle slowly, steadily, surely, until...

*Pain*. Stinging, searing pain, like several ants on your arm at once. You let out a small yelp and immediately submerged your arm. Good thing you managed to keep a firm grip on the candle in your other hand. It was hot. It burns. It's like splashing hot coffee on yourself. You leant your head
back as your mind screamed again and again. It's hot. It's hot. It's so hot. It's.. warm. You realised you were breathing in a heavy, laboured way. The burning sensation seemed to ebb away but your heart continued to race a million miles.

Finally, there was that feeling. That wave of cool relief that the water gave you.

More, your mind cried out and you laughed at yourself. Just a few seconds ago you were in pain. You clearly remembered how you described it earlier. And now you wanted more of it? What were you turning into? Still, your questions didn't stop you from trying again. You noticed there was a small, pink spot from where you dropped the wax earlier. It made you feel warm, and you haven't poured more wax yet. As a precaution, you blew out the other candle so the wax there had time to cool down.

You tried again with the purple, blown out candle. And again. And again. You watched the mesmerising wax trail down your arm. You recoiled every time the wax hits your skin over and over again, but you also welcomed it. You would swap with the white, vanilla candle. The feeling was insane and it was close to what you wanted. Burning warmth then replaced with cooling relief. You fed your addiction. You also felt it grow.

Soon, both your arms were pink from the wax play. You were more careful about the area around your wrists, though. You didn't want too many markings there.

You lost count how many times you sighed to yourself. Your mind felt fuzzy, but you also felt awake. There was a serene dreaminess all around you, but you felt so aware of your surroundings. When you got out of the bath, you feel like can't ever recall being this calm. Your soul felt cleansed, your chest light as air.

That wasn't the last time you did wax play either.

You kept having those wax play baths on and off that entire week. You became more and more adventurous for each new bath. One time you tried to pile on as much wax drippings as you could until it covered your entire arm. Another time you experimented with different temperatures of the melted wax to your liking. You mixed and matched different candle scents until you found your favourite. Each time you took these baths, you felt as though you sunk deeper into your new 'spa treatment'.

Your mother and Hettie didn't notice a thing about your arms, or why you looked more chill than usual. You mum thought that maybe that your 'teenage' phase was finally leaving. Hettie assumed you weren't receiving as much pressure from your part-time work. You thought no one would ever figure out your new kink until Sunday arrived around the corner.

It was the first Sunday of the month, and Father Gaster held a communion before his share of the gospel. You wore a cotton cardigan to cover the majority of your arms from last night's special bath. It only failed to cover the light pink spots that decorated your inner wrists. You ignored them since they were so faded. You lined up with everyone else at the church aisle as everyone received that crisp, white wafer. The organ played in the background as your turn crept closer and closer towards the tall skeleton. Your heart began to drum in your chest just like that first time you poured wax on yourself.

Soon, you were finally in front of him. No amount of candle wax can compare to how his stare made you feel. When it was your turn, he kept his piercing gaze upon you and his offered the wafer to your lips. He smiled and nodded his head at you in greeting. You raised your hands to your chest
and pressed the palms together as you opened your mouth to receive the wafer.

In an instant, he broke eye contact, his gaze dropped towards your hands. The wafer he held between his phalanges halted in mid-air, an inch away from your face. You felt your stomach drop. Impossible. He shouldn't be able to see the burns from this kind of lighting. Even if he did, why should you worry? A priest as respectable as Gaster wouldn't spend his time looking up kinky stuff like this.

You thank the heavens that his delay lasted only a few seconds. He moved his hand again and you stuck out your tongue.

"The body of Christ." Father Gaster murmured in a hushed tone that only you could hear and he pressed the wafer on your tongue. The force he used was firm, but he was gentle.

You pulled back your tongue and felt the wafer dissolve in your mouth. It was tasteless. "Amen," you mumbled back and made your way back to your seat. Behind you, you felt his gaze bore into your back. You waited for the feeling of cooling relief to wash through your body.

It never came.
Hallowed Be Thy Name

Chapter Summary

You were called into Father Gaster's office after service. What does he want? You were sure the burn marks on your wrist were hidden. He couldn't possibly want to talk about that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You tried your best to not look so shaken after service, but Hettie seemed to catch on to something. "Hun what's wrong?" she asked. She always used that pet name when she suspected you were upset. Only mum and Hettie called you 'hun'. Usually, it helped soothe you, but this time, it only made you feel tenser. You wanted to be left alone for a bit, but you couldn't just turn Hettie away. She was too sweet for that. "Do you feel sick? Should I tell auntie?"

You froze when she mentioned your mother. She was a ways away from the two of you and doesn't know of your discomfort. "No, no," you insisted. "I'm fine, don't worry about it," Hettie tilted her head to the side with doubt. You looked like anything but 'fine'. Your arms folded in front of you, your head kept low and you would glance left and right anxiously. Before she could press on about it, Tall Smiley-Trashbag made his way towards the both of you. You felt the hairs at the back of your neck rise as you watched his leather shoes click slowly against the wooden floor. Usually, you met his gaze but you found the ground much more interesting to look at today.

"Hey, kid," Father Gaster greeted you warmly, but you still didn't look up. Hettie looked up at him and shrugged. He didn't seem perturbed of your sudden change of behaviour. "I'm going to need to see you in my office today."

You felt your chest tighten and Hettie link her arm around yours. "Is something the matter, Father Gaster?" she asked him in her usual high voice. "Do you know what's happened to her?"

Father Gaster shook his head apologetically. "'Fraid not. I'll only know kids problems if they open up to me. Much like how Jesus tells the little children to come to him in need."

But I don't need you, you tried to convince yourself to no avail. Not right now.

Father Gaster gave you a once-over, then back to Hettie. "You're welcome to join us too," he said to your friend. You can hear your best friend hum in thought.

"Thank you, but my mum and dad are going to the grocer's, and I need to watch over Lil' Billy." Her answer was with much disappointment, but you felt guilty for feeling thankful. Billy, Hettie's little brother, adored her sister a lot but was a handful to take care of. Father Gaster nodded his head with understanding and Hettie gave you one last hug.

"Don't worry, alright?" she whispered before letting you go. You still felt regret for being grateful that Hettie didn't have to join your conference. "Father Gaster's a wonderful person, and you can tell him all your secrets! He never tells a soul, and it helps!"
Your answer was a weak nod as you watched her go. You felt a twinge of helplessness. You wanted someone to bail you out of this, but at the same time, you felt thrilled to have a private moment with the priest.

"Take your time, kid," you hear him say from behind you. His deep, carefree voice still sends tingles down your spine. "You don't have to go if you don't want to but," He paused and you finally turned around to look at him. His piercing gaze met yours for a split second before he turned away from you to walk towards his office. His back looked broad and strong underneath that dark shirt. "Well, I think I'll be able to help you. Drop by whenever you'd like."

"I'll do that right now," you finally spoke up as you followed him from behind. He didn't turn back to look at you, but you'd like to think that he smiled at that.

His office looked as humble as you expected for a priest. At the back of the church was his living quarters which also served as his office. The place was the size of a small studio apartment. On one side of the room was his desk and chair with drawers of documents for whatever he needed.

On the other side was a quaint bed with a side table that had a lamp, a thick bible and a decorated box with a lock. You wondered why he needed a full-sized bed for two. He had his own bathroom with a shower and there was even a small kitchen he could use. He had everything he needed in here. Outside his window, there was a view of an empty garden that needed more attention. Past that was the forest this church stood next to.

"Pretty cosy, huh?" Father Gaster said with a lop-sided smile as he gestured you over to a seat by his desk. With caution, you sat on one of the wooden seats in front of his desk. It had a soft cushion on it, which was nice. As expected, he kept the door to his quarters open. Anyone who walked past by could see the two of you. You hoped these people had the decency to not snoop around.

"So," You started off after he took a seat behind his desk. He leant forward, arms resting on the flat, smooth surface of the wood. He had his hands clasped together. The holes on his palms were still there and you wondered if he had any difficulty in holding small objects. On the desk, you noticed there was a name plate that read 'WingDing S. Gaster'. Everyone knew that WingDing was his first name, but for some reason, he didn't want people to use that. Hence, everyone just called him by his last name. "What is it you could 'help' me with?"

You look up to meet his eyes, expecting to meet his usual lazy stare. Instead, you met a stern one. Surprised, you leant back a little against your chair. His eyes studied you like a trained hawk and the smile he had earlier disappeared. Instead, his lips formed a thin, hard line. "Wh-," You stammered, not used to this stone-faced side of his. "What's wrong?"

There was a pause, then he released some air through his nostrils. "Kid," he began, then stopped. His voice was full of authority now. You felt like a school kid caught red-handed by a teacher. The pressure built more and more inside you. His eyes fluttered down to your wrists. You tried to cover them with the sleeves of your cardigan. You felt as though you could break into cold sweat. He paused again and blinked a few times. He was trying to say something. The air thickened around you and you found it difficult to breathe. What was up with this guy? You might as well just bolt right out of there but something kept you there. Something you couldn't describe.
Finally, he leant back on his own chair. It helped loosen the tension between you and you felt your shoulders relax. His clasped hands rested on his lap instead, but he kept a fixed look at you. "Listen, kiddo," he said with a softer voice. "If there's anything you want to talk about, stuff that might be too embarrassing to tell your mum-"

You rolled your eyes at this. "And why would I tell such 'embarrassing' things to you?" you interrupted him as harsh as you could so he could get you off your case.

He rested his right elbow on the arm of his chair. With his other hand, he scratched the back of his neck. "Because I promise not to judge," he replied promptly. You felt the sincerity in his expression. "The big guy himself did say that we shouldn't judge one another."

You fell silent. That was fair, but not enough to start telling your priest that you started to get into some kinky shit at home. Even if Hettie said he'd keep one's darkest secrets... No, there's just no way he needed to know what you were doing. After a long, deafening silence, he stood up and walked around the desk to gave you a few pats on the shoulder. "Like I said, take your time," he assured you. He was back in his laid-back lazybones ways. "No pressure, okay? Do you want a 'dog before you leave?"

You think he meant a hot dog. It's become common knowledge that they were Father Gaster's favourite food. "Sure." You answered. Inside you, something nagged that you knew he needed to say something else. All that 'you can just talk to me' thing was just a front or some other bull shit to cover up what he actually wanted to say. You were glad he decided to go with this, it made this easier for you.

He strolled towards his kitchen and heated up a pan. "Ketchup or mustard?" he asked you.

You gave it a thought. "Ketchup, please."

You hear him chuckle in approval. "Good girl."

You felt your cheeks warm up against your will. Soon enough, your whole body felt as warm as the hotdog he handed you. Even when he lightened things up with small talk, even as you left his office with a half-eaten hotdog, the feeling lingered.

You can still hear the praise 'good girl' over and over again in your head. It played like a broken recorder, one that you wanted to keep repeating forever. You stared down at the ketchup that decorated your snack. Never before had you felt two words make such an impact to you. You needed to hear it again. You wanted him to say it again. But how? What will it take? You took a bite from your ‘dog, one that was larger than usual and you chewed in frustration.

You needed to get this out of your system. You needed another bath.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to those have given me kudos and bookmarks. Small gestures like these are always appreciated and they encourage me to continue submitting my chapters here. As usual, constructive comments/criticism is encouraged, as I'd love to know how I can refine my writing and further improve your reading experience.
Thy Kingdom Come

Chapter Summary

Your recent events with Father Gaster has left you shaken but you're determined to smooth things out back to normal. You refuse to admit that whatever this skeleton was doing was heavily affecting you. Everything gets better until something happens to your best friend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You did your best to make the following days pass on normally. You'd go to class, clock in for work, then go home. You would have your special evening bath four days a week. Your mother seems quite happy that you've found something that helped tone you down. The woman thought you were using the candles for aromatherapy. You were thankful for your her obliviousness.

Every Sunday, the skeleton priest would glance over at you. He didn't care if you caught him or not. In fact, you think he wants you to be aware that he's looking at you. If by chance the two of you made eye-contact, Father Gaster would hold his gaze at you for two seconds. Then he'd smile in greeting. It could be a friendly one or a lazy smug one. At first, you avoided him, not wanting his help. The memory of the time he noticed the burns and called you into his office was still fresh in your mind.

Especially after he called you a 'good girl'. Perhaps you weren't supposed to take it out of context. Maybe it was some childish praise to go with the 'Kid' nickname he gave you. You tried your best to convince yourself that it couldn't mean anything more than that. Unfortunately, that didn't stop you from having the most heated of dreams about him. Dreams of how warm his body could feel if he pressed himself against you. There was another about how you felt tingles creep up your neck as he whispered close to your ear. You can still remember how real his breath felt in that particular one. Your cheeks would stain red when you remembered those nights when you woke up with a mix of arousal and horror.

It took you a couple of months before you could act natural again. Finally, you were able to speak with Father Gaster without thinking too much about how he was in bed. He seemed pretty happy that you were trying to dish out new jokes again, but it was like David versus Goliath. Except instead of smooth stones, you were firing puns, and instead of David coming out victorious, he just gets squished underfoot. You found yourself moving towards his office. He did say you were free to visit him anytime, just like the other teens your age. You found it more comfortable to sit down and chat rather than standing around the aisle of the church. You were always welcome in his office, even on the weekdays if you really wanted to. The only times he had to ask you to leave is when some elder had something of importance to discuss with him or if he was turning in for the night. You were slowly enjoying the times you spent in his office too, and they were times when you briefly forget that he was a prophet of God.

"Did you hear about this one cheese factory that blew up in France?" You simpered as you made the back of your chair face him. You would sit on it facing the back, your torso leant on the wooden back of the chair and your legs hugged around it. You certainly made yourself at home
Father Gaster would have his glasses perched in front of his eyes as he scribbled on some papers. How his glasses stayed balanced on his nasal bone, you will never know. He said it was ‘magic’ or something.

Without even glancing up at you, he smirked. "Yeah, it was horrible," he quipped in an idle tone. "There was de-brie everywhere."

You groaned and threw your head back in frustration. "Oh, come on!" You grumbled and made feeble kicks in the air in an attempt to hit his desk. "At least let me deliver the punch line!"

"Hehehe," Father Gaster snickered, his face scrunched lightly at your reaction. He shrugged as he put the pen in his hand down. "Well, you gotta do better than that, kid."

Your shoulders stiffened as you sat upright and proper on the chair. "Father Gaster, I'm going to be 17 this year," You said with the most serious face you could pull. "I won't be a kid anymore so quit calling me that."

Father Gaster went back to writing again. "Can't promise you that," he replied. "For now, you'll always be a kid to me."

You exhaled the air out through your lips, making a rude razzberry sound. Instead of annoying him, it only made him laugh. Your mouth pursed into a pout as you leant your chin forward on the back of your chair.

"If you'll be like that, then I'll give you your own nickname," you muttered in scorn. You watched as he arched an eyebrow while he did his work.

"Oh?" He chirped up. "What could that be?"

You gave it some thought as you glared at him through slitted eyes. "G," you concluded. "I'm calling you 'G'."

Father Gaster let out one of his quiet chuckles. "Scandalous," he replied with a mock sneer. "Apparently, my name is so difficult to pronounce that most of it had to be chopped off."

You stuck your tongue out to him in response to his sarcasm. This time, he looked up in time to see the pink, damp muscle that peeked out from between your lips. He watched it twitch before you pulled it back into your mouth. You smirked, satisfied that your taunt could have worked. "You asked for it," you said in triumph.

There was a short pause. You realised his smile was absent again. When you did, it came back as soon as it was gone. "Heh," he answered smugly as he looked back down at his work. "Guess I did."

One day after school, you received a text from work that you could take a day off today. Feeling upbeat, you decided to surprise Hettie by waiting for her outside the school gates. She usually had
extra tutorial classes after school. Not because she lagged behind the class, but because her parents always pushed her to strive to be the best. It sounds pressuring to you, but Hettie seems alright with it.

At least, you think she did.

You didn't expect her to come out of the school with eyes tinged pink from sobbing. Her cheeks were so pale and stained from her tears.

"Hettie!" You exclaimed in shock as you rushed to her. She hadn't noticed you until she approached the gates, and she was as surprised as you were.

"O-oh!" Your freckled friend did her best to dry her face as you ran over to her, but you grabbed her hands. You squeezed them as tight as you could. They felt cold and limp. "Ah, um, oh dear, I didn't expect you-"

You interrupted her stammering. "I wanted to surprise you, but not like this!" You felt pity well up in your chest as you watch her lips quiver in anxiety. "Hettie, please, what happened? Did the professor yell at you in class?" She shook her head at your guess. "Damn, Hetts, what happened?"


You sense the urgency in her voice and nodded in response. You wrapped an arm around her and lead her back to her home.

Before the two of you entered the house, Hettie made you solemnly swear not to tell a thing about her mood to her mother. She did the same for you, so you owed her this. You fulfilled her promise immediately.

Her mother was home with Billy. You're sure she saw a change in Hettie's usual chipper attitude, yet she didn't ask about it. Possibly because she knew you were there and that you had a higher chance of getting her daughter to open up. You and Hettie grabbed a can of soda pop each and went upstairs to her room.

Once you shut the door behind you, Hettie finally blew up in tears.

"Oh, Hettie..." You hurriedly grabbed a pack of tissues from your bag and plucked one out for her. You gave her the biggest hug you could ever give and let her sob against your shoulder. You did your best to coo comforting words to her and ran your fingers through her thick, brunette curls. She cried waterfalls into the sleeve but you didn't care. You best friend needed it more than you did.

Finally, when her cries simmered down and reduced to hiccups, she spoke up. She spoke in the tiniest voice you ever heard her use.

"It's the professor," she whimpered as she huddled close to you. You squeezed her hands again. They were shivering. "He held me here... and here..."

You felt you blood boil thick within your veins.
Thank you to those have given me kudos and bookmarks. Small gestures like these are always appreciated and they encourage me to continue submitting my chapters here. As usual, constructive comments/criticism is encouraged, as I'd love to know how I can refine my writing and further improve your reading experience.

A small reminder that there will be new kinks and 'plays' added along the way, common ones such as rope bondage and flogging. However, if anybody would like to request a certain 'play' or fantasy-kink such as 'tentacles' to make an appearance, feel free to suggest that in the comments. I may consider your suggestions.

"May the Lord be with you." - Father G
Chapter Summary

Hettie is terrified of reporting this to anyone, and she's not willing to speak about it to the principal, the police or even her own mother. There's only one other person you can think of who could help.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I'm not sure about this." Hettie's voice wavered as you dragged her down the pavement towards the church.

"Well, I am," you huffed as you led her towards the church. "You said it yourself, didn't you?" You glance at her briefly before looking back at the road. "Father Gaster can help us."

When she remembered her words back then, she dipped her head low. "Yes, but," Hettie replied, trying to catch up to your side instead of following you from behind. "God, I don't know if I could even put it to words in front of him."

Your grip in her hand tightens in reassurance. "Then I will do it for you, Hets."

Evening was settling down in the quiet town by the time you reached your destination. The church towered above the two of you, and it looked ominous compared to Sunday mornings. You pushed the doors open with Hettie by your side. The hinges creaked and echoed all over the halls. The lighting was dim and the altar had the candles lit. The normally crowded pews were now deserted, except for one person who sat in the front. Someone was praying. At least, it looked like it from how he hunched over with his hands raised and clasped in front of his forehead. He straightened up from the noise you and Hettie made.

A skull glanced at us from behind the figure’s shoulder, glowing eyes twinkling in the darkened room.

"Kiddo?" His rough voice bounced around the walls in an echo. "And Hettie? What brings you both here in the house of God?" He stood up to meet you as you approached him. Hettie followed but soon moved from your side to your back. Father Gaster's features softened in concern.

Just as you said, you spoke up first. "We've got trouble, G." You explained. He nodded grimly and blew out the candles. The room went darker than before, but your eyes adjusted soon enough.

"Let's discuss this in the office," he suggested as he beckoned the both of you down the hallway.
comfortable behind his desk, you noticed there was a black chest that sat next to his bookcase. That wasn't there before. It had a big lock on it, and the wooden surface shined under the light. You wondered what was in it.

You heard a faint click of his cellphone when G set it down on his desk. You turned your attention back to him. He looked at Hettie, he must have asked something earlier but you weren't listening. She fell silent and her hands curled into fists on her lap. Her face was burning brightly. G sighs as he leant back against his chair and looks at you expectedly.

You straightened yourself, your chest puffed up as you proceeded to fill him in with the details.

This whole thing actually has been going on for quite some time. After everyone else left the tutorials, Professor Larch would ask Hettie to stay behind. The first time he did this, Hettie thought it had something to do with her grades, or maybe she had to do extra work. You know, educational stuff. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case. This was the fourth time Larch has made inappropriate advances towards your friend. So far, all he had done was touching and petting, but it was enough to scar Hettie for life. The reason why Hettie kept this a secret for so long was that Larch threatened to drop her grades if she told a soul.

The more you told Hettie's story, the more G tightened his jaw and his lips formed a frown. His brow furrowed angrily and his skeletal hands clenched on the arms of his chair. When your story ended, he reached forward and tapped the screen of his phone. It brightened to life and he tapped on it again. You frowned as well.

"Were you recording me?" You asked him in suspicion.

"No," G replied as he took his phone and brought it to his ear. "We'll be reaching an old friend of mine. What is Larch's full name?"

"Wait!" Hettie blurted out. "I-I thought we're only here to confide with you, Father Gaster, not.." You watch as Hettie shrunk into her chair. "Not.. do this."

G allowed Hettie to finish. He lowered the phone from the side of his face just to show that he was listening to her. He then replied in a calming voice. "Hettie, there are many things in this world that one can forgive," he began. "After all, this is a fallen world and God always encourages us to forgive our enemies and pray for them. However," His grip on the phone tightens and his stare hardened. "However, I will absolutely never, ever forgive rape."

You hear Hettie sniffle.

"Do you understand, Hettie Fincher?" G pressed on. "Your safety is more important than your report card." He brought the phone up again and directed his gaze to you. You look up at him with attentiveness. "Kid, his full name if you please."

You answered that it was Clinton Larch. G also asked about his address, and you gave that too. Finally, he dialled on the phone.

Somewhere outside of town stood a grand mansion. It stood out among the other houses nearby, with its pristine white walls and cool, blue roofs. It had a swimming pool and a hot tub, but neither
used by the owner himself. He had them built for guests, and he invited a plethora of them for his extravagant parties. A surprising thing since the owner was a soft-spoken individual. Even more surprising was his parties were often the most questionable kind. One could even call them 'orgies'.

A dark Lamborghini pulled up by the front door, and a curious looking fellow stepped out. The man was a walking fire elemental. His 'skin' glowed and flickered like molten lava. His face had minimal features. Two almond-shaped white orbs were his eyes. He wore a pair of spectacles in front of them. How they stayed there? Magic, of course. He was a walking magical being of fire, after all. Monsters were made of the stuff. He had no mouth, but it probably appeared if he talked, which he didn't do very often. His 'hair' was like a live fire on his head, flickering and waving in the air according to his movement.

He walked up to the door, his hands in the pockets of his jeans which didn't burn at all from his fiery features. Meanwhile from behind, one of his helpers drove his car towards the garage. As he unlocked the door, his iPhone rang with an easy-going jazz ringtone. He pulled it out from his pocket while he pushed the door open, and his eyes widened slightly at the caller ID. ‘W.D Gaster’.

When he answered, he kept silent, save for the crackling sound his body made. The person from the other line greeted him in a smooth voice which he found was almost nostalgic.

"Good evening, Grillby." He could almost see the smug smile on the priests' face. "I have a favour to ask you."

Grillby didn't answer back but was already on his way to his office where he kept rows and rows of file cabinets. He already knew what Sans needed, and Sans already knew that Grillby was hopping to it.

"Clinton Larch," The skeleton informed him and Grillby opened one of the cabinets. "64 Cherry Road. Around my area. Do you have his file?"

Grillby retrieved a clean folder with the exact name Sans supplied. A picture of the professor in question was inside of it. Grillby smirked. "... You're underestimating me again, mon ami."

There was a pause for that, but Grillby knew Sans was smiling. The priest continued, "This matter is urgent, do you understand?"

"Yes," Grillby replied as he set the thin, beige folder by his laptop. "A little thanks would be nice, you know."

"(GLFW) ■ & •□• M."

Grillby stared at the monitor dryly. "You do know I still don't understand that language of yours, right?"

Sans only laughed. "Then go back to studying." Then he put the call down.

Grillby sighed. The things he did for love.
Hettie wrung her hands at your side while you watched G speak on the phone. "Is your 'old friend' the police?" You asked him when he put down the phone.

"Oh, no, he's not." He answered. "To be honest, I think the police don't do much for cases like these. Instead, I asked an old friend to help us."

You raised a wary eyebrow at him. "How is your old friend going to deal with Prof Larch?"

G glanced up at the clock that hung on the wall. It was past eight. "He'll deal with it in his own special way," he reassured you. "Do you kids want some hot chocolate before you leave?"

You and Hettie liked the sound of that.

The next day arrived. After lunch was Algebra, Professor Larch's class. Hettie sat a few seats away from you and she was doing her best to keep herself composed. Fifteen minutes passed and Larch still hasn't made it in time. Your classmates began to take the opportunity to gossip. All of a sudden, someone stepped inside the classroom. It was another professor you all recognised, but it wasn't Larch. She came in, looking a little tired, as if something came up last minute.

"I'll be filling in for Algebra today," she said as she placed down a pile of papers onto the desk.

"What's happened to Prof Larch?" someone asked with their hand raised.

The substitute scratched her thick, red hair. "Apparently, he had some urgent business to attend to out of town."

You noticed Hettie stiffened up in her seat. Goosebumps crawled up your neck.

Another student spoke up. "When's he coming back?"

You saw the substitute bite her lip for a moment. "I wasn't given many details about it," she admitted. You felt slightly light-headed. Was this what G meant? The substitute continued. "Anyway, please open your textbooks to page 26."

Chapter End Notes

Small reminder that this fanfiction was heavily inspired by Tiffany Reisz' Original Sinners series and is based on ElicitSin's Priest G!Sans design. If you enjoyed this fanfiction as much I enjoyed writing it, I would like to encourage you to see their works.
Chapter Summary

After informing G about Larch, your Prof disappears without a trace the following school day. It's not too hard to put two on two together. You return to G seeking answers.

G did not look the least bit surprised when you came bursting through the doors of his office.

"What in God's name did you do?" You demanded as you marched to his desk. He sat behind it with a bible in one hand while he took notes in the other. There was a bottle of ketchup that sat next to the papers. You eyed it with confusion but dismissed it as you sat yourself down on one of the cushioned chairs.

G didn't even look up to see you. He didn't have to. "I didn't do anything," He replied lazily as he flipped to the next page on his bible. He picked up a green highlighter and marked a few verses with it. "My friend might have done something, but knowing him, I can't be sure."

You glared at him as he snorted at his own answer. "G, please. Prof Larch is never late for class, and he's barely ever absent." You leant forward with your arms crossed and propped on the edge of the desk. "Besides, no one just disappears out of the goddamn blue."

"Language, kid." G sighed as he massaged the sides of his temples with his bony fingers. He finally looks up from his work to meet your gaze. "But I'm being honest. My friend likes to..." G thought of a way to put it as he cupped his cheek with a hand. You can see the circle-shaped hole on his palm from where you sat. "He likes to switch it up once in a while."

You squinted. This only added more questions to your long, internal list than before. "Wait, so, he does this thing often?" You asked.

G hummed in response to that. "I think you'll figure that out soon." The way he put that was so vague, it infuriated you.

"No! I want to know now. Hets and I have every right to," You said as firmly as you could. You and the priest both had your gazes fixed at each other. You were like a raging flame in his office, but he seemed to keep his cool no matter what. "Come on, G, what happened to Prof Larch? Can't you call your friend or something?"

G tilted his head at you, and a small smile formed on his lips. You didn't like that smile. It meant he had an idea. "Alright, here," He leant back into his chair as he fished his phone out of his pockets. You sighed in relief. Finally, you were getting the answers that you so deserved. Then you watched with a dumbfounded expression as he slid his phone across the table towards you. On the screen, was the name 'Grillby'. There was a button to either call or go back to the main screen. You looked up at G with an arched eyebrow. He copies your expression teasingly. "What?" he asks you. You can hear the mirth in his voice. "Go on."
"Go on what?" you asked him.

"You call him." G's smile widened into a smirk.

You moved away from the phone as if it had leprosy. "No way," you hissed. "I don't even know him, why would he tell me what he did?"

"Exactly." He answered triumphantly. You were this close to smacking his face.

"Which is why I'm asking you to ask him!" You dug your hands into your hair in frustration. "God, G, is this really so hard?"

G quietly took back his phone and returned it into the pockets of his black trousers. "Actually, yes, it is," he admitted as you tried your best to relax. "Kid, look; I never ask Grillby about what he does to each of his 'clients'. I just give him names and small details, and he just gets to it." He watched as you crossed your arms tighter in a huff. "I mean, think about it. Wouldn't it be weird if I suddenly ask him 'Gee, what did you do to this guy' when I never asked him that before?"

You groaned in defeat and hung your head backwards against the chair. "Fine, whatever."

G just laughed. "Don't worry, kid. I'll introduce you so you'll find out someday."

"I'm not sure if I want to meet him at all."

You looked back up at him. He's back on his notes. "Oh, you will," G assured you. "In due time."

You didn't know what that meant, but you shrugged it off. Seems like you won't be able to squeeze out more answers from him. You guess it's time to talk about something else. "Hey, G?"

He paused and looked up at you. "Yeah, kid?"

You tried your best to keep eye contact as you replied. Instead, you found yourself looking at the wooden surface of his desk. "Thanks. I owe you one."

You expected the priest to be humble about it, but as you looked up, all you saw was a smirk. Right. G was no ordinary priest.

"Heh." He chuckled. His white, glowing eyes looked straight at you. He looked like he won something. "I'll hold you to that."

You felt goosebumps run up your spine. You're not sure what he meant by that.

A month rolled by since that incident. Hettie was jittery about the disappearance of Larch, but she did her best to just forget about it. Some of your classmates assumed he was on some really long vacation. Others think he transferred to some other school. Some edgy kids think he died or met some other gruesome end. You still felt annoyed that you couldn't have all the answers, but at least you and Hettie knew the cause.

You envy how Hettie was able to move on. She would visit G once a week of her own accord for
counselling. Hettie asked the same questions you asked, but G answered the same way as he did to you. Only he was a bit more gentle with Hettie about the explanation. After that, she was either satisfied with it or was too shy to keep asking about it.

On the other hand, you were not. You had no idea if Larch had gotten what he so deserved. You needed to know. Whoever this Grillby is, he better did something more than send your Professor on a little 'vacation'. You wanted to see Larch burn in hell. They say revenge is a dish best served cold, but you wanted it piping hot.

It was a Friday night. You wore your darkest clothing as you left the house in the dead of night. You were sure mother was sound asleep. You're confident that there won't be any suspicious hooligans around to give you trouble. You held an old baseball bat - something you bought the other day for tonight. You slipped through the streets and the alleyways that you knew like the back of your palm. Finally, you reached Larch's house.

The lights were out just like every other house in the block. You expected his car to be gone, but it was still there. His shiny, red Chevrolet glimmered under the moonlight. You tilted your head at it as you raised the bat up and let it rest on your shoulder. With your other hand, your fingertips grazed against the smooth hood of the car.

"Nice car, prof," you muttered to no one in particular. You raised the bat higher as if it were a Judge's mallet at court. "Would be a shame if something.."

You swung the bat down with all the force you could muster. A loud crash of glass sounded the street, along with the screaming of the car alarm. You twisted your body and raised your arms again.

"Happened.."

Using the momentum of your next swing, you aimed for the front view mirrors. Glass scattered all over the front seats.

"To it."

You swung the bat over and over again. For each blow, you cursed his name and his family. You cursed the generation he conceived if he ever had any. You didn't stop until you did a good number on the car. Once it was so battered that you don't know where else to hit, you turned around to leave.

Only to bump into someone wearing a dark blue uniform.

Your first instinct was to scramble away as fast as you could, but this adult already had a firm grip on your arm.

He said something about rebels and how shameful your acts were, but you were too busy struggling. You tried to swing your bat at him, but he disarmed you with ease. With a quick twist of your other hand, you let out a pained shriek as you let the bat roll out of your hands. The world swirled around you as you panicked, while the officer cuffed you.

You stopped struggling when he shoved you into a police car.
You land at the police office where they're questioning you of your actions. Who comes by to help bail you out?

You sat on a plastic chair in front of a rickety table. Your hands weren't cuffed, but you can still feel the metal biting at your wrists. Everything that had happened went by like a blur. There was no point in defending yourself with the investigators. You muted everyone out and decided to play the stubborn and quiet teenager. As a result, your punishment might have gotten worse than it should have. Now you're looking at two years in jail for vandalism instead of the one year they said you'd get. Honestly, you didn't care. You had your revenge and your fun.

Last night, they made you sleep in an empty cell with an old mattress. It wasn't comfy in the slightest, and you swore you could hear rats squeaking somewhere in the room. You've never been to jail before and you intend not to stay too long. Hopefully, mum could bail you out somehow and you could just pay her back with your savings. It might put a dent in your finances, but that was fine as long as you could get out of here fast.

Morning came and the officers brought you to a detention room. They said they were going to call your mother to inform her about the situation. You've been sitting there for God knows how long. There's no clock in here, so five minutes felt more like an hour. You've resorted to tapping your feet on the floor in some made-up beat to chase the boredom away. Any second now.

The doorknob finally twisted open. "Mum?" You called as the door pushed open. "I'll apologise later, but-"

You stopped. Mother didn't open the door. In fact, you can't see mum anywhere. Instead, a skeleton priest greeted you. You watched him with a gobsmacked face as he seated himself in front of you. He leant on his left side, his left elbow perched on the arm of the plastic chair.

"Didn't mean to interrupt you," he said after you both exchanged an awkward silence. Your mouth was still open from shock. "I think you left off somewhere about apologising later."

You snarled at him. "Don't give me that crap right now, G," you hissed and looked at the darkened mirrors at the right side of the room. You knew there were some people on the other side, watching the both of you. Yet, they couldn't hear you. You turned back to G. "What the hell are you doing here anyway?"

G smiled lazily at you. You're not sure if you're relieved that he's being his casual self or if you're terrified of it. "Well, your mum asked for help," He replied. "She knows you hang out at my office a lot and thinks you'll co-operate with me more than her." Ah well, that was definitely true. You were closer to G than your mum now. "That's not the only reason I'm here."
"What's the other reason?" You asked curiously.

"That's for another time, kid."

There were a few moments of silence before you broke it.

"So, um, I'm in a bit of a pickle."

G's smile disappeared, replaced with a sour glare. Oddly enough, you felt relief. That expression was more suitable for your current situation.

"Kid, you're arrested for severe vandalism," he pointed out to you. "While I know you got some bad blood with Larch, this whole thing puts you in more than just a 'pickle'." He waggled his index finger at you. The bones at the joints made a faint clicking sound. "You are in a mess."

"Can we please just call it a 'pickle'?" You laughed sheepishly at him. "'Mess' sounds too harsh for me."

"'Mess' is a perfectly fine description of the predicament you're in, kid," G replied coldly. You've never seen this cold, judgemental side of him before, but you were a little glad he was taking your case seriously. "I know Larch is currently 'away', but that cop that caught you happens to be a relative of his. He wants to lengthen your time in jail." His tone got darker. "He even wants you to go on trial as an adult."

You sighed in frustration. Figures. "So how are you going to help me?"

You watched as G leant forward on the desk. He propped his elbows on the surface while clasping his hands together. "I have a proposition."

You stiffened on your seat. "I hope this doesn't involve a priest trying to get a child to have sex with him."

G frowned with genuine sadness. Your heart panged with guilt. G replied after he let a heavy silence linger. "Is your self-esteem that low? You think as a Child of God, that your body is only useful for sexual intercourse?"

You gaped at him. This was not the answer you're prepared for.

He arched an eyebrow at your open jaw. "I take that as a no?"

Your lips cracked into a smile and you were quivering on your seat. You couldn't help it, and you don't know why, but a suppressed giggle bubbled up your throat. G smiled back.

"Then it's a no. Anyway, continuing on. I'll help you get out of this 'mess'," He put extra stress on the last word. "The church will pay the bail fee for you and I'll replace your jail time with community service. In exchange," He stared deadset at you. "I need your absolute obedience, kid."

You leant away from him and shot him a questioning look. "Obedience? What do you mean?"

"I need you to obey me," He replied as if it was as simple as two plus two, but there was weight to his words. G wasn't kidding. "From now on, whatever I say, you are to follow my every command no matter the cost."
You gave it a thought. "Okay, but for how long?"

"Forever."

Your eyes widened and you tucked your chin at him with suspicion. "Forever is a long time, G."
You said slowly.

"I know."

"Forever is a lot longer than two years in jail."

"I know that too."

You shrugged. "Then I'm better off sleeping in a creaky mattress for two years."

G looked at you with horror in his eyes. "You mean to say you'd rather be in jail than to obey me?"

"Well, the deal doesn't sound too fair for me, G." Your mind was racing with an idea. It was crazy, but you think it'd be worth a shot. There's one reason you've kept secret as to why you hung out with G so much recently. You're not ready to admit it, but you liked to live on the wild side. "I want more than a little bit of help."

G's reply was swift. "Name your terms, kid."

You took a deep breath. You could feel your chest drum inside you. "Everything."

The priest tilted his head. "Everything?" His tone was a mixture of curiosity and interest.
"Everything as in..?"

"Every. Thing." You enunciated your words loud and clear.

He paused at this while he rubbed the side of his temple with one hand. He began his reply with your name, then paused again for a few seconds before continuing. "I think I have a feeling what you mean by that," He crafted his words cautiously. "But you know it won't be easy, right? And weren't you the one who was overly paranoid about that thing we were talking about earlier?"

You nodded. "True, but now it's the other way around." You smiled with triumph. "And I can guess why it won't be easy. It's because you're a priest and I'm underaged?"

Out of nowhere, a floating hand of bone appeared next to G. It was glowing a dull purple and it counted to two. G glanced at it before looking back at you. "That's two out of three reasons why, yes."

"What's the third reason?"

"You'll know why soon."

You huffed. "Jesus Christ, I have so many questions, G. When are you ever going to answer them? What if I forgot them? Should I start writing a goddamn list?"

G's white eyes looked back at the hovering hand and snapped his fingers. The hand immediately
conjured up his brown, leather-bound bible. You noticed, now from up this close, you saw a name engraved on it. It said 'Sans Calligraphy'. This sprung more questions, but you kept your mouth shut while you watched G's actions.

He took the bible from the floating hand and opened it. You can see various coloured sticky notes stuck out from the edges of the thick book. G flipped all the way to the end where there were blank pages for more notes he could take. He turned the pages one by one until he ripped out a clean, blank page and slid it towards you with a pen.

"There you go," he said. "Go ahead. Right them all down."

Huh, you didn't expect him to actually take your word literally. You picked up the pen and started jotting them all down. Everything you could think of right now.

1) **What's the third reason why it would be difficult to be with me?**

2) **Why does your bible have a different name than what's written on your plaque?**

3) **What's the other reason you're helping me?**

4) **Why would you want ME to obey your 'forever'?**

5) **Who is your friend?**

6) **Why did he bother to help me and Hettie?**

7) **Is he a hitman?**

You started to chew on the top of the pen like you usually do at school. The floating hand gently pushed it away from your lips and you whined.

"Don't do that." G tutted at you. "Only children do that."

"You did say I was a 'child' of God." You muttered back at him under your breath. "Are you sure you're not doing the thing-"

G sighed heavily. "No. No, I'm not, kid, please. The last time I slept with anyone was when I was eighteen. I don't take sex as lightly as you think I do. But that'll be a story for another time."

You wrote another question in your paper. '8) **I'm a virgin and I'm inexperienced. Will this bother you?**'.

You thought about what he said. Since he was eighteen? "I thought you priests have to do the celibacy thing?" You asked him. "I mean, I'm going to be totally honest, but why do you priests have to do celibacy? It's the stupidest rule ever. Why would God invent something as beautiful as sex, and yet prevent us from having it?"

"Kid, I can't believe we're actually discussing this."

You smirked. "Well, I can." You liked to be the one smirking at him now. God, it felt good to be the smug one.
"Can I add more to this list next time?"

G nodded. "Yeah, sure. But let me take a look every now and then so I know what my answers will be."

The floating hand gripped the top of the paper and brought it up to his face. The thin sheet of paper glowed a faint violet before he returned it back to you. "Keep that safe," he said. "One day, I'll allow you ask them all once you get the obedience down," He breathed in slowly. "And, I'll accept your terms."

You took back the paper and noticed he added another question. You raised a brow at it before you folded the paper up. "Really?" You asked while you tucked the list into your pocket.

"Well, you're right; 'Forever' is a high price to pay. It's only fair if you'd like to negotiate for something equal in return, and I will negotiate." He waved his hand in the air as he spoke. "So I accept your terms. Can you accept mine?"

The drumming in your chest got louder. You can't believe what you're hearing. You were on a dizzy high as you replied back to him "Yeah," you said, still experiencing the wave of shock. You did it. You asked for everything, and he was going to actually give it. "I guess I'm all yours."

The floating hand disappeared as he extends his own hand forward to shake yours. You can see the hole that went through his palm. This was the first time you were going to touch his hand. You looked up at him. You couldn't subdue the grin on your lips. He was smiling at that. "Forever."

You whispered as you reached out and closed your hand around his to shake it. His hand felt hard but smooth to the touch. His bony fingers wrapped around yours. His own grip was firm, tight and powerful. You liked it.

"Everything." He replied with satisfaction.

Suddenly, there was a pair of handcuffs that clicked around your wrist. Right. You're still in detention. "And we're done here," he said as he got up from his seat. "So here's your first order, kid. When I leave this room, you are not to answer any questions from anybody else. Continue that stoic thing you're doing. I'll take care of the rest. I'll take care of you, kid."

You felt your insides warm up from the sound of that. He'll take care of you. You liked it. You liked it so much. As he left the room, you pondered on the last question he wrote for you in violet, magic writing.

9) Why would a priest own his own keys for handcuffs?

Chapter End Notes

Thank you very much for your patience. I had to re-write this scene for more than three times. Plus, a few sleepless nights going back and forth with my proof-reader. Still, this fanfic will always be a joy and hobby for me. I hope you're all enjoying reading it as much as I'm having fun writing.
I owe many an apology.

I'm sorry for leaving this fanfiction to dust for more than a year. It's absolutely shameful of me. I talk about how I love writing this (and I really did), yet I can't even update it regularly. I have no good reasons why I abandoned it, only excuses.

Maybe it's because this topic was so controversial. A priest with a young woman? A preposterous age gap? Fucking a skeleton? I've been attacked on my tumblr for all of it, that I should be ashamed of myself. I had to shut down my tumblr and make a new one.

This work even caught the attention of the person who created that drawing this work was based on. They asked me to help write for a series of drawings they had planned and I accepted the task. However, even I wasn't able to live up to that promise.

The story isn't even original. It's all based on a book series by Tiffany Reisz called The Original Sinners and almost follows the story and character relationships to a T. If you wanted to read more stories like this, you could just read those and just easily replace some of the characters with G!Sans or Grillby.

And yet the amount of praise this work has gotten is incredible and I'm grateful for each one of them.

I don't know if I should continue this. I don't know where to even go with it. I've lost the story plans for this fanfiction in an old laptop. I've re-read my work and I know I've put a lot of love into it, but it's really too bad that I failed to see it to the end.

If anyone wants to help with what direction this story should go, feel free to reach me here in the comment section.

With love,

Serran
Our Daily Bread

Chapter Summary

It's been a few months since your encounter with him at the police station. What does Father Gaster have in store for you?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was agonizing. Pure, raw anguish. Two months have passed since you saw G at the police station. Those slow, boring months of nothing but school. Your lawyer told you that you had to be put under house arrest. You were fired from your part-time job and you weren’t even allowed to go to church. G didn’t even visit you. You didn’t want to admit it, but your chest ached for the smiley trashbag. In class, Hettie was upset that you had done such a thing, but she still loved you anyway. She only made you promise her one thing; to never go batshit crazy when you wanted vengeance. She never left your side during recess or lunch. As for your mother, she wouldn’t even look at you. All those days when she thought you grew to be quiet and demure from all those baths, only to receive news that you’ve wrecked someone’s car. She felt utterly betrayed. Figures that she’d make this about her. When your birthday came, she only left a slice of store-bought cake at your door and locked herself in her room. Now you really didn’t want to stay any longer in this house.

Thankfully, your patience will soon be rewarded. Today marks the beginning of summer break. Your house arrest was finally lifted, which means you can finally go to church again. It means you can finally see Father Gaster. At 9 AM sharp, you pushed through the heavy church doors. You arrived there presuming you’d be doing some laborious work, so you wore light clothing: a white cotton shirt, a pair of grey sweatpants and old comfy sneakers. Your footsteps echo when you stepped in. You expected some people to be here for Saturday bible study or a youth group, but you don’t see them. Judging from the distant voices bouncing off the walls, you presume they’re probably using a spare room.

The main hall was empty, except for a familiar tall figure who brooded over the church’s grand piano at the front. You felt your heart swell three times its size. You wanted to run down the aisle and embrace him after months of not seeing him. Or maybe slap him across the face because he didn’t even bother to visit you once. Damn this priest. He looked up at you the moment the doors cracked opened. White irises watched you approach him, the dark sleepy bags under his eyes as prominent as ever. You melted underneath his gaze and you tried to walk as calmly as you could. His iconic sleepy smile grew on his face as you drew closer. He wore something other than his priestly garments - a dark ashen turtleneck sweater with jeans.

“Hey, G;”

“Heh. Been a while,” The skeleton priest grinned down at you. Laid-back baritones caressed your ears like music. You wouldn’t mind if he talked your ear off for the rest of the day, but then you remember how potent he was with those terrible puns. Still, it was great to be back. “How you doin’, kid? Haven’t seen you in months.”

You groaned and tilted your head back in exaggeration. “Boring as fuck all,” you whined, which earned a tut-tut from him for your language. “And Mum grounded me for life too, so it’s like being
This earned another chuckle from him. “I can’t blame her for that,” he commented. You rolled your eyes in response, you swore that the woman has no chill. You’d think things would go back to normal after a couple of weeks, but your mum sure knows how to hold a grudge. He dismisses your reaction and motions you to follow him. “First in order; You’re going to start attending church again.” He spoke as he walked.

“Your wish is my command,” you declared while you stuffed your hands into the pockets of your sweatpants. This only made G smirk.

“That’s a good start, kid,” he replied. Leather soles and squeaky sneakers tap against the flooring of the church. You almost mimic each others steps. “Secondly, your community service.”

“My lawyer said I’ve got to be here around twenty hours a week?” you guessed.

“More or less,” G nodded as he looked down to look at you as you both walked alongside each other. “But I want more time than that. Those hours are for community service. You’ll be doing your homework here at the church after school so I can help you if necessary.”

You were mildly disappointed. You had other ideas, like being on his bed rather than schoolwork. Still, a deal was a deal and this was an order. Besides, this was the perfect excuse to have more time to hang out with G.

“Wait a minute, only for homework?” you raised an eyebrow at him. “C’mon, I’m not that dumb. Do I look like it?”

The both of you scooted to the side as a door in the hallway you were walking in suddenly opened. A group of middle-aged female humans and monsters, probably mothers, came walking out. They chattered and gossiped with one another about grown-up stuff you didn’t care about. This must be the bible study group you heard earlier. They passed by you and paid you no attention at all. However, they were all smiles when they see Father Gaster, their tones changing when they greet him. He returns their smiles warmly while you watched on with amusement.

“Kid, there’s nothing unintelligent about your looks,” he continued as he waved the mothers goodbye. “But we gotta keep your grades up, alright? One failed test or one missed assignment, your grades will drop. If you can’t keep it up with all the work and studies, the judge will send you straight to juvenile detention.”

“Okay, fine. I promise I’ll do my homework. You know, those moms are totally thirsty for you.” G furrowed a brow at you. “Kid.”

“Sorry.”

The two of you resumed walking once the mothers turned the corner to exit the church. “Other than homework, I’m gonna give you spiritual counselling.”

“Is that another term for hot, steamy sex?”

“Kid, please.”

“Okay, okay I’ll stop.”

You can see Father Gaster pinch the bone atop of his nose bridge. “This is going to be an issue,
isn’t it?” he muttered. You loved getting under his skin, even if he lacked any of it. You were the one with the shit-eating grin now and you are savouring it. You remembered how you used to just writhe under his gaze, how you slowly but surely came to level with him. Ah, how you’ve grown.

“I went through years of spiritual counselling with my mentors,” he explained once he bounced back on topic. “All of it was enlightening. Everyone can benefit from the teachings of Saint Ignatius. Pretty sure you will too, kid.”

You can feel your stomach tighten at the prospect of spending so much time with Father Gaster. It feels like your days might just revolve around him from now on.

“Saint Ignatius, huh?” you echoed. You recalled that he was the founder of the Jesuits, the thing Father Gaster studied in to become what he is today. How did you know? You looked up online for the religious order.

Okay, I can handle that. Anything else?”

A complacent smile graced his lips as he approached a door. You haven’t seen this part of the church before. “Yeah, about your community service, you already know most of it will be held here. As much as I respect Father Adam, his ministry seemed to focus more on spiritual needs than material needs. Have you noticed that this church has no food bank or no outreach missions?”

Now that he mentioned it, he was right. For as long as you can remember, this church was like a leech. Where did all the funds go? Seeing as there were so many people who tithed in these parts, you’re pretty sure the church had the rent with just a fraction of it all. Father Adam must be rolling in it all.

“Prayer is good and all,” G added as he fished out some keys from his pocket to unlock the door. “But Christ made it clear we’d be judged for our works far more than our prayers.”

You squinted at him. “You’re about to quote a Bible verse aren’t you?”

“You got that right,” The key turned and clicked within the doorknob. “Matthew 25:31-46.”

“That’s the one with the sheep and goats, isn’t it?” You weren’t too versed in the bible, but a few verses stuck with you when you were a child. “I remember that one. Jesus said he’ll divide people into two groups - the sheep and the goats.”

“Heh, I’m glad to hear your enthusiasm for the Bible, kid,” G looked truly pleased with you as he pushed open the door to reveal the church’s kitchen. It was huge and you bet it has seen better days. “Yeah, you hit the nail on the head on that one. The sheep, Jesus says, will inherit the kingdom of God because they clothed him when he was cold, fed him when he was hungry, gave water when he was thirsty and visited him in prison. The sheep say they don’t remember doing such things for Jesus. To which he answers, ‘Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me.’ He recalls the verse with impeccable memory. As he spoke, you noticed that the violet floating hands have made their appearance once again. They shifted and morphed into strange hand signals as he spoke as if dictating hand language. “While the goats were the ones who never fed the hungry or gave water to the thirsty.”

You nodded along, following him into the kitchen. “I always liked those verses,” you piped up as you traced your hand over the counter. You brought the digit up to see it covered with dust. You quickly flicked it away. “We acted them out in Sunday school. That time, we had little sheep ears and goat horns made out of paper.” You put your hands to your head and mimed horns with your fingers. Father Gaster gets a good kick out of your mini-performance.

“Well, I want you to be counted as the sheep, alright kid?” he told you between his chuckles. “As part of your community service, you’ll start a food bank. See this massive kitchen?” He threw his
arms out to the sides to emphasize the size of the room. Excited ambition glittered in his white eyes. “Seems like Father Adam only used this for wedding receptions or baptisms. We’re going to use it for church camp and to help feed the homeless at the local shelter.”

Oh. “I have to visit the homeless shelter?” you swallowed uncomfortably. You’ve got plenty of guts for many things, but you’ve heard some nasty things about the shelter. Most of them involved drug addicts or alcoholics. A ton of fights break out. People end up in the hospital sometimes. G doesn’t seem to be worried about this though and pats your back comfortingly. You relish in it.

“You’ll be fine, kid. I’ll make sure you’re safe,” He comforted you. You also liked the thought that he’ll be protecting you there. “Also, how good are you with children?”

You thought about it. “I guess I’m okay with them? Most of them like me.”

He regarded you for a moment. “Can’t imagine anyone not liking you.”

You can feel a warmth rush up to your face from his words. With one of your hands, you tried to hide the flush in your cheeks as you pretend to rub your nose. You’re not sure if you’ve succeeded. He goes on to talk about that he’ll speak with the Sunday School teachers to have you as an assistant. You thank the Lord that he said nothing about your reddening features. “I’ve spoken a few times with your mum, by the way. She’ll keep you on schedule and monitor your grades.”

His words abruptly made the heat on your face go away and replaced it with an inward cringe. “You talked to mum?”

The priest sighed, his hand traced upwards along your spine and unto your shoulder. It sends goosebumps up your back in the best way possible. “She loves you and we’re going to work together to keep you outta trouble.”

You grimaced at him.

“What was that expression for?” Father Gaster demanded while raising a brow.

“Sorry,” you apologized. Then with a smirk of your own, you added, “I like trouble.”

G sighed in defeat. “Well, I saw that coming.”

“You did?”

The corners of his mouth turned upward in a smug manner. “You could say I felt it in my bones.”

You growled and pushed him away as you choke on your own laughter at his uncalled-for joke.

“And if you so much as look for trouble,” G grinned even after you tore away from him. “I’ll have a bone to pick with you.”

“The Power of Christ compels you to stop!” you screeched angrily, but the smile on your face says otherwise. “These jokes aren’t even that humerus!”

“I’m flattered that you’re tryin’ kid, but that ‘humerus’ is kind of overused.”

You huffed then let out a whine and his teasing stopped immediately. Whatever cheesy laughter he had was replaced with an awkward silence. You guessed he was expecting a tired groan or anything to complement this comedic scenario. Not some high-pitched noise. You’ve never made such a noise at him. White pupils burned into you like wax on your skin. You inhaled sharply and
so did he. What was happening? Fortunately, G was the one who broke the silence with a small cough.

“Anyway,” G started after he cleared his throat. “Clean this mess up, kid. It’s monstrous. I’ll be back later to check on you.” He leaves the room quite quickly and you watched him go. You remained motionless until you could no longer hear his footsteps from where you stood. What the hell was that about? Did you seriously make things awkward just by making a whiney noise? You sighed to yourself. No use worrying about this sort of thing. You have a job to do.

Rolling your sleeves up, you began to make yourself useful. With your experience from your previous part-time work, you scrubbed the floors and cleaned out the pantries. By past noon, your hands were so rough and chapped from all the scrubbing and your back ached for bending over so much. Still, you were determined to get your first community service task out of the way. Soon, every single surface of the kitchen was shining and the smell of lemon Pledge lingered in the air. You stood there in the middle of it all, admiring your work when you heard footsteps coming from behind you.

“Good job, kiddo,” G said as he stood in the doorway.

“I could live in this pantry,” you boasted to him, waving towards one of the pantries in kitchen. “And you could eat off the floor. Or we could if we had any food in it.”

“Yup,” G confirmed to you. “That’s your next step. This Sunday at the end of Mass, you’ll announce the food drive.”

“I will?”

“You bet.”

“In front of the entire church?”

“Got a fear of public speaking, kid?”

You thought about it. “It’s just that I’m 17 and I’m only doing this because the court is making me. Who’d listen to this juvenile delinquent?” You asked as you pointed to yourself.

“Oh, they will,” G sounded pretty sure about that, even if you still weren’t. “You’ll be speaking from my pulpit with my permission and on my authority.”

You still didn’t look too sure, but you still couldn’t say no. “I’ll tear my heart out and guilt-trip them into oblivion.”

“Very good,” With a bony hand, he pats you on the head and ruffles your already messy hair. You glared at him, for this only made you feel like a child. “Now that this is done, I have a special order for you.”

Alright, now he had your attention. “Oh?” you asked as you followed him out of the kitchen. You suppress the urge to make another sexual joke. “How special is it?”

“You’ll see,” Your priest cooed while you both walked back down the hall. “Besides homework and counselling, it’ll be one of your daily assignments here in church.”

Your curiosity grew as he led you towards the garden. You notice that there was a window just next to the pretty church garden. Through the glass panes, you recognize it as his room. You can see the double bed from here. Below his window was a handful of saplings. Was he planning to
grow trees here? Wouldn’t his view be obstructed? While you studied the plants, you glanced over at whatever G was up to. He examined various sticks on the ground from other trees that were farther away from his window. He inspected each one of them before picking one of them up. It was a sturdy looking stick compared to the rest of the twigs on the ground, about two feet tall and a couple of inches thick. G shoved it deep into the soft moist soil of the garden patch.

“This is your special assignment,” He grunted as he secured the stick into the earth with his foot. “You’re going to water this stick. Come rain, shine, snow or hurricane, this stick must be watered once a day.”

You stared at the dead piece of wood that protruded offensively from the ground.

“It’s a stick,” you pointed out. You weren’t sure why you needed to.

“I know.” he said matter-of-factly.

“It’s dead.”

“Yeah.”

You place your hands on your hips as you dragged your stare upwards to him. You weren’t amused. “Watering isn’t going to bring it back to life.”

“Yeah, that too.”

“Yet I’m still supposed to water it?”

“It’s an order.”

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

“Pretty much.”

"How will you even know if I watered it when it rains?"

"I have my ways."

Another pause. “Are you going to tell me why I have to water this thing?”

G glanced at you critically as if you weren’t listening earlier. “I just told you. It’s an order.”

“That’s it?”

“You make this sound like this is harder than cleaning the kitchen.”

“Cleaning the kitchen makes more sense than watering this.”

“Can’t be that bad.”

You can see it coming a mile away. “G, don’t-”

Father Gaster delivered it anyway, much to your dismay. “I hear its bark is worse than its bite. No need to make this such a stick-y situation.”

You covered your face with your palms and let out a muffled noise of exasperation. These terrible puns will never end. “No other reason?” You asked, lifting your face up back to him with narrowed
eyes.

G stroked his bottom lip with his thumb. You never wanted to be a thumb so much in your life.

“Remember that list of questions you’re keeping?”

You nodded. You actually have it kept in your pocket. You’ve decided to bring it everywhere with you in case you needed to jot down more questions. After all, the priest was full of it. “Yeah,” you replied. “What about them?”

G pointed back at the stick. “If you water this stick every single day without fail for six months,” he gave a small pause for effect. “I’ll answer your questions.”

Your eyes widened. “You will? All of them?”

“Any question you have for me,” he insisted. “No matter how personal or intrusive. I’ll answer them all in six months if you water the stick every single day.”

Every single question? You couldn’t believe it. If someone had offered you a million dollars in cash or G’s answers to all your questions, you’d pick the latter in a heartbeat. Meanwhile, G counted a number to six with a floaty magic purple hand. Those things sure love to appear in thin air.

“And in six months, it’ll be Thanksgiving,” he said. “Kind of fitting, don’t you think, kid? I’m sure you’ll be thankful to finish such a task.”

You sighed. Fine. Eternal obedience in exchange for his “everything”. You suppose you better earn it. “Alright, alright, I’ll water it now,” you grumbled while you look for a watering can. You find it near some rose bushes close to his window. It felt half full as if someone had been using it earlier. The both of you fell into silence as you sprinkled some water onto the stick. Damn, six months of doing this? How boring. Once the soil was sufficiently damp, G turned around to return back to the church, expecting you to follow him. Before you do though, you gave the stick a sharp kick. Stupid stick. Forget the stick, you wanted your answers! Unfortunately, you knew that you won’t get them until you can deliver your promise after six months. You glared down fire and brimstone upon it before returning it to its upright position.

“Let’s go to the sanctuary,” G spoke up once you caught up with him again. “We’ll start our Spiritual Exercises there.”

“Spiritual Exercises?” you echoed back incredulously. “Does my soul have to do push-ups?”

“Hehehe,” G gave a low laugh. His right eye glowed a deep purple and you hear a small high-pitched ‘ting’ sound out of nowhere. For no reason at all, you felt something grip at the pits of your stomach. It was a feeling you couldn’t quite describe. While you tried to decipher why you were experiencing such a feeling in your gut, you realized G had gotten quiet. Once you meet his gaze, the vice grip around your stomach was gone as if nothing happened. Maybe you were just hungry? G continued to speak, his one eye still stained a purple colour.

“I don’t know,” you snarked. “Pretty sure it’s never tried.”

“Remember what I said about Saint Ignatius?” He reminded you of your earlier conversation this morning. “Spiritual Exercises were like push-ups for the guy. He said they’re created to uplift people, strengthen them and bring them closer to the Big Guy.” As you walked, he slipped a finger under his collar and pulled out a silver chain. A saint medal hung from it. You stepped closer to him as you peered closer on the medal.
“He’s bald,” you observed.

“He shaved the top of his head because he felt his hair acted as a barrier between him and God.”

“Wow,” you drew back from him in awe. “Really?”

G tucked the medal back into his shirt and snorted. “Nah.”

You fumed, especially after that whole stick debacle. “Can I punch you in the arm?”

“Yes.”

You punched him in the upper left arm. You felt a certain kind of magic that made you feel like you hit muscle instead of bone. He barely feels it. You shook your hand while the two of you continued walking. What else could he do with his powers? Your imagination runs rampant. You couldn’t wait to find out. “Are you going to tell me something real about Saint Ignatius?”

“Well, he was a saint,” he began.

“Wow, I never would've guessed.”

G ignored you. “And second, of all the saints, he alone had a criminal record.”

You whistled. “A criminal and a saint? You're not kidding this time, are you?”

G hummed. “As a young man, Saint Ignatius was arrested for brawling. A street fight. He had a hot temper and a sword. Wasn’t afraid to use both at the same time.”

You felt impressed. What a badass saint! “That is so punk.”

“Indeed. He was arrested and convicted. So that’s about two things you and the founder of my education have in common now,” He smirked down at you as the two of you entered the sanctuary. Stained glass windows decorated every wall, giving it a very ornate and calming atmosphere. “You both have police records and you both have a second chance to do God’s will.”

You said nothing. You remember the reason why you skipped church back then before Father Gaster stepped into your life. “You know, no offence,” you started slowly. “But I’m not sure if I believe in God.”

Your priest merely shrugged. “That’s the least of our worries, kid. Big Guy’s existence doesn’t depend on your belief.”

“Good news for Him, then.” You mutter.

He silently guided you to each of the stained-glass windows that lined each side of the sanctuary. He was letting you take a look at them. “Saint Ignatius believed that pictures carry a more powerful message than just text. He thought he could use it to lead us to discover what God intends for us.”

“You think God cares about what we want to do?”

“But of course.” G looks down at you with a matter-of-fact tone. “Desire is the most compelling of all human emotions. Desire prompts humans and monsters alike to the heights of glory and drags us to the depths of Hell. Out of the desire for peace and freedom, the first Human Ambassador for Monsters broke the barrier, opening a brighter future for all monster kind. Out of the desire to save His people, Christ allowed Himself to be crucified. Desire is a God-given gift, and like any gift, we
should use it to honour Him.”

G has been giving you a lot to think about today. This was one of them. “Desire is from God?” you asked him in a hushed tone. You look back up at him and you noticed that the one purple eye was still there. Glowing, but it was faint. The change of eye colour intrigued you and alarmed you. What did it mean? You had no idea how monster biology worked.

“It is,” he answered silkily. “Like any tool, it can be used for good or for evil. We’ll try to use your desire for good. Which leads me back to today Spiritual Exercise - of all these images, do any of them speak to you?”

Your eyes traced each picture the windows made in the sanctuary. You studied them one by one until finally, you found the one window that stirred a feeling within you. “That one.” You pointed. G looked to the direction you pointed at. You walked closer to the window. Warm sunlight poured through it and stained the sanctuary floor in cascading colours. You can hear G follow behind you. The window depicted a woman at the feet of the Son of God. She held one of his feet, almost lovingly, with her hair draped around it.

“Are you sure of that?” you heard G ask you.

You nodded.

“This was from Luke chapter seven. Christ was invited to dinner at the home of a Pharisee,” G started to recall the story. “A woman in town who all knew to be a sinner came to Jesus and knelt at his feet. She anointed him with expensive oils and bathed his feet with her tears, then dried them with her hair. An act of humility on her part.” You can hear him breathe in slowly while he kept his hands clasped behind his strong back. “Humility and submission.”

“It’s just so pretty,” you whispered. You have no idea why you lowered your voice. Something about this window just spoke to you. A woman draped in purple robes while Christ was in red. This sinful woman, kneeling before Jesus, focused on His bare feet as if nothing else in the world mattered to her. The two men in Pharisee cloaks behind Jesus who could do nothing but glare. As for Jesus, nothing in the world could ever bother him in this moment. He looked at nothing and no one, except for the woman at his feet. “She looks so content. I mean, I know you said she cried just to wash his feet while those guys over there talk shit about her, and yet,” You felt a hitch in your breath. “And yet she still looks so peaceful.”

“There’s a tradition in the church,” G began, his voice low to compliment your whispers. “That it was Mary Magdalene who washed His feet.”

You recognized the name. At least, you think you did. “The prostitute?”

G hummed. “She may not have been. The Bible doesn’t say, but the church thinks so.”

You tore your sight away from the window and back up at the tall skeleton. “I hope she was a prostitute.”

“Do you?” G sounded very interested in your statement.

“It means more if she was a prostitute. I mean, this is Jesus, the guy who never sinned!” You waved an arm at the window to make your point. “I mean, he’s never even had sex before, right?”

“There is no evidence that he ever married, so no.”

“Poor guy.”
G chuckled at you. “There are far worse things in life than having no sex.”

“Anyway,” you returned back to your explanation. “I can’t think of a bigger fuck-you to those pricks over there than having a prostitute at Christ's feet. It’s like he’s saying, ‘You can’t judge her without judging me. So judge me, I dare you.’”

G seemed to be amused of your rendition of the tale. “Safe to say our Lord was one of the first radical feminists. He constantly berated men who judged women. The woman with the alabaster jar, the woman with the issue of blood,” He counted the tales with those floaty violet hands that just project themselves once in a while out of the blue. “The first person he spoke to after He resurrected was not Peter, but Mary Magdalene.”

“Jesus loved the ladies,” you purred. “I like that.”

You both took a moment of silence to admire the window once more. “So what does it mean that this is my favourite image?” You decided to ask the priest. “Does it mean that God wants me sitting at Jesus’ feet?”

For a moment, G was silent, his gaze pointed toward the window of your choice. The one purple eye was still there, but it started glowing a bit more. It was prominent enough to light a bit of his right cheekbone. For a moment, you thought he wasn’t going to answer until he raised his arms to cross them in front of his chest. “I think He wants you at someone’s feet.” Then he finally turned his back from the window, as if it hurt to look at it anymore. You could barely make out the strange expression on his face, one that you’ve never seen before. Was it frustration? You couldn’t tell. You stood there, frozen in place as you watched his shoulders rise as he took a deep breath. He was steadying himself. Finally, he looked back at you with a face as serene as the woman in the window. He still had that purple eye.

“You got a pen?” you suddenly asked him. You watched as he fished out a pen from his back pocket. Using simple magic, he made the pen float over to you. You thank him as you plucked it from the air and took out the folded list in your sweatpants.

“New question?” he guessed as he watched you write. You nodded in response before handing to him both the pen and the paper. You wanted him to see. Getting the message, he used his lavender magic to make both the pen and the paper float back to him. The paper rose to meet his eye level as he read it aloud. “Whose feet?” He rubbed his chin as he returned the paper to you, but kept the pen back into his pocket. You stuffed the list back into your pockets, only to stop short when he spoke again. “One problem with that question, kid.”

You furrowed your brow at him. “What?”

His grin returned and the singular purple hue in his right iris was gone. It was replaced by the usual white pupil. That lopsided, lazy-ass grin that made your heart leap bounds. That penetrating gaze that seemed to see right through you and leave burns in its wake. What he said next only made the blood rush to your ears. “Only you can answer that.”

Chapter End Notes

To those who have shown their support for this fic and have shown concern for my wellbeing, thank you. Without you, I wouldn't have picked up this piece again. Thank you for your patience.
To my editor, thank you for helping me polish my ideas and for encouraging me to keep on writing. I love you, sir.
Forgive Us Our Trespasses

Chapter Summary

Days pass and a certain question eggs you to visit the church late at night. Upon arrival at his office, you get a little carried away.

Chapter Notes

The following chapter features masturbation. If this material makes you uncomfortable, feel free to skip the first half of the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Only you can answer that.

There were many things you couldn't understand about yourself. For days you don't know why those words made such an impact on you. How they lodged themselves like bullets in your heart. Thursday night came and you found yourself visiting the house of God. Earlier in the afternoon, Father Gaster told you that he had plans so he had to leave early. You had to finish and revise your homework with him quickly before you were dismissed for the day. He has not said a word about what he meant. G was really leaving you in the dark, like he wanted you to answer that for yourself. You couldn't take it anymore. You had to know.

It was quite dark. None of the candles were lit up. You used your phone as a flashlight to find your way around to his office. You hoped you would find him there, back from whatever appointment he needed to do. Probably scribbling away at his desk. You chewed on your lip as you approached the familiar wooden door. You called out the endearing nickname you gave him, only to be answered with silence. You knocked on his door. Still, nothing. You pushed open the door with a twist of the doorknob to reveal his room with the lights off. He still hasn’t come back. You shoved your phone back into your pockets. The moonlight provided plenty of light into his room. His desk was slightly disorganized, with scraps of paper and documents piled together on one side. The bottle of ketchup was still there. You wondered if you should write that down in your list.

You found yourself approaching his desk, your hand gliding across the smooth surface. You were shaking. You knew you shouldn’t be here this late. Sure, it was just for a question, but common sense would tell you that you could save it for tomorrow afternoon. You don't listen well to common sense. You left his desk to see his bookshelf, your fingers trace against the spines of the leather bound books that lined within it. Then you walked behind the chair by his desk. You noticed the room smelled just like him. You never realised that he put on cologne. Do priests normally wear cologne? How would you describe this scent? You took a deep breath, savoring it.
He smelled like... Like fresh fallen snow.

Your hands balled into fists as you returned to the door. Instead of leaving, you closed it shut and turned the lock. An overwhelming warmth surrounded every part of your body, just by being here, sensing him, feeling him. This warmth threatened to take over you, and you would let it. While the room was just barely lit by the soft moon, you were sure that nobody would be able to see you. They’d have to walk along the side of the church anyway to the garden and squint through the window if they have to. You ease into his chair where he always sat when you studied together, and you shivered. Your hands moved towards the desk, the very desk that was present in so many of your fantasies with your skeleton priest.

You felt the last bits of hesitation in you crumble.

You sat up and pulled your dark tank top off. You stood up briefly to slip out of your shorts. You climbed onto his desk, taking care not to push the papers off the table and laid yourself down. Once your eyes closed, you began to play out one of those very fantasies. The door would magically unlock itself and without looking, you’d know it was G. You already memorized his footsteps, his breathing, and now his scent. You’d know it anywhere. You would know his touch as his arms snake around you and rest under your lower back. You turn your face up to his and his mouth would come down to yours. He had no lips, but you sure as hell would still kiss him. You imagine he would feel rough to the touch yet still warm. Would he have a tongue? You’d like that too. Maybe he could conjure one, and it would caress and follow yours. He wouldn’t only smell like snow, but he would taste like it too. He’d taste like winter. He’d taste like snowflakes melting in your mouth.

His hands would roam up your back to unhook your bra with deft hands. He’d pull it down your arms and toss it to the floor. Was this okay? Should you stop him? Would you if you wanted to? Would you want him to stop?

Of course not.

G would sit in the chair in front of you and slide your cotton panties down your thighs. You help him out by stepping out of them and stand before him, presenting every inch of your bare flesh to him. You feel the blood rush to your cheeks as you let him devour you by sight alone.

“Mine,” G would say as he gripped you by the hips with his white palms.

“Yours,” you reply with bated breath, bending your head to kiss him once again.
Your lips would connect again before he began to trace kisses down your neck. You shivered when he would lightly peck across your cleavage. He would take a nipple into his mouth and you would wrap your arms around his neck as you whimpered into his ear. You could feel your entire body go ablaze. G would stand, carrying you in his arms as if you weighed nothing before laying you back unto his desk. It was cold and smooth against your bare back, giving you chills even though every inch of you burned with passion. Without being told to, you would spread your legs for him. You imagined G would hold your inner thighs and push them farther apart until your lips were fully exposed. With one hand on your hip, the other down to slip a finger into your wetness. You moaned out his name as he moved his hand, touching the deepest parts of you. You whined the same way you did before at the kitchen. This would make his fingers leave you and the sound of a zipper being lowered.

You shut your eyes tight when he pulled your hips to the edge of the desk. With feats of his magic and your rampant imagination, you could almost feel him enter you and your body opened up to receive him. How do skeletons have shafts? You'd love to know. You imagine you'd be created for him and him alone. You could feel him fill you, stretch you, until you could take no more. He began to move inside you, thrusting in, pulling back, then sliding in again. Your body enveloped his hardness, coated it with yourself, begging him to go deeper. You raised your hips to him, eager for more. His hands would move toward your perky breasts, squeezing and pinching while he moved inside you. His hands dropped to your wrists, restraining you as you lay there defenseless beneath him. This was what you really wanted when you walked into his office. This was what you longed for the second you saw him and how he would give everything to you.

You would feel his hand on your throat. It would clasp around it, but wouldn't grip. You knew deep inside what this meant as he made love to you. It meant that he owned you. He possessed you. The heartbeat that coursed through the veins in your neck was in the palm of his hand. You could feel your own pulse pounding against his fingertips. I own you, that hand on her neck said. Every part of you. The part I'm touching. The part I'm fucking. Even the air you breathe through your lungs. All mine.

Your breathing grew more and more ragged as he quickened the rhythm of his thrusts. Your back arched off the desk, your moans escaping your lips as you called out his name. You feel your orgasm rip through your being as he rammed inside you, your legs quivering like jelly. You feel your clit throb and your intimate muscles clench. You laid there as you bask in the light of the moon in your afterglow, feeling flutters spread through your belly, your back and your thighs.

You open your eyes. You were still alone. Alone and sprawled all across the desk with your own wetness on your fingers. You can still feel the intensity of your fantasy and the orgasm you’ve given yourself. How long did you take? You decided it’s better if you didn’t bother calculating. You quickly got dressed and picked up whatever papers that got dropped on the floor. You tried your best to make it look like organized chaos. You set the bottle of ketchup upright and ran your hand across the desk. You feel the moisture of sweat and a few drops of your fluids. With the hem of your tank top, you wiped it all off and prayed that G wouldn’t notice a thing. You shook as you approached the door, unsure of whether it’s because of how sensitive you still were or because
you’re still in disbelief of what you’ve just done.

You checked your phone. It was past ten. You realized he could be back any moment. In fact, what if he was already here? What if he wanted to retire to his room immediately after coming back, only to find it locked? What if he could hear you breathing through the door? What if he knew that you imagined him taking your virginity on his desk? You put on your shoes and slipped out of the room, careful when you closed the door behind you.

That’s when you heard it.

Piano music.

You weren’t alone after all.

The hallway back to the exit of the church was dimly lit with candles. It wasn’t like that earlier. Someone lit them up and you have a clear idea who did. You trembled in place, figuring out an escape. Maybe you should make a run for it. Go straight home and pretend nothing happened. But the piano was at the mass hall at the very front. Whoever was playing would have a clear view of you. You grip at your hair in panic, and yet, this piano music. It was beautiful. Like a siren’s song, it coaxed you out. It slowly lured you into the mass hall. The notes echoed against the walls as you walked closer and round the bend. You could feel them wrap around you, drawing you in closer and closer.

There he was. G sat upright, his shoulder slack and elbows tucked close to his sides as his fingers played the grand piano. You stood just a foot away from him as he played. He seemed to be in deep concentration right now. Did he even notice you? Did he know you were just standing there, listening and watching? You didn’t recognize the piece he was playing, but you knew that it was one of the prettiest pieces you’ve ever heard on a piano. It was serene, yet lonely. It enveloped you, yet left you hollow. Minutes pass. Maybe an hour. You couldn’t tell. You were too engrossed watching him. His music pinned you to the floor just like how he pinned you to the desk in your fantasies. You couldn’t move.

Finally, the piece ended and G slowly lifted his bony hands off the keys. His head kept bowed as if he savored the last note until it faded away. Was he praying? When he finally lifted his head, he merely stared ahead in front of him. He didn’t look at you, but you knew that he was always aware of your presence.

“I can’t talk to you right now, kid.” You felt your heart ache when he mumbled those words. You couldn’t decipher his tone. Disappointment? Frustration? You got nothing.
You swallowed. “Can you at least look at me, G?” Your voice could be heard throughout the hall from the echoes, but in truth you sounded so small and timid. You tried to step to one side to catch a glimpse of his gaze. He avoided your movements and focused towards the wall. Just before he did, you noticed that both his eyes were an bright purple, almost magenta. At the center of his chest, something under his cleric uniform was glowing blue. You stared at it with confusion.

“No.” Was all he answered.

His tone was deadpan. He was so close yet so far. This feeling of distance felt like your insides were being stabbed. It hurts so much. “Are you mad at me?” you asked.

“No.” He repeated.

“Your Soul..” you breathed, still staring at his chest. You've learned about monster Souls in Monster Biology class. Fragile, but brimming with magic. What was he doing with it?

“Pay no mind.” G merely said. His blue-tinged Soul flickered for a moment.

Silence in the air between the two of you. You wanted to believe him. You really did, but it was obvious that there was tension. His smile was absent and in its place was a thin line. His jaw was set tight. His posture felt stiff and unnatural.

You were getting desperate. “Please,” you tried to speak. “Please talk to me.”

“What’d you want me to say, kiddo?” G tried hard as well. He tried to sound laid back, but his voice was stilted when he spoke.

“Anything,” you replied. “I don’t know. Anything, please.” You tried to scrambled for words. You can’t shake the feeling that he knew exactly what you just did in his room. Yet, if he really did, he would be punishing you for defiling the house of God. Yell at you, berate you, anything in anger and yet, he did none of those. Instead, he looked up to the ceiling while still avoiding you.

“Y’know those goggle things for horses?” he began. His words felt incredibly rigid. “I think they’re called blinders or something,” He raised his hands to the side of his eyes, as if to shield
“They make the horses only see forward when they wore them. No peripheral vision. No distractions. I wish I had a pair.”

“Are you sure you’re not mad at me?”

Father Gaster places his hands back down to his lap. He still won’t look at you. “The opposite,” he replied, his voice low and quiet. “I promise.”

You tried your best to come up with something to say but came up empty. Instead, you decided to move on to another topic.

“I didn’t know you could play piano,”

“Bet you think I couldn’t, huh?”

“What? No, I meant-”

“I mean, why would a skeleton play church music, right?” he interrupted you. “It’s because I don’t have any organs.”

This was the part where you were supposed to scream or push him for such a terrible joke. You couldn’t. He wasn’t chuckling at his own joke. The timing was hideous.

“What were you playing?” you asked instead.

He closed his eyes, briefly hiding the intensity of his glowing visage. “Zebel’s Waterfall No. 25”

“Where did you learn to play like that?”

“My mother taught me.”
“Did she teach you other stuff?”

He shook his head. “No, but after she saw my interest in music as a hobby, she hired different tutors to teach me other instruments,” he replied. “One of my favorites is the trom-bone.” He sounded amused with his last sentence. This was good. Things weren’t getting too awkward anymore. That’s what you thought until it was his turn to ask a question. “Why did you come here tonight, kid?” His eyes were still on the wall.

You tried to recall why you came here in the first place. You barely remember why. “I wanted to talk you,” you answered slowly. “I had a question.”

“What’s the question?”

You paused. “I don’t remember it anymore.”

The hands on his lap suddenly clasped together, but he wasn’t praying. It was if he was trying to prevent himself from something. He was holding himself down, but from what? From doing what?

“This,” G tried to speak, but you hear a slight hitch in his breath. “This is going to be difficult for us. You and I working together. You understand this?”


“I am a priest,” His words were firmer now. “Do you also understand this?”

Okay. You’ve had enough. Time to cut the bullcrap. “No.”

His head moved ever so slightly to your direction, but never full towards you to have you in his field of vision. “No?” he repeated back to you.

“Hell no, G. I don’t bloody understand why you’re a priest.” Those words that you had since the day you met him with his motorcycle came gushing out. You wish they lashed out at him like a cane or a whip across his back. “You’re what, twenty one? Twenty two? And you’re the most drop-dead gorgeous man on Earth. You could have any chick you wanted and they would gladly
ride on your dick. You have this brilliant mind and you could’ve done anything you wanted - anything that would have given you more freedom that this. You could get married. You could have kids. Or just crazy sex, whatever or whenever you fuckin’ want. This? This is a dump town. You walk a couple miles south and it’s the bloody sea.” You realize you’ve been running your mouth like a motor and you took a moment to breathe. But that won’t stop you from sticking it in the old guy. “There’s nothing here for you. G, you’re wasted here. You could be out there taking over the world and people would actually be okay with it. If it meant you have to burn in hell for it, then I would follow you into Hell and carry you back out again if I had to. Do I understand why you’re a priest? No. I don’t think I ever will. If you weren’t a priest, then-”

G finally intercepted your lengthy speech. “If I weren’t a priest,” he repeated. He finally chuckled, but it sent chills down your spine. “Do you even know what would happen if I weren’t a priest?”

“Yeah,” you scoff. “You and I could-”

He won’t let you finish. “You and I could do nothing,” His words were sharp and they cut through the air. “If I weren’t a priest, kid, you and I would have never met. If I weren’t a priest, you would be in juvenile detention, or even jail, because I’m sure Father Adam wouldn’t help you the way I did. If I weren’t a priest, you’d have to graduate from high school while in detention. The likelihood of you getting into college would be nonexistent. Even less so for work.”

You felt your knees threaten to buckle underneath you. Your eyes stung from how harshly he was addressing you. “G?”

His back hunched over, still avoiding to meet eye-contact with you. “I was fourteen when I wanted to become a priest,” You could hear his voice just slightly tremble. “Once I made that decision, kid, you have no idea how amazing it felt. I felt peace in my heart for the first time in my life. I didn’t know where or why it came. It should have scared me, made me think second thoughts - a life of poverty, celibacy and chastity. A life of obedience to a community that would send me all over the world without giving me a choice. Yet I knew there was a reason why I needed to be a priest. I was sure of it, kid. I believed in it. That certainty carried me all the way through seminary and all the way here,” He paused to breathe. You tried to find a way for rebuttal, but you couldn’t. Not while you had this lump in your throat. He continued, “And now I know why I needed to be a priest. God knew long before I was even born that I should be one, so that I could find you. So that I could help you and keep you on the right path and I will keep you safe even if it kills me.”

The world broke before your eyes as tears come streaming down your cheeks. You choke back a sob as you fall to the floor. Only now you were grateful that G was looking away so he didn’t have to see you cry.

“And if I weren’t a priest,” G added softly. “I would’ve been dead.”
“No..” you whimpered. The thought of Father Gaster dead was an insult to you. An insult to everything you believed in, and you believed in him the most.

“I was a teenager once too, y’know,” he chuckled darkly. “I had my moments. Young, foolish moments. Moments where I thought I didn’t deserve to live. The things I did, the things I wanted to do, taunted me constantly. I was worried God had made some huge mistake when he made me. Thought that maybe the world would’ve been better off without me in it.”

“No, no, no..” you choked again, begging him to stop. You didn’t want to hear this. You didn’t even want to think of it.

“When I became a Jesuit, kid, those feelings started to fade and I got new ones. I learned that God created me for a reason. No matter how big of a mistake you think you might be, there is always a reason.”

“Like what?” you asked quietly between sniffles.

“My call to priesthood saved me, kid,” You can hear the smile in his voice now. “Like it saved you. If I weren’t a priest, you wouldn’t be here with me and neither would I with you. So please,” He raised a hand up to you as if in surrender. “Please, kid. Don’t make this any more difficult than it already is.”

You watch as he lowered his hand again back to his lap.

“I’m sorry.” You whispered.

“There’s nothing to be sorry for, kiddo,”

“Are you sure?”

“I am.”
You fiddled your thumbs together as another silence hung between the both of you. You wanted to say more. You wanted to tell him you’ll never go into his office again without his permission, but he hasn’t mentioned a single thing about it. Therefore, he couldn’t possibly know about it. Yet you knew that he must know something because he still couldn’t look at you. You want to think that he won’t because he didn’t want you to feel embarrassed for crying. Yet you did not feel that way. Instead, you were overwhelmed with sadness that he was right. As much as you wished that he wouldn’t be a priest so that you could be together, you knew that you would never have met him if he wasn’t one. What brought you together was the same thing that kept you apart. You wanted to speak again, except the sound of a car horn honking blared outside.

“That’s my ride,” G blinked, his eyes still a fuming violet. “I have to go.”

You watched him move. “Go? Didn’t you just come back?”

“Last minute business,” Father Gaster replied as he rose from the piano bench.

“Where are you going?”

“I can’t answer that.”

“Can’t or won’t?”

He walks past you, still not meeting your eyes. You follow behind him. At the doors of the church, he paused.

“We won’t ever have this talk again,” he says. The way he worded it felt like a statement, but the amount of weight he put in them when he spoke made it like an order. You think this was going to be an easy one to follow. For one, you are never going to masturbate on his desk ever again. “And we’ll pretend we never had this talk. Tomorrow, we’ll both feel better. In a week, it’s a distant memory.”

You nodded behind him, then remembered he refused to look at you. “Okay,” you answered.

“Are you sure you don’t remember what you wanted to ask me?”
It was at this moment that you remembered what you wanted to ask. “Doesn’t matter,” you sighed when you decided not to ask anymore. “Are you sure you can’t tell me where you’re going?”

“Yeah, sorry, kid,” he replied. “I’ll say this though - I wish I could take you with me.”

You smiled and felt some tension leave your body. “Me too,” you whispered on his back. “I’d go anywhere with you.”

For the first time that night, G finally turned around to look at you. His tired white eyes regarded your presence and he gave you the faintest of smiles. It was a small, sad smile, but still a smile. You wanted to kiss it, to thank him for it. Then he turned away once more to push open the doors. You continued to follow behind him and what laid on the street was a sight you couldn’t not believe. You knew your cars, most especially motorcycles. You knew all the models, all makes, everything. It’s one of the things you liked to nerd-out about. After all, your meeting with G happened because you were fascinated that he owned a Ducati. What awaited for G was an extremely expensive ride. Where exactly was he going? You stopped following him after you went down the steps of the church. Maybe someday you’ll get all your answers. Tonight, you were content to know one. Whose feet you will sit at? You knew exactly who now.

“Remember; we will forget about this,” G reminded her as the door of the car to the front seat opened for him. At the driver’s seat, you caught of a glimpse of a man of fire. He looked towards you with curiosity, but remained silent. You kept your focus on G, drinking in the attention he gave you. What he said next made your stomach drop. “We’ll forget about this just like that time you won’t talk about the wax burns on your wrist.”


“You shouldn’t be using scented ones,” he continued as he sat inside the car, completely ignoring how shaken you are. “Invest in the paraffin ones instead.” And with that, the car took off. You stared at it, making sure to engrave the model and the number plate in mind. You watched as the man whose feet you would sit at race off in that gleaming, glorious, 1953 Silver-Wraith limousine-style Rolls fucking Royce.

Chapter End Notes

The song G was playing: https://youtu.be/-0wjgvyeYDI
Forgive Those Who Trespass Against Us

Chapter Summary

A week passed since that one awkward night with G at the church. One day you go home to find an unexpected visitor.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a little short, but don't worry. Another one will be uploaded soon after Sir Editor gives it a few more corrections.

True to G’s words, the both of you never spoke of the night where you snuck into church. Apparently, the faded wax burns on your arm were also part of said conversation. G only raised an eyebrow if you tried to bring it up before nonchalantly carrying on with whatever counselling he had for you. The very next day, he reverted back to lazy smiles and laid back lessons with your History homework. The two of you would toss terrible jokes back and forth to each other as if nothing ever happened that one night.

A week rolled by with ease until you came home one day from church. Before you opened the door to your house, you heard your mother arguing with a man inside. Their conversation was muffled, but you knew that your mother was on the verge of screaming her head off at whoever’s face was in there. You opened the door and braced yourself. Mum immediately stopped talking the moment she heard the door open. Once you entered, the man who spoke with her turned his head around. His green eyes gawked at you. He wasn’t the tallest man you’ve seen - about five foot and maybe five inches. If you stood next to him, you’d almost match in height. He had dark, messy hair and wore brown slacks with a white polo shirt. You looked at him, then looked at mum to ask her if everything was okay.

Before mum could answer, the man spoke first. “Are you,” he began, slowly turning around to face you. He took a couple steps forward. You took a few back. “Are you my baby girl?”

Your jaw hit the floor. Why was he calling you that? That's beyond creepy. You looked back at your mum who was still fuming in the corner with her hands clenched so tightly into fists that her knuckles turned white. You looked back at the man. It took you a minute to register what was happening. "Are you-”

“Yeah!” The man laughed as he walked closer to you, his arms stretched out. He wanted to hug
“I’m your father! Your long-lost daddy! Lemme get a good look at you.”

Your mum spoke up behind him. “Don’t you dare touch her.”

“Aw c’mon, babe,” your ‘father’ said while still looking at you. Your back had hit the door. The small hallway that connects to the living room where your mother is felt so narrow. He trapped you. “I haven't seen what my own daughter is like! Oh my god, she’s as short as me! We've got a lot to catch up on.”

Your mother grabbed his wrist and yanked him away from you. Leave it to mum to save the day. “You will do none of that,” she growled. You took this chance to run past him and take hiding atop the staircase. You hear her continue. “I haven't seen you, heard from you, for a decade and a half and you think you can just waltz in here just because you want to see my daughter? As if!”

“Yeah, fuck off.” You chimed.

Your father looked so downcast that you almost regret your words. “I turned a new leaf, pumpkin,” he pleaded with your mum. "I really meant what I said. I miss you. I regret everything I did. I was a foolish teenage boy when I ran off. Please take me back. I'll support us!"

Your mum remained unflinched and glared coldly at him. You bet she just holds a grudge. “You're too late,” she snarled. "Seventeen years too late. To hell with your support - you don't even have a proper job. I have two and I can barely feed my child.”

“Our child,” he corrected her.

“No. My child,” she hissed back. “You were never there when I needed you. You were never there in her life to be her father.”

You watched the scene unfold. Both your parents looked like they were on the verge of tears. You tried to assess the situation. Mum had every right to be furious, but shouldn't she give him credit for even bothering to come back? No, he didn't just come back. He crawled on his knees for her. He seemed sincere in every possible way. You were given a second chance when you got out of jail. Why not give him one?

You finally spoke up. “He can be one now.”
Your father stared at you from the living room. He smiled. You smile back. Maybe you can finally live a life with both parents. Maybe things were finally looking up. Then your mum talked again. This time, she addressed you.

“Go to your room.”

Your mouth was agape at her. You haven't heard that command since you were twelve. "What?"

“You heard me;” your mother glowered at you. Defiance rose in your throat. “Go to your room.”

“No.”

“GO TO YOUR ROOM!” Your mum exploded. You recoiled in shock at her outburst. Mum never escalated that fast. She was usually the silent type when she was angry at you. Without another word, you stomped up the stairs and slammed the door of your room behind you. You threw your backpack against the wall and collapsed onto your bed. The mattress squeaked from under your weight. You pressed your face against the pillow and bellowed into it with all the strength that your lungs could muster. You were shaking from just how angry you were. How dare she! You just wanted to have both parents, to have a normal family like everyone else. Was that so wrong? And yet here she was, actively trying to destroy any chance of it happening. Mum never saves the day. She ruins it.

The shouting continued from downstairs. You hurriedly booted up your laptop. You opened your music and blasted the loudest, most unruly playlist you had. Electric guitars and drums boomed from your computer speakers. Anything to drown out the noise from downstairs. You set your laptop beside you as you lay your head down. You lost count of how many minutes passed before you heard mum pound at your door.

“Turn that racket down!” she hollered. You ignored her. She continued to bang on your door until you finally slammed your laptop shut which cut off the music completely. You marched to the door and opened it to see her. Dried tears strained her tired face and her eyes were a bloodshot red. You couldn't find it within yourself to care. "He's gone now;” she said and you wonder if you were supposed to find relief in that.

“Of course he's gone,” you sneered at her. “After he wanted to try being a proper father and husband for once in his life, you made sure he didn't have that chance.”
Your mother breathed in. She muttered something like ‘if only you knew’ but you ignored her again. Grown-ups always said this to get the upper hand in an argument and you're not going to let her have it. “You are never to speak to him if you ever see him.”

You glared daggers at her. "You can't make me do that," you said. “I'm not a child anymore. I don't have to listen to you.”

“I know,” your mum sniffed before walking down the hall to her room. “I know you won't, but I know someone who you will listen to.”

You slammed your bedroom door again. As hard as you tried to deny it, you knew exactly what she was talking about.

The next day, you went on your way to the church with your summer homework. As you trudged along the sidewalk, you hear someone call your name. Whoever they were, they ran from behind you.

“Hey!” he called your name again. You looked behind your shoulder and stopped.

“Dad?” you called back as he caught up with you.

“You have no idea how cool it feels to have someone call me that,” he grinned once he got closer. He gave you a once-over and you stared back. “Man, you look just like your mom, except with my height.”

He spoke as if he was still in college. Maybe he could be one of those cool-dad types “So,” you started. “What's up? Have you convinced mom yet?”

He shook his head. Figures. “No, but that won't stop me from trying to be the best dad ever!” he grinned as he placed his hands on his hips. You giggle at his heroic pose. “Wanna grab some ice cream?”
“Nah, I can't,” you tell him. "I'm still doing community service. The church is monitoring my every move.”

“Community service?” Your dad baffled. "Like father, like daughter! Your old man here has a penchant for trouble.” He winks at you. you couldn't help but smile. Maybe you could be friends with your dad. He offers the ice cream date again and this time you actually considered it.

Before you could answer, another person called your name. This time from a different Father.

“Kid?” You hear Father Gaster walk toward you. You realize that you're pretty close to the church. He probably saw you after he popped out from the main entrance. “Been lookin’ for you. Who’s this guy?”

Your dad looks a little taken aback to see a monster walk toward you, in clerical clothing no less. “Her dad,” your biological father stated. “Just wanted to take my daughter out for the day. Surely a couple of ice cream cones won't hurt before she checked in for her hours.”

You glance up at G. He wore that tense expression again from last week. Except he stared straight at your dad. His lips curled into a frown and his brows were slightly furrowed as he watched your dad good off. With one hand, he gently takes your shoulder and pulls you to his side. You feel your heart flutter. You didn't want to object to this. “I'm afraid the kid will be busy today," he told him. “She hasn't filled in enough hours this week. It is my responsibility to make sure she does not land in juvenile detention.”

“Well she's my responsibility too, ain't she?” your dad replied. Looks like he wasn't backing off. “Ain't seen my little baby girl until last night. Give me a chance, won't ya?” Your father looks at you with puppy eyes. This only makes G pull you closer.

“No.”

“Well, maybe I can pick her up after?”

“I will personally bring her home.”

“Her house ain't that far.”
“Doesn’t pose a problem for the church.”

“Could I stick around?”

“Absolutely not,” You were in awe of how calm G kept during the entire exchange. “I don't think her mother would appreciate that.”

You father glared at him. "I see how it is," he said. He backs away slowly. “Yeah. I know what's goin’ on here. But know this, priest,” Your father brings a finger up to make his point. "That woman is one manipulative bitch and she has you wrapped around her damn finger. I hope you feel fantastic for separating a father and a daughter who just wanted to hang out!” Your father gives you one last look of sadness before sauntering away.

G does not move until your father was out of sight around the corner. "You are never speaking to that man ever again.” He orders you.

“Not you too, G!” you exclaimed as you looked up at him. “What if he really wanted to set things right?”

“If he did, then he wouldn't call your mother a manipulative bitch.”

“What if she is?”

“I can assure you,” G began to guide you towards the church. “That your mother loves you so much that it hurts her.”

You honestly could not bring yourself to believe a word of that, even if it came from him.

G pushed open the church doors to let you in. “I didn't hear your answer.”

“Huh?”
“I ordered you to never speak to this man ever again.” He repeated.

You let out a heavy sigh. So much for having a cool dad. “Fine, fine.”

“Good girl,” G uttered as he places a hand against the mid of your back. You changed your mind. Father Gasters praises made it all worthwhile.

Things were quiet in his office. While G scribbled on a notebook for this week’s mass with a bible at his side on his desk, you worked meticulously on an English essay while sitting on the floor nearby. With your paper on your lap and with one and a half pages written, you noticed his hand move across the desk to reach for a bottle of ketchup. You watched quietly as he wrapped his fingers around it and pulled it towards him.

“What the heck?” you said out loud when he proceeded to sip it. As he drank the contents, he glanced over at you.

“What is it, kid?” he asks after he takes a gulp.

“That’s what you use it for?” you ask in disbelief.

That’s when you saw it. Something slipped out from his mouth; a purple translucent appendage ran briefly across his lips. You ogled at it with your mouth slightly agape. Was that his tongue? His mouth began to move but instead of listening, you could only watch how his lips moved. You searched for his ‘tongue’ again.

“Kid?”

You blinked. “Huh?”

G raised an eyebrow. “You were staring.”

You immediately look back down on your lap where your essay was. “No, I wasn’t,” you denied
him.

“Then what did I just say?”

“I don’t know, I wasn’t listening.”

“So you were staring.”

You glared at him. He had an elbow propped up on his desk with his cheek resting on his hand. He smirked lazily at you. You grunted and focused on your homework again. He sets aside the bottle of ketchup and continued his own work as well. Time passes by and the sky soon turned a deep amber-orange. Patches of clouds float lazily across the sky. You looked up from your now completed work and yawned. You hear G close one of the books that he’s been reading.

“Hehe. You tuckered out, kid?” G asked you. When you nodded, he pushed himself out of the chair and walked over to you. He offers you a hand and you willingly take it, letting him pull you up. The two of you silently walk to exit the church. You were worried that your father might be lurking around outside. Thankfully, he was nowhere to be seen. On the road awaited Father Gaster’s iconic Ducati. Your eyes widened when G leads you towards it.

“Are we gonna..?” You began to ask, but you got your answer when G handed you a helmet. You strapped it on while G hopped on. “For real?”

“I did say I’ll take you home. You ready?” he watched you secure your helmet before you followed suit. The leather seat was soft yet firm. You hear the engine purr underneath you when G turned the keys. Excitement coursed through your veins. You were actually riding a motorcycle, and a Ducati no less! G glanced over his shoulder to check on you. “Hang on tight, kid,” You grip at the side of his clothes. G only narrowed his gaze. “I know your place is nearby, you gotta hold on tighter than that.”

You swallowed before wrapping your hands around his waist. He waits patiently until you’ve gotten a good hold around him before the both of you moved forwards. Good lord, you’d think you’d come on this motorcycle from just how smoothly it cruised through the neighbourhood. You’d cling to G tighter when he would turn around the bend. It felt as if you both might fall off, but then you’d be upright again in no time. The ride was quiet, but you didn’t mind at all. You were too busy enjoying how the wind whipped against your hair and the incredible speed this beast was cruising at.
When you reached home, you didn’t let go. “C’mon, kid,” G laughed as he tried to convince you once again to get off.

“Well, fine,” you replied and loosened your grip. “But the Ducati and I are getting married.”

“I would happily pronounce you wife and wife, but she’s taken,” G smirked at you.

You got off and pulled the helmet off. “What if she wants to be shared?”

G hummed with interest. Just when he opened his mouth to answer, mum appears at the front door, calling your name before seeing the priest.

“Father Gaster!” your mum greeted happily. “Thank you so much for going through such lengths to keep my daughter in check.” She glances over at you. You can feel her judging your every movement.

The two adults chattered together. Looks like G told the truth when he said he was actively working with your mum to make sure you’re on the right track. You held your backstraps tightly before your excused yourself. G looked over at you.

“Good night, kid.” He calls to you just when you placed your hand on the door. You looked back at him. You silently wish for the day when he could utter those words as you two share the same bed. Your eyes flickered down to your feet in shame. You hated yourself for still thinking about such things.

“G’nite G.”
Lead Us Not Into Temptation

Chapter Summary

Summer break is over and Father Gaster gives you some reading assignments to keep you busy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Months have passed since you saw your father. He was as forgotten as the night you saw the Rolls-Royce. After his confrontation with your priest, he stopped trying to get in touch with you or your mother. Summer went by quickly too. For the entire break, it was almost as if you lived at church. You saw Father Gaster every single day. Of course, you made some time with Hettie who was always up for tea at a local cafe. She’d ask things like how was your probation going or if the priest was treating you well. You’d tell her that he’d give you reading assignments from the Bible and he made you meditate on numerous passages. Meditate! You found it almost impossible to keep still for those things. When not working on summer assignments, you worked at a day camp for underprivileged kids and you’d still have to see him in the evenings.

September came and it was time to go back to school. Thankfully, you survived the first day without incident. No one tried to pick fights with you. No arguing with teachers. Much to mum's relief, you did your best to be a saint. You didn’t sneak out at night for any reason. You didn’t stay up until three in the morning reading erotic novels with your hands down your panties. Actually, you still did that, but only twice a week now. Before G happened, you couldn’t wait for school to end so you could run along home and hole up in your room. Now you couldn’t wait to go to church.

You arrived at church after school that day. After a quick change of clothes, you grabbed the watering can to water the godforsaken stick. As you watered it in the garden, you can see G in his room through the window. It looked like he was on the phone with someone. You placed the watering can down once you were done and jogged back inside. As you approached his office, you noticed that the door was closed. The only time it was closed was if he was out. Strange. Curiosity urged you and you leaned an ear against the wooden surface to make out his words. G spoke clearly enough that you could hear him, but you had no idea what he was saying. It was as if he were speaking a whole different language, one that you’ve never heard of before. You frowned. He should at least have the decency to speak in English.

Frustrated, you peeled yourself away from the door and contemplated about visiting the kitchen to calculate the supplies. Instead, the door finally creaked open. A floating magical hand peeked out from the gap of the door. It crooked a finger at you, beckoning you inside. You stepped inside and saw that he had just ended the call.
“Are you trapped in your office?” you asked him as you sat on a chair in front of his desk. He was on a laptop this time and was typing away. A pair of glasses rested on his face, held up by magic you supposed. Piles of books rested on either side of him. “Is there some kind of force field surrounding your room?”

“Yes,” G replied, his eyes still on the screen while his digits tapped against the keyboard. “It’s called a dissertation.”

You scrunch up your nose. “A disa- what now?”

“A dissertation,” He repeated as he leaned back in his chair. “I’m finishing my PhD work and I’ve ordered myself not to leave the office until I’ve made some progress this evening.”

You tried to peek into the laptop. It was all in English and yet you had no idea what it means. “What’s a dissertation?” you asked. “And why are you typing in Comic Sans?”

“Imagine if Satan gave you instructions for writing a book report from Hell,” G described. You giggled which earned a smile from him. “That would closely resemble a PhD dissertation. As for the font, it just keeps me focused and entertained enough to keep typing. I’ll change it later.”


G snorted. “Interesting topic, kid.”

“What’s your topic?”

“The theology of pain and suffering in the letters of Saint Ignatius.”

You make a mock-yawning sound. “Is that as boring as it sounds?”

He paused to look at you. “More.”
“It needs a better title, then.”

“What do you suggest, kiddo?”

You thought for a moment. “How about ‘It Hurts So God’? Put those puns to good use!”

G couldn’t help but grin as he rested his cheek on one of the piles of books. “Your head must be the most amazing playground.”

You smiled back. “I think my mental swing sets are just a bit rusty.”

“Then we should fix that.” G got up from behind his desk and grabbed a Bible. He strode towards the door.

“Whoa there, big boy,” you followed him as he opened it. “You just said you weren’t allowed to leave your office.”

“I made the rule,” G replied. “I can break it.”

You arched an eyebrow at him. “Can I break your rules?”

“Nope. Where’s your Bible?”

You brought your backpack forwards and pulled out a copy of your Bible while the two of you made your way to the sanctuary. “What are we doing today?” you asked. “Are you going to make me meditate again? Please don’t.”

“But meditating on the life of Christ is a vital part of Spiritual Exercises.”

“I know, I know,” you sighed as you threw yourself down in one of the pews. You stretched out on it, belly side down. “It’s just that Jesus kind of looks like Mettaton’s Grunge Version six-point
something-something, and I don’t like finding Jesus remotely sexy. It’s uncomfortable. It’s like seeing a picture of your grandfather when he was eighteen and thinking he’s a babe.”

“I’m sure Jesus would be honoured that you picture him as attractive.” You hear G say. “There’s no sin in finding someone attractive.”

“I think you said that before,” you replied. “But I don’t think it applies to Jesus.”

G chuckled. “Well, do you have any questions you want to be answered?” Something slapped sharply on your left upper thigh and you scrambled as you sat up straight. G smiled as he waved his Bible at you. He spanked you with it. He ignores your blushing and goes on. “Any questions about the meaning of original sin? Prophecies regarding Christ found in Isaiah? Anything, kid?”

“I think I have one,” you quipped.

“Ask away.”

“Why are you so damn tall?” you asked with a playful tone. “You’re like six foot or something?”

“Six foot four.”

“That is ridiculous. I’m five foot four!”, you exclaimed.

“Huh.” G muttered. “I guess we don’t quite-”

“G, don’t you dare-”

“See eye-to-eye on this matter.”

That was painful. You slapped G on the thigh with your bible in turn. Unlike you, he was too amused with himself to even bother reacting. “Are you necessarily this tall or are you doing it for attention?”
“Is this a theological question, kid?”

You pointed at him like a lawyer at court. “God created you. He made you tall. That is my theological question.”

“Hehe, okay,” G snickered as he tucked his Bible under his arm. “Tall people are closer to God. Since I am tall, I can hear Him better. Which is why you should always listen to me when I tell you somethin’.”

You glared at him. “I’m calling bullshit. That is the biggest pile of crap anyone has ever dumped on me.”

“Prove it then,” G smirked as he pointed back towards your own copy of the Bible. “Using the Bible of course.”

“That’s my assignment?” you asked the arrogant priest. “I have to prove that you’re full of shit?”

“Yup.”

“Can you at least give me a good Bible assignment? Like reading all the sexy parts in here?” you challenged him as you waved your Bible in one hand.

He nodded. “You can do that too if you wanna.”

“Song of Songs it is, then,” you grinned as you opened your Bible. “I like how the guy describes his lover’s tits as antelopes.”


You looked up at him with furrowed eyebrows. “Esther is a sex book?”
G took some pleasure out of your reaction from how smug he looked. “It is if you use your imagination,” he went on. “Which I’m especially certain that you can.”

You blushed again. There was a sinking feeling that he was referring to that little incident on his desk.

“W-What do I get to prove you’re full of shit?” you asked in desperation to change the subject.

G tilted his head at you. “Enlightenment.”

With that, he left you alone with your Bible on your lap to prove him wrong. You were certain that this shouldn’t be too hard. You doubted that there was a single verse in the Bible that said God favoured taller people. You dug into the back of your mind about what you’ve learned in Sunday School years ago. Wasn’t there something about Jesus talking about little children? You flipped to concordance at the back of your Bible and looked through the phrases and keywords listed in alphabetical order. Little.. Little Children.. Little Ones.. Little ones? You take note of the verse. Psalm 116:6. You let the pages fly until you found the verse.

‘The Lord is the keeper of the little ones: I was little and he delivered me.’

Boom. Perfect. Easy peasy. God liked little people. One down, one more task to go. You bookmark the page and then opened to the Book of Esther. You remember stories of Esther when you were a child with vague retellings of your Sunday School teacher. A Hebrew queen who was able to save her people from mass death. A Hebrew woman who only got to be queen for winning a beauty contest. Doesn’t sound sexy at all, yet G preferred Esther over Song of Songs.

‘In the days of Assuerus, who reigned from India to Ethiopia over a hundred and twenty-seven provinces..’

You were getting bored already. Where was the sex? This felt like reading a History textbook. You kept reading and tried your best not to skim through the sentences. You read and read until you finally finished the book. You were struck with a thought. Did Esther and the king.. Did they really? No. That can’t be right. You didn’t pick this up before, but maybe..? You closed your Bible and strode towards G’s office. He was continuing his disser-whatever.

“Did I just read what I think I just read?” you asked him.
G stopped typing and looked up at you. You had his full attention. “What did you think you read?”

“King Assuerus fired his queen and then needed a new queen.”

“Yeah.”

“Then he auditioned for a new queen.”

“Uhuh.”

You stared at him as you gripped your Bible in your hand. “Did the King seriously audition for virgin queen candidates by fucking them?”

A sly grin slipped in the corners of G’s mouth. “The way you put it is kind of graphic,” he replied. “But still accurate.”

“So he did?”

“Yup.”

“So King Assuerus had virgins brought from all over Persia, gave them a year to pretty up for him before having a one-night audition with him in his bedroom to have a chance to become queen.”

G raised an eyebrow. “Is there a question in there, kid?”

“Hell yeah,” You crossed your arms together. “What did Esther do?”

G hummed. “I don’t follow.”

“What did Esther do to get the king to pick her?” you rephrased. “Like, what did she do that the other girls didn’t so she got to be queen?”
G propped an elbow on the desk and thought about it. “I guess she’s just better in bed than the others.”

You stared at him with widened eyes.

“What?” he asked. You can see he tried his best to not laugh at you.

“You’re saying that the reason she got picked was because she was better at fucking?”

G shrugs. “The Lord works in mysterious ways.”

You let your arms fall to your sides. You can’t believe what you’re hearing. “The Lord works through sex?”

“All the time!” G nodded to you. “Saints were babies once. They had to be conceived through sex. Nothing unbiblical about that.”

You scratched the back of your head. Unbiblical? “But Esther wasn’t married to the king yet,” you pointed out. “She was part of a harem. She just had premarital sex. Catholics aren’t allowed that, right?”

“Esther wasn’t Catholic,” G answered. “Catholicism hadn’t even been invented yet.”

You glowered at him. He finally laughs at you. You rolled your eyes and groaned, “You know what I mean! It’s in the Bible.”

“Shocking, isn’t it?” He doesn’t even sound the least bit shocked. In fact, he only looked more and more amused at you.

“I’m speechless.”
“How so?”

“I just found someone who became a biblical heroine because she spread her legs for a king. It’s actually pretty sexy, but sounds like a really weird way to choose a kingdom’s leader.”

“In all fairness to Esther,” G said. “She was a prisoner. She didn’t have much of a choice in the matter - the sex or becoming queen.”

“So she was amazing in the sack and that helped her save her people.”

“I knew you’d like her.” G smiled.

“Damn, I want to be her,” you admitted. “I really do wonder what the heck Esther did to impress the king so much in one night!”

G takes the ketchup bottle on his desk and sips on it absentmindedly. You've gotten used to this by now.

“According to the book, she was beautiful,” he mused. “And very intelligent. The women in the harem were allowed to take anything they wanted with them for their night with the king. However, Esther takes only what the harem guard Hegai told her to take. Clever since he was someone in the know.”

“Maybe she didn’t ask him because he knew the king,” you shared. “Maybe she asked him because he was a man.”

G slid his Bible closer to him and flipped through it. “That’s one possibility.”

You watched him for a moment. “What would you tell Esther to do?”

G glanced at you. “Hmm?”

“If this virgin girl came to you and said she had to spend a night with the king,” You clarified.
“What advice would you give her?”

“Interesting question,” G smiled as he went back to flipping through his Bible. “Priests don’t get asked a lot for sex advice. Then again, Hegai was a eunuch.”

You tilted your head. “What’s a eunuch?”

“A castrated man.”

You cringed. “Ouch.”

“Exactly.”

“A priest is better than a eunuch for advice, then,” you observed. “I’m guessing you uh.. Have your original parts?”

“Magical warranty included,” he replied.

You leaned against the door frame. “So what would you tell Esther to do?”

G chuckled. “I was hoping you forgot about the question.”

Although he was smiling, you can hear his voice tense up.

“Oh right, sorry,” you mumbled. “We’re not supposed to talk about S-E-X, are we?”

G rubbed one of the pages of his Bible between his thumb and forefinger before flipping it. “We can talk about sex in a biblical sense.”

“Embarrass, no,” he replied and looked up at you from his desk. “More like disconcerted.”


“No, talking about sex with you disconcerts me.”

“So you don’t like it?”

His white pupils bore into yours. “I like it far too much,” he said softly. “And I think you know that.”

You feel your hands tremble. The world around the two of you went quiet. For a moment you were afraid that the walls were listening to your conversation. You grip your Bible tightly.

“What advice would you give Esther?” you asked again. You refused to back down. G never answered your important questions. You didn’t have to write this one down on the list since it was technically a biblical question.

G fell back against his chair and steepled his fingers. While he thought about your question, your mind began to wander. You imagined yourself as Esther. Girls in that day married young, G said once. If you lived back then, would you have to audition for the role of queen? What would you have done? Esther asked the guard for advice. He told her to take less than the other women, so what did she take with her? Most importantly, what did she do when she was alone with the king?

Finally, G spoke up. “I think if I had to give Esther advice as a man and not as a priest,” G leaned forward once more to rest his elbows on the desk. “I would tell her to go to him without fear and with total trust. She should offer herself in a spirit of submission. After all, the reason why the king ‘fired’ the previous Queen Vashti was because she refused to submit to him. She should tell the king that she was his to do with as he pleased and that she’d obey his every whim and desire. I would tell her to let him bare his most secret self to her and accept it without question and that she should do the same. When she submits to him, she should do it in love and not in fear. Giving her body to him would be a holy offering and making their bed an altar.”

Your knees trembled at G’s words. Your imagination was already running rampant earlier so his descriptive sentences made things even more difficult for you. You couldn’t help but picture yourself in a gown of silk being escorted to the bedroom of the king. A king who bore a strong
resemblance to the skeleton priest in front of you.

G blinked at you. “Kid?” he prompted.

You snapped out of it. “What?”

“You whimpered.”


G leaned back in his chair, his eyes never leaving you. Not only was he smirking but there was a dark and amused gleam in his eyes. Right there. He knew that he turned you on with his words and he was congratulating himself for it. The arrogant, patronizing smiley-trashbag. You wanted him so much that it hurts.

“Who’s disconcerted now?” he taunted you.

You narrowed your eyes at him. “Whatever this game is we’re playing,” you finally huffed as you pointed at the floor indignantly. “I’m gonna win it.”

You expect that you’ll throw him off or be confused at least. “If you trust and obey me,” G replied instead with his usual calm demeanour. “We might both win.”

Your throat felt so dry that you had to swallow. Trust him and obey him. Out of nowhere came your answer. “I know what Esther took with her to the king,” you said with a confident smile.

“Oh?” G asked with interest. “You do?”

“When I know I’m going to ace a test, I go to class with nothing but my pencil,” you told him. “If Esther knew she was going to ace her audition, she wouldn’t have taken anything with her at all.”

G regarded you for a moment. “You might be right.”
“Might?” you echoed. “I’m sure of it, but I wish the Bible writers hadn’t skipped all the details.”

“I told you it had sex if you used your imagination.”

“Oh, I’m using it. I’m using it hard.” You wiggled your eyebrows.

G isn’t fazed. “Go use it to do your homework.”

“Oh, yeah! Psalm 116 verse 6,” You opened your Bible to the page your bookmarked. “The Lord is the keeper of the little ones. I was little and he delivered me. I’m short so God is going to keep me because I’m a ‘little one’,” you snapped your book closed with a triumphant grin. “Considering He sent you to bail me out of prison, I have all the proof I need.”

G listened, then smiled. “Very good, Little One.”

You stared down at him. “Don’t call me that.”

“Do you hate it?”

“Totally,” you lied.

“Good. Now go find something to do, Little One. This dissertation won’t finish itself and you are doing a good job of distracting me.”

You sighed. “What am I supposed to do?”

“You.”

“Use your impressive powers of imagination and your newfound prowess as a Bible scholar to make up a theory on what Esther did to earn the king’s favour.”

“I’m supposed to figure out what made her better in fucking than anyone else?”
“Yup.”

“This is my kind of homework.” You leave G’s office with his dissertation and made your way to the kitchen where you opened a pantry filled with canned goods. You took out cans of green beans onto the counter and formed them into columns, mimicking the exotic hallway of a palace. Admiring your makeshift palace, you grabbed a pen and some notebook paper. You began to write.

*One Night with the King*

For the heck of it, you wrote your name too like how an author for a novel would. Then you wrote for four straight hours.

Chapter End Notes

Readers, please vote! Would you like to read what Reader-chan has written for her 'theory' of Esther, or should we skip that all? Four hours is a lot of writing, so you can bet that Reader-chan has written a very, very long 'theory' (knowing her though, it probably spiralled into something else and it would be crudely written).
One Night With The King

Chapter Summary

You write for four hours on a theory on how did Esther win over the King in one night. It spirals into something else.

Chapter Notes

The following contains light bondage and sexual intercourse written by a character in the story who has no experience writing erotica of any kind. Should be as embarrassing as reading the first smut you've ever written. You all asked for this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tonight was the night. For a year I’ve been going through some intense training. How to curtsy, how to dance, how to act around his Majesty. They dressed me and made me beautiful. For a year I had to listen to the other girls talk all around me. They bickered about what they’ll bring to the king and what they would do to impress him.

“I’ve composed a hymn,” one said.

“I brought a puzzle,” said the other.

“I knitted him a scarf,” said one named Tiffany. We all stared at her like she was an idiot. Tiffany was an idiot. It was ancient Persia. No one here wears bloody scarves. Scarves aren’t even invented yet. The guards dragged her out when it was her turn to visit the king. Fuck Tiffany, serves her right.

I spent most of the day in the bathroom getting ready. By evening, I smelled like flowers. I looked like a princess. Hegai came for me by then.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“I was born ready.”
“What are you taking with you to the king?”

“I have my hymn.”

“You’re gonna sing?”

“Ah sorry, I meant I have my hymen.” I rephrased myself.

Hegai brought me to the King’s chamber and left me at the door. I made my way in. At first, I didn’t find anyone. All I saw were big bedroom stuff. Huge couches, tall plants, flowers and this long full-body sized mirror. Probably to check how on fleek you look in it. And of course, it had the biggest, sexiest bed I’ve ever seen in my life. Red silk covers, gold and white pillows and those fancy bed curtains. To the right was a big door to a balcony and it was open. I stuck my head out the door and saw the King standing by the ledge who watched over his kingdom.

And he was a gorgeous King too. I thought the palace was beautiful. I thought the kingdom was beautiful. I thought jewels were beautiful. But man, they all paled in comparison to the King. The King had an ivory complexion and was so tall that I knew he was probably doing it for attention. He wore jeans and a shirt. Jeans shouldn’t be invented yet but you know what, who cares? They look so good on him. He caught me staring at the corner of his eyes and looked at me. Several scars run down his cheek - possibly from duels. He had dark eyes that I swear I could get lost in if I looked for too long. I felt several degrees warmer just by being under his gaze.

“I’m Esther,” I greeted him with a curtsy. “I’ll be your entertainment this evening.”

“Oh, God,” he replied. “Did you bring a crossword puzzle?”

“Nah.”

“Hymn?”

“I don’t write that kind of shite.”
“Please tell me you didn’t knit anything for me.”

“Hell no, I don't even knit.”

The King rubbed his chin in thought. “Do you know any jokes?”

I look up at him. “A hymen walks into a bar. Well, that took care of that.”

The King didn’t laugh, but the smirk on his face indicated that he wanted to.

“What else do you do?”

I stepped closer to the King and stood as high as I could on my tiptoes.

“Whatever you tell me to.”

I leaned forward to kiss him. He kissed back as his arms snaked around my waist. Time stopped around us and for a moment it was just the two of us. The kiss made me forget my name, my age, my pitiful harem rank. He kissed me with his lips against my lips but it felt like his Soul kissed mine. All I wanted was to never stop kissing this King who tasted like snow and smelled like winter. Even if Persia hasn’t seen an inch of snow.

“You didn’t bring anything with you?” The King asked, briefly pausing the perfect kiss.

“I only brought me, myself and I.”

“Good. That’s all I want right now.”

“I’m glad that pleases you, Your Majesty.”

The King presses his forehead against mine. “Call me Assuerus. That’s my name.”
“But no one calls you by your first name.”

“No, but you will.”

“Why?”

“Because,” He whispered against my lips. His breath sent tingles down my back. “Once I’m inside you, I want you to say it and know you’re talking to me and not some other King elsewhere. Do you understand?”

I quivered in his embrace. “Yes, your Ma.. Assuerus.”

A smile traces his lips as he lifted me up in his arms. He carried me into the bedroom and laid me on the bed. His bed was so soft, it felt like floating in a sea of silk. Assuerus sat next to me and kissed me again. Each kiss gave me new life. I bet he could raise the dead with his kisses.

“You’re really good at this,” I muttered as he moved to kiss my neck.

“I practice a lot.”

“On all of us?”

“Anything to keep from seeing bad junior jumble puzzles.” He smiled as he kissed me again. His tongue in my mouth would definitely keep me from solving puzzles.

“Do you like being with all of us?” I asked as he trailed his kisses down my chest. Back then it felt weird about having a low-cut dress but now I understand why it was a good idea. His lips tickled my skin and his light touches gave me goosebumps. The good kind. He pulled my dress down to bare my shoulders and kissed them too.

“I don’t dislike it,” he admitted. “But it gets a little boring with the same thing every night. Different girl. Same thing. Boring tributes. No offence.”
“It’s okay. I’d get bored too,” Then an idea struck me. “You know, Assuerus, if you want, we can do something different than you usually do with the other girls.”

The King propped himself up above me. “Like what?”

“I don’t know,” I replied. “You’re the King. You decide.”

His dark eyes studied me. “Aren’t you afraid?”

“I was before,” I answered. “But not anymore.”

We locked eyes for a moment before he quietly looked back down to my dress. There was a single silk ribbon tied at the front. With dextrous fingers, he untied it and pulled it away, making my gown loosen against my sides. I felt nervous, but I wasn’t afraid. I refused to be. I watch him slide the dress off me. I lay naked on his bed now with my wrists up near my head and my legs sprawled out against the covers. He stared at me as if I was some kind of prize he won. I never want him to stop looking at me like that.

He didn’t touch me. This made me more nervous. Instead, he left me on the bed while he walked over to this big box. The box had a lock on it and the King took out a key. He opened the lid just a bit to take something out of it before locking it back up tightly. When he returned, I instinctively pulled the covers over me.

“Are you cold?” The King asked while he held something behind him.

“I’m naked.”

“Are you being embarrassed now?”

“No,” I pouted. “I’m just.. Disconcerted.”

The King chuckled. His laugh was like music to my ears. “Do you want me to join you?”
I look at him. “I hope yes is the right answer.”

“It’s the right answer. I’ll take my clothes off if you take the sheets off.”

I unceremoniously threw the covers off and the king sat next to me again.

“But first,” he spoke up. “I’m going to tie you to the bed.”

“Why?”

“You said I could do anything I wanted.”

I couldn’t argue with that. I held my hands up and he held out a long, golden rope. It didn’t take him long for him to tie my wrists to the headboard of his bed. The ropes felt tight, but not uncomfortable. They felt secure. I could wriggle my fingers and move my hands, but I couldn’t touch him. This just made me want to touch him more. He took another piece of rope and began to tie my ankles down to the bed. Once he finished, I couldn’t close my legs. Assuerus took off his jeans and I tried not to watch. Ah hell, who am I kidding? I didn’t try very hard at all.

“Oh wow,” I gasped once I saw him bare. I looked back up at the ceiling as warmth rushed to my face.

“Just wow?”

“Holy wow?”

“Better.”

I moaned a bit when the King climbed on top of me. He felt so warm against me. Although he appeared lean, his body felt so strong that I felt safe underneath him. Who could ever hurt me now with the King of all Persia shield over me? Who could steal me when I was tied to his bed? No one could.
We kissed again. You’re probably tired of reading that but screw you. I could drown in his kisses. I’ll never get tired of them. He kissed my lips and my neck. He rubbed my breasts, his fingertips circulating around my perky nipples and pinching them. One of his hands moved downwards, his nails lightly scratching my skin until his hand was between my legs. By instinct, I tried to close them, but the ropes stopped me. With one finger he pushed inside me and moved it in and out. I tensed and relaxed at the same time. He touched me for so long that I thought I could die from wanting him so much. I quietly begged for him. I wanted to feel him with my hands too, but I couldn’t. I was in heaven, but at the same time, I was in torment. All I could do was lie there and want him and want him and want him.

Suddenly he pulled out his finger. Then finally, he was inside me.

“Assuerus,” I whimpered as he pushed all the way into me.

“Good girl,” he whispered in my ear, his breath tickled me which made me moan again. I wanted to obey him. Obeying him was the most important thing.

He moved inside me and it hurt, but I didn’t care. Pain and pleasure mixed until the pain stopped and the pleasure stayed behind. Every time he rammed inside me it felt like thunder and lightning coursed through my veins. My body crackled with electricity within. Was electricity even invented yet? I didn’t care. All I cared about was Assuerus, my King.

Assuerus lowered his head and bit my chest over my heart. I flinched from the pain.

“W-why did you do that?” I whined.

“You’re beautiful,” he replied. I can see beads of sweat forming on his forehead as he moved inside me. “And if another man sees this bruise, he’ll know you belong to me.”

“I belong to you,” I cried out. I loved those words. I loved belonging to him. I loved it so much that I said it again. “I belong to you.”

“You’re mine.”
I let out another cry, my body arching upwards as I reached my peak. The ceiling disappeared and I saw stars and fireworks as my most intimate muscles clenched around him. He pulled my body upwards to press against him as a wave of warmth flowed inside my womb. I hear a ragged breath as he emptied himself inside me.

But it wasn’t over yet. We slept a bit, but then we woke up and he would make me his again. And again. And again.

At dawn, I woke in his arms. Even while sleeping, he’d keep one of my ankles tied to the bed. I liked that he wanted to keep me. When the sun rose higher, I was mad at it for coming so soon. I watched as Assuerus untied my ankle and helped me put my dress back on.

“I’ll miss you, Assuerus,”

“I’ll miss you too, Esther,” he replied genuinely. “Last night was better than any song or any puzzle.”

“Or scarf,” I grinned.

“Certainly not knitted by one named Tiffany”, he scoffed. See Tiffany, even the king confirms that your scarf idea is stupid. Fuck you and your stupid scarf for spilling soda on my skirt just coz my dress looked better. No, I don’t care if sodas werent invented yet.

He chuckled at me. “In fact, it was so good, I think we should have a thousand more nights like that.”

I smiled up at him. “Well, I’ll be in the harem if you want me.”

He paused for a moment. A pale hand reached out and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. “Or..”

My eyes widened. “Or what?”

He smiled back at me. “You could be my queen.”
Chapter End Notes

I laughed while I wrote this. My editor laughed as he read this. We decided not to correct any grammar mistakes to make it feel more 'authentic'. The only contribution he made was the addition of Tiffany. Reader-chan took 4 hours to write this all. She probably wrote more but crumpled those pages since she wasn't happy with some of the scenes (much like how most of us do when we write).
Chapter Summary

After composing your 'theory', you feel compelled to present it to your priest.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

You waited in the hallway outside G’s office. He told you that you’d figure out what happened between Assuerus and Esther on her audition night. You felt like you should tell him. You rewrote your story as neatly as you could and placed it in a nice folder before you gave it to him. Everything seemed like a great idea until he opened the folder to read it. His expression was unreadable, his pupils traced left and right through the paper. Suddenly, with a gentle hand, he pushed you out of his room and shut the door in your face.

You realized you just gave a priest smutty bible fanfiction. You meant it to be a theory, but this was ridiculous. Who were you fooling? Esther talked as if she lived in the early 2000s in your story. You put a king in jeans. Instead of making him regal, you made him a goof. You had a whole sex thing going on in there! You made Esther get tied to the bed! And how many times did you write the word ‘kiss’? Probably a bazillion times.

And now a priest is reading it.

In an attempt to calm your nerves, you went back to the kitchen to sort out your green bean palace. Why did no one ever donate cookies? All you wanted right now was to devour a whole bag of cookies and cry for hours while listening to Mettaton 8’s “Oh, My Love” on repeat. Instead, you went to the bathroom and discovered your period started. That explains the tears and the sweets craving. Maybe it even explained your temporary insanity when you decided to let G read your trashy story.

You grabbed your backpack and sat on the waiting bench outside G’s office. You decided to kill some time by doing some reviews for the next school day. Ugh, you got math. You flipped through your textbook and glared at the pages.

“What the fuck is this bullshit?” You yelled loudly to yourself as you tried to figure out the formulas before you.
G’s door swung open. He calls out your name as he stepped out.

“Inside voice.” He commanded.

“Sorry,” you apologized as you set the book back down on your lap. “Math.”

“Forgiven.”

You look up at him. He was holding your story in his hand. You notice his right pupil was glowing purple, but it was faint. It was controlled.

“Are you going to excommunicate me, Father?”

G answered your question with another question. “Why did you write this story, kid?”

“I don’t know,” you admitted. “We talked about Esther and what happened that night. I.. I thought it would be fun to write. When I started writing it, I couldn’t stop.”

G raised a brow at you. “You couldn’t stop?”

“Yeah,” you nodded. “It was like some demon possessed my hand,” You grabbed your wrist and pretended to choke it until it went limp. “Anyway, sorry. I won’t make you read my weird stories anymore.”

“I will read anything you write,” G replied. “You’re a better writer than I am.”

You clutched at your math textbook. “Really? I thought it was kinda stupid.”

“Stupid?”

“Yeah. Childish. Trashy. I made hymen jokes.”
G smiled. “It’s satire.”

“Satire?” You echoed. “I wasn’t going for that. I just wanted to make a story funny to show how ridiculous it was to choose a country’s leader by how good in bed she was.”

“That’s satire,” G pointed. “Pokin’ fun at stuff, usually of political nature, is satire. It’s a difficult and sophisticated form of humour that very few authors know how to write.”

You suddenly felt better about your story. “Huh. Cool.”

G’s smile spread into a grin. “If you’re not careful, I might put you to work on my dissertation.”

You blushed. “Don’t you think I’d give those priests heart attacks if I wrote it for you?”

G waved your story in the air. “You nearly gave me one,” he said. He gave another look at the folder and shook his head quietly. You actually feel quite proud now. One bible fanfiction and you’ve got G flustered with it. You felt something you never felt before. Powerful. You could put a bunch of words onto paper and make a man of the cloth think about wicked things like tying a virgin to a bed. You could get used to this.

G spoke again. “May I keep this?”

You blinked. “You want to keep my story?” You asked slowly.

“Actually, I think I should confiscate it,” he reiterated. “You’re too young to be reading such things - let alone write them.”

“I don’t care,” you frowned up at him. “I wrote it. It’s mine.”

“And I’m keeping it.” He replied firmly.
“Okay,” you crossed your arms. “But you have to give me something in return.”

“What would you like, Little One?” He asks you as he tucked the folder under his arm. “And keep your requests above the neck, please.”

You sigh in reluctant acceptance. Guess that means you can’t ask him to bend you over on the pews. “Fine,” you mumbled. “Then tell me a secret. Any will do.”

G exhaled heavily as he gripped the folder. “Something tells me I’m going to regret telling you this,” he said slowly. “But I guess it’s best that you know anyway.”

“Know what?”

“About my friend.”

You remember the time he called his friend to go after that slimy professor. “Is your friend really your biggest secret?”

“You asked for a secret,” G shrugged. “You didn’t ask for a big one.”

You curse to yourself.

“Here,” G said as he dug into his pocket. “I was going to give it you one of these days. Better give it to you now.” He hands you a small business card. Black paper. Molten orange-gold ink. You reached out for it, but he pulls away two inches away from your fingers. “However, I need you to make me a promise.”

You nodded fervently. Your mouth watered for the card.

“You will show this card to no one,” G ordered you. “You will keep it to yourself. You will not call the number on the card. You will never go to the address unless in the direst of emergencies. I’m talking about levels of apocalyptic. Can you make this promise?”
“I promise,” you replied as you locked eyes with him.

G stared back at you before finally letting you have the card. “I’m trading you a king for a king.” He said as he held your story up once more.

You read the card. *Grillby Flint, Flint Enterprises*, it read. *121 Snowdin Drive*.

“Snowdin Drive?” you said aloud. “That’s where all the rich people live.”

G tilted his head. “Yeah, I suppose so.”

“So he’s rich?”

“Filthy,” G described.

“He owns the Rolls-Royce?”

“He has two of them.”

You whistled.

G continued. “He’s also dangerous, Little One. I don’t use that word lightly.”

You suppress a smile. You started to like that nickname, even though you thought it was just a joke. You fingers trembled and your thighs tightened. “I like him already,” you replied to distract yourself.

“Good. Now put that card away. Keep it safe. Again, emergency use only. Understood?”

“Understood.” You slip the card into your back pocket.
“Thank you,” G said. “Before I take full possession of this fine piece of erotic satire, I’ll ask you one question, kid.”

You squinted at him. “I really wish you wouldn’t.”

He ignores your plea. “Why did the King tie Esther to the bed?”

Your eyes widen a bit. “I..” You began. “I don’t know. I’ve been reading a bunch of other books I guess I just like that stuff.”

G watched your movements. “I think you know why he did it,” he spoke in his low baritones. “And it isn’t because you got it from a book. Tell me the truth.”

You pondered on the question for a moment. “I think he tied her to the bed for the reason a person who is not an idiot would put a lock on his Ducati.”

“Heh,” G chuckled. “Because he doesn’t want it stolen?”

“No,” you replied. You knew the right answer. If this was a test, you’d show up with nothing but a pencil.

“Then why?”

“Because he loves her.”

Chapter End Notes

Short chapter again, but no fear. The next chapter was already written days ago and my editor and I just need to refine it. Meanwhile, I’ve become more ambitious and started to write small one-shot chapters between you and G. Should I post this in a separate fic now or would you like to wait after this fic is done? Let me know in the comments.
Chapter Summary

Thanksgiving finally arrives and you have to water the stick one last time. After that, G will finally answer all your questions. That is until you received a phone call in the evening.

Chapter Notes

The following chapter features public sex and heavy bondage near the end of the chapter. You may skip such scenes if you these themes make you feel uncomfortable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thanksgiving break arrived and you nearly cried. Finally, you will have your answers from Father Gaster. You watered that goddamn stick for six months straight and you did not miss a single day. There were times you even watered it twice a day just to make sure. When it stormed, you watered it. When it snowed and the stick was almost buried, you watered it. There were times you were sick in bed and you still watered it. Nothing stopped you from watering this stick.

You spent Thanksgiving Day alone with mum. The two of you had roast chicken and mashed potatoes. You were even able to beg mum to bake your favourite butterscotch pie. You slept for hours after dinner and blamed the turkey for your coma, but you knew it was because of exhaustion. Going to school five days a week and spending seven days a week in church wore you out. You couldn’t complain. This was far better than juvie. The next day was bright, cold and beautiful. Light shone down and reflected off the snow. It was a Friday and mum had to work the whole day. You had the house to yourself.

The day after Thanksgiving meant exactly six months from the day you started this weird task. You pulled out the crinkly piece of paper where you wrote all your questions.

1. What’s the other reason you’re helping me?
2. What’s the third reason why it would be difficult to be with me?
3. Why will your friend help me?
4. Is he a hitman?
5. Why does a priest have his own handcuff key?
6. Why do you want me to obey you forever?
7. Whose feet should I be sitting at?
8. Why does your bible have a different name than what’s written on your plaque?
9. I’m a virgin. Are you okay with that?
10. When will you keep your end of the deal?
11. Who are you?
12. Are you in love with me?

You counted them one by one. Twelve questions in total. G had better be ready to answer them. You hugged the list close to your chest and sighed. This was bliss. Utter bliss. You could finally enjoy a day off. You ate leftovers, surfed the internet and read books to your heart's content. You decided not to be in a rush to water that stick today. You wanted to stay warm for a few more hours. Besides, G was probably busy working on something during day hours anyway. You can water the stick at night and have him answer your questions by then. It was the perfect plan.

You glanced at the clock. It was a little past 7. Maybe you should take a nap. What if the conversation went late into the night? You needed to prepare yourself for that. You didn’t want to just fall asleep while he was talking about his life story. Unfortunately, as soon as you laid your head down on your pillows, the phone rang from downstairs. You cursed under your breath as you marched down in your pyjamas. The phone blared until you snatched it up.

“Hello?” you greeted, trying not to sound as bitchy as possible.


Your heart dropped and your hands went clammy. “.. Dad?”

“Of course it’s your dad,” you hear the man laugh. You couldn’t.

“Why are you calling?”

“Oh, gee, maybe it’s because I miss my one and only daughter?” he answered gleefully on the other line.

“Dad, we’re not allowed to talk to each other.”

“Who said?” Your dad tried to sound innocent.
“Mum. The church. Everybody.” He really shouldn’t be talking to you at all.

“A man has a right to see his own child!”

“What do you mean ‘see’?” you narrowed your eyes.

“I want you to come see me, munchkin,” your dad stated. “Please? I’m going to get sentenced soon,” His voice started to falter. “I’d love to see you one more time before I have to go away for real.”

You feel your hands tremble. “I really shouldn’t.”

“Pretty please? Look, I have a little place in Waterfall Heights!” Your dad tells you. “You can be here in, what, an hour and a half? Maybe a little more than that? You’ll be back way before yer mum gets home! How ‘bout it?”

“That is not a good idea,” you growled into the phone, even if it broke your heart that your father was going to prison. You don’t know why. You barely know the man. Yet, he was still your father, and you knew how brutal a real prison could be.

“My darling daughter, it might be our last and only chance to see each other,” You can hear his voice break. “You know that right? Years. Your mother will never let you visit me once I’m in. Please, just please, let me experience one day as a daddy. We’ll have dinner and cake. Mum always works Friday nights, right?”

She did. You have no idea how your dad knew that. You were alone. “I don’t.. I don’t know.”

“It’s okay. I understand,” your father replied. You can tell how hurt he sounded. “But.. But just in case you change your mind, could you at least write down my address?”

You trembled. Well, that wouldn’t hurt, right? Maybe it’ll get him to stop pestering you. You wouldn’t visit - no, you’ll just write it down, hang up, and never hear from him again. “Fine, fine, give it to me,” you sighed as you scrambled to grab a pencil and a piece of notepad paper.
“I hope you change your mind,” your father says softly after he gives you his address. You scribbled reluctantly. “I’ve missed you and your mum so much. You doing okay?”

“Mhmm,” you answered quietly.

“That’s good, baby,” He replies with a tenderness that made your eyes fill up with tears. “Daddy just wants to make sure you’re happy.”

“I am, dad. Promise.”

“Good, good. I miss you. I’m home all day if you change your mind, okay?”

“Okay, dad,” you mumbled as you wiped your eyes with your sleeve. “Happy Thanksgiving.”

“I love you, munchkin. I always will.”

You could barely swallow the pain in your throat. You really wanted to have a dad. “Love you too,” you whispered.

Then he hung up.

You sobbed a bit as you put down the phone. You were actually considering it now. It wouldn’t hurt, would it? Gone for an hour, stay for a bit, then go home. Yeah, he’s right - you’ll be home before mum does. But, G ordered you not to see or speak to him. Ever. You clasped your hands together. Maybe he could let you if you asked permission? You’ll ask nicely. Hell, maybe he can go with you if he wasn’t busy. Maybe he’ll understand that this was truly your last chance to see your dad.

You pick up the phone again and dialled the church. You have the number which rang directly into G’s office. Except, G wasn’t the one who answered this time.

“Immaculate Heart Catholic Church,” a woman’s voice answered over the line. It was Maggie, Father Gaster’s secretary. She was a petite, yellow reptile monster who had no arms. Instead, she used magic to levitate objects for her. She was probably doing that to the phone right now.
You froze, greeted her and gave your name. “Is Father Gaster in? I have a question about my hours.”

“Oh sorry, hun. He’s out of town for the holiday and he won’t be back till this Sunday. Maybe I can help you, sweetie?”

You couldn’t answer. G was out of town? Until Sunday? But you had plans today. Together. He promised. He said he promised he’ll answer your questions after you finished watering that damn stick. He didn’t tell you anything about him leaving. Anger threatened to rip your chest open.

Maggie calls out your name on the other line. “You okay, dear?”

“No, it’s alright,” you replied as calmly as possible. “It’s not that important.” You hung up.

Betrayal seared through you. How could he? How could he just forget about you? He even forgot to tell you that he was leaving. You weren’t just angry anymore. You were furious. You bet he would feel just the same if you left and disappeared without him knowing. Yet he did so like it was nothing. As if your feelings and your plans with him didn’t matter at all.

You look down at the yellow notepad paper with the address on it. If G couldn’t bother to keep up his end of the bargain, why should you? You took a quick shower and put on some fresh clothes. You shoved your feet into your boots for the cold weather and grabbed your coat. You have a good amount of savings that could get you to the city and back.

You took a bus, then a train, and finally the subway to Waterfall Heights. For the past hour, pure anger fueled your movement. But now as you stood in front of your father’s building, you felt a sense of dread. Compared to Snowdin Drive, Waterfall Heights was not the friendliest neighbourhood. The place looked condemned. Humans and monsters shot looks at you as they walked past, but you wouldn’t give in to your fear. You buzzed your dad’s apartment. When he heard your voice, he was ecstatic.

He buzzed you in and you climbed a foul-smelling set of stairs to his room. He opened the door before you had to even knock. He immediately smothered you in a bear hug.

“My little munchkin!” He squeals as he swings you around.
“Good to see you too, Dad,” you said while you struggled for air.

“You have no idea how happy daddy is!” He pulled back to look at you before making a mocked gasp. “Wait, who are you? What have you done to my daughter?”

“I am your daughter.”

“You look like you’re twenty!”

“It’s just clothes and makeup.”

“I knew my kid would be a supermodel.”

“No way, dad,” you laughed and rolled your eyes as he lets you in his condo. “I’m too short, thanks to you.”

“And too pretty, thanks to your mum.”

You glance around his apartment. It was a small studio, but it might be nice if someone cleaned it up a bit. Pizza boxes and beer cans scattered across the floor and the table. The furniture was decent, if not a little worn out.

“I know it’s not much,” he said as he made some room on the sofa. “But I’m not going to be here long anyway. Get comfortable! Here, let me take your coat off.”

You let him do so and he laid it over one of the chairs. You doubt if you could ever feel comfortable here. Dirty dishes sat in stacks all over the place. Clothes littered on the floor. The place reeked of stale pizza crusts, musty alcohol and cigarette butts. You sit on the sofa. It makes a squeaky noise under your weight.

“So do you know what’s going to happen?” you asked.
“I’m going to prison,” he said as he pulls two cans of beer out of the fridge. He takes a seat next to you. “Want one?”

“Dad, I’m seventeen.”

Your dad laughed. “Well, you’re not driving, are you?”

“No,” you muttered as you take the can. You’ve never had alcohol before. You popped it open and took a sip. You found it to be equal parts disgusting and intriguing.

“So how’s community service treating you?” your dad asked after he took a big gulp of his own.

“It’s not bad,” you replied. “I do office work and charities.”

“Nice,” he said before adding glumly, “Sounds a lot better than prison.”

You winced. “I’m sorry, dad. I wish..”

He looks at you. “What do you wish?”

“I wish you didn’t have to go.”

“Heh, well, that makes two of us.” He downs his beer hard and fast. Seems like he has an unnatural tolerance for alcohol.

“So uh, you said you wanted to hang out? Dinner?” You asked him as you placed your drink on the table next to a full ashtray. You don’t think you can finish this all and you thought it’d be wise to not try. Mum might smell the alcohol off you.

“Sure, yeah, but let your old man ask you something.” He leans forward, resting his elbows on his knees as he looked at you. The feeling of dread crawled up your back.
“Uh, sure, what is it?” You tried your best not to stammer.

“See, I have this new lawyer. Smart guy. He’s thinking that he can get me a new trial!”


“Some fuckup with the evidence. Somebody mislabeled a file or something, dunno. But hey, if my lawyer can work his magic a bit, then it means I have a chance.”

“You don’t think there’s enough evidence against you?”

“Well,” Your dad leaned back on the sofa. “If I had a witness who’d, y’know.. maybe help me out. Maybe someone who can make a little story to get me out of this.. pickle.”

You stared at your dad in silence. He opened another beer and took a swig.

“You,” you breathed. “You want me to lie for you?”

Your dad makes a few nervous hand gestures, then nodded. "Pretty much, yeah!"

Part of you wanted to make this all a bad dream. He can't be asking for something like this from you. "I’m still on community service, dad. They’d send me to juvie in a heartbeat if they caught me lying.”

“Munchkin, you’re seventeen. Even if you ended up in juvie, you’ll be out by next year. And me? I’m looking at ten years or more!”

You glared at him. “I’m not going to lie for you.”

“Ten years. Fifteen years. You don’t care about that? You don’t care about your own daddy?”
The more he talked, the less you started to care. “And you think one year doesn’t matter to me? That can fuck up my whole life! I don’t want to send college applications with ‘Juvenile Detention Facility’ as my address. MEU doesn’t let in criminals.”

“Mount Ebott University?” Your dad laughs at your face. “Don’t be mental. You actually think you can get into a school like that? Remember; All you got from your mom were your looks.”

You feel the hairs on the back of your neck rise. “I’m smart, dad,” you hissed at him. “I’m in college-prep classes. I have good grades. Of course, you wouldn’t know since you never bothered being a dad in the first place.”

“And how are you planning to pay for it, huh?”

“Ever heard of scholarships?”

He laughs harder. “Hah! Don’t kid yourself.”

“Shut up!” you screamed. “My priest says I’m smart and he’s the smartest person I’ve ever met.”

Your dad raised an eyebrow in suspicion. “And why are you so dependent on an opinion of a priest?”

“Because he’s a better ‘Father’ than you’ll ever be. And you? You’re an asshole!”

“You-!” Your father clenched his beer so hard, he squashed it in his hands.

You kept going. “Nobody asked you to be a criminal. Mom’s got two real jobs. Why can’t you bother to get one?”

You almost can’t recognize your dad from how contorted his face was with rage. “You want me to work like yer mum and be a frigid miserable bitch like her?”

“Beats being a lowlife cunt who would risk his daughter to take the heat for him, eh?”
With blinding speed, your father whipped out his hand and slapped you across the face. You flinched from the shock more than the pain. When you straightened back up, you stared at him, dazed. Then your lips curled into a snarl.

“I hope you rot in jail.”

Your father raised his hand again to slap you but you booked it. He grabs you by the arm and shoved you against the fridge. With all your might, you FIGHT back, pushed him away and managed to get around him before he could catch you again. You raced to the door, down the stairs and out the streets as fast as your legs could carry you. You would hear your father’s footsteps chasing right behind you. You took to the alleyways, turning around corners until you found a subway. You shoved your hands into your pockets and-

You feel the blood drain from your face. Your money. They were all still in your coat pockets. You left your coat at your dad’s apartment. You tugged at your hair. You had nothing. Nothing but the stupid list of questions in your back pocket. You had no money. No keys. No train ticket. No phone. Everything you needed for today was in that coat. You can’t go back now. Your dad would catch you.

You look up at the subway map. Maybe you might recognize one of the stations and find someone you know. You searched the map and found it - Snowdin Drive. G’s friend. Three miles. If you jogged, you’ll be there in forty minutes or more. G gave you that card but it was in your damn coat. He said to use it for emergencies. Getting stuck in the city without any money and no warmth was an emergency to you. Once you had a clear plan in your head, you emerged out of the subway once more. You looked around to make sure your creepy dad wasn’t anywhere. So far, it seemed safe. You walked as fast as you could in your boots. You shoved your hands under your armpits for warmth and tried to stop crying.

You should never have come here. The moment he told you he liked trouble and was going to prison were clear red flags. He was exactly what you called him, a lowlife cunt of a criminal. Yet you so stubbornly wanted to believe that maybe, just maybe, he really, truly cared for you. Maybe even just a sliver. You berated yourself block after block for believing all the shit he spoon-fed you over the phone. All he wanted was to get you in a good mood. To groom you to like him. He made you think he gave a shit about you, only to use you later on. He wasn’t even thinking of bailing you. He wanted you to take the bullet for him, that selfish bastard.

The temperature in the city was unforgiving. It hurt to breathe, the icy winds burned in your lungs. Tears streamed down your eyes as you walked. You prayed that G’s friend would take pity on you and help you get you home. If not, you’ll have to grab a paper cup and beg for change on these frozen streets.
Finally, you reached the address that you remembered on the business card. 121 Snowdin Drive. There sat a pearl white house with royal blue roofs.

“Holy..” you gasped. House? This was no house. This was a mansion! You gawked at it for a good five minutes in the cold. There were at least three stories, maybe more. You thought you could see glass on one of the rooftops. Was that a greenhouse? The house was a pristine white but all the trim on the arched windows were black. The balconies held monsters and humans alike in uptown party clothes. They all dressed in suits and cocktail dresses came in and out the door. You moved closer to knock on the door and that’s when you saw it.

A black Ducati motorcycle.

“G?” you asked no one in particular as you approached the vehicle. Was he really here? He couldn’t be. The lady in church said he was gone for the holidays. That usually meant he was with family. This was definitely not his family. He said this was his friend's house. What was he doing here? Before you could think of an answer, a limousine pulled up behind you. A group of excited monster girls in fancy clothes emerged and headed straight for the front door. You followed behind and once the person at the door greeted them, you slipped right through.

You stood in a luxurious marble foyer and examined your surroundings. To your left was a pretty Lapine woman with lush pink fur who wore a silver dress. She was standing in front of a red daemon with ram horns atop his head. From his white breast pockets, he threw down a wad of cash down onto a low coffee table. A dozen people around them also threw down money. Once the cash piled on the table, the bunny lady suddenly slipped off her dress. It fell down to the floor like a silver waterfall. She wore absolutely nothing underneath. Was she a stripper? The daemon pulled her down to his lap...

Holy shit, he just shoved his fingers right between her legs. You backed away with your hands at your mouth. Right here?! Right now with all these people? You watched as the bunny giggled when the daemon bit at her neck and shoulders. You tried your best not to watch but you just couldn’t turn away from such a scene. The daemon pushed the woman to her hands and knees, opened his pants and started stroking himself. Something tightened in your stomach as you watched him thrust into her from behind.

No one noticed you, an underaged teenager, watching. At all. Why would they? There were people fucking right in the foyer! The dozens of people who threw their money did nothing but cheer them on and threw more cash at the table. You noticed some of them even checked their watches, but not out of boredom. They were timing something. You watched the lady’s expression. You expected her to feel embarrassed, or to be in ecstasy. No, instead she was passive and couldn’t care less that she was getting pounded with a crowd watching her. You were at loss for breath while watching
the two monsters mate right in front of you. You were so close to them that you could see the green colour of the bunny lady’s eyes.

Suddenly, the man grunted and pulled out of her. Hot white streams jet right out of his cock and painted all across the bunny girls’ back. The woman giggled as she swept the money off the table. Still naked and only wearing her black heels, she stood up and grabbed a glass of wine. She drank from it while casually wiping off the wetness out of her with a napkin. She wasn’t in any hurry to put her dress back on.

Another woman in a red dress yelled that it was her turn. This time it was an avian lady with bright purple feathers. You watched as she laid herself on the coffee table, hiked her dress to her waist and lifted her knees to her chest. A bear-man came forward and opened his pants before he mounted her. Once again, people were betting. You hear footsteps behind you and you spun around. A couple of men this time, two canine-folk, laughed and kissed each other with cocktails in each hand. They paid no attention to you as they made their way down a hallway and past the grand main staircase. You followed them, staying out of their line of sight.

You entered into what appeared to be the dining room. While you hid in the shadows of the two men, you saw a naked human man lying facedown on a huge ornate table. A female cyclops dressed head to toe with leather stalked around the table. Her skin was a mustard yellow and her one eye was a deep crimson, slightly hidden beneath the bangs of her black hair. When you least expected it, she whacked at the man on his back with a long, thin cane. He would wince every time the cane made its mark and the cyclops would laugh. She ordered him to turn over and he revealed that he had come all over himself. Your breath hitched as you watched the woman climb onto the table between his thighs. With a long, pink tongue she licked the semen off his stomach and thighs with a precision of a cat, hungry for milk.

All you can do was stare with your mouth open, wondering what the hell you just got yourself into.

Chapter End Notes

A few days ago, I re-read Tiffany Reisz's works. They never fail to give me goosebumps. I lost count of how many times I had to put the book down and squeal into my pillow from how overwhelming the scenes are. I wish I could make my own readers feel like this, I told myself.

Also, this fanfic just hit 200 comments and 300 kudos! Thank you so much! I look forward to hearing more of your wonderful feedback.
You crept back down the hall to the main staircase, still shaken from the display earlier. You needed air. You needed to breathe. Alas, this place would not give you that chance. In another room, one that held a black grand piano, a woman stood with one leg over a leather chair. She was human and she was bare naked. A male dragon hybrid knelt between her legs, his face pressed against her vulva. You can hear him make slurping sounds from outside the room. There was another monster behind her, a being of shadow who only had one giant eye on his face. Black tendrils protrude from his torso and they played and teased the woman’s breasts. All the while, she had a conversation with another woman who sat on an elegant couch. It was as if the two monsters weren’t there.

In every single room of this house, someone was having sex with someone else. Heat pooled below your stomach and you feel a tingling between your legs. Yet, no matter how aroused you were by the sights, the sounds and the smells, you did not forget the reason why you were here. One, you’re here to find the friend, Grillby Flint. Two, you need to find G. You know that Ducati anywhere. You know that he’s here, but where was he? What is a Catholic priest doing at a party like this?

And more importantly, why weren’t you invited?

You marched up the stairs and tried to act like you knew where you were going. No one questioned your presence. No one stopped or asked to see your ID or invitation. No one questioned your dress code. At the top of the first flight of fancy stairs, you found more people engaged in lewd acts. In another room, you found a woman who sat on a loveseat with one leg draped over each arm. All the while, she allowed a man who looked at least twenty years older than her work his entire fist into her body. The woman only giggled and lifted her hips to help him with the whole process. In the hallway, a male deer-folk and a male Lapine wore nothing but pants around their ankles and they laid on the floor tangled together. They were doing some sort of mutual dick-sucking and blocked the entire hallway. You stepped over them and they didn’t seem to notice or care.
Finally, you found an empty bedroom. You ducked inside and pressed a hand on your stomach. You closed your eyes and breathed deeply. You’ve been in this house for almost twenty minutes and you have yet to find your priest. Your heart pounded so hard against your chest that it threatened to burst. You’ve never felt so aroused and scared in your life, that you couldn’t tell the difference between the two anymore. You wanted to shut the door, lock it and lie on the bed to give yourself an orgasm before you started your search again.

Suddenly, a door inside the bedroom opened. Turns out there’s a bathroom in this room. A masculine purple figure emerges from it. He wore nothing but a white towel around his waist. Octopus-like tentacles drape down from his head to his shoulders as if they were hair. The sclera in his eyes were black while his pupils were gold. Water glistened off his wine-coloured skin. You immediately turned away.

“S-sorry,” you stammered. “I didn’t mean to-”

“S’alright, love!” He said as he strode toward you. He outstretched his arm and you hear the click of a lock. “What’s your name?”

“Oh,” you paused as you searched for a name. “Nora.” You lied.

“No, eh? Pretty name for a pretty lass,” he cooed and bent forwards a bit to get eye-level with you. “The name’s Piers. Everyone here calls me The Piercer. Everyone but you,” He tapped you playfully on the nose, a toothy grin spread across his face. “You will call me sir.” He said with a wink. You wanted to hit yourself for being so affected by the erotic power of that wink.

“Yes,” you replied. He stares at you dryly and you immediately rephrased your answer. “I mean, yes, sir.”

“Att’ girl,” he purred once you responded correctly. You feel his arms snake around your waist, his flat bare chest connected with yours. “Did the King send you?”

You had no idea what the tentacle monster was talking about. “Yes.” You lied.

It seemed to be the right answer. “God, I love that man,” Piers groaned in bliss as he holds you tighter. You feel several other appendages circle around you. You realize that he’s using magic to summon more tentacles from his back. They snaked around you, prodded and probed against your
clothing. You’d be lying if you said you didn’t enjoy this. “Y’know wot? I’m gonna call you ‘bite-size’. You're just the right size with the perfect tits. So what're you into, bite-size?”

You didn't care what he called you, but now you had to think about another question that you didn’t understand. “Everything?” you answered. You tried to sound confident.

He gave a rich and warm laugh. “Perfect.” His response made your knees shake. Even for a monster, he had such a rugged handsomeness to him. You could feel every bit of muscle and magic he had around you. This guy was probably in his late twenties. You weren’t sure.

Suddenly, he pushed you against the wall and his mouth found its way to yours. You froze when he kissed you. This was not your first time kissing somebody, but it’s been the first one in a very long time. You had a boyfriend years ago and you both did nothing but make out every chance you got to school. But he never did it like this. A grown man was kissing you. A man old enough that he could date your mom and nobody would raise any eyebrows. The potency of his lips soon overpowered you. You somehow found yourself kissing him back. You feel the magic in his ectotentacles pulse with life as they squeezed and massaged every inch of you. One of them gripped at the base of your neck and sucked at the tender skin. When it releases, it made a loud ‘pop’ sound. You let out a breathy moan.

“I’m going to beat you all night long,” he breathed against your lips when he pulled away for a moment. “And I’ll fuck you ‘til the sun comes up.”

“Beat me?” you asked in a tiny voice. He laughed heartily before he kissed you again.

You were at your limit when his hand snuck under your top and glided upwards across your stomach.

“Whoa, h’okay!” you gasped. Sensing your hesitation, the tentacles loosened their grip around you. You used this opportunity to stop his hand which was very close to your breasts. “Pi- Er, sir, I have to use the bathroom.”

“Ah, diaphragm?” He nodded understandingly. “Bathroom’s over there, bite-size. Don’t keep me waiting.”

“My, um, stuff’s downstairs,” you said as you fixed your clothes. “I’ll be right back.”
You unlocked the door and slipped out into the hall. You realized that the guy was able to unhook your bra without you noticing. While you walked towards the staircase, you hastily fixed your bra. As you walked, a woman emerged from another room on your way to the stairs. She was the same height as you, but probably in her early twenties. She had long and luxurious red hair with brilliant blue eyes. She wore a fancy black cocktail dress and a subdued expression. A pink flush covered her cheeks and she was panting. She bumps into you by accident. She gave a hushed apology before she scurries down the stairs. You saw movement from the room she left and you turned your head.

There stood Father Gaster in the same room the woman came from.

You stared at each other in silence. His eye sockets were wide open and his mouth slightly agape. In his hand, he held a handkerchief made of silk.

You heard footsteps come from the room you just escaped from.

“Bite-size?” Piers asked.


“Bite-size, do you have any idea who you interrupted?” Pier hissed in your ear. You noticed he sounded scared. “That’s The Fa-

Before Piers could finish, you watched as his entire body was shoved up against the wall. The entire hallway grew quiet as G emerged from the room, his right hand outstretched. It glowed a magnificent blue. The shock in his eyes earlier hardened into a terrifying glare. All the light, the mercy, the conscience in his eye sockets were gone. You looked up at Piers who was pinned on the wall, writhing pathetically like a squashed insect. The Soul within Piers’s chest glowed blue as well and the towel around his waist slipped off.

“What did you do to her?” G growled when he finally reached Piers. He slammed a hand against Piers’s neck, his hard ivory fingers threatening to pierce his throat as he clenched around it. Piers couldn’t answer the question even if he wanted to. With his other hand, he suddenly grasped Piers’s testicles, his nails digging into flesh. Piers froze and he lets out an ear-splitting scream. G continued as he held an iron grip around him, “If I don’t like your answer,” He said, his voice somehow calm and venomous at the same time. “I will castrate you. Right here. Right now.” He finally let go of Piers and threw him across the hallway. The poor man bounced on the floor from the force of the throw and he rolled several times, going limp as he fell. Nobody around you dared
to stop the priest or help Piers up. G looked back at you, his magic faded as he called your name again.

Instead of calling back to him, you ran away at full pelt. Everyone around you gave way for you. You flew down the stairs, only to stop abruptly when another figure appeared in front of you. A man you could only describe as hot. Literally hot. He was on fire. He was fire. He towered over you, his broad shoulders accented by his black suit. Atop his head were embers that licked and danced in the air. Behind the spectacles he wore were two piercing white eyes in the shape of almonds. They were the only signs of facial features he had. No mouth, no nose, no ears. He looks down at you in silence and you stared back in morbid fascination.

Slowly, a smile crept upon the space where his mouth would be. But, it was far from friendly nor was it smug. It was a cold and dangerous smile. He bent forward slightly and raised one finger. He shook it in a classic ‘tsk-tsk’ motion.

“. No. Children. Allowed.” You hear an underlying threat in his words. Fear took hold of your body and you pushed past him. You hear your priest call your name again, more urgently than before. You fled the house like it was burning to ashes. Your heart ached in a torrent of emotions. Grief, shame, embarrassment and fury - raw and aching fury. You never felt like a bigger idiot in your entire life. All this time you worshipped the ground G walked on. You offered yourself countless of times to him and he turned you down time and again because of that priest collar around his neck.

And it was all a lie.

He wasn’t a saint. He was a sinner just like everybody else, and he fucked that pretty lady because why the fuck not? Who wouldn’t? You felt so stupid that you almost believed your dad was right about you.

You had no idea where to go now. You had just lost your one ticket back home. You walked. You might freeze to death out here between the city and your town, but who cares? Your biological dad slapped you across the face. And the one man on Earth that you trusted your entire life with was in a bedroom with a woman in a house that hosted an orgy.

You wanted to cry. You needed to cry, but you felt incredibly drained. You trembled so hard that your teeth chattered. You considered finding a police station and looking for some cop who might take pity on you and help you get home. You laughed at the thought. Nine months ago you hated the sight of cops. Now you’d hug one if one asked you if you were okay. The temperature had dropped even further in the past hour. No one was around to experience the freezing cold. You had the street to yourself.
You hear someone call out your name again. You knew who it was and you ignored it. You heard it again and you kept blocking him out until a silver Rolls-Royce comes into view beside you. Next to it was Father Gaster.

“Get in the car.” You hear him. It was an order. You glanced at him. He wore a heavy looking trench coat to keep himself warm.

“Go away.” You barked at him.

“We’ll talk about this,” he said as he walked alongside you. He did not attempt to grab your hand or force you into the car, but his voice was close to desperate. “I’ll take you home. You don’t even have a coat on and it's twenty degrees out.”

“I’m fine.” You sniffed.

“You are far from fine, kid. You’re near hypothermia as we speak. Whatever you think of me right now, I’m not worth hurting yourself over.”

The slow-moving Rolls-Royce pulls to a stop and Father Gaster opens the back door. He waited, his white pupils watching you.

You take a step forward to him and stopped. Your pride and anger wouldn’t allow you to come any closer.

In silence, he moves toward you while he sheds his trench coat. He wrapped it around you and you still refused to acknowledge him. With his long arms around your shoulders, he guided you to the car.

“Hypothermia?” you grumbled as you sat inside. “You’re not even worth getting a tan over.”

He sat opposite of you on the bench seat before closing the door. You refuse to look at him, even when he takes your hands in his. You feel the smooth bone of his palms and he begins to rub your hands in his, warming you up. For a skeleton, even he felt warm to the touch, much like humans.
“Stop,” you said. “I don’t want you to touch me.”

“I’ll stop when you’re warm,” He reached out to pull the coat tighter around you. “Can you tell me why you’re at Grillby’s house tonight?”

You stayed quiet for a few moments. “I went to see my Dad,” you confessed. “He called me and said he was going to get sentenced to prison for years. This was my last chance to see him. He said he wanted to be a father for one day.”

G listened and nodded. “I see.”

You breathed in slowly. Your whole body hurt. All you wanted to do was lie down, close your eyes and fall into infinite sleep. “But he was lying,” you continued, although your voice wavered. “He doesn’t love me. He won’t miss me. He was just trying to get me to lie for him. He said he might get a new trial if I did.”

You feel G cup your cheek. He felt so warm. So, so warm, and yet he still smelled like winter. “What did you tell him?”

“I told him he was a cunt,” you sniffled. “We fought and I ran, but I left my coat in his apartment. All my money was in there. I couldn’t go home.”

G retrieved his hand back to warm your hands again. “I’m sorry your father did this to you,” he said softly. “But I ordered you not to see him or speak to him, didn’t I?”

“I tried to call you,” You feel your body warming and relaxing. You pull your hands away from G and hugged your shoulders with them. “I called the church. You weren’t there. You promised you’d answer my questions tonight. Maggie said you were gone ‘til Sunday. You didn’t tell me. You forgot about me.”

You see G’s hands tightened into fists on his lap. “I did not and would never forget about you, Little One. I was coming back tonight and I will leave to visit my sister tomorrow morning. I know your mother worked late Friday nights. I thought we’d have more than enough time to talk.”
“I don’t even want to talk to you anymore.”

Father Gaster sighed and leaned back against his seat. He turned his head and stared at the frozen city outside the car. “What you saw tonight—” he began.

“No,” you hissed. “I told you I’d be pissed if you talked to me like a child. If you’re going to pull the ‘ignore the man behind the curtain’ bullshit, I will leave this car.”

“I would never speak to you like a child,” he replied. “Even when you act like one.”

You couldn’t meet his eyes when he said that. “Did you have sex with her?”

“Did you have sex with Piers?”

“Answer my question first,” you growled. “You almost killed the man. And it’s none of your business.”

“But you’re so concerned about what I did tonight?”

“You’re a priest,” You protested. “You have vows—”

“Vows you’ve been trying to get me to break every single moment I’m with you.”

You began to pick at the skin around your thumbs. “That’s different.”

“How so?”

“Because it’s me,” Your throat tightened and you finally broke into a sob. “Because you promised.”

Tears ran down your face. Tears of jealousy, shame and anger. You wanted to argue with him, but
you couldn’t. You did feel like a child. Instead, you pulled off his coat and threw it at him. You curled up on your seat, your arms wrapped around your legs for warmth. You hear G sigh as he folded his coat next to him.

The car soon left the city and you recognized the road back to the little town you called home. You wanted to ask him who was driving. What would happen to his Ducati which he didn’t lock again? Millions of other questions raced through your head. Instead, you punished him with your silence. Half an hour passed and neither of you had said a word. Fine. He could wait all damn night if he wanted. You weren’t going to talk to him at all.

That quickly changed when G reached out and took your hand. You felt all resolve to hate him melt away.

“Little One, I didn’t have sex with her,” he told you softly. His bright pupils looked directly at yours. “And you have a tentacle suction hickey on your neck. If he hurt you in a way you didn’t like, I need you to tell me.”

“No,” you whispered as your eyes flickered downwards toward your hands. “We just kissed. I liked it.”

“I see.” G replies in deep thought. You hear something strange in his voice. Pain?

“Jealous?” you sneered.

There was a short pause and soon he was looking at your hands too. “Yes.”

You did not expect that answer. When G looked back up at you, you couldn’t hide the astonishment in your face.

“Heh. Don’t be surprised, kiddo,” he said. “I wish I could give you everything you wanted, but even a good gift is a bad one if given at the wrong time.”

“What the hell does that mean?”
“It means I wouldn’t buy a new car for an eight-year-old.”

“Great,” you rolled your eyes. “Now I’m an eight-year-old. What’s the car? Sex? You’re saying I’m too young to drive your ride?”

“Age is only a number,” G tells you. “Maturity is your issue, and you have a striking lack of it.” You’re not sure if he’s doing it on purpose or if he’s being oblivious to how much his words hurt you. “You’re not ready to have an adult relationship. I care about you too much to take you anywhere you’re not yet ready to go.”

“You condescending trashbag,” you scowled at him as you take your hands back. “I want you. You promised-”

G interrupts you with a stone cold face. “I will not fuck a teenage girl in my congregation, kid.”

You felt your hair stand on end. “You- Did you just say ‘fuck’? But you never swear.”

“I needed your attention,” he shrugged. “I guess it worked.”

More awkward silence. “You were supposed to answer my questions tonight,” you finally said.

“Do you have the list?”

“Always,” you tell him as you pulled the folded piece of paper from your back pocket.

G took it and tilted it toward the light. As he read, you hear nothing but the sound of your own breathing.

“We need to work on your question-asking skills.” He finally said.

“What?”
“Never ask a yes-or-no question. ‘Is he a hitman?’ gives a boring answer that can only lead to either yes or no. I bet you’d like a more detailed answer than that.”

“What should I ask?”

“You could ask ‘What does he do?’. Not only would it reveal what he does for a living, but also where he works.”

“I can rewrite my list.” You said as you reached out for the paper.

G holds it away from you. “Too late,” G shook his head as he folded it up neatly. “It’s in my hands now. Did you water the stick today?”

“No,” you answered. “But I was gonna water it when we got home.”

G stared at you. He looked as tired as you were. “Look at your watch.” He whispered.

You pull back your sleeve to take a look. It was seven minutes past twelve in the morning. You feel a chill colder than the winter outside. You missed the last day of watering.

“But-”

“I didn’t want to do this,” G spoke before he let you get a word out. He referred to you by your name so you know he’s being serious. “I never wanted to do this. Not like this, but perhaps the Bible was right in this instance.”

You look up at him shakily. “Huh?”

“Proverbs 23 verse 13. Spare the rod, spoil the child.”

Tears stung in your eyes. “You’re gonna hit me?”
“Not tonight,” he replied. “I told you there was nothing I wouldn’t do to protect you. I meant it. Which is why you’ll have to forgive me for this.”

You trembled. “For what?”

G spoke in that weird language you heard before.

“What..” Your face contorted in confusion. Whatever he just said.. It sounded so cryptic and bizarre. “What does that mean?”

“It’s an old Jesuit rule they beat into us. Figuratively, of course. It means ‘rarely alone, never two, always three’. The Jesuits have rules against what they call particular friendships. In seminary, we were to talk in groups of three or more. It’s considered dangerous to be alone with another person, even another priest.”

“Why?” you asked. “Did they think you guys will start having crazy gay sex every chance you get?”

“Yes.”

“Did you?”

“I was propositioned more than once.”

“Figures.”

“Back then, I thought it was a pointless rule, but I understand it now,” He crossed his arms. “You and I have a very particular friendship. And it has to end.”

You felt your insides shattered. “End?” Your voice broke on that one single word.

“I told you to water the stick every day for six months and I’d answer your questions,” G continued as he pocketed the list. “You failed the task. You will not be rewarded. I told you that if you
wanted everything, you had to obey me forever. Yet, you disobeyed and went to your father instead, and now you will suffer the consequences.”

You whimpered and hung your head low.

“For the foreseeable future, Maggie will track your community service instead of me,” He continued. “This particular friendship of ours will stop until the day comes that I’m certain you’re mature enough to be in an adult relationship. And by ‘adult’, I don’t mean sexual. I mean a relationship between equals.”

“We can’t be friends anymore?”

You can still see the sadness in his eyes, but his voice remains firm. “Unfortunately, yes. Of course, I’ll still be your priest. And if you need a priest, I’ll be there for you, but only as a priest.” He opens the door of the car. You didn’t realize that it had come to a stop and had parked in front of your house. “Go be a normal teenager for a year or two, kid. Go grow up.” He adds softly.

“Years?” A year or two without G? It felt worse than a death sentence. “No more long talks at the Sanctuary? No more help with homework? No more hot dogs and cocoa?”

“I’m your priest,” G states. He looks away to the view outside. “Not your babysitter.”

You stared at him while the cold wind blew into the limousine. With the faint light of the streetlamps, you could see how hard his expression had turned. All affection, concern and mercy had drained from his face.

“You’re a cold bastard,” you spat as you wiped your eyes. You refused to show him your tears. “You know that, right?”

“I do,” he replied. “And it’s for the best that you know it now.”

You stared at him for a couple more seconds before you finally got out of the car. Your boots sank into the snow. You heard him call out your name again once you got out. You look back at him and you thought you saw the faintest bit of anguish in his eyes.
“What?” you asked bitterly.

“This will hurt me more than it hurts you.”

You glared at him. “Good.” Then you left him alone in the back of the Rolls-Royce. You heard silence a for a bit as you trudged towards your front gate. Finally, there was the soft thud of the car door closing and the limousine drove away.

You walked around the house to the back door where you kept a set of spare keys under the mat. You got in quickly and locked the door behind you, but a voice in the dark gives you a start.

“Do I even want to know where you’ve been?” You heard your mother ask.

You slowly turned around to face your mum. She flipped the lights on as if she were a cop in an interrogation room.

“I’m sorry, mum,” you told her. Your voice still sounded so tired and broken. “I didn’t mean to stay out so late.”

Your mum stood at the door to the hallway with her sleeping robe on and matted white bathroom slippers. Disappointment showed on her face. “That’s not an answer.”

You decided to tell the truth. “Dad called. He said he was about to get sentenced. I might never be able to see him again.”

“You went to see your father?” your mum echoed in disbelief.

“Yeah, mum, I’m sorry. I just wanted to feel what it’s like to have a dad for once, but I was stupid. You were right. He didn’t want to see me. He wanted to use me. I ran out from there and left my coat behind.”

You see her closed her eyes and took a deep breath. “I could’ve believed that once, but this doesn’t really help your case.”
She points at your neck. You reach up to touch the sore spot where Piers gave you a tentacle hickey.

*Well fuck.*

“Mum,” you pleaded. “Nothing happened, I swear, I didn’t-”

Your mum raised a hand to silence you. “I.. I don’t care,” She tells you. “I don’t care anymore. I just can’t. I told you on the night you got arrested that if you pulled something like that again, I will be done with you. Now I come home from a long day of work with overtime to find you gone. No note. Nothing. I called Hettie’s and she has no idea where you were either. The school, the church, nobody. You were just gone.”

“I got lost in the city,” you explained. “It took me a while to figure out how to get home.”

“I don’t even know why you came back,” Your mum muttered under her breath as she grasps at her arms. “You obviously can’t stand it here if you really did run off to find your father. I told you not to speak with him.”

“He said I might not see him again for years, mum,” you cried. “You wouldn’t let me see him when he’s gone.”

“And that’s a bad thing?”

“I thought it was! Now I know, I learned my lesson, okay? I never want to see him again, I’m sorry. He even-”

“Save it,” Mum cuts you off. “No matter how much I care for you, you go off and do whatever you want with whomever you want. It hurts so much, so I’m going to stop. I’m going to stop caring. I’m not even going to punish you. That’s how little I care about you now.”

“No,” you whimpered as you walked forward to meet her. “No, mum, please, don’t be like that. Please don’t..” Tears burst from your eyes. “Don’t give up on me too.”
“Too?” Your mum raises an eyebrow. “Who else gave up on you?”

“I did something stupid. Now even Father Gaster isn’t even going to monitor my community service anymore.”

“Then he’s smart,” Your mum said. “I bet you run right over him and his feelings like you do with everyone else here who tries to care about you.”

It hurts to know what she said was true.

“Mum..” You called out to her as you moved closer. Your arms reach out to her for a hug that you yearned for. You wanted her to take you in her arms, stroke your hair and tell you it’s alright like she used to do to you when you were seven.

But now your mum just backed away from you as if you were ridden with leprosy. She stared straight into your eyes.

“When you were little, you always called me Mama,” she said softly. “Everyday, every hour, you told me you love me. You told me that so much that it annoyed other people. Now it’s just Mum and you never even smile at me.”

You bring your hands to your face and desperately wiped at it with your sleeves. “Please..” You don’t even know what you’re begging for anymore.

Your mother turns around. “Go to bed,” she shrugs tiredly. “Or not. Like I said, I don’t care anymore. Do whatever you want.”

The lights went dark again as she went back to her bedroom. You stood there in the dark, sobbing to yourself. Shock and sorrow took over you and you had no idea what to do anymore. You lost your priest and both your parents in a single night. Who did you even have left? You bet Hettie would never forgive you either for not telling her anything.

In the dark, you found your way back to your room. Without changing your clothes, you slip into bed and under the covers. You pull your blanket to your chin and stared up blankly at the ceiling.
“Are You up there?” you whispered to God or to whoever would help you. “Is anybody there?” You waited, hoping, praying for someone out there somewhere hadn’t given up on you.

But nobody came.

Chapter End Notes

I told myself to wait until a week later to upload this chapter, but I couldn't wait. Oh dear. I need to exercise more self-control.

Also, I just found out that AO3 hates WingDing texts. The first copy of the chapter wasn't shown correctly the first time I uploaded it, so I had to cut off parts with WingDings. A bit sad since it worked last time in earlier chapters.
One Year

Chapter Summary

As punishment, your friendship with G ends temporarily. It stretches out to a year.

Chapter Notes

Short 'bonus stories' of the days after that painful night.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning

You didn’t sleep well that night.

You woke up in a cold sweat as you relived the events of that terrible day in slumber. For a brief moment, you thought that all of this was just one long nightmare. Then you'd remember that everything that happened hours ago was all too real. Your favorite coat was still missing, along with most of your savings. Dad was still a manipulative asshole. Mum still gave up on you. G was not your friend anymore. You begged to God in vain to undo what happened last night until you fell back to sleep. When the first rays of sunlight peeked through your bedroom window, you laid in bed and wondered if you could've prevented anything. You reached onto your bedside table for your phone. Still gone. Still tucked away in that coat you left at dad’s apartment. You needed to see Hettie. You owed her an apology too.

Your body felt sluggish as you shed your clothes off. You dragged yourself to the bathroom and took the longest shower of your life. You just wanted to melt under the hot water and dissolve into clouds of steam, never to be seen again. After you got changed, you left the house at eleven in the morning and made your way to Hettie’s house. Mum was in the kitchen where she prepared lunch. She only hummed indifferently when you told her where you were going.

After you knocked on the door, Hettie’s mother greeted you. She was a blonde woman with freckles that dotted her nose. She looked at you with disdain. Looks like your mum ranted to her earlier. Now she judged you with watchful eyes.

“Hi, Mrs Woodward,” You greeted her. “Could I see Hettie? Uh, please?”
“She’s here,” Her mother replied curtly. “But she’s busy at the moment.”

You expected her to tell you that you could visit later. She remained silent.

“Ah, well, okay. Thank you.” You shrugged and turned around to leave.

From inside the house, you heard someone yell. “Ma?! Is that--”

You looked back over your shoulder to the source of the noise. Mrs Woodward only shuts the door with haste. You stood there outside their house for a moment. Despite the fact you were born and raised in this neighbourhood, you felt so lost. You took a few deep breaths when you felt your sore eyes blur with tears. No more crying. You didn’t want to cry anymore. You decided to take a walk. You headed to your right and walked around the corner of the street, letting your thoughts wander while you trudged through the snow.

You didn’t get very far. Someone collided with you with the force of a hurricane, arms stretched out that hugged you from behind.

“Hets?” you wheezed in surprise. The girl knocked all the air out of you.

Hettie cried your name as she clung to you. Your heart swelled in your chest. Looks like there was one person in the world who doesn’t hate you yet. You turned around to return the hug, but then Hettie reached her hands up to pinch your cheeks as hard as she could.

“Ow!” You winced. “Hettie, what the heck?”

“Didn’t I make you promise to never go batshit crazy ever again?!” Hettie scolded you. She looked very cross but you knew she was happy to see you.

You almost smiled through the pain of her pinching. “Yeah,” you said. “Never go batshit crazy for revenge. You didn’t say I couldn’t go batshit crazy in general.”
Hettie pinched harder.

“Ow, ow, ow! Okay, okay, I'm sorry!”

She finally let your cheeks go and hugged you again.

“You being crazy is what makes you ‘you’,” she mumbled over your shoulder. “But next time, could you at least let me know first before you go off pulling stunts like that?”

“I can promise that,” You smiled, her soft brunette curls brushed against your sore cheeks. You fell quiet for a moment before you pulled away. “Won’t your mum get mad at you?”

“She will,” she shrugged. “But even she won’t stop me from seeing my best friend.”

“You’ve hung out with me too much,” you smirked. “Clearly I’m a bad influence. I’m already rubbing off on you. Run while you still can!”

Hettie burst into a fit of giggles. You've always loved to make her laugh. “I’ve got a good reason to, anyway. To punish you like this.”

She pinched at your cheeks again. You let out a mocked wail and the two of you laughed again together in the snow. Once you both sobered, you spoke up.

“I’m really sorry, Hets. I made you and mum worry so much.”

“You very much did! You should’ve seen your mother. She almost rallied the whole town to conduct a search party.” Hettie hooked arms with you as the two of you walked down the street together.

“Almost?” You echoed.

“Uhuh. She suddenly changed her mind after she thought about it. Said you’d turn up somehow,” Hettie recalled. “And I’m bloody glad you did! I’ll forgive you when you tell me why you didn’t
even send one text to me yesterday.”

You tell her about the events of last night. Minus the part about finding Father Gaster in an orgy party. You told her that you were just ‘lucky to find him in the city’. Hettie’s face fell with sympathy for you. She says your name with such distress that you could almost hear her heart break. You squeezed her arm in yours. You couldn’t stand the thought of her feeling the same pain you did.

“Don’t sympathize for me, Hets,” you said quietly. “I deserved everything that happened.”

“You were hurt,” she reasoned with you. “You couldn’t think straight.”

“Exactly. I could’ve thought at all if I just sat my butt down for a few minutes. But nah, I just lost my marbles right then and there.”

“Well, I forgive you,” Hettie smiled. You felt a small piece of your burden float off your shoulders.

“Thanks, Hets,” you whispered gratefully. “I needed that.”

“What’re you going to do now?” She asked you.

The two of you walked in silence for a few moments. What will you do? You found your answer when you recounted the night before. “I’m gonna grow up.”

Hettie squeezed your arm as well. “Then I’ll grow up with you.”

In that moment in time, you thanked God and Hettie for not giving up on you just yet.

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The next month, December
You sat atop the staircase as quiet as a mouse. It was Christmas Eve and mum had brought some take out with her from work. You breathed in the aromatic spices from the butter chicken and lamb vindaloo. Your mouth watered, but you didn’t want to rush downstairs just yet. She was talking to someone on the phone, someone you knew. You could only hear parts of the conversation as she moved between the dining room and the kitchen.

“Just learned the sentence.. Fifteen years.. Yes, I’d be more comfortable if you told her.. Yes.. That’s right.. Thank you so much.. Good night and God Bless.. Merry Christmas to you too, Father Gaster.”

You hear the beep of the phone and you slowly got up to sneak back to your room. But then your mum caught you when she poked her head at the bottom of the staircase.

“Food’s ready.” She said before she walked away. You hurried downstairs to eat.

The next morning after breakfast, you went to church. Before you went, you dug into your old, worn-out storage box for a certain something. Once you found what you needed, you tucked it into your pocket and left your house. You hurried to the churches secretary office and discussed whatever hours you had left with Maggie. After you checked in, she told you to make a brief visit to Father Gaster’s office. You saw this coming.

“He needs to have a few words with you before we head down to the shelter.” She said. “I’ll get the car warmed up until you’re ready.”

“Thanks, Ms Yellowtail.” You nodded to her.

“Please,” She blushed at you. “Just Maggie is fine.”

You walked to G’s office. Each step you took made you more and more anxious. You could see his door just slightly opened. Looks like he really was waiting for you. With a trembling hand, you knocked on the door three times.

“Come in.”

You pushed the door gently. “G?”
You found him sitting behind his desk. He removed his reading glasses and motioned to the chair in front of him. “Have a seat.”

Being here felt strange now. Months ago it felt like a second home, but now? As stuffy and awkward as having dinner with mum. You sat down in front of him and you saw the usual organized mess on his desk. Books and papers piled up on top of each other. His laptop sat in front of him with a ketchup bottle nearby. Looks like it’s Waitrose.

You decided to test the waters. “Fancy vintage.”

“Only in label,” he replied as he opened a drawer in his desk. “I still prefer Bramwell’s.”

His response was good. It meant he was open for small talk. “Why?” you asked.

“Bramwell’s got more spice to it.”

“I like spice. I had my favourite lamb vindaloo last night.”

G said nothing until he pulled out a small box out. “How’s your mother?”

Your face fell, then you shook your head.

“Not too well?” he asked.

“Is she ever?” you sighed. “Well, she gave me some money to buy new clothes for Christmas. Yay.” You said with no life in your voice. “Overall, she’s a wreck.”

“Did she tell you about what happened to your father?”

“No,” you answered. “Not to me. I overheard her. Fifteen years, huh? And he was sentenced before Christmas too. What a great gift for him.”
“So you heard about it,” G replied. “And what about you?”

You stared squarely at him. “Do you think I’ve been okay?”

G smiled. “Well, I have a few things to cheer you up with,” he told you. “First of all, we’re having a Christmas Truce.”

You felt your heart flutter. “So.. we can be friends again?”

“Just for today. Merry Christmas, Little One.”

You felt your entire body burn up just from hearing that nickname again. “Merry Christmas, G.” You replied back as you looked down to your lap. Your hands gripped at your knees. You didn't know what to feel. Happy? Angry? Sad? You felt like being in a blender.

G watched your reaction for a while. “I wish I could make everything better for you.” He quietly said.

You found yourself smiling. “You make everything better for me.” You replied. “Except when you make it worse.”

“Ah-ah, it’s Christmas,” He reminded you. “You’re not allowed to tell me you hate me, even if you never mean it.”

You laughed a bit. “Fine, fine.”

Your smile cracked and you leaned forward, still looking at your lap. The tears came out in silent waves. You heard G move from his seat. He knelt next to you and brushed your hair away from your face. You gave his face one look before you threw yourself at him. You clung your arms around his neck and wept loudly on his shoulder. Why you cried, you weren’t sure. You already knew your father got what was coming to him. You knew life would be better with him gone. It was already tolerable without him in the first place. Your mum had been growing senile and moody for years so you should be used to it. She wanted to be a nun since she was young, but instead fell for your father and had you. She had to abandon her dreams because of you. Instead of
making it worth her time, you went and got a criminal record. It did wonders to your self-esteem and you've carried this pressure your whole life. Why should all of this bother you now? You heard G breathe in slowly and said something in his odd cryptic language. Even if you had no idea what he said, it provided a bit of comfort. Just him being there was enough to keep you from falling apart.

Once you had no more tears to shed, you pulled back and wiped at your face with your sleeves. G took out a silk handkerchief from his pocket and gave it to you.

“Is it a sin to get snot on your clerics?” You asked. “If so, I’m a big fat sinner.”

“Lucky for you, I’m wearing my jacket.” G smiled.

You wiped your eyes with the handkerchief.

“Why don’t you ever wear your shirt and jeans to church?” You asked him. “I bet attendance in Immaculate Heart would skyrocket.”

“Why do you think that?”

“It accents your nice ass.”

The way G glared at you made you laugh again. “I would wear it if it would help me blend in more with the congregation, but rules are rules.”

You snorted. G’s eye sockets widened slightly at you.


G frowned. “Haven’t we had this conversation before?”
You sighed. “Yeah, I know. I’m not supposed to describe how handsome you are. I was too busy imagining what you look like in your jeans. You must be so into this priesthood thing that you sleep in your clerics.”

“I don’t sleep in them, Little One.”

“Oh? Please do tell me in great detail what you wear when you go to bed.” You silently bet he wore nothing when he slept.

“Kid. No. Red light.”

You have no idea what he meant by ‘red light’ but you played along anyway. “Aww,” you whine. “I thought we’re having a Christmas Truce.”

“Yes, a Christmas Truce, not a ‘Let’s-give-G-another-heart-attack’ Truce.”

You laughed, and even G gives a few chuckles as well. “I know. I’m sorry,” You finally said. “I just really, really miss you.”

“And it’s been too quiet in my office without you,” he replied. He got up and took the box from his desk. “And I have something to give you too.”

“Something?” You asked. “A gift?”

“Just a small one,” He hands you the small box. It had a smooth velvet surface. With shaky hands, you opened it.

“A saint medal,” you gasped in awe as you stared at the small silver coin at the centre of the box. When you pulled it out, it came with a thin, silver chain.

“St. Louise,” G said. “Her feast day is March 15th.”

“My birthday.” You breathed. You put on the necklace around your neck. The cool smooth feel of
the medal pressed against your skin. You had a saint medal, just like G does. “Thank you.” It was a nice gift. A safe and very Catholic gift. You remembered the thing you dug out this morning before you came to church. “I have a gift for you too.”

“I hope you didn’t spend money for it.”

“I didn’t buy it. It was mine a long time ago, so just take it. Don’t laugh okay?” You brought out the thing you had to dig through your old boxes for. It was a small plastic toy-figurine of what looked like a deer. The paint on it was slightly faded from age.

“I had a collection of these things,” You explained as he held it up to his face for closer inspection. “I had the Farm set, the Jungle set and plenty others. Played with them a ton when I was little.”

“A stag?” He asked, staring at the small deer with teeny tiny antlers in his hand. It laid on its side against his fingers. If he placed it in his palm, it would’ve fallen right through.

“It’s a hart,” you corrected him. “Well, it’s also a stag, I guess? But I’m calling it a hart. That’s the old word for it. A male red deer. And you know how much I appreciate a good pun..”

G looked at you with an expression you couldn’t read.

You felt your face flush when you finally said it. Good lord, now you felt stupid for bringing this thing. This was the stupidest gift ever. A plastic toy deer for an almost perfect man for Christmas? What were you thinking?

“As the hart panteth after the water brooks,” He said. “So panteth my soul after thee.”

Oh thank God, maybe it wasn't a bad idea after all.

You fidgeted in your chair. “Was that a Psalm?”

“Psalm 42, verse 1. King James Version.” He kept his gaze at you. His white pupils looked deep into yours as if searching for something. For a moment, you thought something glinted in those pupils.
To clear the air, you took the toy and placed it upright on his hand. You let the miniature hart stare back at G with its small, beady dark eyes.

You looked straight at him. Your lips trembled as you spoke. “I give you my hart, G.”

Slowly, G closed his fingers around the tiny deer. He pressed his fisted hand against his chest.

“Thank you, Little One.” He replied, barely above a whisper.

You see him breathe through his nose as if he was about to say something else. Maybe.. Maybe he’ll forgive you? Maybe he’ll end the punishment now? He placed the small hart on his desk. It displayed itself proudly for the world next to his bottle of ketchup. “Isn’t Maggie waiting for you?” G asked.

You guessed wrong. “Yeah.” You answered quietly and you left his office without another word.

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May

You had just finished a day of school. Chemistry was one of those classes you’d think you’d enjoy but turned out to be boring shite. You swore if you had to spend another minute in that class, you’d drink the chemicals in the supply closet. You and Hettie separated on your walk together home. The girl was a miracle worker, an angel sent from heaven. Hets somehow convinced her mother to let her stay friends with you. Said something about setting your straight instead of the other way around. That, or she used some secret voodoo witchcraft. It could be anything.

On your way back, you passed by the church. You noticed how the trees thickened around it, like a small forest. As you walked, you noticed a certain tall skeleton in his jeans and white t-shirt with a watering can. You walked away from the pavement and behind the fence. You were now a good eight feet away from where G stood. He watered the tree saplings in front of his office window. You can see that his hands and his forearms were dusted with soil. The saplings had grown a good deal, which surprised you.
“Are those magic trees?” You asked.

“The same trees my ancestors grew in Mount Ebott.” He replied. He didn't need to look at you. In fact, it seemed that he already knew you were there the whole time.

“Are the millions of trees around us not enough for you?”

“Not quite,” He answered. “You can still see my office if you walked close enough.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

G straightened up and turned to face you. He gave you a lazy smile. “I like my privacy.”

“Don’t trees take years to grow? Even magic ones?”

“Not these,” he motioned to the half-grown trees. “Underground Pine take only a year and a couple of months for them to fully grow.”

“In a hurry for your privacy?”

“I can wait.”

Something in his tone and the way he looked at you told you that he wasn’t talking about the trees anymore. The two of you just watched each other, wondering what the other would say next.

You summoned the courage to speak. “So can I.”

G regarded you for a brief moment before he told you to run along home.
Grillby woke up to the sound of a Ducati purring outside his bedroom window. This again? He thought to himself. If he wasn’t in love with the numbskull, he would’ve told him to go back and fix his own problems. The Fire Elemental sighed to himself and fixed his bed robes. His visitor didn’t have to ring the doorbell and already knew Grillby was coming downstairs to greet them.

He opened the door and Sans barged right in without a word. Typical.

“. . . You’re like a cat, mon ami,” Grillby said as he closed the door behind them. “You come and go whenever you please.”

Sans ignored his description of him. “Is anyone available today?”

Not even a hello? Then again, Grillby didn’t greet him properly either. “I’ll ring someone up. You can use the usual guestroom.”

“Thank you. Call someone who can handle more than usual.”

“Mon Dieu, you can’t keep doing this,” Grillby sighed as he climbed up the stairs with his skeleton friend. “When will you give the poor girl a break? How many months has it been?”

“Seven.”

“And you won’t end your petty little fight with her?”

“She disobeyed me and she must face the consequences. I deal punishments where I see fit. You, of all people, should know that.”

“I wouldn’t call this punishment,” Grillby said as they made their way to his room. He picked up a small notebook and his phone. “You’re torturing her.”

“And myself,” Sans added.
“May I join in?”

Sans only frowned at him.

“.. Tant pis.” Grillby shrugged as he dialled in a number. By the time someone answered, Sans left for the guestroom to get himself ready.

“.. Bonsoir, Red.” Grillby greeted a woman on the other line. “Yes, I know it’s two in the morning, but it’s urgent. Le prêtre needs to vent his frustrations again. Hoho, eager, aren’t you?.. No, absolutely not. I told you, nobody fucks with le prêtre.. No buts. Be here thirty minutes sharp.”

He puts down the phone and exhaled loudly to himself. The things he did for love.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Valentines Day! To celebrate 50 bookmarks, I added an extra 'bonus scene' in Grillbys POV. Hope you liked it!

Again, thank you to all my readers who enjoy reading this, sharing comments, leaving kudos and participating in discussion. You all help keep this fanwork alive.

And thank you to my dear Editor. I love you, Sir.
Our Life, Sweetness and Hope

Chapter Summary

It's been a year since G delivered his punishment. You are now 18.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

1-year later..

You adjusted your dress and straightened the flowers clipped on your hair. With a bouquet of red roses in your hand, you stepped onto the carpet and headed down the aisle. Father Gaster waited behind the altar. You repeated the instructions in your head; Right foot forward, step together, stop. Left foot forward, step together, stop. You kept going before you took your place at the far left, facing the congregation. The other four bridesmaids joined you in line.

The entire church rose when Maggie appeared in her beautiful white dress and veil. The groom, Rex, was enraptured from the sight of his bride. He was also another reptile monster, but he was green and had long spikes that protruded from his head. Yet, instead of looking at the happy couple, you wanted to look at your priest. Unfortunately, if you wanted to make it through the ceremony alive and sane, you had to keep your eyes anywhere but on him. Since you couldn’t will yourself to disappear, you ignored the entire wedding in general.

One year ago, you and G had to end your ‘particular friendship’. He erected a wall around himself and had shut you off completely. Go be a normal teenager, he said. You had no choice but to obey. Although, there were small instances when you got to talk to him again. Last Christmas, he called for a one-day truce and you got to talk and tease him as much as you wanted. There was another time you spoke to him while he did some gardening months ago. After that, you barely spoke a word to each other.

And now you stood near the altar as he performed a wedding ceremony for someone else. It was as if the world was taunting you.

Maggie needed a fifth bridesmaid to even out the numbers with the groomsmen. You said no at first, but you finally gave in. She gave you rides for the past year to help with your community service. You owed her this, so you wore a fake smile when you walked down the church aisle toward the one person you loved more than life itself.
All the while knowing you’ll never have your own wedding with Him.

Walking on broken glass would probably hurt less than going through all this.

Father Gaster began the ceremony, quoting verses of love and devotion from the Bible. People sighed and wept in happiness, except for you. You tuned him out. You got pretty good at it for the past year.

During the reception, you sipped champagne and made small talk with different people, monsters and humans alike. You saw G stay for an hour and talk to some of the guests. Of course, he ignored you.

“I need another drink,” you said to one of the groomsmen, who had fallen in love with your cleavage. As if your breasts themselves had given him an order, he hurried off to find you another glass of champagne. G left the reception and you watched as the other guests danced to loud, hip music. You just wanted to go home and sleep, but you promised Maggie you’d stay to the bitter end.

The party finally ended at one in the morning. Maggie and Rex ran through a shower of rice thrown at them on their way to a waiting car. Ten minutes later, the fellowship hall had turned into a ghost town. About fucking time. You made your way to the kitchen and opened one of the pantries to find a bag of clothes that you had stashed there. You yanked the flowers out of your unruly hair and dumped them in the trash. Relief rushed through your feet once you kicked your high heels off. Now to get rid of the dress. Just when you thought this was all finally over, you found that the zipper was stuck.

Growling and swearing under your breath, you strained to get the zipper down. You let out a loud and frustrated groan as your arms went slack from weariness. Then you heard someone laugh behind you.

“If you’re really strugglin’, kid, maybe you should just ad-dress the issue with me.”

You looked over your shoulder to the doorway. “G?” What the hell? You rolled your eyes and struggled with the zipper. “Ugh. You have a knife or a gun or something?”

“You need a gun to take off your dress?”
“So once I take it off, I’m putting it out of its misery. You’re next.”

G moved towards you. “I guess I should zip it, huh?”

You glared daggers at him. He was already wearing his own t-shirt and jeans. As usual, he looked good in it. You bet if the Pope saw G in this attire, he’d order all the clergy to use this as their new uniform. You showed him the zipper on your back that kept you prisoner.

“I’m trapped.”

G snickered. “Here, let me help.”

“Are you going to cut it off?” you asked. “Should we call an ambulance?”

“Hold still, kid.”

You feel G tug at the fabric of the dress gently. After a few seconds of tugging, the zipper finally gave in. You tried to take things over from here, but G pulled it all the way down for you. Were you really going to argue with him when his fingertips brushed all the way down your spine to your lower back?

“Better?” You hear him ask over your shoulder. It took all your strength to not act embarrassed that he technically undressed you.

“Thank God,” you muttered while you shrugged the sleeves off. “I thought I was going to die in this stupid dress. I’m never wearing it again.”

G turned away to give you the privacy to slither out of your dress. “It’s not a stupid dress. You looked lovely in it.”

You were glad he couldn’t see your blush when you pulled your shirt and jeans clothes on. “Oh stop.” You grumbled as stuffed your dress into your bag. You wanted to be happy that he was finally talking to you again, but you couldn’t help but still feel angry too. He gave you months’ worth of the cold shoulder and he thinks he could get away with it by making one compliment?
You were worried that he just might. “What are you doing here anyway?” You asked him. “Shouldn’t you be all snuggled up in bed with Jesus?”

He turned back to you and watched as you pulled out a roll of garbage bags under the sink. “I’ve got company and noticed the lights were still on. You?”

“I’m gonna clean.”

“Oh? Just by yourself?”

You took the roll of garbage bags back to the fellowship hall and he followed right behind you. You rip one of the garbage bags out and opened it up, dumping paper plates and plastic cups into it.

“Maggie’s been nice to me,” you began. “She’s really sweet and drives me places since I can’t get a license until I’m off probation. I couldn't afford to get her a wedding gift, so I said I’ll clean the hall up so her family won’t have to.”

You feel his burning stare on your back while you balled up some paper tablecloth.

“What?” You asked him dryly when you turned around to meet his gaze.

He was smiling. “I didn’t say anything.”

“You are staring at me, Father Gaster.” You said with a sarcastic edge to your voice.

“Yes, I am.”

“Pray tell, why?”

“I’m staring at you because you’ve become a very kind and generous person.” You see a twinkle of pride in his eyes. “And I’m staring at you because you’re stunningly beautiful.”
You dropped the bag to the floor and buried your face in your hands. “G. Seriously.” Your stomach swirled with butterflies. You wanted to cry, scream, kiss and kill him all at once. You weren’t allowed to call him gorgeous and now he was the one describing you as beautiful? It’s not fair.

“When you aren’t trying to look beautiful, you look beautiful. When you are trying to look beautiful, you’re stunning.”

You look back up at him with squinted eyes. “I hate you.”

G grinned. “No, you don’t.”

“I’m trying to.”

“I don’t blame you, Little One.” He stepped closer to you. He was inches away from you now.

“So we’re back to this now?” you asked as you hoisted yourself up to the edge of the table. You crossed your arms over your chest.

“Back to what?”

“Back to us being friends again? You think we can go back to that with just a snap of your fingers?”

G held out his hand and snapped his fingers near your ear. You flinched as the sound echoed in the large, empty room. “Just like that.” He smirked.

You glared at him. “You’ve been acting like I didn’t exist for months. Why tonight?”

A floating hand appeared before you. It’s been a while since you saw those. It counted to two and G waved to it. “Two reasons,” he said. “First, there’s something you need to know. Second, I have an entire bottle of wine in me.”
Your jaw dropped to the floor. “You’re drunk?”

The floating hand moved and made an inch of space between the thumb and the index finger. “This much.”

“No way.”

“You’re right,” The hand widened the gap. “Maybe this is a bit more accurate.”

You grinned. “Nothing to wine about that for me. It’ll be easier to seduce you.” You teased, wondering how far can you push him again.

G smirked in appreciation of your pun. “Later. We talk first.”

“Well, you talk while I clean.” You hopped down the table to resume your work. So what if he was tipsy? He was here! You missed him so much that your hands were shaking from just talking to him.

G watched you clean up for a few moments. “Can I help you?” He offered.

You gripped at your garbage bag and considered it. “This is my gift to Maggie,” You decided. “Not yours.”

“Aw,” G whined in a mocking tone as he nudged a plastic cup on the floor with his foot. “But I feel useless just standing around here.”

You smiled. “You are useless.”

“Is there anything I can do to be less useless for my Little One?”

You turned to look at him. “Fuck me on the gift table.”
G glowered at you so hard that you laughed out loud. As expected, you noticed a purple light flicker in his right eye for a second or two.

“Fine, fine,” you pointed at the corner of the room. “Put some music, then.”

“That I can do.” G said as he strode to the DJ equipment. Maggie’s cousin, the DJ earlier, had left all his music stuff behind. He said he’d come back in the morning to collect them. G flipped through the CDs and frowned. “. Or not.”

You tied up the full garbage bag before you opened up a new one. “What’s wrong?”

“This music selection is shameful. What is this?” He holds up a CD case with a blue robot on it. “Dr Blook 2.0”

“Is he a licensed medical professional?”

“He does dubstep mixes.”

“Figures.” His tone was so dry that you couldn’t stop laughing at him. “How does anyone dance to any of this music? Ah, here we go.” He holds up another CD.


“Mettaton EX.”

You wheezed. “You like Mettaton EX?” Mettaton EX was one of the first monsters who rose to popularity in the media. Plenty of humans took a liking to them since they had the most ‘human-like’ in appearance. Mettaton even owned a record company where they hired and trained new musicians to take after their name.

“Who doesn’t?” G replied as he enthusiastically played the CD. “The first Mettaton was a musician’s musician.”
“I can’t believe you’ve even heard of him.”

G looked unamused. “I spent most of my life in seminary, not in a cave.”

The music started with the iconic guitar plucking of Mettaton EX’s ‘Oh My..’ before introducing fabulous tunes with Mettaton’s silky voice.

“Music,” G said as he walked up to you. “Has melodies and themes. It’s not simply a collection of noises set to a bass line.”

“You are such a snob.” You smirked at him.

“Guilty as charged,” He grins as he takes you by the hand. “Now stop cleaning.”

“Why?” You asked as you arched an eyebrow at him. Despite that, you dropped the bag to the side.

“Because I said so,” he replied matter-of-factly. “I never once said you could stop obeying me. So obey me.”

You pretended to pout while you placed your free hand on his shoulder. “Can you please order me to punch your face?” You asked. “I’ll obey that order.”

“Heh. Maybe later.” G grinned as he placed his other hand on your hip.

You hated how much you missed this, how much you loved his orders. You loved how he drove you crazy enough to want to kiss him and hit him at the same time. “What are you doing to me?” You mumbled to him as the two of you moved to the music.

“Dancing with you, of course.”

He leads you to the first steps of something like a waltz. He takes you on one turn around the
messy dance floor before stopping midstep. With white pupils, he studied your face with the most intimate gaze you’ve ever seen.

“She’s gone,” He whispered with wonder.

“Who?” You asked.

“The girl. All of her, gone.” He answered. “Where did she go?”

You felt a bit of pride when he said that. “I killed her,” you replied without skipping a beat. “You said I should grow up. I grew up. She’s gone. I’m here.”

He lets go of you to spin you around gracefully in the dance after you answered him. Before you placed your hand back on his shoulder, he takes it and kisses the back of your hand. Then he turns it over and kisses the centre of your palm as well. His touch was as gentle as feathers yet you feel the impact of his kisses all the way to your toes as you watched him with wide eyes.

You cleared your throat as he continued the dance. “So you know how to dance?” You asked him.

“I do.”

“Is this something they teach you in seminary?”

“Nope.” He gave you a subtle smile. Another song plays on the CD.

“This song is about adultery, right?” You teased him. “You shouldn’t be dancing to it.” You tried to hide how much you loved the touch of his hands on you.

“Kid, I think I can handle a song about adultery since I’ve committed it myself.”

G said nothing for a moment. His hands lowered to his sides as you pulled away from him.

“I was eighteen then. I was married.”

You were speechless. While you recollected your thoughts, G walked back to the DJ equipment to turn the music off.

“You married?”

“Yup,” he said. “Briefly and unhappily.”

You needed to sit down, so you pulled a chair and took a seat. G does the same in front of you.

“The first thing I’ll tell you is that my previous marriage should never concern or trouble you. It’s just a fact of my past. No reason to hide it and few good reasons to reveal it. It’s what I wanted to tell you.”

You listened intently, still at a loss for words. So some lucky bitch got to marry him first?

“My marriage will be common knowledge in time, but I want you to hear it from me and no one else.”

You nodded and he continued.

“It’s a long and boring story, so I’ll give you a short version. I had a best friend in the seminary and his parents died in an accident. At that time he was sent away to live with his grandparents and to attend the same school I was in - the Jesuit boarding school. He had an older sister, Chandelle, who was a ballet dancer who lived all the way in Paris. Brother and sister missed each other terribly. Neither of them had any money. She couldn’t live here. He couldn’t live in Paris anymore. Now, my father had a great deal of money--”

“I thought you live in poverty?”
“--Which I didn’t use for myself. I had a sizable trust fund that I inherited when I married. I wanted my friend to see his sister again. She wanted to live here. Marrying her meant I could receive my trust fund, which I planned to give them. Money and citizenship. I thought that would be enough for her. Everyone wins.”

“What happened?”

G’s lips formed a tight line and his eyes darkened. For a moment his pupils were gone as if he had replayed a memory. “Nobody won,” he replied. “Money and the privilege to see her brother every day was not enough for her. I warned Chandelle in advance that our marriage was in name only. I had no romantic interest in her at all.”

“Why not?”

He sighed. “We’ll save that answer for another time. Let’s just say she wasn’t my type and I won’t speak ill of the dead.”

You took a moment to register his last words. “She’s..?”

“Yeah. She said she was in love with me. I didn’t believe it. I still don’t. I think she just thought my lack of interest in her was a ‘challenge’. She tried to win me over and failed. She saw me kissing someone else and she ran away. The next day, we found her dust beneath a cliff with only her dress.”

You winced. “Jesus Christ.”

“I was a widower just weeks after marrying. Her brother took her dust back to Paris and he never came back. I travelled to Rome to earn my title as a priest. And that’s as much as I can tell you for tonight.”

You gripped the edge of the chair. “So you know how to dance because..?”

“I tried to distract her from her attempts at seducing me by asking her about ballet or about dancing. Anything else that could interest her.”
“Did you have sex with her?”

“Our marriage was unconsummated. I mean, I barely knew her. Even when I realized how strong her feelings were for me, I once considered it. I didn’t even want to think about it, but she was my wife. I felt duty bound to keep her happy, but I failed. And it’s for the best. I’m not the sort of person who’d have sex just to pass the time.” G leaned back on his chair and looked at the ceiling. “The one person I was intimate with as a teenager loved me deeply and made real sacrifices to be with me. I expect the same toll on a person.” He looked back at you with a glimmer in his eyes.

You furrowed your brows at him. “I’m eighteen, G. You can stop acting like I’m too young for you.”

“It’s not about your age, Little One. It has everything to do with me being a priest who has no desire to drag you into a world that could complicate your life.”

You fell silent for a while. “But I want you so much.” You confessed softly.

He sighs your name. “I could barely breathe when I watched you walk down the aisle today. I don’t even have any lungs. Do you know how much it hurt knowing you will never walk down that aisle for me?”

Your eyes burned with emotion. So he felt the same way too? “It hurt me, too.” You told him as you jerked the tears away.

G scooched closer to you and took your chin in his hand. He tilted your face up to meet his eyes. All you found there was the cold, bitter truth.

“Little One, to be with is to hurt.”

“And to be without you would hurt more, and it really did.” You whispered. “You won’t scare me off, though. I’m not afraid of you.”

G lets go of your chin. He took a deep breath as he thought quietly. “I’ll let you get back to your cleaning.” He stood up, but you grabbed his hand.
“Don’t go,” you pleaded. “Please. We don’t have to talk. Just stay. It’s been so long and I missed you so much.”

He looked down at you. He took his hand away, but only to brush your hair between his fingers. “I missed you too,” he said quietly. “Everyday. But I can’t stay, Little One.” You feel his hand caress the back of your neck. “I did say I have company.”

“Hot date?” you teased.

“Hah. He wishes.”

“Don’t we all?”

“We’ll talk again soon once I’ve sobered up.” G said as he patted the top of your head. “Preferably when I have more self-control without thinking of the things I could do to you when we’re alone in a room.”

“Does it involve us breaking the gift table?”

He smirked. “It never stood a chance.”

You laughed and got out of your chair.

“Going back to cleaning?”

“No, not just yet,” You told him. You slipped your hands around his waist and brought your chest closer to him. “You owe me this hug.”

“I’ll make it up to you in time.” He replied as he returned the embrace. You feel his arms tighten around you.

After a few moments, you started to let go, but he noticed that he wouldn’t. You couldn’t help but smile, so you clung harder to him and relished the feel of his strong arms around you. He held you
so close that you could feel each other breathe. A thousand fantasies sprung to your mind. Getting pushed against the wall, kissing and letting him claim you for the night.

“You promised me everything,” you whispered into his chest.

“And I will keep my promise,” he whispered back “But not yet.”

“It’s okay,” you sighed. “I told you I could wait. I will wait.”

“What you want from me, what we want from each other, you know it’s forbidden, Little One. If we’re caught..”

“How bad would it be?” You asked.

“Best-case scenario; A transfer, therapy and public ridicule. Worst-case scenario? Laicization. I would be crucified for being involved with a teenager. They won’t even have a hard time nailing me to the cross.” He held you closer, letting you feel the gaping holes at the centre of his palms.

“That’s stupid,” you huffed. “I’m the one trying to get into your pants and I’m eighteen. We’re only five years apart too,” you looked up at him. “It’s my body, not theirs. It’s your body too. Why do they get to tell us what we can do with our bodies?”

“Are you trying to use logic on Catholics?”

You smirked. “Touche,” You thought for a bit. “Is this all my fault?” You asked. You wondered if you shouldn’t have started this relationship since the day you met him.

“No, it’s not your fault,” G said. “It’s destiny. Or doom. Hard to tell the difference sometimes.”

“Maybe it’s the same thing?”

“Maybe.” He gazed at you and you saw both doom and destiny in his eye sockets. One kiss. Surely one kiss wouldn’t kill the two of them. You stood on your tiptoes to reach his face. G watched you
quietly and you even saw him bend forward just a bit for you to reach him. You felt your heart thump loudly in your chest when you felt his breath on your cheek.

Then you heard something.

Whistling.

Somewhere in the supposedly empty building, someone whistled a tune. As the whistling got closer, so did the sound of crackling embers of an open fire.

You hurriedly pulled away from the embrace and put at least two feet between you and G. He lets out a heavy sigh.

“I’m changing my answer,” G said out loud as he rubbed his temples. “It’s all his fault.”

“Who’s that?” you whispered.

“I suppose it’s time that you two met each other properly.” He said with some strain.

At the doorway, you see a familiar fiery figure. The whistling stopped. There stood a man covered in flames, save for his dapper black and white suit. His hair moved in the air like an open fire and he cast a golden glow around him.

G pointed to him with his thumb. “Meet my brother-in-law.”

Chapter End Notes

Shoutout to AkioSouma for this wonderful fanart:
https://akiossincabinet.tumblr.com/post/170929022751/

This gave me enough smiles to last a week! Please give their post a like and a reblog if you can for their amazing work.
You finally meet G’s close friend, Grillby Flint. You also make a deal with God.

As the Fire Elemental began to close in on you, G quickly took your hand and squeezed it.

“You didn’t tell me how hot he was,” you thought to yourself.

“You broke into my house. What do you have to say for yourself?” You noticed how he had a slight French accent hidden in his silky voice.
“You have the hair of Hades.”

That was about all you could say as you pointed back at him. So this was G’s brother-in-law? The best friend? The Grillby Flint? You remember G said his wife came from Paris. That might explain the accent.

“Dieu des Enfers? His hair is on fire as well?” Grillby asked.

“Greek mythology. God of the underworld.” G interjected. “Though I don’t recall any text portraying his hair as fire.”

You stared at them in disbelief. “Hercules, anyone? Am I the only one here who has watched a Disney movie? Next time I break into your house, I’ll bring my DVDs with me.”

Grillby suddenly takes your hand. You expected that you'd get third-degree burns from his touch. Instead, he felt incredibly warm and cozy. He raises your hand to his lips to kiss it, but you stretched your fingers outward before he had the chance. He watched your wiggling fingertips and sniffed them instead. You pulled your hand back.

“So this is her?” Grillby asked G.

“Yup,” G smiled at him and looked at you. He gives the both of you a brief introduction before shooing Grillby away with his hand. “Now please go back to my office, Grillby, before the kid starts to like you.”

“You mean like me more than you? Too late, isn’t it?” Grillby’s eyes lit up with a smile. For the entire time since he entered the room, he had never taken his gaze off you.

You blinked at him. “You’re seriously French.”

“.. Would you like to see how French I am?” Grillby imposed himself between you and Father Gaster and stared down at you. You stared back. The room suddenly got warmer now that he was close to you.

“I’m not talking to you,” It was Grillby’s turn to shoo G away. “I’m talking to her.”

Grillby bent forwards a bit as if to inspect you more.

“How old are you?” He asked you.

“Eighteen. And you?”

“Twenty-two. Is your hymen intact?”

You stood up straighter. “Is your brain intact?”

“I ask for a reason,” Grillby shakes his finger slowly at you. “I fucked a virgin last week. Didn’t mean to.”

“What do you mean you ‘didn’t mean to’?” You questioned him, the corners of your mouth lifted to a smirk. “You trip and fall into her hymen or something?”

“You jest,” Grillby purred. “But do you know how hard it is to get the blood off silk?” He sounded slightly upset about his stained sheets. “She could’ve told me. I would’ve put a towel down first. But c’est la guerre. Tell me; What’s the etiquette for accidentally deflowering someone? Should I send a bouquet?”

“I can think of something better,” You suggested playfully. You enjoyed this banter. Usually, G would’ve shut you down before you could even start. “Why not a second round?”

Grillby gazed at you as if he was sizing you up. If he wanted to play, you knew how to play rough.

“Would you like to play Shyren and the Naughty Woshua with me?” Grillby offered.
“Never heard of it.”

You could see G peek from behind Grillby’s shoulder. “I swear I will have you arrested.” G said to Grillby. He sounded stern, yet you could see the amusement in his eyes.

“Can't arrest me now that she's legal. Anyway, it’s from an erotica,” Grillby explained in a sultry voice. “Sweet little Shyren runs away to the mountain to find a band of Woshuas. They subjected her to orgies and beatings over and over again. That’s how you play the game.”

“How do we know who wins?”

“Whoever loses the least amount of blood by the end of the game wins.”

You grinned. “Sounds fun. I’ll be Woshua. You’ll be Shyren.”

“Oh wow, Grillby,” G taunted. “Seems like the kid knows you already.”

Grillby gazes at you for a moment in silence, studying you a bit more. You guess he sensed something in you. All amusement disappeared from his eyes and he straightened back up. He still looked at you, but he addressed G in a warning tone. “You’re asking for trouble with this one, mon ami.”

“He didn’t ask for trouble,” you interjected. “I offered it.”

Grillby tilted his head to one side with interest. “. . . You weren’t exaggerating about her.”

You see G come up from behind Grillby. The priest puts his mouth near the Fire Elemental's ear. “I told you so.” He whispered loudly.

“Can I have her?” Grillby asked as he suddenly puts his arms around you. You felt his well-toned body and an extremely inviting warmth around you. Good lord, you liked this way too much.

G replied something in French. Whatever it was, it made Grillby grin wider.
“What did he say?” you asked Grillby.

“He said ‘Wait your turn’.”

You looked over to G, who only shrugged at you as if Grillby lied. You knew he didn’t.

“She is suspicious of my translation,” Grillby said.

“She should learn French,” G suggested. Grillby nodded in agreement.

“Uh, hello?” You wriggled away and freed yourself from Grillby’s grasp. “I’m still here! I can hear you both talking about me. And you, I can see you giggling.” You poke at the centre of G’s chest with your finger.

He pretended to appear offended. “Priests don’t giggle.”

“And what are you looking at?” You demanded Grillby, who was undressing you with his eyes.

“She’s quite spirited,” Grillby commented as he glanced over to the priest.

“Unholy spirited.” G sighed in agreement.

Grillby’s attention returned to you. “And why do you have your clothes on?”

“Was I supposed to take them off?”

“. I’ve never heard a stupider question in my life,” Grillby replied dryly. “You weren’t supposed to have them on, to begin with.”
“Okay, I get it,” you crossed your arms at him. “You’re like Prince Charming if he wasn’t actually charming.”

“And wasn’t a prince, but a king.” Grillby smiled as he raked your body with his eyes. You should be embarrassed by his lustful stare. But he had a French accent, Hades’s hair and most of all; the power to annoy G. He’s good in your books.

Grillby casually shows off his silver wrist watch to you. “.. You know, I could lose my watch inside of you.” He added.

“And good night.” G grabbed the French Fire Elemental by the back of the neck. You noticed Grillby shiver and his golden flames burned brighter. Whatever G intended to do seemed to have the opposite effect on him. G sighs audibly as he dragged Grillby away. “I can’t take you anywhere. Go back to the office. I will be there soon.”

“Do I really have to go?” Grillby asked, his voice slightly stilted since G was still holding his neck.

“He doesn’t have to.” You piped up as you followed the two of them.

“Yes, he does.” G replied and released Grillby, who gave you an apologetic smile.

“Je suis désolé, ma belle .. I must leave you,” Grillby bowed to you. “I will be inside the priest’s office tonight if you need me or desire me.”

“Right.” You couldn’t help but smile at this man.

“And if I’m not there, I’ll be inside a bottle of Shiraz. I’m getting le prêtre very drunk tonight.”

You laughed. You’ve never seen G so playful before until Grillby came along. The both of you should get G drunk more often.

Grillby takes your hand again and this time you let him kiss the back of it. G doesn’t protest and watched the two of you with the same amusement as earlier. “I’m sure we’ll meet again someday,” Grillby said as he parts from you. “It’s a pleasure meeting you at last.”
“Same here,” you replied.

Grillby turned around to make his way to the office. As he walked away, you hear him whistle again.

“I want to be his best friend too.” You grinned up at G.

“Don’t let your guard down just yet.” Your priest tells you.

G was right. Grillby suddenly came back to take one more look at you. A moment ago he had the pompous air of a dashing rogue. Not anymore. Now he seemed as dangerously sober as the night you first bumped into him.

“. A word of warning,” Grillby said as he fixed his glasses. “Your shepherd is a wolf. You will learn eventually and you will learn it the way I did.”

“How?” you asked.


G suddenly spoke. “Grillby. Enough.” He wasn’t joking around anymore.

“Tell her what you are, mon ami ,” Grillby implored G as he straightened up to look at him.

“I’m not sure if you’re already drunk or if you haven’t drunk enough.” G replied instead.

“Never enough,” Grillby smirked as he left them once again. From the sound of his footsteps fading away, it seemed that he finally went to the office for real.

Beside you, G took a deep breath. “And now, allow me to finish apologizing--”
“What did he mean that my shepherd is a wolf?” You interrupted G.

G went silent. He didn’t blink, blush or laugh. He just stared down at you.

“The wolf eats sheep,” you continued. “Should we, the sheep of Immaculate Heart, be scared of you?”

G thought for a moment. “No.”

“No?” You echoed.

G nodded. “I only eat other wolves.”

You smiled sheepishly. “That’s a comfort, I guess.”

“It shouldn’t be.”

“Why not?”

Father Gaster leaned closer to you and gave you a look so dangerously hungry. His right pupil flickered to violet. Grillby’s lustful looks from earlier paled in comparison to this.

“Because, my Little One,” G said lowly, his voice so close to you that you can hear his gravelly tones. “You aren’t a sheep.”

After that, G bids you with the most casual of goodbyes before following Grillby down the hall. You couldn’t blame him for leaving you so abruptly. If someone like Grillby were in your house, you wouldn’t want to leave them unsupervised either. So that was the brother of G’s dead wife? You found a chair to sit down on while you let G’s story sink in. It shouldn’t matter, right? It shouldn’t matter that he married five years ago, right? No, it didn’t. The dead wife was a dead issue. Dusted. Gone. You resolved to never think of her again.
As for Grillby - now he interested you. G admitted jealousy over you and that Piers guy getting to first base. Hell, he was even close to mauling him. Yet Grillby embraced you in front of him. He even joked about beating you, fucking you and losing his watch inside you. What did that even mean?

Oh, wait. You think you know what he meant now.

You cringe. *Ow.*

Grillby even repeatedly eye-fucked you, word-fucked you, teased and taunted you endlessly. All the while, G just stood by doing nothing except trying not to laugh. And what did Grillby mean when he called G a wolf? What did G mean when he admitted to being one?

Too many questions. Not enough answers.

You let out a yawn as you went back to cleaning up. It didn’t take too long, thankfully. The wedding wasn’t too big, Maggie and Rex only invited around seventy guests. They couldn’t afford more than that, but neither seemed to mind. The two of them had a good time anyway.

You finally reached home at three in the morning. Mum was already in bed and fast asleep. Alone in your room, you thought about G while you changed into your pyjamas. If only all priests were as rational and as open-minded as him. Never once in his stay at Immaculate Heart had you heard him condemning homosexuality or premarital sex. Instead, he focused his attention on social justice issues - the good kind anyway. Feeding the hungry, helping the needy, visiting the sick and the dying and even those in prison. He was a good priest. The best priest. No matter what his secrets were, no matter how he desired you as much as you did for him. He was still the best priest on earth.

You laid under the covers of your bed. You wanted to sleep, but your mind wouldn’t let you. You needed to talk to someone, but there was no one to talk to. No one but God. You hummed to yourself. You might as well try.

When G took you through Spiritual Exercises, he taught you a specific Jesuit way of praying. He said most people couldn’t concentrate during silent prayer. The mind was capable of wandering here and there. Speaking prayers out loud helped with focus. Jesuits didn’t stop there. One technique, G told you, involved standing before an image of God or Christ and speaking the prayer aloud to it. Some Jesuits even sat empty chairs in front of them as if God sat there.
“And this actually helps them get through to God?” you asked him that one day.

“No.” G answered. “It helps God get through to us. Prayer does not change God but changes him who prays. All these tricks are for our benefit, not God’s. God is a parent. Call Him, send Him a letter, go to His house, it doesn’t matter how you reach Him. He wants to hear from His children.”

Well, tonight, you wanted to hear from God. You didn’t expect an answer, but the few minutes you spent in G’s arms felt like a gift. The embrace, the words of comfort, you didn’t expect them. When given a gift, you were taught to say thank you. You didn’t know who to say thank you to, so you thought you’d try thanking God. You pulled a chair in the middle of your room and faced it toward the bed. You stared at it.

“Okay, I feel kinda stupid doing this now,” you mumbled in the empty room.

The empty room didn’t answer.

“Y’know, something’s not right here. G’s getting drunk tonight with the second-hottest guy on the planet, and I’m home alone praying. Did we switch our to-do lists or something?”

Still silence.

“Tough crowd,” you sighed as you pulled your pillow to your lap. You squeezed it for comfort. You considered for a moment about giving this up and going back to sleep. But your heart had been racing since you walked down that aisle today. Most importantly, after a year of ignoring each other, you and G had a real conversation. Tonight, with a hug and a few words, he proved himself worthy of your devotion again. You made a decision.

“Look,” you addressed to the nobody in the chair. “I know he’s a good priest. Screw that, he’s the most amazing priest ever. Have You seen how many people show up in church now? Twice as many! You and I both know it’s not just because he’s pretty.”

You took a deep breath.

“So he says You want him to be a priest, right? He says he didn’t felt like himself until he became one. I can’t ever ask him to give that up. Not for me or anyone else. I can’t. I won’t.” You felt a bit better now with your decision. You would never ask him to change for you.
“But about the priesthood thing, be straight with me here; Celibacy? Really? You and I both know it’s made-up bullshit, right? We Catholics just wanted to be special. To be different. God forbid we’re too much like Protestants with their married pastors. The church preaches on how important the Catholic family is, Catholic marriage, Catholic babies. But we don’t let our own priests have all that? We’re making this shit up. There’s nothing in the Bible about this, right? I’ve read it. You’ve seen me.” You held up the bible you kept on your bedside table.

For the past year, you’ve immersed yourself in it every night. You’ve more or less conquered most of the Old Testament and you’ve worked your way through all the Gospels.

“Jesus said nothing about how people shouldn’t get married or why it’s better to celibate. Yeah, there’s a lot of stuff about not fornicating, but there’s a lot of weird stuff in there like not eating shellfish. Seriously. Have you not tried mussels?”

You raised your hands in surrender after you put your bible down.

“I know, I know. It’s not You. Some jerk probably wrote this down, put Your name on it and blamed You. G said to treat the Bible, not as a work of history or a textbook, but to treat it like Communion instead. Like Communion, it’s a spiritual meal. It feeds our Souls. It’s not a how-to manual.”

You realized you went off topic. Well, you’ve never talked to a chair before and you started to like it. You appreciated a captive audience. You should probably do this more often.

“Okay, back to my point, God. I love G. I love him and I’m in love with him. I love everything about him,” your voice hushed to a whisper. “He’s proved to me that he’s a good person no matter what, even if he’s still scared to tell me some things. I don’t care if he’s a wolf. After all, he told me I wasn’t a sheep.”

You squeezed your pillow again.

“In Hebrews - I think it’s Hebrews - it says that ‘faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not’. Something like that. So I guess, what I’m trying to say is, I have faith in G. He has faith in you. I know he has secrets, stuff he won’t tell me yet, and that’s okay. I still believe in him. He believed in me too, right? It’s the least I can do.”
You put away the pillow and placed your hands on your knees. Time to get serious.

“So here’s the deal. I promise if You let me have him, even in a small way.. If you let us be together like we want to be.” You decided not to go into detail about how you want to be with G. You wouldn’t want to make God blush. “If You do that for us, then I promise You; I will never let him leave the priesthood for me. I don’t need to get married. I don’t need to have kids. But please, God, let us be together.”

Your heart ached as you uttered each word. You meant every last one of them. You were met with silence, so you pushed a little more.

“Deal?” you asked God in the chair. “Let’s shake on it.”

You held out your hand. At that very moment, you hear the whistle of a train that barreled past your house. It shook the walls and the floors as if it were an earthquake. Silence settled in once it passed, save for the loud barking of some stray dog. You froze in place as your eyes glance up at your clock.

It's 3:26 am.

You kept staring at it. Goosebumps crawled up your shoulders. For the past eighteen years, the train rattled by your house on a strict schedule every day. 12:59, 6:16, 3:38 and 7:02. Never in all your years here in this house had the train travelled this late at night.

Never ever.

You looked back at the chair and lowered your hand to your side. Goosebumps kept crawling up your neck and to your head.

“Okay then,” you swallowed. “It’s a deal.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter concludes the 'Growing Up' arc. Grillby's personality here is very free-form. He's more of a mixture of UF!Grillby and US!Grillby with a dash of French.
He's probably quieter around people he's not familiar with. You are an exception since G talks a lot about you with him.

See you in the next chapter!
While paying back the church with your services, G has some heavy news to share with you.

G had ordered you to apply for at least five colleges of your choice. Now you couldn’t stop dreaming about MEU, Mount Ebott University. Founded by the first Monster Queen who returned to the surface, it welcomed monsters, humans and mixed races. You’ve fallen in love with the campus, the dorms and how close-knit everyone was when you visited there. Still, it was just a dream. Maybe your dad was right. You knew you had good grades, but they’re not good enough for a scholarship. Even if you got a student loan, it would only cover a fraction of what you needed.

You shook your head and washed furiously onto the wood. Screw dad. You got this. You can do this! While you scrubbed away, you noticed the air felt hotter and hotter in the mass hall. You looked around several times to see if a certain Fire Elemental was around, but he was nowhere in sight. You haven’t seen him since Maggie’s wedding. Sweat dripped from your forehead, down your neck and all the way along your back. You washed the pews in this unbearable heat for half an hour, until you glanced at your bucket and threw in the towel, literally and figuratively. Water splashed everywhere but you couldn’t care less.

“What the hell..” You muttered in frustration as you peeled yourself off the floor. It shouldn’t be this hot! Was the heater broken? You walked over to the wall and squatted down by the vents. You were greeted by a blast of boiling hot air. You grumbled to yourself and stepped out into the hallways to find the heating controls. Upon checking them, someone had turned up the heating to ninety degrees.

Ninety. Fucking. Degrees.
You turned it down to a more reasonable number and slammed it closed. Your priest was a dead man. Even though he was already undead.

You marched down the hall to G’s office. Luckily, you two were alone today on this fine Thursday, so you could kill him without anyone there to stop you. You found him sitting in his office and sipping from a dainty teacup. It had ketchup in it. He looked up at you innocently at first, but then his lips widened into a shit-eating grin when he saw the state you were in.

“Are you some kind of sadist?!” You demanded between ragged breaths.

G took another sip. “Yes, actually.”

You rolled your eyes. “You turned the heat up in the mass hall?”

G shrugged at you. “I didn’t want you to get chilled to the bone.”

“You turned it up to ninety!”

He leans to his left and cups his cheek with one hand. “Whoops. Sorry, kid.” He apologized with a smug smile.

“That is the least sincere apology ever in the history of the world.”

G said nothing but chuckled in amusement.

You growled. “I’m working my ass off in the mass hall, scrubbing two hundred years worth of farts off the pews. And you’re sitting in your air-conditioned office, drinking ketchup and writing homilies. It’s hot as Satan’s balls out there and I’m sweating like a whore in church. Do you have anything to say to that?”

You crossed your arms over your chest and tapped your foot on the floor.

G gave you a once over. Then a twice over, before turning his attention back to his Bible. “I like
your knee pads.”

You groaned loudly. “G, why the hell did you turn up the heat to ninety?”

“Considering how you did nothing other than volunteer work to avoid going to jail or juvenile detention, I thought you needed to suffer more in your service. It’s good for the soul.”

“Horseshit.” You growled. “You’re lounging around in your cute little office, drinking ketchup that smells like bacon—”

“It’s Barbecue-flavored.”

“Gross,” You responded. “And in a cool, comfortable temperature office while I’m melting out there. I don’t see you suffering.”

“I have suffered,” G replied as he made a notation in his Bible. “My suffering just ended.”

“What? Did you find Jesus?”

“No,” G corrected. “I found you.” He calmly sipped from his teacup again and returned to his work.

You tried to ignore the butterflies in your stomach. “How would you feel if I stood on top of your desk and screamed my head off?” you asked him.

“To be honest, kid, I’m actually surprised you haven’t done that already.”

You were also surprised of yourself for not doing this earlier.

“I’m going back to clean the pews,” You grumbled. “Just so you know, I turned the heat back down. I don’t want to scrub away while I’m in the eighth circle of hell.”
“Sure, kid,” G said. “But while cleaning, I want you to think about your sins.”

“Okay, I will. Especially the ones I plan on committing with you someday.”

“Good girl.”

You turned around, but G called your name.

“What is it, your Boneliness?” You asked pompously.

“Did you mail off your college applications, by the way?”

“As ordered, Your Majesty.”

There was a short pause. “Are you going to tell me where you applied?”


“Heh. Interesting choices, kid.”

“The Art Institute of Not-tellin’ is my ‘safe’ choice.”

“Any reason why you’re being so secretive, Little One?”

You sighed. “You got me out of prison. You have like, secret ninjas everywhere who get stuff done for you. I don’t want you making phone calls on my behalf and pulling strings for me.”

G smiled as he read his Bible. “I would never do such a thing.”
You smirked. “Liar.”

You loitered in his doorway to cool off for a few minutes. That and you took your time admiring G. You notice he wasn’t wearing his priestly collar on.

He called your name.

“What?” you asked.

“You’re staring at me.”


G suddenly looked tired when you mentioned that. “Can we talk about other nice things?” he asked. “Like how you should totally try this brand new flavoured ketchup? You’re really missing out.”

“Big baby.” You teased him.

“Go back to work.”

“Yes, Father Wingdings.”

“Don’t call me that.”

“How about Father Bonehead?”

He looks over to you. “How about ‘sir’?” He raised an eyebrow at you. Your stomach tightened in a pleasant way.
“Yes, sir.” You whispered. You suddenly felt very small and vulnerable. You kind of liked it.

G gives you a look that made your toes tingle.

“Good girl,” he smiled with satisfaction. “Now shoo. I don’t have time for distractions today. Even pleasant ones.”

You left his office and headed back to the mass hall. When you did, a shadow flickered at the end of the hallway. A shadow in the shape of a person. You felt the hairs on the back of your neck rise. Was someone there this whole time, eavesdropping on the two of you? In a panic, you replayed your conversation with him in your mind. G complimented your knee pads. He described his drink as barbecued-flavoured ketchup. Ugh. You asked him why he no longer suffered.

Because I found you.

Oh, fuck.

You ran down the hall towards the shadow, but no one was there by the time you reached the end. Your heart drummed against your chest. Being in love with a priest had made you paranoid. You tried to convince yourself that maybe you were just seeing things. Who in this world would give a damn about you to follow you around? No one.

You thought about telling G about the shadow. As you walked back to his office, you heard his phone ring. When he answered it, you decided to save your story for later. You got back to the mass hall and found your bucket with the washcloth. Getting on your knees, you squeezed the excess water out of the rag and went back to scrubbing. You’ve only washed about two feet of wood when you heard footsteps echoing from the hallways. Looks like G wasn’t done with torturing you for today. That’s fine. You enjoyed it anyway.

“If you take another step in here, I’m gonna make you clean up with me,” you glared up at him. You expected him to make some smart-ass comeback as usual, but instead, G wore the strangest expression on his face. With brows furrowed and his lips turned into a thin line, he sat in the pew behind you. He kept a fixed gaze on the crucifix behind the altar.

“Uh,” you knelt on the pew in front of him. “G, what’s wrong?”
G was quiet for the longest time. You almost thought he didn’t hear you. “Nothing’s wrong,” he finally said. His throat was dry. “My father is dead.”


G shook his head slowly. “I don’t know. My sister, Frisk, said she’ll call me back again tonight.”

This was the first time you heard him mention a sister or any siblings at all. “Are you okay?” You wanted to take his hand, but you hesitated.

“I..” G paused. “I am ashamed of how happy I am that he’s finally dead.”

You had no idea how to respond to that, so you tell him the one thing you haven’t told him yet.

“I love you.”

G looked away from the crucifix and turned to you.

“Thank you,” he whispered. “I needed to hear that.”

Thank you? You felt mildly disappointed. Oh well, it was better than ‘No, you don’t’, but not as good as ‘I love you, too’. You’re happy enough that you said something good.

G inhaled slowly. “There is a visitation on Saturday, then the funeral on Sunday,” he continued. “Could you come with me?”


“Could you? Please?” G sounded so humble and quiet with his request that your heart broke.
“I will,” you nodded to him.

“Good. We’ll leave tomorrow evening once you’re out of school. Grillby will send a car for us. Pack for two nights.”

“Is it far away?”

“Yeah. New Hometown, to my father’s house.”

Names like ‘New Hometown’ remind you of how awful the first surfaced Monster King was at naming towns and cities.

“Wait, isn’t it going to seem strange?” You asked. “A priest bringing a date to the funeral?”

“I have a younger brother about your age. He’ll be there for sure. You will stay with him.”

You raised an eyebrow. “What makes you think he and I won’t hit it off.”

“I don’t mind you flirting with him,” G tells you. “But Papyrus is way too.. innocent for that.”

You stared up at him in disbelief. A guy around your age? Too innocent? You’d eat your shorts if that were true. But if this was your ticket to go on a trip with G, then you’ll take it.

You were going on a trip with G for the entire weekend.

Your head spun in excitement from the realization. You were going out with G. You’ll have an entire weekend with him. You’ll get to meet the rest of his family. He actually wants you to attend his father’s funeral with him. You silently thanked God for his blessings.

“You can go home,” G said, snapping you back to reality. “You need to pack and I need to make some phone calls.”
“Can I do anything for you?” You offered. “Help with anything?”

“You help me by existing,” G replied softly. “And I promise, I’m fine. A bit shocked, but this is good news.”

If anyone else heard that from G, they would have been astonished. You, however, wouldn’t mind if your scumbag of a father fell off the face of the Earth.

You fidgeted in place. “Are you sure I can come with you?”

G whispered your name. “The reason I made you stay away from me for so long was so you could grow up. For you to be ready for the things I need to tell you. Are you ready now?”

You looked at your feet. “I’ve been ready for you since the day we met.”

G stood up as well and took your hand in his. He placed your palm on his chest where a white glow emitted from his shirt. His Soul. Then he dragged it up slowly to his throat, before kissing your knuckles.

Somewhere in the world, a newborn baby had its first smile.

And you smiled all the way home.

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That night, you packed your things as ordered. While you stuffed your bag, you thought about your excuses for mum. You’d tell her you’d be accompanying Hettie to visit various other colleges for the weekend. You decided to call Hettie later about it to back you up.

School dragged on the next day. You couldn’t think of anything else except for your plans with G. You’ll be sitting in a car with him for God knows how long and you knew that New Hometown was quite far away. You stopped drinking any sort of fluids at noon. The last thing you wanted to happen was to interrupt G just because you needed to relieve yourself.
You stopped by your house after school to pick up your duffel bag. You left your mum a note, reminding her that you’ll be gone all weekend. You knew she said she didn’t care anymore, but it’s the least you could do. As you neared the church, you realized that people might raise suspicions at you for heading there with an overnight bag. You walked the long way around and found a path to the back of the church through a driveway. You’ll have to remember this trick because if God did hold up his end of the bargain, this won’t be the last time you’d be sneaking over to G’s.

Outside his office, you paused. You could hardly believe this was happening. Going away with G for a trip. You pinched yourself a couple of times on your arms. Yes. You were awake. You took a deep breath and knocked on the door.

G opened it without a word. He couldn’t speak to you because he had a phone held to the side of his head.

“Leaving now,” he said to the phone. He took your duffel bag and you followed him inside as he placed your bag on his couch. You noticed his own bags too. A small suitcase and a black garment bag. Taking a seat on his couch, you watched as he continued his conversation on the phone.

“Have you spoken to Papyrus?” he asked the person on the other end. Another pause. “It’s fine. I’ll talk to him. You have enough on your mind.”

The whole time he talked, he looked very serious.

“Alright,” He said. “We’ll talk more tomorrow.”

He hung up the phone.

“Who’s that?” You asked.

“My sister, Frisk. Actually, half-sister. You’ll meet her at some point this weekend.”

“How many brothers and sisters do you have?” You asked. “And why are you dressed like that?”
“I have one brother and one sister,” He said as he sat on the kitchen counter. “And this is a suit. Does it not suit you?”

“Pshh,” you laughed at him. “You look great, I just didn’t expect you in a business suit.” You walked over to him and pulled the lapels of his jacket as you pretended to check out his neck. “No collar. Weird. No tie either. Even weirder.”

“Oh, I do have a tie,” he smirked as he placed his hands on top of yours. “I haven’t put it on yet.”

“Leave it,” you said as you sat next to him on the counter. “You look good in normal-person clothes.”

“Thank you. I’m attempting to stay incognito this weekend. If I go there as a priest in a funeral, everyone’s going to only talk to me about God and the afterlife.”

“Can’t imagine why they’d think a priest would want to talk about God.”

“Ridiculous, isn’t it?” He grinned at you. “Car’s on the way. Do you want to rest on the bed, first?”

You trembled and glanced at his bed. King-sized and tempting as usual.

“No.”

“No?” he echoed.

“Well, I mean, I do. But not today.”

“Why not?”

“If I do, I’m going to fantasize the rest of the way to the funeral and I’m not sure if I’ll stay sane on the way there.”
You expected G to laugh. Instead, he took you by the wrist and held you close to him. You feel his other hand on the side of your neck which caressed your jawline with his thumb. “Little One,” he murmured to you. “There is something you’ll have to understand. Your fantasies about us and reality might not match.”

You raised your chin. “You don’t know what I fantasize about.”

He gazes down at you for a moment before planting a kiss on your forehead. You closed your eyes, relishing the touch. “A fair point,” he said as he runs his fingers down your hair. Outside, you both hear an engine. “It looks like our chariot awaits us.”

He picked up the bags with ease and was about to reach for your duffel bag, but you beat him to it. He had enough burdens to bear this weekend. You could carry your own baggage. Outside the back of the church was a black BMW M3.

“Ooh, nice!” you cooed as you ran your fingers over the warm hood. A woman got out of the driver’s seat and shut the door behind her.

“01?” G asked, raising an eyebrow at the driver. She was an incredibly pretty blonde Lapine lady with the cutest pink nose. She wore her hair in a tight-knit bun, while one stray strand of hair fell in front of her forehead. She wore a leather jacket and black jeans.

“You don’t have to call me that,” she said. “We only use code names on missions.”

G looked at you. “This is Buttercup, Grillby’s second-in-command.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” you grinned at her.

“You and me both, cutie,” Buttercup gave you a wink. She tossed the keys to G and helped load the luggage in the back of the car. “And I’m outta here. You two kids have fun.”

“Keys are in the ignition.” G said to her when Buttercup walked over to G’s Ducati.

You got comfy in the front seat. “So we’re doing this?” You asked when G got behind the wheel.
“Yup.”

“This is a real thing.”

“Yeah. You nervous, kid?”

You didn’t answer. Instead, you watched as Buttercup revved up his Ducati and head out to the street. The Lapine handled the bike like a pro. You wish you had cool friends like G.

He drove out the wooded back of the driveway. You noticed the trees he planted last year. They hid his office window almost completely. People could pass by without knowing his office was there. “You weren’t kidding when you said they’d grow fast,” you asked.

“It’s magic,” he grinned. “Straight from the Underground.”

“Haha,” you smirked. “How long till we get to New Hometown?”

“About four hours.”

“Great. What are we going to talk about for four hours?”

“Whatever you like, Little One.”

“Can we talk about your dad?”

“Except that.”

“What about Grillby and what he does?”
“That’s an even more complicated question. We’ll be talking about him for more than four hours.”

“So we can’t actually talk about ‘whatever’.”

“Not too accurate, I guess.”

“I give up.”

“Don’t give up, my Little One.”

Heat stained your cheeks. “Fine. Hobbies?”

“Puns.”

“Phobias?”

“Rational enough.”

“Pet peeves?”

“Calvinism.”

You glowered at him. “... What?”

“What?”

“Calvinism? Your one pet peeve is Calvinism?”

“It peeves me off a skel-eton.”
You sighed and sunk into your seat. “This is gonna be a long drive.”

“We could talk about Papyrus,” he said. “Since you’ll be bunking with him.”

“Yeah, about him. Seriously, G, if this guy is the same age and we share the same room..?”

“Trust me when I tell you that Paps is unnervingly pure. One time he needed a manual on How to Date people.”

“Wow. And is he a half-sibling like Frisk is?”

“Yes, but different mothers. Papyrus is the son of my father’s second wife. We didn’t know he existed until Frisk found out and told me about him. I met him for the first time when he was twelve. He likes basketball and cooking spaghetti.”

“Cooking spaghetti? Just spaghetti?”

"Only spaghetti.”

“Well, I’m sure we’ll be best buds.”

“Good. I’ve been worried about him for a while now.”

“Huh? Why?”

“I dunno,” G shifted in his seat. “Papyrus used to send me a hundred letters before. He’s been writing to me since I moved here until two months ago. I’ve spoken to him a few times on the phone, but he’s been kind of secretive nowadays. I’m hoping he’ll open up to you more.”

“You want me to spy on your little brother?”
“Yes.”

On your way to New Hometown, the two of you talked some more. You started with music and mention you’ve been trying to learn about classical music with him in mind. He confessed that he once borrowed Buttercup’s copy of Doggo Jam’s latest album so he’d know about your favourite band.

“What’s wrong?” you asked.

“Can I ask a theological question?”

“Dunno why you’d think I’d be interested in theology,” he smirked. “But ask away.”

“If I fool around with a woman, would it count as sex?”

G hummed. “If the rumours about Buttercup are even half true, I can guarantee she would make it count.”

You sighed. “You have the coolest friends.”

The next four hours passed so quickly, you hardly felt them. You were worried that the trip would’ve been weird or awkward. Instead, you had a good time. Even if G was an arrogant and overeducated snob, he was the easiest person in the world to talk to. As the car neared the house, you almost dreaded the end of the trip. You could talk to G forever. The giant house loomed closer. Six thousand square feet, two stories, two wings and twelve bedrooms with fourteen bathrooms. G called it a ‘Federal’ style mansion, whatever that meant.

“We’re here.” He stated. You noticed his jaw clenched and his eyes narrowed.

“What’s wrong?” you asked.
“Nothing, my Little One. Only bad memories from that house.”

Your heart yearned for him to be comforted, so you reached over and covered his hand with yours.

“I’m here.” You told him.

G smiled and raised your hand to his lips to kiss the back of it.

“And that helps more than you can imagine.” He eased the car down the driveway, down a winding path to the back of the house where he parked. The both of you got out, stretched for a few seconds before collecting your things. “Oh yeah, another thing before we go in the house.”

“Is it about the dust? Is the dust in the house?”

“No dust in the house, I promise.” G replied.

“Then what is it?”

“You’re here with Papyrus, not with me.”

“Right.” You nodded. That was your only alibi for being here.

“And here we go,” G sighed when a light flipped on in the back porch.

“Huh?”

“Hurricane Papyrus is about to hit.”

Chapter End Notes
Bless Mr Editor for staying up late just to proof read this chapter.

I had a dream a few nights ago about opening a tumblr ask-blog featuring Priest G. But ask-blogs are difficult to maintain aren't they? I'll think about it more.
The door slammed open, followed by a laugh that went ‘Nyeh heh heh!’ Out came a skeleton in basketball shorts and a t-shirt that had the words ‘Cool Dude’ on it. The young boy launched himself onto G and wrapped his arms around him.

“Brother!” He squealed as he squeezed the priest and attempted to carry him. Even though the younger skeleton was only a few inches shorter than G, you were sure nobody could ever carry him. “Brother, I’m so glad you’re here!”

“Never would’ve guessed, bro,” G sounded breathless. The other skeleton couldn’t lift G up, but he must have knocked the wind out of him.

The two let go of each other and you could see the younger skeleton’s face beam. “I missed you, brother!” He said. The way he talked was loud, bright and so cheerful that it was almost infectious. It contrasted greatly with G’s deep and sleepy voice.

“Missed you too, bro.” G smiled tiredly. He introduces the both of you to each other. As he did, your eyes flickered between the two of them. Although they were brothers, they looked quite different. For one, Papyrus’s eye sockets were smaller, and he had a longer jaw. His skull had no cracks and even looked polished. You would’ve never guessed they were related unless someone told you so. The one thing you guess they shared was their height.

“She’s a friend from church,” G said after he exchanged your names together. “I didn’t want you alone here at the house.”
Papyrus takes one look at you, then at his brother. “Ah!” he exclaimed. “She’s here for me? Understood!!” He gives G an exaggerated wink. You liked this guy already.

You gave Papyrus your nickname so you could call him ‘Paps’ in turn. “He only calls me ‘Kid’ because he has a stick up his ass.” You pointed to G.

“Aha! The human noticed this as well!”

You look at G. “Oh yeah, Paps and I are gonna be besties.”

“If I had a white flag,” G said. “I’d wave it first in surrender, and then promptly hang myself with it.”

The three of you walked into the house together. With such a merry start, you expected a pleasant evening just hanging out in the house while chatting the night away. Instead, the moment you all walked in, G lost his smile and his sense of humour.

“Is Frisk here?” he asked.

“I believe she said she’d be back soon,” Paps answered, his voice suddenly a lot quieter.

“Did anyone give you a room yet?”

“I’m upstairs in the red room.”

“Good,” G nodded. “I want the both of you in that room right now.”

“It’s only ten-thirty, brother!” Paps protested. If he didn’t argue that point, you would have.

“That won’t stop you from going to bed. I need to talk to Frisk. I can’t keep an eye on the two of you while I do that. Besides, we all have a big day tomorrow. If you need to leave the room, you
two leave together. Lock the door and don’t let anyone in the room but me. Understand?”

You wondered why G was being so cautious in his own family’s house.

“All right, all right,” Paps sighed. “Well, good night, brother! We’ll play tomorrow, won’t we?”

“Have you been practising?”

“The Great Papyrus always practices!”

“Then we’ll play. Tonight, you sleep.”

You watched as Paps hugged G one last time before he returned to your side with your hand in his.

“Onwards!” Paps said excitedly as he dragged you up the steps. “We can talk more about him behind his back. Then he’ll regret introducing us!”

“I already do.” G called from behind the two of you.

You followed Paps to his bedroom. There was a cozy looking bunk bed, but it looked like Paps had already claimed the top bunk. You didn’t mind. If you had to go to the bathroom, you don’t have to scramble down the ladder. There was a couch, a huge bookcase filled with books and a small army of figurines on a coffee table.

“Are these yours?” you asked and pointed to the toys.

“Yes! I bring those wherever I go. Always nice to look at before bedtime.” Paps smiled as he made his way to the double-decker beds. "Anyway, are you in love with my brother?”

You dropped your bag. “What makes you say that?”
Paps grinned ear to ear, showing off his toothy smile. “If I wasn’t his brother, I’d be in love with him. I do love my brother, but not in that way.”

You took a deep breath while you moved your bag to the couch. “He’s worried about you,” you mentioned in attempt to change the subject. “He used to get letters from you, but you stopped writing to him.”

Paps groaned and he climbed up to his bunk. He buried his face in a pillow and suddenly laughed. This seemed entirely inappropriate for a son whose father died that week. Looks like no one here was a fan of the father. You went to the bathroom for a moment to get changed into your pyjamas.

“It’s very odd having a brother for a priest,” Paps said when you got out.

“You mean a priest for a brother?” You asked after you settled into your own bunk.

“Yes, I meant that.” Paps nodded.

“I don’t have any siblings, so having a brother would be weird for me already. But the priest thing, yeah. Probably weird.”

“Absolutely preposterous!” Paps declared. “He’s in his twenties and I’m seventeen. He should be the one dating, getting married or doing whatever adults do. Instead, he hasn’t dated anyone since he was a teenager and..”

There was a pause. You’ve figured it out. “You have a girlfriend.”


This just keeps getting better and better. “Boyfriend?” You asked. You hear a small ‘mhmm’ in response. “And you two have done..?”

“Yes.”
You let out a laugh. “You lucky bastard.”

Paps laughed back and you hear him shift in his bunk. The two of you talked until past midnight. Paps talked about his boyfriend, Hapstabot. Like most ghost-monsters nowadays, they’re given their own mechanical body to manifest into. Paps went on to talk about their sex life, which happened dozens of times in his boyfriend’s bedroom. Paps had decided that sex was the greatest thing ever and Hapstabot agreed with him.

“I’d sell my Soul to get laid.” You sighed.

“And you’re a very pretty human!” Paps replied. “You can get anybody you want! So why are you still a virgin?”

“Ask your brother that question.”

“Oh! Just do what I did with Hapstabot.”

Paps said it so casually as if there wasn’t any other answer. “What is that?”

Paps moved on the top bunk and you see him peek at you upside down. He had a devilish grin on his face.

“Jump him!”

After that, you were able to convince Paps to let you tell G about his relationship. You promised he wouldn’t be against it, and if anything it would give G some peace of mind. It didn’t take long for Paps to fall asleep after a few more minutes of talking. You repeated his words in his head, taking his advice to heart. Jump him. You fell asleep soon after.

The next morning, you and Paps had breakfast in your pyjamas. You honestly couldn’t believe G hated this place so much. This place made you feel like you’ve been transported to one of those fairy-tale mansions. After breakfast, you hid in the bedroom while Paps went downstairs with G. The wake would last all day and the funeral and burial would take place tomorrow morning. You packed enough books and homework to keep yourself occupied while all the family stuff happened.
“Let no one in the door,” G had ordered. “Except for--”

“Except for you and Paps, I get it, I get it. What, am I going to get raped in broad daylight if I leave the door unlocked?”

G gives you a stare that sent chills down your spine. Paps moved behind G with a worried look on his face.

“You wouldn’t be the first person that has had that happen to them in this house.” G answered.

You locked the door immediately.

Two in the afternoon came around and Paps returned to the bedroom carrying a plate of food for you. At six in the evening, he brought you dinner.

“Are you trying to get me fat?” you teased him. “Or are you just looking for an excuse to get outta there?”

“The latter,” Paps said in a matter-of-factly tone. “I hate it. I’m supposed to be sad and miserable, but I’m afraid the Great Papyrus doesn’t sulk very well. I’m too cool for that!!”

“You and G don’t seem to be sad that your dad died.” You hoped you didn’t sound too judgemental. After all, you wouldn’t be sad if your dad dropped dead.

Papyrus threw himself down on the couch next to you. “I suppose it’s because I barely knew the man. I’m quite glad, actually.”

“That bad?”

Paps took a strawberry off your cake. You pretend to stab his bony hand with your fork.

“Do you really want to know how bad he was?” He asked as he munched on the strawberry.
“Probably not,” you replied. “But tell me anyway.”

“Brother won’t tell me much, so I got this all from Mother.”

“Speaking of which, why don’t you call your own brother by his name? Wingdings, right?”

“Shh!” Paps raised a finger to his lips. “Don’t say that! Brother hates it when he’s called that.”

“Because it’s the same name as your dad’s?” you asked.

“Exactly! Monsters tend to pass down their names to their children. It’s a legacy thing, but Brother hates his name. That’s one of the reasons why I’m not sad that our father is dead.” Paps took a deep breath and stretched his legs on the rug. “Father was.. A very bad person. Mother said he abused Frisk when she was a little girl.”

“He hit her?” you asked.

Paps looked at you. “Worse.”

You remember what G told you today about locking the door. “Oh, mother of fuck.”

Paps nodded glumly. “Frisk’s mother and my father got divorced over that. Everyone kept stuff like that a secret. Then he met my Mother and married her. They had me. Frisk found out from her mother that Father got remarried. Frisk didn’t know what to do so she wrote a letter to Brother.”

“What did he do?” You asked.

“This is what Mother told me. She said it was late November. I was twelve at that time. Father was gone for one of his business trips. Mother said the doorbell rang one afternoon and she answered it. And standing on the front porch was, and these are her words, ‘an ivory angel’.”
“An ivory angel?”

“Yes! That’s what she said. He introduced himself as the son of her husband, which was a huge shock since she didn’t know about his previous marriage or children. He told her that she didn’t have to let him in the house. He just wanted five minutes of her time.”

“What happened?”

“Ten minutes later, Mother was packing our stuff, calling her parents and getting out of this very house. My ‘ivory angel’ brother told Mother she’d married a child-raping monster! And if she loved her children, she’d never let her spend a single second in Father’s company ever again. He had a friend with him too, I think.”


“Some Fire Elemental. They both helped carry our stuff to Mother’s car. Back then when I tried to hug him, he was very hesitant and said he didn’t know how to deal with kids. So I held his friend’s hand instead. He said he was good with kids. Now I make Brother hug me all the time to make up for that day he wouldn’t do it.”

“That’s crazy,” you breathed. So a teenage Grillby and a teenaged G went to this very house just to save Paps and his Mother. You couldn’t even imagine Grillby being good with kids. “Your brother did all that?”

“He did! And guess what?”

“What?”

“Because of him coming to Mother that day, I gave my virginity as a sane adult with my boyfriend. Not as young as Frisk did. And that’s why I love my Brother!” Paps grinned.

You stared across the room towards the window. You can see a forest outside. “It doesn’t surprise me, y’know? I mean, it’s horrible and it makes me sick just thinking about what your dad did to your sister. I have this friend at school, Hettie. Her mum won’t let us hang out as much anymore because of some trouble I got into once. But last year, I could tell something was really wrong with her. I made her tell me. A teacher felt her up.”
“How repulsive!” Paps sneered.

“I know,” You said. “I told your Brother about it too.” You realize it would be a bad idea to tell how G went about dealing with the teacher. “He put the fear of God into that asshole. Nobody knows where he is now, but I bet he packed his shit and left town.” Not quite true. You did mess up his car. “Your brother has a very strong protective streak.”

“Frisk is the reason,” Paps replied. “He’s so protective, which is why I don’t want to tell him about Hapstabot.”

“He’s protective of me, too,” You chimed. “Except with me, he’s protecting me from himself. I wish he’d stop.”

“Wowie, you are in love with him!” Paps studied you with glee. He gives you the most adorable toothy grin.

“Yeah,” you admitted, but you couldn’t meet his eye sockets.

“Does he know?” He asked.

“He does. Does that freak you out?”

“Well, I don’t want him getting into trouble,” Paps replied. “But I don’t want him to be a priest, either. When he was in seminary, I’d cut out pictures of saucy monsters and human women and send them in my letters. Nyehhehe, then I wrote ‘see what you’re missing, brother?’.”

You laughed out loud because you honestly didn’t expect someone like Paps to pull something like that. “For real?”

“Yes! He thought it was hilarious! He said my letters were the most popular at his seminary!”

The both of you laughed some more together and talked the night away. By eight o’clock, the
guests had left and most of the skeleton family had gone to their bedrooms. You finally felt comfortable leaving your room with Paps. He lead you to the music room where you both found G. You sat on the sofa and ate ice cream while the two brothers worked on a sonata on the grand piano.

“It’s in C.” G instructed Paps as he played a few notes for him.

Paps groaned. “I don’t like C!! Everything’s always in C!”

“Doesn’t matter if you like C or not, bro.”

“Can’t we do it in A, brother?”

“Oh yeah? Is your first name Ludwig?” G chuckled. “Is your last name Beethoven?”

“My first name is Papyrus!” Paps declared with pride. “And my last name is The-Greatest-at-Piano.”

G shrugged. “And now you C why we’ll play it in C.”

“Brother!”

You watched G and Paps playfully bickered on the piano bench. You took comfort in how normal this all felt. You quietly wished you had a brother too. Someone to joke around with, to hang out with, to annoy and tease. It would’ve been nice not to have been alone growing up. At least you had books to keep you company.

Seeing all of this, you started to understand Paps’s brotherly love and unerring trust for G. You also trusted G. You owed him so much for everything he’d done for you. In return, the idea of eternal obedience might be off-putting for some, but if it’s for G, it felt more like a reward than a debt. After all he’d done for you, paying him back with just that seemed like a steal.

The three of you stayed up until around eleven when G ordered the two of you back to bed. Back in the bedroom, Paps happily called his boyfriend on his cell phone while you changed back into your
PJ's. He fell asleep while talking about how much Hapstabot missed him.

You curled up on your side and thought about what Paps told you today. G’s father had been a child molester and raped his own daughter. You knew G and Frisk were about a year apart. Did he know what was happening back then when he was a kid? Did his father hurt him too? Just the idea of anyone hurting G sparked thoughts of wrath within you. It was a good thing that the father was already dead.

Minutes passed and you couldn’t sleep. You slipped out of bed and snuck into the hallway. You didn’t know what to do or where to go. You stood there and wondered if you could find G. You just wanted to make sure that he was okay. Maybe you could talk with him, even for a few minutes. You walked and heard voices behind a few doors. None of them were G’s. You recognized his voice anywhere, even if you were blindfolded and if a thousand other voices around you called your name. You remember Paps said that most of the relatives stayed in the west wing. You know G valued his privacy, so you made your way to the east wing.

Following only your instincts, you found yourself in an older section of the house. You pushed against a set of double doors as you made your way down the hall. When you entered that hallway, you felt a draft at your bare feet. The scent of old wood tickled your nose. You passed by a few rooms and found that the furniture in them were covered with white sheets. At the end of the hallway, you found a room with the door ajar. You peeked in and saw G sitting in an armchair with his eyes closed. The chair was placed right next to a window, allowing moonlight to pool into the room and surround him like a halo.

For a long time, you did nothing but stare at him. He was still in his suit, but his shirt was unbuttoned at the neck. His hands rested on the arms of the chair and you could see his peaceful face. His eyes were closed and his chest rose and fell gently as he breathed. You’ve never seen him this serene.

He suddenly said your name. “I told you not to leave your room alone.”

You winced. “I’m sorry. I’ll go back.”

He opened his eyes. “No, you can come in,” he said quietly. “Shut the door behind you.”

You stepped into the room and did as he said. You also locked it.
You nervously stepped forward to meet him. There were no other chairs to sit on but the floor. So you sat at his feet and you found yourself quite comfy there. G laid one of his hands on your head and played with your hair between his fingers. You let out a sigh of contentment when he began to trace slow circles on the nape of your neck. You could live at his feet. You could die at his feet. If only you had the courage to tell him that.

You looked up at him. He raised his hand away and beckoned you upwards. At his silent command, you rose off the floor and he pulled you into his lap. You sank into his arms and laid your head on his shoulder. Just when you thought things couldn’t get any better, his mouth found yours in the dark. Under the moonlight, you shared your first kiss.

You’ve read about passion. About hunger. About desire. Yet you’ve never felt them yourself. You never thought you’d taste them all in your own mouth. His kiss surrounded you like air and burned your entire being like fire. G slid a hand under the back of your shirt and caressed your lower back as he pressed against your lips hungrily. You relaxed into his embrace and you surrendered yourself to him. You remembered his shirt was slightly unbuttoned, which exposed his neck. You reached up and touched it, your fingers grazed at his throat. G growled at your touch but did not push you away.

Finally, the both of you pulled away for air and gazed into each other's eyes.

“You,” you started. “You can say it now.”

G gave a small ‘heh’ before he kissed your forehead. “I love you, Little One.”

You closed your eyes as you submitted in his arms. He held you so closely, so tightly. You could die at that moment and regret nothing.

“What now?” You asked.

“There are things you need to know.”

“Will you tell me?”

G placed a hand on your knee and slid it up your leg. He paused at your hip.
“Little One, you have to understand that what I’ll tell you will change everything,” he said. “This is not some sort of melodramatic exaggeration. It might change how you see me. Perhaps even how you see the world. Once you learn the truth, it can’t be unlearned or unheard. Please don’t make this decision lightly.”

You raised your hand and traced your fingers from his neck up to his face. Your fingertips touched his lips. The kiss he gave had torn down whatever wall he built between the two of you. From his lips, your hand moved up to his cheek, passed his eyes and onto the scar that ran up his right eye. With your thumb, you could feel the thin crack on his skull. It doesn’t seem to hurt him. You lowered your hand and spoke.

“Tell me.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for taking so long! Mr Editor and I got sick with the flu. We're still coughing up a storm, but at least our fevers have gone down.
Valley of Tears

Chapter Summary

In the darkness of his room, G answers your questions.

Chapter Notes

The following contains a lot of talk about **domestic abuse** and **underaged sexual abuse**. You can skip such scenes if they make you feel uncomfortable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

At first, G did not speak. He stared out the window as if trying to find some comfort in the warmth of the moonlight

“Remember the list?” he finally said. “I’ll answer them now.”

You smirked. “About goddamn time.”

You looked down at you with a raised brow and muttered your name in a scolding way. He was being serious now.

“Sorry.” You apologized sheepishly. “Do you have it with you?”

“No need for it. I remember all of your questions.”

You couldn’t believe that he’d memorize all your questions. You couldn’t even remember them all. You watched as a softly glowing purple hand appeared out of thin air. It traced the number twelve in the air.

“Number twelve. Am I in love you with you?” He recalled. “I already answered that question tonight.”
“I want to hear it again.” You murmured as you nuzzled his shoulder. He grinned down at you.

“Then yes, I am in love with you, Little One. Since the day we met.”

“Since we met?”

“Indeed.” The glowing hand traced the next number. “Number eleven. Who am I? By the time I’m finished answering these questions, you’ll know.”

“That’s cheating.” You smiled.

“Patience, kid,” G smiled back. He drew a ten in the air. “When will I keep my end of the deal? The deal that I’ll give you everything, including but not limited to sex, I assume.”

“Sex specifically,” you corrected him. “But I’ll take what you’ve got.”

“Not tonight,” he replied. “I know it seems narrow-minded to you, but I would like it more if we wait as long as possible. There’s so much you still need to experience, so many decisions you need to make. I’ll try to make the waiting as easy as possible. You should focus on graduating, getting into the college you like best. Once you’re on that path, we’ll talk about this again.”

You sighed. You felt some disappointment from that, but also joy from the fact you’re finally getting the answers you deserve. “I did say I can wait,” you said. “I knew it wasn’t going to be easy anyway. You’re a priest and I’m–”

“A constant temptation.”

You giggled. “I’ll take that as a compliment.”

“It is. Question nine, you said you were a virgin. Your question was if I was ‘okay with that’?”
“Well, are you?”

“Yes, Little One. Whether you’re a virgin or not, it won’t be an obstacle for us. Although I do feel possessive of you now.”

“I don’t want to be with anyone but you.” You said quickly.

He tilted his head. “Are you certain of that?”

“Yes.”

“We’ll see about that,” G snickered. “Question eight is about my name. Everyone thinks my name is W.D Gaster, but my bible says Sans Calligraphy. It’s a complex question so I’ll need to give a complex answer. Get comfy, kid.” he said with a smile. It looked a little strained.

“I’m in your bedroom in your arms.” You pointed out. “This is the most comfortable I’ve ever been in my life. I never want to leave.”

“I never want you to. But you might change your mind after I answer the rest of your questions.”


Alright. The answer to this question begins before I was born. My father was Doctor Wing Ding Gaster, Sixth of the Gasters.”

“Sixth?”

“Back in the day, it was quite popular to pass down the names of our ancestors,” He explained. “The very ones who were freed from Mount Ebott long ago. It is believed that the spirits of the ones who carried those names first will be passed down from generation to generation. My father and my grandfather before him passed down the name ‘W.D Gaster’ to the eldest sons. My father’s lineage consisted of proud scientists who studied the biology of monsters and human anatomy.”
A whole lineage of scientists? “Did he expect you to be a scientist too, then?”

“He did,” G nodded. “We’ll get to that part later. My father you see, soon rose in the ranks within the science community. He was intelligent, cunning and very ambitious. He conducted a fair amount of controversial experiments that made him the target of many of his own colleagues and various movements. He left his work and fled to England. He made so many enemies that he feared it might further tarnish his name. He found a wealthy human woman and got married to her. She was an heir to a great fortune.”

“I thought your mother is a skeleton, just like you?”

“She is. My father’s wife was not my mother. My mother, Lucida, was eighteen years old and came to New Hometown to attend a music conservatory on a scholarship. She needed a place to stay, so she was hired as a nanny. My father’s wife nearly died giving birth to Frisk. An emergency surgery saved her life but left her barren. My father wanted a son, but he was given a daughter with no chance for more offspring. He was already a ruthless man before that incident. After that..”

G suddenly stopped talking, as if his mouth went dry.

“What did he do?” You asked.

“He raped my mother.”

You felt chills crawl up your spine. Looking up at him, you could see that the light in his eyes had disappeared. “Lucida had you.”

“Correct. My father passed down his name to me so I could carry the lineage. My mother secretly named me Sans, after her grandfather.”

“So that’s why you hate the name Wing Ding?”

“For many reasons. My mother wanted to flee, except she loved Frisk like her own child. She couldn’t leave her unprotected, so we stayed. For a while, my father pretended I didn’t exist. It was the only way to keep peace between him and his wife. His wife was jealous of my mother who cared for her child. I think my father was waiting to see something in me. And he did.”
“See what?” You whispered.

“I spoke my first words six months earlier than my sister. I started playing piano at the age of two. I mastered skill after skill at lightning speed. My father saw that I showed enough signs of intelligence that a true Gaster had and thought I deserved to be acknowledged as his son. I pleased him enough that he paid the necessary bribes and had paperwork altered. His wife became my ‘mother’.”

“What happened to your real mom?”

“I was booted off to boarding school when I was five. While I was there, my mother was dismissed and returned to her homeland. We didn’t see each other again for a long time.”

“How long?”

“Thirteen years.”

Your heart sank when you heard the sorrow in G’s voice. “Thirteen years..” You echoed.

“School was difficult. Not because of studies, but because I found it hard to socialize with others. I knew there was something different about me. My father saw it. I saw it.”

“What was it?”

G looked at the window again. “Like father like son, kid.” His voice wavered for a moment. “I was.. No, I am a sadist. I take the greatest pleasure in inflicting the gravest of pain.”

He stopped speaking long enough to let the words sink in you. You felt your body go numb at the thought, but you wanted to hear more.

“Go on.” You told him.

“I was aware that I scared the boys in that school. Even a simple football game could turn violent if
I lost control. I pulled away and kept my distance. I wanted to hurt them and I didn’t want to hurt them. Remember when Grillby called me a wolf?”

You nodded.

“I was a wolf on a leash, and I held my own leash. One night, when I was ten, the wolf broke the leash.”

You shivered in his arms. “What happened?”

G looked back down at you and smiled slightly. “I started in a new school at that age. Most of the prefects in that school were predators. When the boys were first-year students, they were used by the older boys. When it was their turn at the top of the food chain, they did the same with the new freshmen. It was prey or be preyed on at that school. The most notorious prefects came after me.” G paused for a moment. “He didn’t live to regret that decision.”

You blinked. “Didn’t live? Did you--”

“In the middle of the night, he came to my bed in a dorm room I shared with three other boys my year. He pulled the sheets and covered my mouth. Ten minutes later, I had his blood on my hands and on the floor.”

You froze. At the tender age of ten? You couldn’t even speak.

“He bursted into dust weeks later. The wounds I made caused a terrible infection that even magic couldn't heal. His body couldn’t handle it.”

“You killed him.”

“I did.”

“Did you get in trouble?”
“It was considered self-defense by the law and the school. Everyone knew he was one of the worst offenders. He was fifteen and I was ten.”

“You beat a kid to death five years your senior.”

“I did not regret it,” G said. “But I felt shame.”

“Shame?”

“Because I had my first orgasm while I pummeled him to death.”

You stopped breathing. G looked away from you when he saw your reaction. He couldn’t meet your eyes. You tugged at his shirt, pleading silently for him to look back at you. “What happened next?” you forced yourself to say.

He still wouldn’t look at you. “Some students were terrified of me. Some wanted to make me an official saint. Instead, I was sent back home. What I did to that boy was so animalistic and I appeared so remorseless, that no other school would have me.”

“Were you homeschooled?”

“Yup. My father taught me lessons instead. Doctors told him it was best if I was kept away from other children.”

“What was it like? Coming home and all?”

“As difficult as school. I didn’t come home when I was studying. I only saw my father a couple of times. I didn’t see Frisk at all.”

“Paps said your dad abused Frisk.”

G shuddered. “Abuse is an understatement. Not a week passed without him sneaking in Frisk’s bedroom at night. My father threatened to kill her mother if she told anymore. So she stopped
speaking altogether.”

“Speaking of her mom, did she tried to do anything?”

For a moment, G stared down at you. Even if he did, he seemed so far away, as if he was remembering something. Something horrific.

“She was blinded by self-delusion,” he replied. “Frisk’s mother worshipped respectability and status. My father was a respected and feared scientist with an impressive monster pedigree. Divorce was not an option. Instead, she convinced herself that the marriage was perfect. However, she eventually couldn’t convince herself of that any longer.”

“Do I want to know what happened?” you asked. With your question, you realized how right G had been. How the moment you first met him, when you begged to know the truth about him and why he avoided answering you. Now you understood why he kept his secrets.

“You don’t want to know, but you need to.” G sighed. “So Frisk and I hadn’t seen each other for five years. At that point, we were like strangers to each other. I tried to befriend her but she would avoid me. A few months later though, she started to speak to me a little.”

He paused and closed his eyes. You suddenly greatly feared what he might say next.

“At that time, father had to leave the country to go on an extended business trip. Frisk’s mother decided to go with him. She demanded to have us left behind.”

He paused again and you had to tug at his shirt once more to continue.

“I’m not sure when, but at some point, Frisk overheard my father telling her mother what happened when I was at school. How I killed a boy when he touched me in my sleep. Frisk.. She wanted to die. You couldn’t blame her and I never blamed her for what she tried to do. Our parents left us alone in the house with only a few servants. On the first night they were gone, she crept into my room.”

You held your breath.
“I didn’t hear her open the door. I didn’t hear her close it. I didn’t feel her pulling the sheets down. I didn’t even wake up until it was too late. And when I woke up, it was too late.”

You clapped a hand over your mouth.

“It happens, you see. Boys get erections in their sleep. Even as a skeleton, mine manifests when I don’t expect it to. I couldn’t blame her.” He repeated again. “She wanted me to kill her, just like how I killed in school. But Frisk wasn’t some older boy I hated. Frisk was my sister and my only sister at the time and I loved her as one.”

G breathed in slowly.

“So I didn’t kill her. Sometimes I wonder to this day if she still wished that I had. I can’t remember much what happened but I know I left bruises on her. I know she ended up on her back. And I know--”


“I know we liked it. Because the next night and every night after that for two months, we did it again.”

You had no idea what to do, what to say or how to react. Instead, you took his hand in yours and squeezed it. His past reared up at you like a beast. You couldn’t turn away from it and you wouldn’t run. You were going to face it with him.

“You cannot imagine what I did to my sister, or what she did to me. I never want you to imagine. It was a miracle that we survived each other. Please never imagine it.”

“I won’t.” You whispered. “I promise.” You made that promise easily. You shoved away any images that tried to enter your mind. Shoved them, pushed them down, burned them to cinders and stomped them to the ground.

“At the end of the summer, we knew our father would return. Frisk sometimes trembled in my arms in terror, knowing what would continue once he was back. I told her we had to leave the house, that we could run away. I ordered her to pack and to call her grandparents, to find as much money as she could find so we could get as far away from here as possible. She didn’t listen. She
thought he would find us no matter where we were. She should have..” G’s voice trailed off for a bit. He swallowed. “She should have listened to me.”

“Why?”

“Because our father came home earlier than expected. And he found us together.”

“Holy shit.” You gasped.

“We were lost children by then.” G said. “We already knew what we were doing was wrong. Yet we despaired together and we couldn’t find a way out again. We had to stop somehow.”

“How did it stop?”

“Father stopped it for us.”

You took a deep breath. “I need a minute.”

“I did warn you.”

“I know you did.”

You took several more deep breaths on his lap. He ran his hand over your hair as if to comfort you, but all you wanted to do was to comfort him.

“If God was in the world that day, He wasn’t in the room when my father came home. He saw us together and he threw me against the wall.”

He raised one hand to tap at the skull that ran to the back of his head. Your heart sank.

“I remember the blood on the wallpaper - red on yellow. Then he started to take Frisk, as if to
remark his territory. I found fire iron and I struck him with it. He moved, so I missed his head. It got him off of Frisk, but he came after me instead. He hit me and broke my arm. I remember him tying me to a chair and telling me he would fuck me like an animal. I knew he meant it. Suddenly, he was down and unconscious. Frisk stood there with the fire iron to save my life. I passed out to the sound of her laughing. Finally, I woke up in a hospital.”

You gulped. If you weren’t careful enough, you could have vomited from the horror of what G had to go through when he was still young.

“And Frisk..?”

“Her mother heard her laughter and came to investigate. What she saw before her finally convinced her to face the truth of her family, of her husband. She was the one who took me to the hospital and then she took Frisk away. She and my father divorced quietly and split all assets equally. She thought it was better to pay him off than to go through a messy public court battle.”

The two of you shared a short moment of silence before G continued again.

“Question eight, why does everyone think my name is W.D Gaster but my bible says I’m Sans Calligraphy? Sans is the name my mother named me. Calligraphy is her last name. I’ve tried to reject my father for years; his money and his world as much as I could. I reject his name, even in private. I wanted you to know the real me. To know the story of my name is to know me, and there are only a few people who I want to know me.”

“I want to know you.”

“And now you do.”

You thought for a bit. “Should I call you Sans, then?”

“Only if you want to. I still find the nickname you gave me endearing.”

You decided to think about this for another time. “What happened next?”
“Well, father came to his senses a few days later. He remembered I was his only son, but he didn’t want me around the house. I think he feared I might take vengeance. I wanted to kill him, so he sent me to a Jesuit boarding school in the countryside. I felt polluted by what had happened between me and Frisk. When Father Henry taught us about confession and reconciliation, about forgiveness.. I knew I needed that. I converted to Catholicism and resolved to join the rankings of a Jesuit.”

“And that’s where you met Grillby?”

“Grillby...was like a gift from God. Just like before, I kept my distance from everyone but the priests. I didn’t want to hurt anyone. I wanted to, but I didn’t want to. When I lose control, it’s not pleasant, Little One.”

“I trust you.”

“You’re in love with me, so of course you do. I hope I never betray that.”

The purple hand in mid-air traced the number seven.

“Question seven - you asked whose feet you should sit at. I told you a long time ago that this was a question only you could answer. And I hope it’s mine.”

On queue, you wiggled out of his lap and sat at his feet once more. You placed your hands on his lap and leaned your head on his knees. He traced circles on the nape of your neck.

“Question six. Why do I want you to obey me forever?” He continued. “Remember your Esther story? The king tied her to the bed. Is that something you think you’ll enjoy?”

You blushed but made no attempt to hide it. You won’t be embarrassed anymore.

“I think so. It just seemed really sexy, being tied up during sex. Is that weird?”

“Not at all.” G replied softly. “Many people enjoy giving up control during sex. They put their bodies and even their Souls in the hands of their partners. It’s called sexual submission. Others, like me, enjoy the opposite; Taking total control.”
You shivered at his feet.

“I enjoy your obedience to me the same way you feel certain you’d enjoy being tied up during sex.”

“My obedience turns you on?”

You met his gaze and you saw fire in his eyes.

“More than you could possibly imagine.” He answered.

You nestled your head against his knees.

“Question five. Why does a priest have his own handcuff key? Like I said earlier, I am a sadist. For the sake of my own sanity, I must inflict pain on someone every now and then. It’s a powerful need and it becomes infuriating if I deny myself too long. You saw at Grillby’s house the sort of parties he has and the company he keeps. I told you I haven’t had sex since I was eighteen, but I do need to beat someone at least once a month. Sometimes once a week.”

Your eyes widened. “That night at Grillby’s..?”

He nodded to you. “The woman you saw with is a friend of Grillby’s. She’s a trained masochist who enjoys receiving pain as much as I enjoy inflicting it. Bondage is part of the sessions. A person tied up is defenseless, and I am less likely to overstep my boundaries with a defenseless person.”

You nodded understandingly.

“Question four and three. I decided to merge these two questions together. Why did my friend help you and is he a hitman? Only Grillby can answer this question, I’m afraid. I’m sure he’ll answer them if you asked. Moving on to your second question, what’s the third reason being with you would be difficult. Like I told you, I can’t get aroused unless I hurt you in some way first. I wish I didn’t have to.”
“Yeah, so,” You couldn’t hear yourself. “So. You can’t--”

“Remember when you joked about us breaking the gift table? I don’t break furniture, Little One. I break people.”

You hugged one his legs close to you. “I.. I see.”

“And last, but not least, question one. What was the other reason for helping you on the night you were arrested? The answer is the same answer as question twelve,” You felt him play with your hair again. “It’s because I love you and always will.”

You blushed at his feet and hugged his leg tighter.

“And there you have it. You now know almost everything about me.”

G fell silent and you let his words settle down into you. You knew he was waiting for you to speak or to make some judgement. He bared himself to you, laid out all the humiliations and horrors of his past. You had no idea what to say. Instead, you asked another question.

“Is that all?”

G blinked down at you. “Is what I told you not enough?”

“No, no,” you replied. “The sadism thing is plenty. I was worried it was something earth-shatteringly serious.”

“You have a very different definition of ‘serious’ than the rest of the world.”

You looked up at him. “I meant like, I thought you were a criminal on the run or you had cancer or something. Or worse, you were impotent. Turns out you just have a different definition of foreplay.”
G raised a brow at you. “My definition of foreplay can be classified as assault.”

“Oh, obviously you and I are reading different dictionaries.”

G sighed your name. “You don’t seem to understand the gravity of this. I am a sadist. I can’t escape that. I tried. I am like my father.”

“Well, how badly do you hurt people you play with? Do they have to go to the hospital?”

“No, not since the time I was eighteen. Even if it was consensual, I did cross a line. Since then, no. I had a teacher in Rome who taught me ways of how to inflict enormous amounts of pain without causing any harm. At worst, the person will have bruises and welts for weeks. The masochists Grillby hires are as well trained as I am.”

“And you would never hurt and take people against their will right?” You asked.

“Never.”

“So you’re nothing like your father. If anything, you’re the opposite.”

G sighed. “It’s not that simple.”

You returned the sigh with your own. “G, please believe me when I say that I really want this. If that’s why you’re holding back from me, you can’t stop right now.”

“And when the time comes for us to make love, I’m going to have to hurt you.”

*Make love*. Those words shook you to your core when he said them. You pushed yourself up from the floor and rose in front of him. You repeated the words Paps told you in your head.

*Jump him.*
G called your name in confusion.

You respond by pulling down your pyjamas trousers.

He straightened up from his chair and said your name again. He sounded alarmed and his eye sockets widened in shock. You could see his left eye glow a bright purple.

You said nothing and pulled off your shirt. You dropped your clothes on the floor. Naked and unashamed, you stood before him in the dark room.

“Then hurt me.”

Chapter End Notes

You can thank Papyrus for giving Reader advice last chapter. There's also a lack of puns this chapter because Mr Editor and I wanted this to feel as serious as possible.

Oh boy, I hope you all are ready for the next one!
Most Gracious Advocate

Chapter Summary

You told G to hurt you.

Chapter Notes

This is an explicit chapter. Read at your own discretion.

G stared at your naked body with a solemn expression when those words left your lips, and yet he made no move to touch you. So you took his right wrist and pressed his palm flat against your bare stomach. He felt warm against you. The hand slid to your back and he pulled you once more to his lap.

You straddled his thighs in the chair and you felt his nails rake against your back while he gazed into your eyes. He was testing you, and you encouraged him with soft whimpers. You tilted your head when he leaned forward to kiss your neck, giving him more access. His teeth found the tendon where your shoulder met your neck and he bit down. He bit hard, hard enough that you gasped. He paused for a moment when you shuddered in his arms.

“More,” you whispered to him as you gripped his shoulders. When you pleaded with him, you felt the world around you drain of all sound. Angelic hymns thrummed in the back of your mind. For no reason and for every reason, you were brimming with joy and you felt like laughing.

G lifted you up easily and carried you to his bed. He laid you unto the sheets and you stayed still as he unbuttoned his shirt. With his knees, he pushed your thighs apart. You saw his bare chest for the first time. His ribcage was lined neatly and symmetrically, like finely crafted art. You wanted to touch it. You raised your hands to reach him, but he clutched them and pinned them above your head. The muscles in your forearms contracted in agony, and you cried out. Pain. This was real pain. In response to your reaction, his right eye glowed a stronger purple.

“This is how it is,” G rasped into your ear. “Do you still want this?”

You willed yourself to breathe. “I want more.” You’ve never felt so sure in your entire life. You turned your head and kissed his collarbone. “Please, hurt me.”
His hands dragged down and scoured the soft skin at your sides. When they reached your hips, he pushed his thumbs into the hollow of your hip bones and he pressed down hard. You cried out once more from the back of your throat as you felt a deep, wrenching pain in your legs. You panted through the pain and gazed up at G. He was yours. He was the one inflicting this pain on you and no one else. What did you have to fear?

Nothing.

He released your hips and brought his mouth down to your lips. It was like a reward, like a cup of water after hours in a desert. And his kisses were the only thing that could quench you. G cupped the back of your neck with one hand and held your head. The touch was so gentle and contrasted greatly with the sensations he gave you seconds ago.

“I love you.” You whispered. He took your hand in his.

“Have you ever had a dream feel so real that when you wake up, you thought you were still asleep?” He asked.

You thought about it as you stared into his eyes. “Maybe once.”

“I felt like that the moment I saw you, Little One;” He whispered. “I dreamed you once. I think I’m still dreaming.”

He let go of your hand and cupped the side of your face.

“Call me sir.” He ordered.

“Yes, sir.” You obeyed.

“Tell me I own you.”

“You own me, sir.” You replied with confidence.
“Say I am the only Father you will ever obey.”

“I will obey only you, sir.”

The two of you exchanged those words, like the most sacred of vows.

“I’ll ask you again. Do you like this pain?” G grasped at your thighs.

You fought the urge to wince. You gave into his iron grip. “Yes, sir.”

“Even now?”

His impossibly strong hands pressed deep into your inner thighs. You arched up against the sheets and grit your teeth. Your body was awash with pain as your knuckles went white from how hard you gripped the sheets. His fingers covered your mouth and you screamed against it. How could bare hands hurt so much? How could you want more of it? Because it was him. It was his pain. G and the pain became one in your mind and your body. You could never get enough of either.

“Yes, sir.” You strained to speak.

At last, he released you and you sank into the bed. You felt his digits trace a path down your neck with his hand, his palm sliding over your breasts. Your nipples hardened in response to his touch.

“Tell me to stop.”

You looked at him. “Is that an order?”

“No, but--”

“Then don’t stop, sir.” You pleaded.
The purple light in his right eye flared up from your begging. All of a sudden, G turned you over and slammed you flat on your stomach. He grabbed your arm and pinned it behind your back. Your heart raced against your chest and you moaned eagerly against the sheets. You hear him growl in response before his teeth sank into the nape of your neck. You felt his bite again in the small of your back. As he marked you, your shoulders burned like fire and your muscles strained under his grip. The pain threatened to overwhelm you.

You relaxed when he finally released your arm. At that moment, the pain stopped and a relief far greater than pleasure spread throughout your body. You felt G stretch out on top of you. He covered your hands with his and twined your fingers together. He buried his face in your hair and inhaled deeply, breathing in your scent. The full weight of his body on yours, his bare chest against your naked back, it all made your stomach knot up and blood rush between your thighs.

His hand travelled downwards. You heard a zipper open and felt his erection pressing against the back of your thigh. You shivered underneath him. You loved him. You knew he would never take you anywhere you weren’t ready to go. You trusted him.

He pushed up away from you and pressed you into the bed, his hand on the back of your neck. You felt his hips ride against you and the sound of him stroking himself. His breath hitched and suddenly a warm liquid rained on your back.

Someone between the two of you sighed. Was it yours? Was it his? You weren’t sure. You laid there beneath him, warm and naked. You welcomed the dripping semen on your back. You wanted to roll over to see him, but you waited. You sensed an order would come. How simple it was now. You loved the man and you obeyed him so naturally. You knew because he would never order you to do anything you didn’t want.

You waited in silence and listened as he cleaned himself off and slipped back into his clothes. G slid a hand under your hip and finally turned you over your back. He kissed you once more. You breathed in the scent of winter on his bones.

“Is that what it will always be like?” You asked as you felt his right hand cup your breast.

“No.” G answered. “Some nights, it will be much worse.”

“Worse?”
“More pain.”

“I can take it.” You smiled in the dark.

He raised his eyebrows at you. “You can, but do you want to? Will you always?”

“From you, yes. Always.”

You knew he smiled back. G brought his mouth down onto your breast. You arched your back against his mouth when you felt him conjure his tongue against your flesh. Pleasure spiked deep into your belly. More, you wanted to beg. More, more, more. His tongue teased your nipple while his fingers toyed with your other breast. He kissed his way back to your mouth.

“For you, pain is the prelude,” he said into your lips.

“Prelude to what?”

“The reward.”

“Then what is pain to you?”

“Its own reward,” he replied and you saw his expression darken. G slipped a hand between your legs and found your clitoris. Your body twitched from the shock of a touch so intimate and unexpected. You spread your legs for him and you met his eyes in the dark as you offered yourself to him. You threw your head back and groaned in ecstasy when he pushed one finger inside you.

You nearly came right there simply from him pushing his digit into you so suddenly. You gripped at the sheets as he explored inside you, his purple gaze studying your expression. He pushed in deep and slid out slowly before pushing in again.

“It’s been so long..” He breathed out the words, his eyes closed for a moment.
“Since you’ve been inside someone?”

He nodded. You raised your hips into his hand. This caused him to inhale sharply.

“This..” You began to ask as you slowly bucked your hips against his hand. “How do I feel?”

“There’s not a word that’s been invented to describe how you feel inside, Little One.” He sat up and wrapped your leg around his back, so he sat between your open thighs. He pressed his finger into a spot deep within you and sank into your softness. He felt so deep inside you, you could feel him in the pit of your stomach. “Has anyone else been inside you?”

“No one but me.” You flinched with pleasure as he massaged the walls of your most intimate muscles. G hit a spot inside you that made your shoulders come right off the bed.

“I can feel your hymen.” He said slowly as he pressed down against your flesh. You winced at the sudden burning pain and he breathed in as if aroused.

“You can get rid of it right now.”

“That would be a terrible idea.”

“You don’t want to take it?”

“No, I want it too much. I’m just not entirely sure I could control myself to keep from truly hurting you.”

“Is your.. I mean, are you--”

You suddenly heard him open his pants again. He took your hand gently and wrapped it around him. You noticed there was a very faint glow from where he guided you to. When you looked down..

“Oh, fuck” you gasped as you felt him in your hands. It glowed a dim violet and you could feel a
slight hum of magic from it.

“Does that answer your question?” He smirked down at you. Even after coming minutes earlier, he was hard again. Your hand travelled against his length, from the base to the tip of his erection. He was big. Big enough that it made you nervous. When the day comes that you’ll have sex for the first time with him, you knew it would really hurt. That didn’t stop you from wanting it.

“You’re gonna kill me with this, aren’t you?”

“Very likely.”

“What a way to go.”

He removed your hand and you growled in protest. He laughed and settled next to you on the bed again. Once more, he slipped his hand between your legs.

“I want you to come for me,” he told you. “Will you do that?”

“Hell, yeah.” You grinned.

Even in the dark, you could see him arch his eyebrow at you.

“I mean, yes, sir.” You corrected yourself.

“Good girl. Now show me how you want to be touched.”

You covered his hand with yours and guided his fingers to your clitoris. You showed him how to rub you in the way you knew would bring yourself to orgasm. You hand fell away from his as he followed your guidance. Pleasure built high in your thighs. You were teetering on the brink of your climax simply from lying naked in bed with G for the first time. All your senses were at their peak stimulation. Your entire being buzzed with desire. Wetness stained your thighs and the sheets beneath you. Looking down, you watched his fingers on the most private and delicate part of your body. Blood pounded in your ears and your heart slammed against your ribcage from such an erotic sight. You closed your eyes shut and felt your body rising off the bed.
“Come for me, Little One,” G whispered his order into your ear, and your body obeyed the command before your mind could even register his words. Your climax slammed hard against you and you gasped aloud as G buried his finger into your contracting muscles. This tripled your pleasure as you felt yourself spasm around him over and over again.

G stayed inside you until you came down from your high. He kissed you again while he kneaded your clitoris with his thumb and you came once more, nearly as hard as your first time. You collapsed on the sheets, limp and spent.

“Stay here.” G climbed off the bed and left the room for a minute. You took your time to catch your breath and regain your bearings. When he came back in, he locked the door behind him and sat on the edge of the bed. He ordered you to sit up and face away from him.

“How are you feeling?” He asked. You felt the surface of a warm, wet cloth wash away the residue of the semen off your back.


G planted a kiss on your naked shoulder. You shivered in delight. “You’ll have bruises tomorrow,” He said. “On your thighs and on your back too.” With the warm cloth, he retraced the path of the pain he gave you. “They’ll start out pale, then turn black soon after.”

“I can handle bruises,” You said. “I won’t wear short skirts or dresses.”

“Grillby recommends his masochists to take zinc. It will help the bruises heal faster.”

“Is Grillby like you?” You asked and turned around to face him when he was done cleaning you.

“A sadist, you mean?”

“Yeah.”
“He enjoys pain play as much as I do, but he can and does have sex without it often. It’s safe to say that Grillby enjoys.. Everything.”

“Nice.” You grinned.

“There is something else you need to learn about Grillby.”

“What is it?” You asked as you wrapped your arms around your legs. Being naked suddenly felt very chilly.

“There is God, there is you and there is Grillby. Those are my three non-negotiables. Do you understand?”

You nodded solemnly. You wondered why Grillby meant that much to G, but you decided not to ask for now. Grillby was his best friend since school and their friendship seemed to survive the death of Grillby’s sister. G called him a non-negotiable. You needed to know nothing more.

“I’ve instructed Grillby to introduce you more to our world and its rules.”

“Is it that complicated?”

“It is,” G nodded. “This world of ours is structured, hierarchical and ritualistic.”

You hummed. “Sounds like church.”

G smiled broadly.

“Perhaps that’s part of the appeal for me. It takes eroticism seriously and treats it as the sacred thing it is, that it should be.”

“This feels sacred to me,” you told him softly. “It didn’t feel like a sin. Was it?”
G looked at you in such a way that you suddenly felt embarrassed being naked with him like this. Most especially since he still had his trousers on. He took your breasts in his hand and held them while he kissed you again.

“Did this feel like a sin?” he asked as he pulled back from the kiss and released you.

“No,” you answered. “It felt like love.”

“Saint Teresa of Avila once claimed to have an erotic encounter with an angel. She might’ve agreed with you.”

“Really?”

“She said, ‘It is here that love is to be found - not hidden away in corners but in the midst of occasions of sin.’ Perhaps she was right.”

“I think she was,” You replied. “I liked what we did. I loved it.”

“I won’t lie to you - It’s been several weeks since I’ve hurt anyone.”

“What does that mean?”

“When you’re starving, nearly any food will do. Once you’re sated, it takes much more to tempt you.”

“Is that a fancy way of saying I got off easy tonight?”

“I’m saying I got off easy tonight.”

You laughed. God, this was the best. Naked and talking and laughing. It was perfect. G leaned forward and kissed your sore shoulder once more.
“Tonight, I gave you bruises, Little One. Someday it will be welts. It could be cuts and burns. I would never do anything that you wouldn’t want to do. Unfortunately, you might not know you dislike something until you’ve tried it.”

You gave a tired sigh. “And eventually you’re going to have to realize I’m not scared of you.”

“Eventually you’ll have to realize that you need to be for both our sakes. Say ‘yes, sir’ if you understand.”

You nodded, “Yes, sir.”

“Now put your clothes back on before I change my mind.”

“Change your mind about what?” You asked when you slid off the bed and found your pyjamas. It amazed you how comfortable you felt around G. You don’t even like to take your shirt off at the doctor’s.

“About not taking your virginity in the bed where I lost mine without having any say in the matter.”

Even though you bet he said that with his dark humour of his, your heart still plummeted at his words. They were spoken so simply without a hint of sorrow or shame. After you were fully clothed, you walked back to him and wrapped your arms around him. He sat on the bed while you stood in front of him. Finally, the two of you were the same height.

“Our first time will be in your office?” You asked.

“Yes, but it won’t be anytime soon. You’ll probably feel ready for it, but I know I’m not.”

“We’ll wait, then.” You tell him. “As long as you think we should until you feel safe.”

“I’ll feel safer when you start feeling less safe.”
“I’ll work on that,” You promised and kissed his neck.

“This is why I want Grillby to be the one to show you a few things. You might understand the risk involved better.”

“He won’t try to lose his watch inside me, will he?”

“I sure hope not.” G chuckled as he raised a hand to your hair and brushed it off your face. “You are too young for what I’ll ask of you. The pain is one thing, but the time and the intense commitment to me are another. I love you too much to steal your youth from you, no matter how much I want it for myself. You need to focus on your life too. You need to go and experience college. You need a life outside church and away from me. You need to meet people..”


“The stronger, smarter and more independent the person is, the better they are at submitting without losing themselves.” G explained. “I was with someone once who would’ve died at my command. It actually terrified me to be loved that much. I’ll need you to help me stay in control.”

“I can do that,” you told him. “Order me to die for you.”

G stared at you and uttered your name in a serious tone. He clearly didn’t want you joking around about this.

“Try me.” You pressed on anyway. You had no idea when your next chance to be alone with him like this would be. You needed to drink in every second of him.

“Die for me.” He ordered. His expression hardened coldly.

You looked at him. “Go fuck yourself,” You replied and kissed his forehead.

He laughed and pulled you closer to him.
“Was that the right answer?” You asked him.

“It was.” He chuckled with pride.

You relaxed into his embrace. You suddenly felt the sorrow of his past. “I’m so sorry,” you started. “I mean, I’m sorry about what happened to you when you were a kid.”

“Don’t be.” G said as he combed your hair with his fingers. “I’m not. I’m sorry for what happened to Frisk, but I’m not sorry for me. It took years to come to terms with it. You are here now in my arms, so that means I can regret nothing in my past that brought me here to this very moment.”

“Thank you,” you replied. “I guess I should say the same. We might not be here if I hadn’t wrecked that car.”

“Don’t let that be an excuse to ever do it again.”

“I promise.” You declared. “I’m a saint from now on.”

“I don’t believe a word of that.”

You giggled and hugged him tighter. “I’m glad you finally told me what you are,” you said. “I like knowing I’m not the only one with a fucked-up family and an embarrassing past.”

There was a short pause before G spoke again.

“When I was eighteen,” He began. “I left the Jesuit school that had been my home for years. I was leaving for Rome. Before I left, I visited here one more time.”

“This house?”

“Yup. I knew I would be gone for a while again. I didn’t want my father to run off with another
woman after Papyrus so I..”

He hummed. You waited.

“I came here at night and knocked him unconscious. I knew where he kept his secret lab and I gave him a taste of his own medicine. My father was researching how to make Monsters take vast amounts of DT in hopes to make them stronger, more resilient.”

“DT?” You asked. “But the only way to extract that is from humans, isn’t it?”

“Yes.” G nodded. “And it’s donated voluntarily to various government hospitals only. Father needed DT for his own personal research, so he had to collect them his own way. By force or by black market, it didn’t matter to him.”

You winced, “Jesus.”

“And I knew that thus far, his projects have been nothing but failures. Every single monster who ‘volunteered’ to beta-test his DT-infused medicine became permanently incapacitated. Their flesh would melt and their bodies would disintegrate. Their magic became erratic and rendered useless. Monsters are just never capable of ingesting that much DT. Once he saw his experiments failed, father finished them off and buried their dust in the courtyard.”

You watched his expression. “So the medicine..?”

“While he was knocked out, I went to his lab and injected him with one of the formulas. The process was slow, but he melted like tar on the floor.” G’s eyes fluttered closed for a bit as he recounted those events. “I couldn’t bring myself to kill him, but I could at least disfigure him and rip him of most of his magic. It prevented him from remarrying and having any more children. He never knew it was me - I was on my way to Rome by the time he woke up.”

You blinked at him. “Why are you telling me this?” You asked.

“So that you know that I have the capacity to cause that sort of harm.” G answered. “Again, to my everlasting shame, I don’t ever regret it.”
You placed both hands on each side of his cheekbones and looked into his eye sockets. He gazed back at you. “And I’m proud of you,” you told him. “If I were you, I would’ve done the same thing.”

G smiled and placed his hands on yours. “Thank you for loving me, Little One,” he replied. “You restore my faith.”

You attempted to embrace him once more, but he pulled back a bit from you.

“Go to bed,” G whispered your name. “You and I need sleep.”

You pouted. “Can’t I sleep with you?” You pleaded. “I mean, just sleep.”

G shook his head. “Not tonight. Not in this house.”

“But someday, right?”

Despite both his hands on yours, you felt a hard slap on your bottom. It was hard enough that you yelped. You looked behind you to see one of those magical floaty hands as the perpetrator. Your yelp turned into a laugh as G pulled you tighter towards him.

“I’ll leave first,” G instructed you. “Wait a few minutes, then go straight to your room.”

He gave a quick kiss on the lips and walked to the door. At the door, he rested his hand on the doorknob and paused.

“Little One, there’s something else you should know.”

You sat on the bed and watched him. “What is it?”

“What I told you tonight, what you’ve seen, this is only one small part of me,” G said. “I have far less likeable traits than what I’ve allowed you to see. If you don’t believe me, ask Grillby.”
“What should I ask him?”

“Ask him to tell you why you should be afraid of me.”

You thought about this question. “What will he tell me?”


You raised a brow but nodded even though you didn’t understand that at all.

“Try to sleep, alright?” G continued. “I want you there at the funeral tomorrow. You'll meet Frisk, so prepare yourself.”

“Is.. Is she okay?” you asked. “I mean, after all that happened to her?”

G crossed his arms over his chest and hummed. “She wants to have children,” he answered. “More than anything. But I doubt she’ll ever date or marry, but she wants to be a mother desperately. Medical tests revealed she can’t have children. What our father did to her had consequences.”

“She can’t have kids?”

G shook his head. “She never took the news well,” he said. “But I have faith in her. Try to have compassion for her.”

“I do.” You promised. “I will.”

“Good girl.”

Before G turned back to the door, you called him once more. “Sir?”
“Yes, Little One?”

“Will you say it again?” You asked. “Please? But.. But in your native tongue.”

G looked at you with a small smile and walked back to where you sat on his bed. He took your face in his hands and kissed you long and deep.

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He kissed you again and told you goodnight before he slipped into the hallway. You collapsed back onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling. Your hands ran over your upper thighs, feeling the new tenderness on them. You touched the bruises G left on you. Almost immediately you felt ignited with the same fire you felt when G laid next to you.

Minutes passed and you finally dragged yourself off the bed. You left the room as quietly as you could. You lingered in the hallway, curious about where G could've gone. In the end, you followed his orders and retreated back to your room. Papyrus snored away in the upper bunk as you slid into your bed. Your body trembled as you replayed memories of your night with G in his bedroom.

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You weren’t sure when you fell asleep. Your night was dreamless and you woke up groggy and sore when Papyrus nudged you awake.

“Good morning!” Paps greeted you with enthusiasm. “Rise and shine, lazybones!”

“I’m up, I’m up,” You groaned as you pushed your covers away and stood up.

Suddenly, Paps gasped in horror. “Good golly me!! What happened to your arms!?” He asked, his eye sockets widened at you. You glanced down at your forearms and saw the bruises G left on you. They turned into a dark shade of purple.

“Oh, um..” You stuttered. “I wanted to get water last night. Ran into something. I think it was a table? I don’t know, it was dark.” You lied through your teeth before you skittered to the
bathroom. Once you were there, you splashed water on your face and undressed. You took a good look at yourself in the mirror.

“Oh my God..” You breathed. With G’s own bare hands, he had turned your arms and upper thighs black. On your back were four black bruises about the size of your palm. You had bruises on your right shoulder and you counted two more on your upper arms. There was the one Paps spotted on your forearms and four finger-mark bruises on each side of your hips.

You traced your fingertips over each bruise, examining them with the mirror. You prodded them and winced from the dull pain. And yet, that pain only reminded you of G and it made warmth pool between your legs again. You’ve never seen anything more erotic in your life. Leaving burn marks from candles by yourself was one thing. Seeing marks made from the one person you deeply loved was on a whole other level.

You grabbed a hold of yourself before you started getting off right then and there. You had a funeral to attend to and it wouldn’t do to be late. You hopped into the shower and dressed up. Luckily, you had a long-sleeved dress for today and it should cover your back and your legs down to your knees. You and Paps ate a quick breakfast before the guests started to arrive at the house. Soon, the dining room was packed with people who drank tea and coffee and whispered to one another.

You spotted G across the room in his black suit. A brunette woman stood next to him. Paps took her by the hand and dragged her over to the both of you. G followed behind.

“Who is this?” The woman asked and glanced towards G.

G introduced you quietly. You noticed he sounded a little stiff. “She’s a friend of Papyrus.”

Papyrus nodded along as the woman regarded you silently.

“Hi.” You greeted her and shook her hand.

G turned to you. “This is my sister, Frisk.”

It was hard not to stare at her. No one would have guessed that she was related to a pair of skeletons. For one, she was human. After all - her mother was human too. Frisk stood a few inches
shorter than Papyrus and she had straight dark brown hair that fell to her shoulders. Her eyes were the one trait she shared with G. They were a striking violet, a shade that was impossible for human genes alone. She was beautiful, but there was something so eerie about her.

As much as you wanted to see Frisk with compassion, you couldn’t help but recount all the things she had done with G when they were children. But G made you promise to never think of it, ever. He didn’t blame her either, only their father. So you tried not to blame her either. You looked into Frisk’s purple eyes, trying to find any emotion behind them to read her, but you saw nothing. Frisk only stared blankly at you, as if her soul was absent.

“The cars.” Frisk suddenly said as she looked out the window. She had no emotion in her voice. “They’re here.”

You watched as G placed an arm around Paps, who let out a small ‘nyeheheh’.

“Good,” G said as they moved to the door. “Now let’s go bury the bastard.”

Chapter End Notes

An early update! I decided to put this up sooner because I'll be travelling today. I'll be back around the end of the week.

I think I can finally type in symbols again? Just testing it out for this chapter. I hope it works.
Thine Eyes of Mercy

Chapter Summary

Grillby Flint picks you up at school.

Chapter Notes

There's waxplay in this chapter. Feel free to skip the scene if it makes you uncomfortable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Oh my goodness.”

Hetty ogled at the Rolls-Royce that waited idly in the school’s parking lot. It stuck out like a sore thumb amongst the minivans that waited for the kids to leave school. The moment you saw it, you knew exactly who was waiting for you.

“That would be my ride,” you smirked as you looked over at your best friend.

“Oh my goodness,” Hetty repeated as the Roll-Royce moved out the parking space and towards you. The driver door opened and a blonde chauffeur stepped out to open the passenger door for you, revealing none other than Grillby Flint himself. The Fire Elemental stepped out and leaned back on the car, beckoning you to get inside.

He looked slightly different today. He wore riding boots and a long frock coat. His hair was somehow tied down into a low fiery ponytail. As usual, he lacked any facial features save for the white almond-shaped eyes behind his glasses. You saw him glance over at Hetty. Her jaw dropped to the floor and Grillby gave her a subtle grin.

“Oh my..” Hetty squeaked as she brought her hands to her cheeks. “Who is that?”

“I just told you,” you grinned at her. You loved the way she looked at Grillby. Hetty was usually shy when it came to crushes and all that. You’ve never seen her act this flustered for a man. “He’s my ride.”
Hetty couldn’t tear her eyes away from Grillby at all. “Can I be his ride?” she asked.

You laughed and wrapped an arm around her. “Hets, there might be hope for you yet!”

After the two of you exchanged good-byes, you skipped forward and got into the car.

“So you’re picking me up now from school?” You asked as you got comfy in the leather seat.

“You’re a member of the tribe now,” Grillby replied as he sat opposite of you. “Membership has its privileges.”

The car began to move once their driver returned to the wheel.

“So I’m a member now?” You asked.

Grillby pushed his glasses up his non-existent nose. “You’re his, aren’t you?” He questioned you in turn. “He told you everything?”

You pulled the collar of your uniform down to show off the purple bruise on your neck. It’s been two days since your night with G and the scars remained. “Does this answer your question?”

Grillby hummed with intrigue.

You let go of your collar. “So what are these membership privileges I get?” You implored. “Other than getting picked up from school in a Rolls.”

“I’ll tell you, but first,” Grillby spun his finger in the air. “Let’s see the damage.”

You raised an eyebrow at him. He mimicked you and tapped his foot on the floor.
“Do you really have to see the bruises?” You asked.

“*Bien sûr,*”

You gave him a puzzled look.

“It’s French for ‘of course’,”

“I’d have to take most my clothes off.”

Grillby tilted his head at you. “I’m not hearing an objection.”

You sighed and faced sideways. You wondered how G would feel about you showing off your bruises to Grillby. Only one way to find out. You threw your backpack on the floor and removed your school vest.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this,” you muttered under your breath.

“Stripping for me in the back of my Rolls-Royce?” Grillby teased.

“That.” You grumbled as you unbuttoned your shirt.

Grillby leaned back in his seat with a smirk on his face. “Get used to it.”

Once you lowered your shirt down, he moved to sit next to you on your seat with your back towards him. His fingers traced down the outline of the bruises on your skin and you were surprised at how gentle he was. His touches on your back made you feel all sorts of things in your stomach and your nether regions.

“Where else?” Grillby asked. He sounded so close behind you.
You pulled your shirt back up and turned around. You kicked off your boots and the tights under your skirt to reveal the bruises on your thighs.

“Glad I shaved my legs this morning,” You said as you raised your skirt.

“So am I,” Grillby replied as he inspected the bruises.

“You shave your legs too?” You grinned cheekily at him as you pushed your skirt back down.

Grillby only narrowed his eyes at you as you buttoned your shirt back up.

“You’re intelligent.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.” You stuck your tongue out as you pulled your tights back on.

“Intelligence is dangerous in a woman,” Grillby replied. “Next thing we know, you’ll say things like marriage is a trap that tricks women into becoming unpaid housekeepers.”

“Even if I were stupid, I’d be smart enough to know that.” You rebutted.

You faced him, pulling your legs into the seat cross-legged. Your panties were probably showing from this angle, but you couldn’t care less at this point. You had hiked your skirt up for this man already. Plus, if G trusted Grillby, then you would too.

“You’re an interesting young woman,” Grillby said. “I thought le prêtre was out of his mind when he first told me about you.”

“What did he tell you about me?”

“Nothing I’ll tell you,” Grillby smiled. “What’s important is that you’re here now and there are things you need to learn.”
Your eyes widened. “I want to know everything.”

“One of these days, I’ll be taking you to the club.”

“Why not today?”

Grillby sighed. “Under his orders, I cannot take you to any of them until he has properly trained you.”

“I’ve been in your house,” you protested. “I think I know what I’m getting into.”

“You came uninvited.”

“You were having an orgy that involved people betting money on sex.”

“Oh, that’s a friendly gentleman’s wager,” Grillby dismissed. “I never play though.”

“Why not?” You asked.

“It’s not fun when I always win.”

You smirked. “I heard rumours you were good in bed.”

Grillby looked out the car window and smiled. “If I were you, I’d believe them.”

The way he carried such a casual confidence made something twitch inside of you. “I’d like to believe them.”

“I would take you to a club right now and prove it to you if I could,” Grillby looked back at you. “Sadly, I am under orders at the moment. Je suis désolé.”
“Bonehead won’t let me play yet?”

“Well,” Grillby said slowly. “Not at a club.”

You heard a hint in his voice.

“But..?” You pressed him.

“But he didn’t say I couldn’t take you to my house.” Grillby grinned at you. For a moment, you wanted to kiss him as much as you wanted to kiss your priest.

“What are we doing at your house?” You asked.

“A small demonstration of BDSM in action.”

“That’s bondage, right?”

“Bondage. Domination or discipline. Sadomasochism. Also known as ‘my favourite hobbies’.”

“Damn,” you exhaled. “Can you pick me up from school every day?”

Grillby laughed at your response and pulled you into his lap. He gave you quick pecks on both your cheeks, going nowhere near your lips. Then he returned you back to your seat before moving across from you.

“Okay, enough playing.” He cleared his throat as a more serious expression settled on his face. “I believe you have a question for me.”

You fixed your skirt and straightened your back. “G told me to ask you why I should be afraid of him.”
“Do you want to know why?”

You looked down at your boots that laid on the car floor. “I want to know, but he said you wouldn’t answer anyway.”

“I won’t answer,” Grillby confirmed. “Not the truth anyway, but I can tell you a useful lie.”

You shrugged. “Beats nothing.”

Grillby sat back in his seat and exhaled. “He’s a sadist, chérie.” He began. “The most brutal sadist I’ve ever known. There are four women in the city whom he plays with on a regular rotation. It takes at least two weeks for them to heal entirely from a few hours with him.”

“Jesus Christ,” you whistled. “What does he do?”

“Oh, many things,” Grillby began to count with his fingers. “Flogging, whipping, caning, cutting, candle-wax burns, bastinado..” He hummed for a moment. “I think I’m forgetting one of his favourites..”

He tapped his forehead.

“Oh yes,” he remembered. “Humiliation. I always forget that one. I don’t do humiliation play so I tend to forget.”

With morbid fascination, you asked, “What do you do?”

“Everything else. My speciality is consensual non-consensual.”

You gaped at him. “You mean like.. Like rape-play?”

Grillby gave you a devilish smile. “It’s a game. There are women who love to be overpowered and
have fantasies of being treated like sexual property. I make the fantasy come true. All in good fun. Want to try?"

You swallowed. “How does it work?”

“Like this.” He suddenly lunged forward and grabbed your left calf. He yanked you so hard that you ended up flat on your back. Before you realized what was happening, Grillby hovered over you with his hands on your wrists. With his body weight, he pinned you down beneath him.

“Get off me,” you grunted at the shock of his weight. “You’re wrinkling my skirt.”

“Your skirt is pleated.” Grillby pointed out.

“Oh. Good point.” You remarked. “Then stay there.” Obviously, he was trying to scare you. You wouldn’t let him have that.

Grillby frowned down at you. “You take all the fun out of it.” He grumbled while still holding you down.

You refused to show an ounce of fear. “Why? Because I’m not scared of you either?”

“I have you pinned underneath me,” The Fire Elemental said. “Aren’t you even nervous?”

“Sorry.” You batted your eyelashes innocently up at him.

Grillby studied you for a moment. “Have you ever had sex in the back of a Rolls-Royce?” He asked you as he slowly pressed his hips against yours. As you felt something hard press against you, you weren’t sure now if what you experienced now was fear or desire.

“I’ve never even had sex,” You told him. “You know, like, ever.”

“Poor girl,” Grillby cooed. “Would you like me to take care of that little problem for you?”
“I’m Catholic, so I’m waiting.”

“Until marriage?”

“Until my priest will fuck me.”

“Don’t you get tired of waiting?” Grillby questioned.

“Honestly? Yes. There’s no reason to wait and he’s being so overprotective.”

“He cares about you.”

“Wish he cared less and fucked more.” You admitted.

Grillby suddenly burst into a fit of laughter so hard that he had to sit down and let you go. “Mon Dieu, he said you and I would get along. I didn’t believe him at first. I think he might be right.”

You moved back to your seat across him and righted your clothes. “I hope we can be friends,” you confessed. “He said you and I were his non-negotiables. Oh, and God too. Can’t forget Him.”

“We will be, j’espère,” Grillby smiled. “I want you to trust me. There are things you need to hear that you would not hear if he said them to you.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means you’ve fallen in love with the king of all mind-fuckers.”

You raised an eyebrow at him. “Mind-fucking?” You echoed. “What, is that when you stick it in the ear?”
“It’s when I stick it in the brain,” Grillby corrected. “The mind-fuck is one of the many games the dominant plays. I might tie up a girl, blindfold her and then run my fingers lightly across her stomach..”

He raised his hand and tickled the air in front of you. You gulped as you felt your thighs clench at such an erotic image. You couldn’t help but imagine Grillby doing such things to you.

“And then casually mention words like snake or spider,” Grillby continued. “Watch her tense. Hear her laugh nervously. Of course, she knows it’s just my fingers. Not a snake or a spider, but now the doubt is there..” He tapped the side of his forehead. “That one sliver of doubt in her brain.”

You grinned broadly. “You don’t actually use snakes or spiders on people, do you?”

“Non, non. Of course not. Unless…”

“Unless what?”

Grillby rested a hand on his chin. “Unless she asks for it.”

You stared at him in disbelief. He only smiled.

“You see? I take your mind, I play with it. I make you think things you didn’t think you would think and then suddenly.. You’re thinking them.”

“Pshh,” you laughed. “You can’t pull that stuff on me.”

“Oh?” Grillby remarked. “Le prêtre is pulling a mind-fuck on you this whole time.”


“By making you wait for him,” He continued. “You don’t want to wait for him, do you? You want to be his lover right now.”
“I wanted to be his lover yesterday.” You sighed. “There’s no reason to wait.”

The corners of Grillby’s lips lifted up into a sadistic grin. “I know the reason for it.”

“You do?”

“Oh, oui. He’s manipulating you,” Grillby purred. “Here you are; So young, so beautiful. Ripe for the plucking, and yet you sit there. Unplucked. This is how he proves he owns you.” With a finger, he pointed at you lazily. “Heel. Sit. Roll over. Play dead. He doesn’t see you as his lover. You’re his puppy and he knows you’d follow him anywhere.”

You sat up straighter. Suddenly, you felt as fired up as the man who sat across you.

“Bullshit. He’s not manipulating me,” You growled. “He’s being sensible. He’s a damn priest and I’m still in high school. I’m not on any birth control yet. If he gets caught fooling around with a student, he’ll be a dead man. He cares about me so much that he has to know a hundred times if I’m okay with what I’m getting into.”

Grillby said nothing but sat there watching you with that silly grin still plastered on his face.

“So you know what?” You continued. “It’s fine. We’ll wait. I’ll learn what I need to learn and we’ll start fucking when he’s ready and when he knows I’m ready. That’s not manipulation. That’s good sense, which you can learn a thing or two about.”

“Moi?” Grillby asked with mock offence.

“Yes, you.” You glared at him. “You picked me up in school in a Rolls-Royce. Don’t you know how much damn attention that’s going to get me? You and G are related - sort of, so you have to be careful. We both have to be. We can’t get him into trouble.”

“I’ll be more careful,” Grillby pledged while making a cross sign on his chest.
“Good.”

“And I enjoyed the passionate defence of your own virginity.”

“Whatever,” You rolled your eyes at him. “I don’t want you thinking G is manipulating me when he’s not.”

“Of course he’s not.” Grillby shrugged.

“No, he isn’t.” You nodded.

Grillby gave you a smile that sent chills down your spine. “But I am.” He puts his feet up on the seat next to you and crossed his arms.

Then it hit you.

“.. You.. You got me to argue why G and I should wait right after I said five minutes ago that I didn’t want to.”

Grillby clapped his hands with glee. “And it was too easy.”

“You mind-fucked me.” You stared at him.

“Does it hurt? I tried to be gentle since it’s your first time.”

You respond by picking up one of your boots and tossing it at Grillby’s head. He caught it in time and rolled down the window.

“Don’t you freaking dare,” You scowled at him. “I love this pair.”

“Then you promise you won’t throw them at me again?”
It was your turn to make a cross sign on your chest. “I promise, I swear.”

“You promise you’ll be a good girl for me all evening?” Grillby asked as he wiggled the boot in the air.

“The best girl.” You promised.

“Will you let me fuck you right now if I give you the boot back?”

You opened your mouth and then closed it again. Seriously? You watched his face for any hint of jest, but you couldn’t find anything.

“Not for all the boots in the world.” You replied.

Grillby held the boot closer to the window and waited.

“Toss it,” You crossed your arms and leaned back to your seat. “I don’t care.”

Grillby observed you for a few more seconds before he rolled the window back up.

“You pass the test.” He said as he gave the boot back.

“Test?”

“I test new people who come to our world. I get them in my Rolls and seduce them. Winners say no, losers say yes. But since I still fuck them, everyone wins.”

You take your boot back and set it down to put it back on. “Why is it losing to say yes?”
“Because if you say yes to being fucked by a complete stranger without any discussion about limits, wants, protection and safety, you are not ready for our world. A submissive too eager to please can get into trouble very quickly.”

“So I passed?”

“One test.”

“There’s more?”

“Many more,” Grillby nodded. “Wait until he puts a collar on you.”

You glared at him indignantly. “I’m not wearing a dog accessory.”

“He already chose one for you.”

“G?”

“Who else?”

Your jaw dropped. You couldn’t imagine yourself wearing a pet collar. “Are you shitting me?”

“Well, collars play an important role in our world,” Grillby explained. “It’s a sign of a bond or ownership. Coming from him, it’s a real compliment.”

You couldn’t believe what you were hearing. “He said you were the devil.”

“He only says that because he knows how horny I am.”

Two small horns flared up on each side of his head before they disappeared. You let out a chuckle at the display.
“I like you, Grillby.” You finally said. “I don’t want to, but I do.”

Grillby takes your hand and kissed the centre of your palm. His lips felt incredibly warm, and the way his flames brushed against your skin gave you a strange sensation.

“The feeling, ma chérie, is entirely mutual.”

You soon arrived at Grillby’s house and he escorted you inside. Once inside the foyer, a stunning scarlet Avian-lady in a white dress came running down the stairs.

“Ooh, who’s this, Grillby?” The lady asked after giving him a quick peck on the cheek. “Nice uniform.” She complimented you. It sounded genuine.

“We’re doing an age-play scene tonight,” Grillby smiled at her. You felt his fiery hand travel from your shoulder down to your bottom. He gave it a few pats. “Teacher-student. I’d let you watch, but it’s her first role-play.”

“Aw, next time, maybe?” the woman suggested and gave you a wink. “I’ll play her sister and you can punish the both of us for misbehaving in class, Mr Grillby.”

You watched as she gave him another kiss before she strolled away.

“Age-play?” You asked. “That’s a thing?”

“Here, everything is a thing,” Grillby replied as he gave you another ass tap while guiding you up the stairs.

You briefly thought about finding a knife to slice off his grabby hands, but you kind of liked it at the same time.

“Tonight is my friend Paige’s birthday and we’re arranging a little party for her,” Grillby explained as he escorted you to the end of the hall on the second floor. “Your first sneak peek into our world
is of how our sort plays together.”

He opened the door and led you into an area that resembles a living room.

“Oh my God.”

Everywhere you looked, you saw fire. Lighted tall taper candles covered the tables. A couple dozen sat on the floor with fancy golden holders. You found four other people in the room who Grillby introduced you to.

First, there was Paige, the birthday girl. She was a lime-green lizard who wore nothing but a white button-down shirt. Next was Jim, a tall, dark wolf who had some sort of accent. There was another human - Sven or something - but you stopped listening because Paige now laid naked in the centre of the room.

“Shall we?” Grillby said and picked up a candle when Paige laid on a large wooden board. Everyone followed suit, taking a candle from one of the tables or off the floor. Soon everyone had a candle, including you.

Paige lifted her arms over her head and smiled up at Grillby.

“Happy Birthday, ma fille ,” He knelt at her side and kissed her. As soon as the kiss broke, he poured candle wax onto the centre of her chest.

You saw Paige wince in agony. You winced in sympathy. Everyone else laughed and applauded. One by one, every guest took their turn and dripped candle wax onto Paige’s naked body until you were the only one left.

“Come, chérie ,” Grillby coaxed you.

“But I don’t even know her,” you said in a whisper.

“Then this will make an excellent introduction.”
“Really, Grillby? Peer pressure much?”

“We’re all doing it,” He replied. His tone teased you but his eyes were serious. You realize that this could be one of the many tests he was talking about. You stepped forward quietly. Paige laid there, vulnerable and dotted with candle wax. You’ve burned yourself before so this shouldn’t be a big deal, but you had no idea how much this woman could take. It made you nervous, but you wanted to pass.

Paige gasped when you poured hot wax onto her thighs. You brought the candle to your mouth and blew the flame out.

Grillby winked at you once you backed away to the side to watch the rest of the show. Everyone repeated their turns pouring wax onto the lizard-lady until her wrists and ankles were locked in place with hardening wax. Finally, once Paige was amply coated, Jim blew out his candle and slipped it inside her slit.

You watched breathlessly as he fucked her with it. Paige closed her eyes and moaned in pleasure. Grillby stepped close to Jim and suddenly locked lips with the wolf-man.

You got up and nearly ran to the balcony door. You threw it open, stepped outside and shut the door behind you. You needed to breathe.

“Too much?” Grillby asked when he joined you. You were panting so hard that you didn’t even hear him.

“I needed some air.”

“Were you scared of what was happening?”

“Not really.”

“Aroused?”
You laughed. “A little.”

“Jealous?” Grillby purred in your ear as he wrapped his arm around you and pulled you close to him. You can hear the soft crackling of flames in his embrace.

“It did look fun.”

“We’ll play again when you’re more used to it.”

You fell silent for a moment and looked up at him. “You kissed a man.”


“I just wasn’t expecting that.”

“Well.. Start expecting the unexpected, ma chérie ,” Grillby said.

You nodded. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Grillby smiled. “Come. I’ll take you home.” He kissed you on both cheeks once more before he walked you back inside with an arm around you.

As soon as you were you in front of the Rolls-Royce downstairs, you felt a heat between your legs again.

“I think I’ll go home the usual way.” You said as you stared at the car. “If that’s okay with you.”

Grillby hummed and looked at you. “Worried you’ll fail the Rolls-Royce test this time?” he asked. You blushed at his words and feared that Grillby could actually read your mind.
“I like walking.”

“Go ahead,” Grillby chuckled as he cradled your cheek in his hand. “For your sake and mine.”

He bent down to give you the quickest kiss on the lips. It made it harder to leave. *Walk away,* you told yourself. *Just keep walking.*

After a few blocks, your head cleared and your heart calmed. Being around Grillby and his friends was dangerous for your sanity and virginity. Just when you neared the subway entrance, someone behind you called your name. You wondered if it was one of Grillby’s friends who wanted to escort you. You turned around and saw a man who stood on the sidewalk ten feet behind you. You couldn’t process the sight of him. You denied his existence.

But there he was.

For the first time that night, you felt true fear.

Chapter End Notes

We've hit 8k views! As usual, thank you, my dear Readers, for leaving kudos and comments for this fanfic. I look forward to each and every single one of them. I'd also like to thank Mr Editor for continuingly proof-reading my writing. I love you, Sir.
The last person you wanted to see finds you.

“Dad?”

The man confirms this with a crooked smile. “Missed me, munchkin?” He stood there with his hands in the pockets of his coat. His baseball cap pulled low over his eyes, concealing his appearance.

“No..” You denied him. “What the hell are you doing out of jail?”

“Inside help.”

“Then you shouldn’t be here,” You shook your head at him. You glanced over at the path back to Grillby’s house, but it was a fifteen-minute walk. Your dad might catch up to you before you even get there. The subway station waited just behind you. Your best bet was to make a run for it and get into a train before he could. “I gotta go.”

Just when you turned away from him, you hear him scoff.

“I thought it was only Grillby Flint you were spreading for,” he shouted from across the street. “But now I know it’s the priest too.”

Your heart stopped and you slowly turned back at him.

“What are you talking about?” You replied as nonchalantly as possible, your shaky voice betraying you.
You watched as your father approached you before he pulled something out of his pocket. It was Grillby’s business card. He smirked as soon as he saw the colour drain from your face. “Looks familiar, doesn’t it?” He asked you. “There’s only one reason a man like Grillby would give two shits about you, and that reason’s between your legs.”

“You’re gross.” You snarled at him.

“But I’m right though,” He shrugged. “I tried to figure out how a nobody like you would even know about Flint. Not much reason for him to hang out in your backwater town, right? I asked around and found out he’s got a brother-in-law who stops by his house sometimes.”

You looked away from him as you gripped the handrail of the stairs to the subway. You hated this.

“And guess what? The brother-in-law was a priest. A priest from the same fucking town you squander around in.”


“Save it. I’ve got all the proof I need. Want to see? Pictures in my car. My favourite is one of you and your skeleton priest in a black BMW.”

You wanted to rip his throat right there and then. He chuckled at your death glare.

“Where were you two going anyway?” He continued. “Romantic weekend?” Your father laughed as if he made some sort of hilarious joke.

“It was a funeral.” You told him. “He wanted me to accompany his brother who’s MY age. He’s worried about him.”

Your father tapped at his chin. “Don’t think someone like a bishop will buy that excuse. He’ll probably believe my story more; That one of his priests is fucking my teenage daughter.”

You glowered at him. “What do you want?”
"I want you to come with me," he replied. "Right now."

"Why?"

"Well, I’m leaving town," he answered. "And I think you should come with me. About time we had proper father-and-daughter bonding time, you know?"

You wrinkled your nose at him. "I’m not going anywhere with you."

"Oh?" Your dad raised a brow at you. "Then I guess I’ll share all these pictures of you and Flint, you and your priest to all sorts of people. The police, the news, the bishop.. Your mother too! I wonder how she’ll react. She’s always overeating."

"Show me the pictures." You demanded while you tried your best not to show him that you’re trembling before him.

"They’re in the car."

He walked over to an old beat-up Sedan and opened the passenger door. He waited, but the last thing you wanted was to get anywhere near that car. No, the last thing you wanted to happen was getting in trouble because of you. You had no choice. You walked up to the car and sat in the passenger seat at the front. Your dad slammed the door so hard that you flinched. He got in the driver’s side and switched the engine on.

"Show me the pictures." You demanded again.

"They’re at my place."

"You said they’re in the car."

The engine rumbled and the car flew down the street. He turned the next corner as if trying to get you away as fast as possible from Grillby’s house.
“You should be thanking me,” He said as he sped down the street. “You don’t want to get mixed up with Flint. I’ve heard stories about that French fucker, but I suppose you already know since you’re fucking him.”

“I’m not fucking him,” You protested. “We’re just friends.”

“Friends with benefits, you mean?” he glanced at you for a moment with a grin. “Must be really close friends for him to pick you up from school.”

“You are a sick man,” You shook from terror and fury. “You spy on your own kid.” You remember that day when you felt someone watch you in the church last week. You had been right.

“Spying? More like watching over my kid, and it’s a good thing too.” Your dad replied as he swerved down the road. “I go away for a year and you end up spreading for some molester priest.”

“My priest is the best man alive,” Your voice rose in anger. Before your eyes, the entire world ended and you could see the newspaper headlines. You could imagine G being transferred, defrocked and excommunicated - all because of you. You couldn’t let that happen. “He’s been a better father to me than you’ll ever be. He got me out of trouble while you got me into more of it.”

“Uuhh,” Your dad rolled his eyes. “And we both know how you’re paying him back.”

“Pull the fuck over,” you snarled. “No pictures, no deal. I’m getting out.”

“No, you’re not, munchkin,” He replied. “You’re getting out of town with me.”

“I said--!” You yelled as you got out of your seat to reach for the wheel. “PULL OVER!”

Before your fingers even touched the wheel, your dad slammed his elbow into your stomach and knocked the air out of your lungs. You gasped for air but you reached for the wheel again. He pushed you back with his other hand. You twisted around to avoid his grasp.
“Sit down, you little bitch!” He ordered, but you were having none of it. Suddenly, you saw him reach for your neck and you instinctively took a deep breath. You closed your eyes, sat back and kicked in front of you. You felt your boots smash into your dad’s face. Blood erupted from his nose and the car swerved wildly in the street.

You threw open the car door, got on your feet and ran for your life. You ran as fast as you could until you found a taxi and you flagged it down. You gave the driver Grillby’s address and begged him to step on it. A few minutes later, you tossed some bills at the driver and raced up the stairs and burst through the door. You found Grillby standing in the foyer loading a clip into a gun.

“Cherie, what the fuck happened to you?” The Fire Elemental looked both relieved and furious.

“My dad.. He got out of prison. He made me get in his car.” You explained between gulps for air. You wanted to sit down but your eyes never left the weapon in his hand. “What are you doing with that?” You pointed at the gun.

“Was about to kill your dad with it.” Grillby shoved the gun under his coat. He grabbed you by the wrist and pulled you to him.

“Are you hurt?” He asked as he ran his hands all over you, checking for wounds.

“No, I--”

Before you could finish your answer, he held up his fiery hand. His palm was covered in blood.

“Jesus,” you breathed as you felt up your neck. You felt something warm and damp, accompanied with a light sting.

“Scratch on your neck.”

“Dad tried to choke me.” You said while you wiped the blood off you hand with your skirt.

Without another word, Grillby took you upstairs to the third floor.
“Why are you going to kill my dad?” You asked as Grillby opened a door to a room you’ve never
seen. It looked like a fancy office. He sat you down in a chair and left you there for a few moments
before returning with a first-aid kit. Grillby knelt in front of your chair and opened the kit.

“Tilt your head to this side.”

“You didn’t answer my question,” You replied while following his instructions. Your heart
pounded against your chest while your lungs burned from all the running and panic. “Why are you
going after my dad?”

“Because of this.” Grillby dug a piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to you. With an
alcohol swab, he cleaned the cut on your neck while you read the note.

‘A hundred grand or your girlfriend’s body will be at the bottom of the ocean by tomorrow
morning.’ Included was an address and a picture of you going home from school weeks ago.

“Oh my God,” Your stomach turned as you read the note with shaking hands. “He was going to kill
me?” No wonder he tried so hard to get you to stay in the car. You felt so stupid for getting in the
damn Sedan with him.

“He might have. He might have been testing to see if I’d pay him off,” Grillby said as he patched
you up. “I don’t care. He threatened you.”

“He said he has pictures of me and G together,” You added. “He’s going to send them to the
public.”

Grillby sat back and took a deep breath. “I was afraid something like this would happen.”

You could feel the tears well up. “What are we going to do?”

“Sit. Stay.” He ordered you as he stood up. “Don’t leave this room.”
“Okay.” You replied as you looked up at him. “Thank you.”

Your gratitude seemed to surprise him. He placed a hand gently on the side of your face, cradling your cheek. He bent down and placed a kiss on your forehead before he left the room.

You waited alone and tried to calm down. You prayed quietly in your own mind that Grillby could help you. Minutes passed, which turned into half an hour. You stared at the clock that hung on the wall behind the desk. The tick-tocking was almost deafening in the silence of the private office. From where you sat, you studied the large wooden filing cabinets with locks on them, all lined up like soldiers against a wall. A black phone sat on the desk and you wanted to use it to call G right away, but something told you that would be a very bad idea. You decided to leave it to Grillby.

Finally, Grillby returned and took a seat behind the desk.

“What’s going to happen?” you asked him in a hushed voice.

“Looks like your dad did more than get ‘inside help’.” Grillby began. “He started naming names just to get out of prison early. Now some of his old friends have put a large price on his head.”

You wondered what kind of mess your dad got himself into before.

“He won’t try to go after you anymore. He’ll probably try to make a run for it instead.” He added.

“What do we do?” you asked.

“Yes,” Grillby replied. “If only to punish you for choosing us over him.”

Grillby pushed the black phone towards you. You stared blankly at it. “I have someone who could help your dad leave the country,” Grillby said. “He’s going to call me in five minutes. If you want him to do this, then answer the phone and tell him everything you know about your dad’s whereabouts. I promise this man will be able to find him. Or..”
“Or?”

“Or when the phone rings, you can let it ring. The men who want your dad’s bounty will find him and they will have him before morning.”

You continued to stare at the phone. “Why are you doing this for me?” You asked, stunned by Grillby’s offer to help your father.

“You belong to *le prêtre,*” He explained. “I protect what’s his like my own. Your father harmed you and I want him punished. However, that is your decision, not mine.”

“What do you mean?” You asked, but it seemed that Grillby wasn’t going to bother with an explanation for that.

“My secretary is off work tonight.” He said. “I never answer my office phone and there’s no one to answer it for me. When it rings, you answer it, if you want to play my secretary.”

You looked at each other across the desk and said nothing. You only hear the ticking of the clock.

One minute passed.

“The phone will ring soon,” Grillby reminded you. “Make your choice.”

You closed your eyes and recounted what your father did to you. He threatened to kill you if Grillby didn’t pay him a hundred grand.

Two minutes passed.

Your father slapped you in the face and tried to get you to lie for him.

Three minutes passed.
He tried to run off with you, tried to choke you and made you bleed.

Four minutes passed.

Your father had threatened to ruin G’s life.

Five minutes passed.

The phone blared against the thick silence of the office.

“I don’t answer this phone,” Grillby repeated. “Either my secretary answers it, or we let it ring.”

The phone rang a second time.

“You can ask the person on the other line to help your father.” He reminded you.

You opened your eyes and met Grillby’s steady gaze.

“The only father in my life is a priest,” You replied. “And I’m not your secretary.”

The phone stopped ringing.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to give Grillby a more "special" weapon, but I had to keep his previous job in mind (he's more than just a club owner).

He could use magic to off the father, but he needed more discreet measures.
Blessed Fruit of Thy Womb

Chapter Summary

Dad is dead and life goes on.

Chapter Notes

Chapter includes humiliation-play. Reader discretion is advised.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The events that followed were like a whirlwind. G was called to Grillby’s house immediately after. He rode all the way there faster than you could say the Lord’s Prayer. The moment he found you in that private office, your priest embraced you so tightly that you thought his arms were permanently locked around you. Even when Grillby muttered that the two of you should get a room, G clung to you like a scared child. You’ve never seen him this terrified and understandably so. He almost lost you.

The next day after your father was presumed dead, Grillby sent his footmen to the apartment to procure the ‘pictures’ he spoke about. You heard they found a folder full of them and they were destroyed. Grillby offered you a peek before burning them, but you refused. The very thought made you sick in the stomach.

A month or two passed and things started to look better. You finally paid off the church with your chores and you were able to get your driver’s license. With the extra free time and G’s help, you poured yourself into your studies. You spent so much time with your books that your classmates started calling you a nerd. None of that mattered, because you got your well-deserved scholarship for MEU. You decided to take a part-time job at a bookstore near the campus to afford rent for a dorm room. Grillby threw a childish fit about it and said something about wanting you to stay at his house instead, but G reminded him that this was your choice.

Grillby would pick you up twice a week from school and bring you to his house for more flamboyant displays of bondage. G started showing up on those days, explaining to you the rules and fundamentals of the relationship between a dom and a sub.

This whole introduction to this kink was like opening up a new world, and you wanted to live in it forever.
One day at work, you had just finished organizing a bunch of children’s books, when you found a copy of Through the Looking-Glass of the Alice in Wonderland series. It tickled your fancy to find a classic like this, so you gave it a read while taking care of the front counter. The manager allowed you to read the books here as long as you provided excellent customer service. It was a quiet Wednesday that day, so you didn’t worry too much. Your fingers flipped from one page to the next until you came across the Jabberwocky poem.

‘‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.’

“Enjoying yourself?”

You snapped the book close. You looked up and sighed in relief. “Geez, I thought you were a customer. Sup, G? You don’t usually visit me on the job.”

There stood your skeleton priest with a sleepy gaze and a small grin. He was wearing a leather jacket today over his shirt. No one would’ve guessed he was a priest. He shrugged at you as he leaned on the counter. “Nothing special. I just wanted to see you at work.”

You barely stopped yourself from laughing in disbelief. You knew he just wanted to check you out today. You glanced at the clock and noted that your shift would end in an hour.

“It’s a beautiful bookstore,” G commented as he looked around.

“Yeah, I love it here,” You agreed. “Oh, and every Saturday morning, there’s this cute little Reading Time for kids. I get to read to the little boogers. You should visit.”

“I should,” G smiled at the thought before he looked at the book in your hands. “Old favourite?”

“Yeah,” you chuckled. “Never had my own copy, though. I remember re-reading this when I was a kid at the library.”
“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jabjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

“Alright, then I’m making a purchase.” G suddenly said.

“And what would you like today, sir?” You grinned up at him.

To others, it was a polite way of addressing a customer. To the both of you, it had a more intimate meaning.

G’s grin spread wider. “One copy of 'Through the Looking-Glass, and What Alice Found There', if you please.”

You slipped the book into its plastic wrapping. “Would you like this gift wrapped?”

“I would, but I’m sure the recipient of the gift already knows what I’m getting for her.” G winked at you.

You raised your eyebrows at him. “For real?”

G handed the money over before taking the book from you. “You bet.”

“Can’t you at least let me finish reading it?” You asked. “The Jabberwocky’s poem is my favourite part.”

“I could tell,” G replied. “You were smiling the entire time you read it. But I can’t let you finish it just yet. I think you should save the rest of the story for tonight.”
You spun your head to check your surroundings before you glared up at G. “Are you flirting with me?” You scolded him. “In public?”

“Oh, I’m doing worse.” G chuckled as he tucked the book under his arm.

“What could possibly be worse than flirting?”

You watch him glance around as well before he leaned forward on the counter.

“I’m asking you to dinner.”

---

A date.

A real date.

Dinner, dressing up and making out. All the good stuff.

At the age of eighteen, you were finally having a proper, normal date.

With your priest.

.. Okay, maybe it wasn’t quite normal after all. But that didn’t matter. You had a new dress - a short white strappy one that exposed your back more than you would have liked to show. The both of you also had Grillby’s house to yourselves since Grillby himself was out to do business for the week.

It was close enough to a real date. G even wore the suit you liked so much. You sat in the dining room in front of a long, regal table. The room was illuminated with a dozen candles and the warm, flickering light from the fireplace. G sat next to you with food in front of you both. However, your focus was on a peculiar decorated box next to your plate. You remembered seeing this at G’s office on his bedside table. You wondered what it was doing here.
While you stared down at the box, G came up from behind you and kissed the nape of your neck. He slowly tucked his fingers under the straps of your dress and slid them down your shoulders.

“Whoa, hang on.” You looked up at him. “We’re not having dinner?”

“Well,” G said between kisses. “You are.”

You’re not going to complain about the kissing, but you’re still concerned about one thing. “And you’re taking off my dress because..?”

“I want you naked,” He replied matter-of-factly as if it was such an obvious answer.

“So this is naked dinner?”

“For you, it is, Little One,” G answered. “I’m keeping my clothes on.”

G started to pull the straps lower, but you stiffened. He paused.

“Something wrong?”

“No,” you breathed. “Nothing. Except maybe you’re making me eat dinner in my birthday suit.”

G chuckled. “Does that make you uncomfortable?”

“Incredibly so.”

“Understandable,” G said and lowered the straps again.

“But we’re doing it anyway?”
G said your name and you turned to face him. “You remember your safe word?”

You nodded. On the ride back home, the both of you settled on a safe word for yourself. You decided on ‘Jabberwocky’, since it was the one thing you could think of after your little meeting at the bookstore.

“Good,” G nodded back to you. “Tonight is a special night for us. You’re old enough now to begin learning what I expect from you if we’re going to be together. This is how it will be if you belong to me.”

He cups your chin and you met his gaze.

“I will own you,” G stated. “It’s not a metaphor or some romantic hyperbole. It’s a statement. It’s a fact. I should be able to take your clothes off you whenever I please. Taking off your clothes will require as little explanation or planning as taking off my priestly collar. I do it when it pleases me and for no other reason.”

You swallowed. “Yes, sir.” It was so different and so overwhelmingly amazing to see G with such a dominating air. You loved every second of it.

He made you stand up for a moment so he could slide the dress down to your feet. With delicate fingers, he slid your panties down your legs. While you sat back down, he folded your clothes neatly and set them down on a couch near the fireplace. Once G joined you again, he took the decorated white box and placed it in your hands. From his pocket, he handed you a small, silver key.

“Open it.”

You took the key and gingerly unlocked the box. Once you lifted the lid, all you could do was gape at the object in the box. You remembered what Grillby told you in your first Rolls-Royce ride with him. He wasn’t kidding.

“Like it?” G asked when he noticed your silence.
You looked up at him with a grim expression. “Woof.”

G only laughed and he picked up the pristine, white leather collar and unbuckled it.

“A dog collar, G?”

“A slave collar,” G corrected. “You belong to me always, no matter where or what we are doing. But when I put this collar on you, you’ll know that you must give me your complete obedience and your undivided attention. You will call me ‘sir’ and nothing else while in your collar.”

You watched him focus as he wrapped the collar around your neck. “You know, wearing a collar,” you mumbled. “Is a little.. Humiliating.”

You saw G’s right eye flicker to purple. “And that’s why I want you to wear it.” He replied.

“Is your collar humiliating, sir?” You asked.

“Yes,” G simply answered. This wasn’t the answer you were expecting, but you understood it. You tilted your head to one side to give him more room to fasten the collar into place.

“Too tight?” he asked.

You took a deep breath and tried to swallow.

“It’s okay.”

G leaned back in his chair to admire you. “You’re smiling, my Little One.”

“I’m totally naked in front of you while wearing a dog collar,” you pointed out. “I don’t know if I should laugh or cry.”
“Both would’ve been acceptable,” G smiled. “How do you feel right now?”

“I.. I don’t know,” you looked up at him. You smiled, yes, but you still felt embarrassed about the collar. Maybe that’s it. “Embarrassed?”

“That’s appropriate,” he said and tapped your cheek playfully.

You looked back to your meal. Tomato soup and roast beef were laid out on the table. You reached for your spoon to start with the soup, but G snapped his fingers near your ear. You knew what this meant from previous sessions you’ve observed. You stopped your hand and placed it back on your lap obediently.

“You do nothing without my permission.” G reminded you.

“Yes, sir.” You confirmed.

He picked up his spoon and scooped some soup up. He blew on it carefully, cooling it down, before bringing it to your lips.

“Eat.” He ordered.

You parted your lips and let him push the spoon gently into your mouth. You closed your mouth around the spoon and tasted the warm soup over your tongue. Your cheeks ache slightly from the tartness.

“How do you feel now?” He asked as he served you another spoonful of soup.

“ Weird,” you answered after you gulped it down. “I feel.. Weird.”

“Elaborate, Little One.”

“I feel..” You paused as you looked down at your naked body. Every inch of you was bare to him in this dimly lit dining room. Perhaps that one night with him was more comfortable because it was
dark. Today, you had your legs firmly pressed together and your stomach pulled in tight. You had positioned your arms to cover your breasts as much as you could. “I feel very aware of my own body.”

“Exposed?” G suggested as he blew on another spoonful of soup.

“Yeah.”

“I have seen you naked before.” He reminded you as he fed you once again.

“That was different,” You said. “It was dark while we did stuff.”

G took a cloth napkin and briefly wiped the corner of your lips. “Did stuff?” he raised a brow at you. “What exactly were we doing?”

You let out a long exhale. “We were..” You were absolutely tongue-tied as you squirmed in your seat. “We were kissing. And touching. You came on my back.”

“What else?” he asked as he sliced a piece of the roast beef. He placed it on your plate and used his knife and fork to cut off a bite-sized piece.

“You.. You used your fingers to make me come. Twice. And it was amazing.” You were blushing as red as the tomato soup now.

“Where exactly did I touch you?” He asked as he brought the meat to your lips. You chewed on it slowly, the juices seeping and spreading across your tongue. You could feel your hands tremble on your lap.

“You are embarrassing the hell out of me, aren’t you, sir?” You finally asked.

“I am,” G smiled as he took your glass of water. Ice clinked around the rim as he brought it to your lips. You drank your fill before he set it aside. “But I also need you to be comfortable talking to me about anything. If you believe you’re mature enough to do the acts, then you need to be mature enough to talk about them.” He brought another piece of meat to your lips. “So tell me, Little One,
where did I touch you?”

You dug your nails into your knees and closed your eyes as you took your second bite of the main course. You tried your best to keep your voice steady as you gave your answer.

“You kissed me on the lips,” you slowly said after you gulped down your food. “And on my neck and shoulders. You kissed my b-breasts. And my nipples. Um..”

“I have to say,” G interrupted you. “That it amuses me that you’ve cussed so much with that foul mouth of yours that I’ve lost count. Yet here you are, struggling to say the word ‘breast’.”

You opened your eyes to glare at him. “You’re laughing at me,” you sneered. “Sir.”

“I am,” G grinned wide. “And you’re blushing and beautiful. All I can say is that I’m thoroughly enjoying myself. Please, continue.”

“Permission to use slang terms, sir.” You begged.

“Nope,” G shook his head as he fed you once more. “Your words must be clinical and enunciated. You called Grillby a cocksucker to his face last time when he beat you at blackjack. Tonight, I wonder if you can even use the word ‘penis’ without fainting.”

You grit your teeth. “Next time I play blackjack with Grillby, I’m calling him a penis. There. Happy, sir?”

“Of course,” G smiled. “You’re here with me. You’re naked and obeying my every word, in spite of your nerves. It’s intoxicating to see you like this.”

“And you’re getting off it, aren’t you, sir?”

“Yes.”

“I hate feeling like this.” You grumbled.
“Like what?”


“Vulnerable.” G said as he fed you another bite of roast. Your serving was almost done.

“I hate it.” You repeated.

“Hard not to notice,” G replied. “You rarely let yourself be vulnerable. You’re brash and bold and your brutal honesty keeps most people at bay. But here you are, literally stripped of your defences. It’s quite becoming, so please continue; Where else did I touch you? Answer with your eyes open.”

You reluctantly obeyed. In the back of your mind, you knew you could simply utter your safeword under your breath and this whole thing could be called off. But you wouldn’t. You took a deep breath.

“You touched my shoulders, chest, breasts, back and my bottom. And my hips and thighs. You put a finger inside m-my... Me.”

G coughed.

You could feel sweat under your arms. “You touched my clitoris,” you forced every word out. “And put a finger inside my vagina.”

He let you take another sip of water and you gulped down as much as you could.

“And where did you touch me?” G asked as he reached into the glass to pull out one of the ice cubes. He reached out behind you and pressed it at the top of your spine. You gasped sharply from the shock of the cold.

“I-I touched your face,” you replied, the ice cube forcing out your answer. “Your neck and your shoulders and your chest and your back and your penis. Are you done torturing me yet?”
G looked at you as if you were missing something.

“Are you done torturing me yet, sir?”

“No.”

You let out a growl which quickly turned into a groan as he traced the length of your spine with the ice cube. You gripped the arms of the chair in an attempt to stop squirming. The cold from this one tiny cube was starting to numb you.

“Let’s talk about pain,” G said as the ice cube melted against the warmth of your skin. “Does this hurt?”

“A little,” you admitted.

“You feel yourself going stiff, right?” G asked. “Your muscles are contracting. That’s your body’s way of trying to protect itself from the cold. I’m using my bare hands. The ice hurts me too.”

You looked at him. “Grillby said dominants use floggers and canes and stuff so they don’t hurt themselves while inflicting pain.”

“That’s part of it,” G nodded. “There’s also another part.” He lifted the now half-melted ice cube off your back and offered it to your lips. You took it into your mouth and felt it melt almost immediately.

“What’s the other part, sir?” You asked.

G picked up a strawberry from the fruit bowl and fed it to you. Scarlet juices stained your lips when you bit into it. You noticed G was very uninterested in his own dinner.

“People have an instinctive trust of authority figures, it’s almost cliche. Women are attracted to men in uniform. Boys grow up and marry women who remind them of their mothers. We fantasize
about our teachers, our doctors--”

“Our priests?” you grinned up at him.

“Even priests.” G agreed as he took another ice cube from the glass. This time, he placed it at the centre of your collarbone and ran it down your chest. You felt goosebumps explode all across your body. “Do you see me as an authority figure?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What sort?”

You bit your lip out of nervousness. G rubbed his thumb over your mouth to discourage you from doing that.

“It won’t make me uncomfortable if you say you saw me as a father figure,” G said. “I’m addressed ‘Father’ on a daily basis by people twice my age.”

“But people say it’s weird to be in love with someone who’s like a father to you.”

“Why do we care what those people think?”

Good question. You had an answer for it.

“We don’t.”

G smiled as he ran the ice cube down your stomach. “Do you enjoy submitting to my authority?”

Your back arched from the cold and you pulled your stomach in tighter. “I do, sir,” you gasped. “It’s just embarrassing right now, but I trust you. I know you won’t do anything that would kill me. Just humiliate me by making me eat dinner naked and talk about your penis. Sir.”
“And this is only the beginning, Little One,” G replied. “There will be other, greater humiliations. We’re not even close to playing with real pain yet.”

“I want to do everything with you, sir,” you told him. “Anything you want to do.”

At this, G leaned forward and kissed you. You cherished this moment, this one moment where the two of you could be alone for the night at Grillby’s without fear or judgement from the outside world. It was bliss.

“Go stand by the fireplace,” G ordered once he pulled away. “Warm up.”

“I’m not that cold, I’m fine.”

“I gave you an order.”

You stood up and did as you were told. You still felt ridiculous in your collar. G poured a bottle of red into a wine glass and brought it over.

“Feel better?” He asked you.

“Yes, sir,” you admitted. “I thought that ice cube was going to kill me.”

“And how does the fire make you feel?”

“Warm,” you answered. “Grateful and relieved.”

“If you hadn’t been cold to start with, how would the fire make you feel?”

You thought about it. “Just warmer, I guess?”

“So it would only be a physical sensation,” G continued. “Not an emotional reaction?”
“Yeah.”

“If you were in pain and then suddenly the pain was replaced with pleasure, what would you feel?”

“Pleasure, of course,” you answered. “Gratitude. Happiness?”

“And that’s what sadomasochism does,” G said. “Instead of the simple little pleasures of vanilla sex, S&M adds the emotional and psychological component. Fear and humiliation. Trust and longing. Relief and gratitude.”

“Sounds like good therapy,” you chimed. “With orgasms.”

“And I won’t even charge you by the hour.” He dipped his head and kissed you again. You heard the clink of his glass down on the side table near the couch. A sigh escaped his lips when he wrapped both his arms around you. His hands travelled down your back and cupped your bottom. He led you to the couch where he sat down first before pointing down at the floor. By instinct, you knelt at his feet and rested your head on his lap. G massaged the nape of your neck with his thumb.

“Now that I’m wearing this collar,” you spoke. “Can we, uh, y’know..?”

“Use your words, Little One.”

“Fuck?”

“No,” he answered softly. “Not yet. I have my reasons for waiting. God created sex and He made it pleasurable, but he also made it complicated. I’ve had sex with only two people in my life. Two. I still feel a lifelong bond with these people. I will only make this bond with you when I’m certain you’re ready for it.”

“Do you think one should only have sex with someone they’re in love with?” You asked.

“Complicated question,” G hummed. He took a few moments to mull it over. “I would never tell
anyone else who they should or should not be intimate with. For my own part, I choose not to do it except with someone I know I’ll have a connection with for the rest of my life.”

“I want that with you, forever, sir.” You said quietly.

“I don’t need to make love to you to want to be bonded with you forever,” G replied as he played with your hair. “I have felt that connection since the day we met.”

He let go of you and snapped his fingers once more. You rose off the floor and G took you in his arms, pulling you to his lap. You laid across his lap with your head on his shoulder while he had his arms around you.

“I’ll wait for you,” you whispered. “Always. I want you to be proud that you own me, sir.”

G tilted up your chin and kissed you. You’ll never get tired of his kisses.

“I already am, Little One,” He replied. “As this proves that.” His fingers trace the white collar around your neck.

“I’ll be honest,” you smiled. “Collars were the last thing I expected from you.”

“It’s a symbol,” G said. “A symbol others in our world will understand. You belong to me. This is a visual reminder of that.”

“I love belonging to you.” You confessed.

“And this makes it official,” He purred as he kissed your neck. “So we should celebrate it.”

“Celebrate? How?”

A lazy grin grew on G’s face. “Like this..” He kissed your lips and pushed you onto your back on the cushions. With a hand lightly on your throat, he devoured you with his mouth. A kiss from G alone could bring your body to life. He kissed you possessively as if staking a claim on you
everytime your lips touched.

He pulled back and pushed your thighs open. With a single finger, he pushed inside you and found that soft spot that made your stomach tighten and your back melt. He traced tight little circles that left you moaning in the back of your throat. You hear him hum with approval as he slipped a second finger inside. You began to pant as he thrusted in and out of you slowly. Your toes curled and your thighs shivered. Your back arched and your clit throbbed as you whimpered for more.

“You can come whenever you like,” G cooed.

“I don’t want to come, sir.”

G glanced up at you. “Why not?”

You smiled devilishly through your ecstasy. “So that you’ll keep touching me.”

G laughed softly and he bent his head down. You felt him kiss your clitoris, making your chest heave. “Pick a number between one and five.”

You tried to think straight while you felt your priest’s breath between your legs. “What am I picking?”

“I can’t tell you that,” G replied smugly. “No, wait. I can, but I won’t.”

“Then how do I know what I’m picking?”

“You won’t.”

“Then--” You let out a gasp when G ran his tongue up your clit. He was making this extremely hard for you and he knows it. “Then five.”

“Should’ve guessed,” G smirked. “Come for me, Little One.”
You took a deep breath. Pressure built in your stomach and you grabbed at the cushion underneath your head as you rode wave after wave of pleasure. Suddenly, your inner muscles clenched and you threw your head back with a gasp. G had his fingers buried deep inside you as you crashed into your climax. Once you were done, he pulled out of you and dragged you close to him once more. You panted against his chest, spent and dazed.

“That was one.” He said.

“One what?” you murmured, your eyes fluttered closed.

“You picked five,” he replied. “So one down, four more to go.”

Your eyes flew wide open. “Five orgasms?!”

G gave the tip of your nose a peck as he slid his hand down your stomach and between your legs once more. “The next time I ask you to pick a number, it could be how many hours I’ll tease you until you come or how many fingers I’ll fit inside you.” He gripped the back of your neck, his tone grew dominating and cold.

You loved every bit of it. “You’re a sadist.”

“I am.”

“I’m always going to pick the biggest number, no matter what.” You panted as you spread your legs wider for him.

A complacent smile traced G’s lips. “And that’s why I love you, Little One.”

“I love you too,” you whimpered as you back arched from how sensitive you still felt your last orgasm. “Even if you do torture me and make me wait, sir.”

“But will you always?” He asked, his voice suddenly sounding sombre.
You raised a hand to touch the collar around your neck. Earlier you thought you’d die from embarrassment from wearing it. Now it felt like second skin. “I will love you forever,” you declared. “I’ll wait as long as I have to for you, sir.”

“What if I make you wait another year?”

“I’ll wait.”

“Two years?”

“I’ll wait.”

“What if you find someone else?”

You shook your head. “Not interested,” you promised. “If you can’t have sex without pain, I don’t want it either. I don’t want anybody but you.”

G tilted his head. “Are you sure about that?”

You leaned against his chest. “Completely,” You replied, and you meant it. There was no other person for you but G. Now or ever. “You really think some other guy is going to steal me from you?”

It was a stupid idea. You said no to Grillby on the Rolls-Royce. Although he had kissed you, you walked away before things could escalate. Who on earth could ever tempt you to stray from G? No one.

G whispered your name as he kissed your forehead. You knew he was about to say something serious. “Do I think someone can steal you?” He mumbled as he brought you to the brink of another climax. “My Little One, I’m absolutely certain of it.”
Oh yeah, Grillby is definitely missing out.

Reader is 19 years old soon?! We've gone so far! Thank you so much for the comments and kudos as usual, my dear Readers. I'll see you next chapter, where we'll see why G is so certain about someone stealing you away!
Saint Michael, Defend Us

Chapter Summary

You are now nineteen. You meet someone during English Literature class.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Two roads diverged in a wood, and I took the one less travelled by. And that has made all the difference.”

Professor Nacarat closed her book while you fought the urge to bang your head against the desk. You were finally in college and the professor decided to read the same poem you’ve been reading since high school for English Literature? Aren’t there a gazillion other poems the class could be learning? Why dissect “The Road Not Taken” for the eleventh time?!

“First thoughts on the poem?” asked Prof Nacarat. She was one of those more cryptic humanoid monsters who had a jester’s mask for a face. She wore a crisp, bright office dress and her limbs were completely ink-black.

A goody-two-shoes girl in the front row raised her hand. Rachel something-something. You missed Hettie already. Your one childhood friend was sent to an all-girls university to study nursing. Of course, it wasn’t her choice and her parents really only gave her one path to take. She didn’t complain, but you know she deserved better.

“I love this poem,” said the girl at the front. “It’s about how you have to choose the path other people don’t take. Be a leader, not a follower!”

You wanted to gag at the spot.

“Very good,” Prof Nacarat nodded. “Anyone else?”

Another student raised their hand and parroted back almost the same opinion as girl-at-the-front. Pick a road fewer people had taken, makes him cool, blah blah blah. You took a few seconds indulging yourself by mentally smashing everyone’s face with a baseball bat.
“Great thoughts, class,” Prof Nacarat clapped. “Other first impressions?”

“Yeah,” you drawled. “You’re all idiots.”

The room went dead silent and your professor’s eyes widened. With dark eyes, she stared down at you. She picked up the roll call sheet and called your name.

“You’ll need a good argument to back up a statement like that.”

“I have a great argument,” you replied with a deadpan voice. “Read the damn poem.”

“We just did, and I agree with all of the opinions so far from the others.”

You threw your head back dramatically and sighed. “Then there is no hope left for humanity or monster-kind.” You sank in your seat with a sigh. You were now nineteen and you had come to the realization that unless you were in the same room as G, Grillby or Hettie, everyone else around you was an idiot.

“Then would you kindly tell us what your interpretation of the poem is?” Challenged Prof Nacarat.

“Certainly,” you held up your book and pointed at one of the lines. “Did anyone happen to read something in the poem other than the last stanza? Lines nine and ten - ‘Though as for that the passing there had worn them both about the same.’” You snapped your book closed. “Did you all skip that or something? One of the roads wasn’t ‘less travelled’ by at all. They were travelled the same.”

The professor wasn’t amused. “Then why does the narrator call one less travelled by in the last stanza?” she demanded. “Explain that.”

“I can.”

A male voice piped up from the back of the room. You turned your head to see a merman who sat
at the farthest corner of the class. Mermen from the Underground were nothing like what people expected when they first appeared. They looked nothing like how they were depicted in children’s stories. Mermen had rough fish-scales for skin with deep shades of blue. They had piercing yellow eyes which dilated like a cat’s and hair that was always a bright shade of red, although they could dye it to express individuality if they chose to. Such was the case for this particular merman who sat in the corner of the class. His hair was a dark black with streaks of bright red and his bangs hid one side of his face. Tattoos littered his arms and hands that you wondered if he asked to have an entire novel inked onto his flesh.

“You can, Urien?” Prof Nacarat asked. “Tell us, then. It’s nice to finally hear you speaking in this class.”

“I’m with her here,” he looked over at you from the back. “I finally can’t keep my mouth shut around so much stupidity.”

The both of you made eye contact. Urien, huh? It fits him. Weird name for a weird guy.

“What do you find so stupid?” Prof Nacarat sounded more and more irritated as if the two of you were disrupting class just because you both wanted to provide a different opinion.

“It’s obvious,” Urien said as he opened his book. “The poem is in two parts. The first four stanzas are about the actual event. The fifth stanza is the speaker telling us how he will narrate the event in the future. He’s an unreliable narrator. Like she said, in lines nine and ten he says the roads are the same. Neither of them is more or less travelled. In the last stanza, he says that in the future when he’s talking about this moment, he’ll lie and say one of them was less travelled than the other. As a young man, he made a totally random choice - left road or right - and in the future, he’ll make it sound like it wasn’t chosen on the whim. He’ll give it meaning that it didn’t have at that moment. He’s not a hero. He’s just an old man telling lies to the younger generation.”

You noticed that the class was in awe that this kid spoke this much. You were pretty impressed too. “There is no road less travelled,” you chimed in. “It’s a convenient lie to explain why he went right instead of left. We believe the choices we made were for a reason if we want our life to have meaning. This poem isn’t inspiring at all. It’s creepy and downright depressing.”

“Right,” Urien said. “That’s why I like it.”

You looked back at him and mouthed a thank you. He gave you a nonchalant shrug.
Once class ended, you grabbed your backpack and stuffed your things into it. Suddenly, you saw someone stand in front of your desk who slipped a note towards you. You looked up and saw Urien stand in front of you. He wore dark ‘punk’ clothing and looked like the definition of a rebel kid.

“This is a very important note,” he told you. “Life altering. Read at your own risk.”

“You’re kinda weird, Urien,” you said as you picked up the note. “You know that, right?”

“You flatter me.” He gave you a toothy grin. All his teeth looked sharp.

You raised a brow at him. “I’m opening the note now.” You unfolded the paper and saw some sort of crudely drawn animal. “Urien.. This is a shark.”

“What? Don’t like sharks?”

You stared at the drawing made with blue ballpoint ink. The shark even had the same hairstyle as Urien. “Why did you gave me a drawing of a shark?”

“The shark asked me to.”

“Why did the shark ask you to give me a picture of it.”

“Because he thinks you're beautiful,” Urien scratched the back of his head as he looked away from you. “And he wants your phone number.”

You stared at him then studied the shark. For Urien’s sake, you hoped he wasn’t an art major. Still, you had to give the guy credit for such an adorable way to pick up girls. You folded the paper back up and handed it back to him.

“Please tell the shark I’m sorry but I’m not available.” You were a bit surprised at how you had to force those words out.

You saw Urien’s golden eyes cloud over for a second. You saw the hurt and disappointment in
“Can you and the shark maybe be friends instead?”

“Gee, I’ve never been friends with a shark before,” you grinned up at him. “Will he bite me?”

“If you ask nicely.”

“Worth a shot,” you shrugged. “Shark lunch?”

Urien beamed. He was adorable. “Shark lunch.”

The both of you talked all the way to the cafeteria about poetry and how you couldn’t believe that Professor Nacarat was so biased about The Road Not Taken.

“She should just hand over her PhD to you,” Urien said as he munched on his burger. “Cuz you spoke up first and all.”

“But you provided a better argument.” You replied as you tucked into your lunch.

“You can have the PhD if you’ll play teacher-student with me, Professor.” Urien smirked at you.

You tapped your foot. This guy was so dorky, you couldn’t handle it. “Did the shark forget to tell you I’m not available?”

“He did,” Urien nodded. “But he didn’t have enough details, so I can’t trust him as a source. You have a boyfriend?”

You sipped your drink. “Sort of.”

“Does he go here?”
“No,” you sighed wistfully as you remembered seeing off G weeks ago. “He’s out of the country right now defending his dissertation.”

“Older man, huh?” Urien mumbled. “I see how it is.”

“Do you?”

“A shark can’t compete with an older man for a college girl. That’s like bringing a stealth bomber to a knife fight.”

You laughed. “It gets worse.”

Urien pretended to faint dramatically. “How much worse? Is he rich?”

“He’s gorgeous to the point it’s obscene. He’s not rich though, not anymore. Went the low road, got a job, won’t take dad’s money.”

Urien looked like he just got stabbed. “Poor by choice? God, I hate this guy. Tell me more.”

“Are you some sort of masochist?” You chuckled.

He pulled his bangs away which showed the left side of his face. There was a piercing hidden under there, just along his eyebrow.

“Ooh, I’ll take that as a yes,” you said before glancing down at his arms. “Nice tats.”

“Check it out. The right-hand says ‘The Angel, the One who has seen the Surface..’”

You took his left hand to continue what it said. “They will return. And the Underground will go empty.”
“It’s my favourite ancient glyph,” Urien said. He didn’t seem in any hurry to take his hands away from you. “It could sound hopeful, and it could sound ominous. What about you? You got any ink?”

“Not yet,” you answered as you let go of him. “I want the Jabberwocky tattooed on my back.”

“Jabberwocky? Better than a silly butterfly. Why that?”

“Jabberwocky’s my sa--” You stopped dead on your tracks before you could finish saying ‘safe word’. This wasn’t something you wanted to blurt out. “My spirit guide. Y’know, totems or whatever. So you like fairy tales and weird prophecies and all that?”

“Oh yeah,” Urien nodded. “Like the ones my ancestors had. I also like Grimm’s fairy tales, the really dark ones. The real ones.”

“The real fairy tales were incredibly violent.” You reminded him. “In the original Cinderella, the wicked stepsisters got their toes cut off just so they could fit into the glass slipper.”

“I know. There’s also another one with Sleeping Beauty - not the Grimm’s version - but the princess doesn’t get kissed by the prince. Instead she--”

“She gets raped,” you finished for him.

“So you like the hardcore fairy tales too, huh?” he asked. You nodded wholeheartedly and he responded by tapping the table a few times in deep thought.

“Urien?”

“Gimme a sec,” he replied. “I’m trying to figure out how to bring down your stealth bomber with a knife.”

“Don’t even,” you laughed. You decided to switch the topic. “Do you write?”
“Yeah, but don’t tell anybody,” Urien winked at you. “Writing’s like masturbating. Everyone does it but no one likes to admit it.”

“I admit to it.” You declared with a raised hand.

"To what? Writing or masturbating?"

“Both.” You waggled your eyebrows at him before realizing that you were flirting with this dude. You had to shut this down quickly. “So what do you write?”

Urien shrugged. “Mostly poetry about death and the meaningless of life. All that ‘emo’ shite.”

“You shock me, Mr Urien.”

“And you’re beautiful. You like fairy tales and you write and I want to move into your dorm room and sleep in your dirty clothes hamper.”

You stared at him.

“Too much?” Urien smiled sheepishly.

“Only because I don’t have a dirty clothes hamper.” You replied.

Urien clasped his hands together. “Just one date,” He pleaded. “That’s all I ask. Your stealth bomber boyfriend is out of the country and he won’t know a thing. We just get dinner and we talk the night the away. I’ll show you my poetry and you can call the suicide prevention hotline on me. It’ll be the most romantic thing ever.”

“You’re filled with Determination, aren’t you?”

“You just called Prof Nacarat an idiot. I want to make love to your brain. Please indulge me.”
You sighed. You really can’t say no to this shark-boy. “Just dinner?” You asked him.

“Just dinner.”

“You won’t try anything?”

“I’ll try everything.”

“You’ll take no for an answer?”

“Yes. I mean, no. Or yes. Wait, what was the question?”

“If you ask me to have sex with you, Urien, I’ll say no.” You gave him your signature death stare.

“And if you ask me to have sex with you, I’ll definitely say yes.” He grinned.

“Urien, I’m serious. No sex.”

“Okay, agreed, sex is off the table.” Urien hurriedly said and pretended to sweep it off the lunch table.

“We can’t have sex.” You repeated.

“No, we can. Just not on the table. That’s gross, people gotta eat here.”

You rubbed your temples and sighed. You regret signing up for this already. “My stealth bomber comes home in a week.”

“Then you’re safe from the shark in my leather pants.”
“Does your shark also have emo red hair?” You asked and gathered your things.

Urien leaned back on his chair with his arms behind his head.

“What can I say?” he smiled. “The curtains match the rug.”

That night, you and Urien had a quick dinner at a cheap and unhealthy Chinese place before walking through a couple malls. You had a feeling Urien suggested to walk because of the January snow and it made the city look unbearably romantic.

You hated how much fun you were having with Urien. You usually can’t hang out with Hettie this late because of the strict schedules her parents have for her. Hanging out with someone your age doing stupid teenage stuff like this.. It felt nice. Urien made you laugh so hard that your stomach ached. Urien seemed to adore everything about you, from your combat boots to your messy hair. Talking only proved difficult whenever he probed about your past and about your ‘stealth-bomber boyfriend’. You’d rather not talk about your dead criminal of a father and how you almost got in jail. And you most certainly did not want to talk about being in love with a priest since the age of sixteen.

“Nothing?” Urien pouted. “I get nothing about Stealth Bomber? Not even a name?”

“I don’t want you stalking and killing him.” You pointed out.

“That’s fair.” He nodded. “Okay, then how old is he? If he’s getting his PhD, he’s at least.. Twenty-six? Twenty-seven?”

“Twenty-four.” You gritted your teeth.

“Hot damn, what is he? A prodigy? Call that hotline right now!” Urien went over to a streetlight pole and swung himself around it. “I’m going to hang myself from this thing!”

“You’re so full of shit, Urien.” You grabbed him by the coat and linked arms with him before marching down the street. “Let’s talk about something else.”
“Good idea.” Urien agreed. “Let’s talk about your lips.”

“Let’s talk about something else.” You repeated firmly.

“I bet they taste like strawberries and poetry.”

“What would poetry taste like?” You asked.

“I don’t know, but I’d love to find out.”

Urien stopped walking and stood under the light of another streetlamp. He looked at you with a hopeful expression.

“We’re about to cross a very fine line, Urien,” you told him. “I’m not falling for it.”

“But you want to,” Urien replied quietly. Snow fell down his hair softly like powdered sugar. “Fall for it, beautiful.”

You stood next to him in that circle of light. You remember that G was a hundred miles away from you while Urien stood right in front of you, surrounded by snow. He loved writing so much that he had tattooed fairy tales and ancient prophecies onto his arms and hands. He had the most adorable smile and golden puppy eyes that begged you. Exhaling through your nostrils, you supposed he deserved a kiss for those reasons.

But only one.

You stood on your tip toes and met his lips. The kiss started soft and careful as if he were nervous. Suddenly, he slipped his tongue between your lips and wound his fingers through your hair. The kiss went a lot longer than you should have let it go on. It went long enough that you almost forgot who you belonged to. You almost forgot your collar. Urien kissed nothing like G did. Urien explored with his kisses while G conquered with his.
What brought you back to reality was that you couldn’t smell the scent of winter. You searched for the taste of freshly fallen snowflakes, but you were met with nothing.

You broke away and stepped back. The two of you breathed in lungfuls of icy cold air under the bright street lamp.

“Damn,” Urien panted. “I was wrong.”

“What about?”

“You don’t taste like poetry,” Urien shook his head. “Poetry tastes like you.”

At that moment, you knew Urien stole your heart. Since that night, the two of you would meet before and after class. You’d have breakfast, lunch and dinner together. Urien knew that sex was still not an option, so he kissed you every chance he got during your first five days together and you gave him a lot of chances. The two of you would hang out in his dorm room and watch TV together. Sometimes his friends came by and they’d awkwardly watch the two of you fight over the popcorn. They often got up and left from all the sexual tension, but neither of you complained. With the room to yourselves, Urien would make out with you for a solid two hours on his bed.

He’d lay on top of you and slip his hands under the back of your shirt. The scales on his skin tickled you and you loved it. It was such a new sensation. He didn’t have G’s lean body frame or his overpowering height. Instead, Urien felt like an equal. It felt like an even match. It was all fun and games until Urien began to lift your shirt higher.

“Youien.” You growled.

“Please?” He pleaded.

Your heart melted when he gave you those puppy dog eyes. Who allowed this sharkboy to be so cute? How could you ever say no to this face?

“Okay.”
Urien immediately pulled your shirt right off and unhooked your bra. He stared at your naked breasts and you laid there, letting him admire you. You waited for him to say something, but he put his mouth to better use. He bent down and brought his lips down to your right nipple. Your back arched upwards when he sucked on it gently. As he kissed and licked your chest, you watched him with increasing arousal. You dug your fingers into his dark hair and felt an overwhelming feeling of tenderness for him. He seemed so naive, so innocent. You held him against you, wanting to protect him to keep him safe. He should be the one naked underneath you. You should be the one teasing him. You should be the one in control. Your hips buckled upwards against him and he responded by pushing his hips back. You shuddered underneath him as you hit your limit, a wave of pleasure crashed through you.

Urien froze for a moment. “Did that just happen?” he asked as he propped himself up on you.

“Did what happen?” You asked.

“Did you come?”

You laughed and laid a hand on the side of his face. “I did.”

“That was the sexiest thing that has ever happened to me.” Urien whispered and pressed his forehead against yours.

You gave him a smug smile. “It happened to me more than you.”

“It happened to us,” Urien corrected you. “With us. I like saying us. Can I say it some more?”

“Urien..” You sighed. “He’s coming back in three days.”

“I don’t care,” Urien grumbled childishly as he buried his face in your neck. “I care about us. We weren’t even having sex and I made you come underneath me. It was so damn sexy and I’m about to come just talking about it.”

“You can come if you wanna.”
“Do you want me to?”

You looked at him. “You’re asking my permission?”

“You’re the woman,” he smiled. “You make the rules.”

You grinned, liking the sound of that. “Then come.”

“Yes, ma’am.” Urien happily said before he brought his mouth down to yours. He kissed you with a sudden roughness that shocked you. You responded by wrapping his arms around you and pushing your breasts against his chest. He moaned and began to grind his pelvis into yours. You turned your head to give him access to your neck. The sight of his tattooed arms made you question your ‘sex off the table’ rule. Right now, you wanted him - with or without the table.

Urien’s breathing grew ragged as he moved against you. God, he looked so cute. You wanted to push him against the bed and hold him down. You wanted to see his tattooed forearms pinned against the mattress. You wanted to see him squirm as you worked your hips against him. You wanted to edge him closer to the brink before taking his orgasm away from him. Rinse and repeat. You wanted to torture him until he begged you to let him come, and maybe you would.

Instead, you held him as his body trembled from his own climax before he went completely still. He laid on top of you, barely moving with only his breathing against your neck which he kissed tenderly.

Once he got himself a fresh pair of boxers and pants, the both of you spooned together on his bed and fell asleep. You knew G for four years and you never slept in his arms. You knew Urien for five days and you’ve fallen asleep in his. When you woke up, you were still wrapped in them. You felt so cherished, so wanted and so.. So normal.

Since you were sixteen, you felt G’s love for you was like a blessing, a gift from the heavens. That morning on Urien’s bed, you felt for the first time that maybe loving a priest felt like a burden.

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Urien asked you to go out with him again earlier, but you lied to him. Told him you had work. You had other plans.
It was a Friday evening and you went to Grillby’s instead. You and G would claim the music room and he’d talk to you about various aspects of S&M. He even made you write more stories like that one time you made Esther fanfiction. He wanted to know what you most desired when you imagined yourselves as lovers. Those were your favourite homework assignments - writing out sexually explicit fantasies of bondage and torture. You loved your Friday night training sessions, counting down the minutes until you could be with him again.

But G had been in Rome for three weeks now. You came to Grillby’s tonight to be alone in your thoughts, your fears and your feelings for Urien. You thought about confiding to Grillby, but he was busy with some sort of dinner party in his grand dining room. You avoided it and hid in the music room. You sat near the piano in hopes to feel closer to G. It didn’t work. From your backpack, you pulled out G’s most recent letter to you.

‘My Little One,

I wish you could be here with me.

I strolled through the Galleria Borghese today and imagined all the inappropriate remarks you’d make about the statues in their various naked states. It’s a special kind of torture to be without you. I wish you could marvel at these works of art with me. This city is so old, so tired, but I believe it would become young again in your eyes.

I don’t know if we could ever visit Rome together, but I’ll dream of that day. I have friends here. I bump into them wherever I go. The city is crawling with priests.

I hope your classes are going well? I’m sorry I had to go for so long. I think about you every day, every night. I hope you aren’t too lonely and that Grillby is behaving himself in my absence.

I passed some graffiti today which I knew you’d find amusing. *Cloro al clero*. You’d see it painted near the Vatican city. It means ‘poison the clergy’, but please don’t let it give you any ideas.

My trip here has been successful. I left you as Reverend W.D Gaster, SC. I’ll return to you as Rev. Dr W.D Gaster, SC. You are under orders never to call me Reverend, Doctor or WingDings. You can call me Father Gaster at church, Sir in your collar and G or Sans when I’m inside you.

I’m spending the evening with several Jesuits I went to seminary with. Soon I’ll be home with you.
Home, in case you’re wondering, is not back in your little town or in the city on Snowdin street or in any other country. Home is when I’m with you.

♓ ●□❖ังό

P.S - Yes, I know how much it turns you on when I speak in my native tongue.’

The letter was signed with an ornate S with a slash through it. It was G’s private signature when he wrote letters to you, Grillby or Papyrus. But just for you, he added a little ‘G’ next to it. You pressed the letter against your chest and saw Grillby watching you from the doorway of the music room.

Grillby gave you his usual cheeky grin. The kind where he knew you were up to something. “What’s his name, chérie?”

For a moment, you forgot about Urien. You wished you forgot about him longer. “Who?”

Grillby walked over to you and pulled the collar of your shirt down. He touched a sore spot just above your right breast. Glancing down, you saw a slightly red mark Urien had left from last night’s kisses.

“You can tell me.”

You folded your letter and placed it on the piano. Your lips trembled as you spoke. “Grillby, I’m in trouble.”

Grillby’s eyes widened in surprise. “Pregnant?”

You shook your head. “Worse.”

“What’s worse than pregnant?” He asked.

Tears finally fell down your face and you wiped them off with the back of your hand. You took a
deep breath.

“I think I’m in love.”

Chapter End Notes

After all the scenes of kidnapping, abusive fathers and forcing time apart to grow; This was a very painful chapter for both me and Mr Editor. It hurt to write it and it hurt him to proof-read it. But I’ve had this character arc in script and I want it to happen.

Urien is not a descendant of Undyne, by the way. In this world, there are a lot more 'merfolk/fishfolk' other than Undyne herself, and Urien is probably from another family line. I imagine Undyne's descendants have a mixture of fish and lizard traits.
Protection Against Wickedness

Chapter Summary

You confide with Grillby about your current situation.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Grillby took the news better than expected. In fact, the more you talked to him, the less shocked he became. He listened to everything you told him and asked no questions until you were done.

“He’s in love with me, Grillby,” you said with a mirthless laugh. “Madly head-over-heels in love. I never expected anyone other than G to ever love me. He must be a masochist.” You wrung your hands together at the thought. “I guess anyone in love with me would have to be a masochist.”

Grillby thought about your last sentence before he chuckled behind his glass of scotch. “You said it, not me,” he shrugged. “But I doubt he is one. Or even a submissive.”

“Then why does he want to do everything I tell him to do?”

“Because he is a thirsty little vanilla boy who is desperate to please you and to keep you. Remember what I said about the Rolls-Royce?” He tapped the side of his temple. “A proper male submissive submits out of desire, not desperation or necessity. I should know. A man in love with a woman who is with another man is the second most desperate creature on earth.”

“What’s the first?”

Grillby looked down at his scotch. “A man in love with a man who is with another woman.”

You laughed. Grillby only smiled quietly.

“I didn’t know I could feel this way,” you told him. “It’s not like I love G any less. I feel like I have this second heart I didn’t know was there until I met Urien. I didn’t know you could do that? Care about two people that much at the same time?”
“Welcome to polyamory.” Grillby said as he placed his drink down on the mantelpiece.

“Poly?”

“Poly means multi. Amory means love. It’s common in our world, having more than one lover. And I don’t mean lover in a sexual sense alone. I mean having and loving multiple people in a consensual relationship.”

You massaged your forehead. “Sounds like a nightmare.”

“Polyamory is the tragedy of getting everything you want all at the same time,” Grillby sighed. “Still, anything’s better than monogamy, oui?”

“I still feel horrible,” you buried your face in your hands. “But I can’t stop. Every day I tell myself ‘Okay, I’ll break it off with Urien today.’ Yet I don’t. We fooled around last night. There wasn’t any sex, I wouldn’t let him, but that night I just wanted to tie him down and make him beg for it and..” You stopped and exhaled through your nose.

Grillby stood there next to you with a very obvious bulge in his pants. He didn’t seem bothered or embarrassed by it at all though. In fact, he was grinning down at you like a Cheshire Cat.

“Shit,” you hissed. “Did I say that out loud?”

Grillby cocked his head to one side, looking all smug as he stroked his chin. You wondered why. “You did.”

“What’s with that look?”

“I’m gloating.”

“Why?”
Grillby’s smile grew wider. “Not telling.”

You groaned. “Okay but.. Sorry for my sudden creepy confession.”

“Don’t be. No one in this house can judge you,” Grillby waved a hand in the room to prove his point. “I’ve fucked two different people today. Probably will have a third round before the night is over.”

“I know that should help me feel less horrible,” you told him. “But it doesn’t. I just feel jealous.” You tried your best to smile.

“This should make you feel less horrible,” Grillby sat next to you at the piano. “Sans knew this would happen. I would even say he wanted it to, actually.”

“G wanted me to fall for someone else?”

Grillby nodded. “You think he is making you wait so long for him for no reason other than to torture you?”

“Yeah, kind of.”

“That’s only part of it.” Grillby looked down at the piano keys and traced his fingers along the ivory. “You know that he loves you. You know he’s a Catholic priest. You know he can’t marry you or give you children. He can’t hold your hand as you stroll down the street and kiss you out in the open under a streetlamp. If that is something you want, he wants you to have it. Sex will seal you to him. You spend a night in his bed and you’ll never want to leave it.”

For a moment, you saw Grillby stare off to the side of the room with a very faraway look in his eyes.

“If you want to get out,” Grillby continued. “You need to do it now before it’s too late.”

“But I want them both.”
Grillby looked back down at you with soft eyes. “We know *le prêtre* would allow that. But would your boy allow it?”

You shook your head. “No. He’d hate that. He flinches every time I mention anything about G.”

“Then you have a choice to make, but you must make it soon and make it clean.”

“Clean?”

Grillby turned to you and began to unbutton his white shirt. He pulled the fabric to one side to reveal a large scar on his left side. The scar was the equivalent of seeing lava and molten rock and it was a gruesome sight that you couldn’t tear your eyes off.

“Bullet wound,” he said. “Nearly dusted me. They had to dig out thirty pieces of silver. You want to shoot someone? Have the decency to make it clean. In and out, straight through. No hope.”

“That’s..” you muttered. “That’s pretty brutal, Grillby.”

“You said he’s an aspiring poet, yes?” Grillby asked. “Then break him. It’ll be good for his craft.” He chuckled morbidly to himself as he buttoned his shirt again, but you stopped him when you pressed a hand against his side. You could feel the flames of his body lick your skin and the muscle underneath your palm. The lava rock and magma from his scar didn’t burn you at all. Instead, it just felt like a very bumpy and ugly scab. Grillby didn’t seem surprised when you touched him, and not at all displeased.

“There was a nun at my old high school who said Hell was the absence of hope,” you said quietly as you traced the hard line of the mark. You couldn’t imagine the pain Grillby must have suffered or how he even survived such a wound. It was beautiful in a way. You almost wanted to kiss it.

Grillby covered your hand with his. “Then your nun was never in love with someone she couldn’t have,” he answered in the same hushed tone. He cupped your chin as he spoke to you. “If you care about this boy at all, *chérie*. Please. Give him no hope.”

The thumb on your chin raised up to trace your bottom lip. Grillby has done this to you plenty of
times, even with G around. G never showed signs of jealousy when Grillby flirted with you like this; only amusement. Maybe even encouragement.

“I know you, *ma chérie,*” said the fire elemental in a hushed tone. His hushed, intimate tone lulled you so close to him that the two of you could kiss if you dared. “I know what you truly are. You’ll never be content with a boy like that. He will only be a little game and you will play him until you tire of him. You need so much more than that. I know this because I’m the same way.”

Grillby looked into your eyes and you looked back into his. Those white-hot almond shaped eyes behind glass spectacles. You could almost imagine your lips meeting.. And ripping his shirt off, yanking his pants open. Grillby would look beautiful on his back underneath you, your hands on his wrists and his cock buried inside you as you rode him against the--

Wait a minute. Just what were you thinking?

You pulled back and breathed in sharply through your nose. With one hand, you slapped it closed over your mouth. What were you thinking?! Grillby merely stared at you with a smile so smug it could almost rival G’s. You looked at him and it terrified you to know that he was right; That he knew what you truly are. He’s just not going to fucking say it.

Instead of rubbing it in your face, Grillby reached over the mantelpiece and handed you his glass of scotch. You took it in your hands and watched the dark, caramel liquid swirl around. You took a deep gulp and almost immediately coughed as the liquor burned down your throat.

“I’m terribly fucked, Grillby.”

Grillby took the glass back from you and downed it. The embers in his hair burned brighter from the alcohol. “Not yet,” he said cheerfully. “The night is still young.”

“What should I do?”

“What do you want to do?”

“Fuck them both!” you laughed but there was no spirit to it. “I know what I don’t want to do. I don’t want to hurt Urien. I don’t want to hurt G either.”
“A nice dream, but this is life,” Grillby said as he finally buttoned up his shirt. “This is the real world. You will hurt them, and they will hurt you.”

“Urien’s my age, y’know?” you stared down at the piano keys. “He’s a student, just like me. We can go places together, be seen together and we’re both writers. We make sense. Me and G? We make no sense. At least, to no one but us.”

Grillby looked at you once he had righted his clothes. “Oh, chérie .. I wish you could’ve known him when he was a teenager.”

“What was he like?”

“An old soul. Acted older than he is now,” Grillby chuckled out of nostalgia “Mon Dieu, you’d never met someone so arrogant, so pompous and so condescending. Everyone in that damn school hated him. Everyone but the priests.”

You burst into laughter. This time, Grillby laughed alongside you.

“I can totally picture that. Why was he such a dick back then?”

“We were all little shits when we were teenagers. God knows I was, but for him, I think it was because of fear. He thought he’d been tainted by his father, his past. He thought he’d rather be hated than be loved. He didn’t want anyone near him. Being a priest though.. He’s more open now. More open with his affections. Being with you..”

Grillby paused as if he didn’t want to speak the next words. “Being with you makes him better. Happy. Less troubled. He’s almost..” Grillby shook his head. “Almost fun.”

You giggled at him. “He wasn’t fun as a teenager?”

“In a different way,” he answered. His grin shrank into a more secretive smile before it died away. “No, actually, he wasn’t ‘fun’ back then. He was cold and closed off. Dangerous even. I nearly died getting close to him, but in the end, the reward was worth the price.”
You faced Grillby and swallowed. “If I left him, what would happen?”

Grillby made some sort of pained expression. “I will only say this,” he said. “When le prêtre is in the right mood, he can make even the devil himself afraid to turn his back.”

You let out an exaggerated sigh. “I hate my life tonight.”

“*Ma chérie,* I once stood at the same crossroads you stand at now,” Grillby told you. “And I’ll never regret walking the darker path. The view is better down here.”

“I don’t want G to ever leave the priesthood,” you replied, remembering your promise with God. “But if we ever get caught and he gets in trouble. I just wish I could see the future.”

You and Grillby shared a silence for a moment.

“What’s his last name?” Grillby asked. “This shark boy of yours?”

“Why?” you asked back. “You gonna make a file on him?” By now you knew all about those large file drawers in Grillby’s private office. You haven’t opened one yourself though.

“*Peut-être,***” Grillby admitted.

“It’s Sutherlin. Urien Sutherlin. Want his birthday and his blood type too?”

Grillby only chuckled in response. “What do you think about calling yourself Mrs. Sutherlin?”

You cringed. It was absurd to think about marriage. About having kids and the wife-mother thing. Ever since you’ve burned that idea to the ground with that deal with God, it just sounded so foreign.

“I want more than just a husband and kids.” You told him.
“Looks like you have your answer, Mrs. Sutherlin.”

You glared at him. “Call me that again and I’ll slap you into next year.”

Grillby smiled again. A genuine smile. “Now, ma chérie , you’re speaking my language.”

He kissed you good night on both of your cheeks and you threw on your coat. The temperature had dropped so you decided to hail a cab on your way back to the dorms. As you scanned the street for one, you heard someone call your name.

You didn’t expect a certain merman to be here.

“Urien?” You gaped at him with shock as he walked up to you. “What the hell are you doing here?”

Urien stood there next to you with a bouquet of flowers in his hand. Even in his winter clothes, he looked half-dead from the cold.

“Y-you said you had work tonight,” he replied without a smile on his face. You couldn’t remember when was the last time he spoke to you without his toothy grin. “I.. I wanted to surprise you at work with flowers. I forgot which bookstore you worked at so I followed you.”

You took a step back.

“I know that’s creepy!” Urien added quickly when he saw you retreat. “But I thought you’d forgive me since I brought flowers for you.”

You glanced at your watch. You visited Grillby’s at around eight. It was now past ten. “You’ve been waiting out here for two hours?!”

“The things we do for love, right?” he laughed at himself. “I kinda liked the mystery-girl vibe you had going on since you wouldn’t tell me anything. No big deal. It was kinda hot actually - the
secrecy thing. Secrets are one thing, beautiful, but.. You lied to me.”

“I did lie,” You decided to get straight to the point. “I’m not at work. I visited a friend instead.”

“Some fucking rich friend.” Urien stared at Grillby’s mansion of a house.

“He’s also his friend. I didn’t want to hurt your feelings since everytime I talk about him, you look as though it’s the end of the world.”

Urien shrugged. “Well, my feelings are hurt, but still - no biggie. They’ll get unhurt eventually.”

You raised a brow at him. “Eventually?”

“Yeah!” Urien finally smiled. It looked very forced. “Can we maybe go somewhere and ta--”

You couldn’t let him finish. You won’t let him. “Urien, I can’t see you anymore.” You let the words out fast and hard as if you tore off a bandage.

Urien stood there. Just when you thought the snow had finally frozen him over, he finally he let out a chortle. “Am I suddenly invisible?”

You stamp your foot in the snow. “Stop being so cute and funny,” you demanded. “He comes back in three days. I can’t do this anymore. I can’t play this game with you.”

“But it’s not a game,” Urien replied, his voice sounded tense. “I’m in love with you.”

“And I’m in love with him.”

“You can’t be,” Urien’s eyebrows furrowed. “He’s some old nerd studying a PhD. You’re a badass punk nineteen-year-old who takes shit from no one. What could you two possibly have in common?”
You clenched your fists and recounted all the things you loved about your priest. “He’s brilliant, he’s funny and he’s fascinating. I’ll never reach the end of the mystery of him.”

“Older guys just love younger girls like you,” Urien challenged. “You’re like easy prey for him. He’s just impressing you.”

“I am not easy prey,” You said sternly. “I’m not some helpless sheep being eaten by a big bad wolf. You said it yourself, I’m badass. I am the wolf.”

Urien’s lips trembled and he began to show you those puppy eyes once more. He looked like a sad, lost little shark-dog who just wanted to be loved. You wouldn’t give it to him, so you kept listing more things about G, the things you didn’t want to tell him before.

“He’s six foot four, speaks a dozen different languages and he’s stunningly beautiful. Yes, I use the word beautiful. You? You’re only cute. Him? He rides a fucking Ducati motorcycle and he lives his life like you can’t believe he brought me into. The parties I’ve seen are those you’ll never ever imagine. And the people? Rich. Powerful. Dangerous. And you know what, Urien?”

You stepped closer to him and it was his turn to back away. The bouquet of flowers dropped from his hand and into a pile of snow.

“You fucking know what? None of that matters. What matters to me is that he loves me and there is nothing he wouldn’t do for me. He loves me so much, that even if I wanted to be with you more than him, he’d actually let me! He loves me and he knows me, and I am a more interesting person when I’m with him than when I’m without him. Without him, I’m just an MEU major with a part-time job with too much homework.”

“That’s all I am too,” Urien said hopefully.

“Yeah,” you placed a hand on your hip and waved him off dismissively. “Exactly.”

The words hung in the air between the two of you like venom. You knew you crossed a line. You knew you pushed the knife in a little too deep. As much as you adored Urien, he could never compete with someone like G. First of all, G was a man. Urien was just a boy.

“You know what you’re doing?” Urien finally blurted out. He looked away from you, his bangs
covering one side of his face. “You’re living in Wonderland. This guy is older and speaks in all these languages and lives the crazy life. It’s different. It’s weird. It’s the Mad Kingdom down the rabbit hole. It’s fun for a while, but you still have to go home eventually. You know you have to go home.” He finally looks at you with a hardened expression you’ve only seen in class before your affair with him. “You can’t live there forever, Alice.”


Urien shook his head. “This is crazy, you and him.”

“What can I say,” you shrugged. “We’re all mad here.”

Urien ran a hand through his dark punk hair as he whispered your name. His red highlights fell between his fingers.

You looked up at the sky to watch the snow fall down. Instead, you caught a glimpse of a certain Fire Elemental who seemed to be enjoying the show from his balcony.

*Be brutal*, Grillby had said. *Make it clean.*

You envisioned the white collar. Instead of your neck, you wrapped it around your heart. You imagine hearing the click of the lock. You tilted your head to one side and the other to stretch the muscles on your neck. It was time for one final blow.

“Let me ask you a question, Urien,” you began. "Would you ever pour candle wax on a woman?"

“What the fuck? No way.”

“Cane her?”

Urien’s face twisted with horror. “No!!”
“Do you know how to use a single tail?”

“I don’t even know what that is.”

The answer was clearer and clearer, light as day. How stupid you were not to have this conversation before. “Do you know what a St. Andrews Cross is?”

“A what?”

“A St. Andrews Cross.”

“What the hell is that?”


“You're freaking me out here y’know.” Urien whimpered as he crossed his arms together.

“Oh, I haven't even begun to freak you out.”

Urien tucked his hands under his armpits. He said your name in a sombre tone. “I seriously want to know; What can he possibly give you that I can't?” he asked.

This was the easiest question he has asked you today. A taxi finally arrived and you flagged it down. As it stopped next to you, you finally gave him your answer. A simple answer is suitable for such a simple question.

“Everything.”
You sat alone in your dorm room. Your roommates were out at the moment, doing things you could care less about. You let the tears roll down your cheeks and into your pillow. God, you didn’t know why you were hurting so much. This sucked. You swore you’d never invest so much emotion into vanilla guys ever again. You will never again consider having a foot between two worlds anymore. It hurt too much. Hurt Urien and hurt you. It could hurt G, or it would if he knew. And he will know. You will have to tell him. It didn’t felt right to keep this a secret from him.

You already miss the nights of having dinner and talking about books and about the profs you loved and hated. You missed the movie nights and the cute sounds he made during those makeouts that lasted for hours. You grumbled to yourself as you shifted on your bed. What was more pathetic than a lovesick girl wallowing in her sorrows by herself?

Urien made you think of things you never thought you’d ever have. Things completely different from the things G wanted with you. You wanted to strip him, to tie him up, bite him, kiss him, make him beg at your feet.. Maybe you’d get an ice cube and torture him with it. You banged your head against the mattress. Where did these fantasies come from? You were even thinking about them towards Grillby! The one person G described as ‘dangerous’! You’re a submissive, aren’t you? G’s property. G owned you. You can’t for the life of you even begin to imagine topping G. The idea was ludicrous. Impossible. Then why did you want to do it so much with the other two? Why was it all you could think of when you were alone with Urien or with Grillby? You sighed and sat up to clear your head. It didn’t matter. These were just fantasies. You suppose you’ll forget about them by morning.

Suddenly, you heard the sound of someone running outside the hallways of the dormitory and a dozen fists that pounded on the door.

“Party in the corner suite!” The frat boy messengers marched through the hall, echoing a choir of laughter. They quickly moved to the next door and banged again, then repeated the call. It was a typical late Friday night invitation. You stared at the door.

It was a terrible idea to be sobbing alone on a Friday night.

You hopped out of bed and headed out to the corner suite.

Why not have some company?
"I have a bad feeling about this. I swear if this fish fucker tries anything.." - Mr Editor

Don't worry. Unlike Dad, Urien only lasts two chapters so this is the last time you'll be seeing sharkboy.

Here, it is revealed that Reader is a *switch*. This trait will come up again in little one-shots and drabbles I've prepared in the future after this fic is completed. (if anyone would be interested in them).

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