Sooner or Later You're Gonna be Mine
by Staringback

Summary

Frisk sang for a living. She sang in clubs that were populated by mobsters, murderers and the most violent criminals her city had to offer. She honestly thought things couldn't get any worse until corruption in the form of a grinning skeleton came strolling into her life. His name: Sans.

She tried to run, but no matter where she went he was always waiting for her.

Chapter 34 finally up!

Notes

My first story ever posted. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes
Red Smoke

“Oh God, I was hearin’ da rumors, but I didn’t believe he’d actually do it. As if our town wasn’t a big miserable wasteland of violence, misery and murder already, now he’s actually welcomin’ their kind into it as well.”

Frisk paused, her hairbrush in mid-stroke, as she heard the piano man grumble crudely under his breath. She hadn’t sang in this club before and truth be told, it didn’t have a great dressing room for performers to get “all dolled up” as many owners put it, so Frisk took it upon herself to dress up in the ladies’ bathroom.

After putting on her shimmery low-cut baby-blue dress and applying all that heavy makeup to her face, she exited the bathroom, leaving her aftershow clothes in one of the broken stalls and began brushing her hair on stage. It didn’t take much to style it, which was one of the main reason why Frisk had cut it short into a bob hairstyle. One less stupid thing she had to worry about before she got on stage. Just brush it till it looks neat, put a flower in it and the crowds still think you look like a “million bucks.”

Not that Frisk cared too much about what her “fans” thought of her. All she wanted to do was sing, get paid and go home before she saw another fight break out between the members of her audience.

Gang members erupting into violent and bloody fights in the middle of her songs were becoming more and more common over the last few months. And what were these fights over? Anything really. Gang members entering other gang territory, drug deals gone bad, gun deals wrong horribly bad. It didn’t matter. The result was always the same: somebody would be leaving in a body bag.

Frisk hadn’t gotten used to it, but she had definitely become quicker with dodging flying bullets and pieces of furniture that came her way.

She tried to deny it when she was younger, but now it was obvious. Her once pretty city was quickly sinking into corruption thanks largely to the mob groups that were overtaking large areas of her city. The dons and high-class mobsters ran everything from the small mom and pop stores to the police force. Even the city’s officials were nothing more than corrupt individuals in nice suits with clean smiles. The good decent poor folks suffered the most, having to pay out “protection fees” but there were always ways to make money.

Everybody had a price. Everybody could endure or change themselves for money. Frisk knew. To her despair, she watched a number of her long-time friends get lost in the world of easy money and quick deaths. She had been to more funerals than birthdays parties this year alone. She could never
blame them though.

The world was going through a depression after all. And Frisk herself was not exactly a wealthy professional singer. Right now her gigs were seedy clubs with even seedier owners, whose businesses reeked of cigar smoke and strong booze and no matter how many times Frisk showered the smell seemed to linger.

And her nightly audiences were the lowest class of criminals. Not that Frisk judged on them on poverty levels. In fact, most of the best people she knew were struggling to get by. But when it all came down to the wire a rich mobster was just as bad as his poor lackey. Both types murder for money and power and both types will harm the innocent to get what they want.

Frisk really needed to get out. She just hadn’t saved enough money yet. She may have been a popular singer in these types of bars, but the pay wasn’t great. She made just enough to pay for her crappy apartment, her bills and the protection fee her local police force demanded of its residents.

The piano man saw her baffled look and pulled back the curtain even further so she could get a good look at her audience for the night.

She squinted through the cigarette smoke that lightly covered the many faces of her audience and tried to see what he was moaning about.

“Look at the last table in the back. You’ll see what I’m talking about, toots.”

Frisk did and gasped aloud. The piano man chuckled, letting her know she was indeed seeing what she was thought she was seeing.

Seeing Don Dee was a shock in itself. Even small fish like Frisk knew who he was just by looking at him. A top dog, a big shot, a huge fish...and the fact that he was sitting in this piece of shit of a bar was astounding in itself. The man was known for class and expensive taste. The suit he was wearing outshined all the cheap ones that almost all the other club patrons were wearing.

But the don being here wasn’t the most shocking part. The most shocking part was his companion. The gentleman sitting beside the Don was...not from the city to say the least. And if he had entered the club by himself, he would have been killed instantly. But sitting with the Don made him untouchable. In fact, most patrons were going out of their way not to stare at him.
“Say, is he-” Frisk began, but stopped when the musician laughed again.

“Yep. The Don himself is invitin’ monsters in the operation now. Can you believe that, toots? Disgustin’ monsters. Pfft...he’s makin’ a mistake is what he’s doin’. Gonna lose all that respect. Monsters..Now this town really has sank as low as it can go.”

Frisk frowned at his choice of words, and the effect they had on her, but continued to stare, even though she felt a little bad doing it. She knew that people who differed from her own race and in this case species shouldn’t be stared at like they were some kind of spectacle, but Frisk really couldn’t help herself.

Sure she heard all about the monsters that lived in the neighboring cities miles away from her own, and sure she knew they looked different from humans and their customs and politics were worlds apart from human, but to actually see one was...well it was something that deserved a second glance.

He was a massive monster. He was taller than any human Frisk had ever seen and he was wide too. Not fat, but there was no denying how incredibly powerful he looked. He made the Don’s bodyguards look like little boys.

And his suit was even more impressive than the Don’s if that were possible. His jacket, fedora hat and trousers were black, while his waist coat was an eye-catching red. Frisk wasn’t too fond of that color, but she had to admit the monster had style. A fat cigar was in his teeth and the smoke coming from it was strange. It wasn’t gray smoke. It was red smoke and curled in unusual designs before it disappeared.

But his size and clothing were nothing compared to what he actually looked like. He had a huge smile on his face and despite the dimmed lights, Frisk saw a glimmering gold tooth flashing in his mouth every time the skeleton turned his head.

“Damn freak,” the piano man muttered and lowered the curtain.

Before the cheap bright red curtain could blocked her view, Frisk felt her heart jump in her throat. At the last second the skeleton turned his head to look directly at her. The flickering red lights in his wide sockets that made up his eyes met hers. He took the cigar out of his mouth with two of his large bony fingers and winked at her. Frisk quickly turned away, grateful that the curtain was now blocking his view of her. That look...
didn’t understand why his friendly little gesture sent a cold chill down her spine, but she quickly dismissed it.

It doesn’t matter, she thought to herself. I’m not gonna talk to him if I can help it so that’s that.

The piano man sat down at his piano, cracking his fingers and looking at Frisk. She hated the way his eyes wandered from her face and rested on her breasts. She glared at him, covering her chest with her arms. The man just shrugged coolly, completely unbothered.

“Hey, I ain’t touching ‘em toots. No law against lookin’.”

She needed to get out of this city. Go somewhere nicer where smoke from cigarettes and guns didn’t greet her every second of everyday. Where people actually cared if another person was killed. Maybe when she had enough saved up she could move to the country. Maybe live in a pretty cottage and start a garden. She couldn’t remember the last time she saw a flower growing outside.

She smiled faintly. Her mother always talked about starting a garden when Frisk was really little and-

“But going back to our conversation, the Don really is makin’ a mistake. As soon as we let one monster in, more are gonna come. Just you wait. I’m mean look at what happened when we started lettin’ the darkies in—”

Frisk felt a shot of anger bloom in her chest.

“Why don’t you keep those disgusting thoughts to yourself and get ready for the show? Since the Don is here we can’t afford you screwing things up. Word around the grapevine is that you aren’t the cream of the crop when it comes to playing that thing.”

It was a lie of course. Frisk knew nothing about this man, but that didn’t stop her from feeling a sort of smug satisfaction enter her as the piano man’s face changed from cocky and arrogant to enraged and disgusted.

“Goddamn, bleedin’ heart whore,” he muttered loud enough for her to hear, but low enough so nobody else could hear. “You and your type are the reason why there are so much problems in this world. You treat the inferior a certain way and suddenly they start demandin’ to be treated that way
Frisk smiled and continued brushing her hair, humming the songs she was going to sing for the audience tonight. It was always nice to be told that. Whenever somebody told her that or something similar to that, Frisk couldn’t help but feel like she was more than just some seedy bar singer who sang for murderers and criminals.

The piano man and her didn’t speak again and Frisk continued to brush her hair until the audience started to quiet down.

*Showtime*, Frisk thought grimly, no longer excited about being on stage.

The curtain parted and the horrible spotlight that hit her was nearly blinding, but before she could adjust to it, the piano started playing.

She sang the first song with ease and much to her disappointment the piano man didn’t make one mistake. Guy knew his instrument. Too bad he was a racist prick.

For the most part, Frisk loved musicians. All that passion being played through their fingers or mouths and whenever she spoke them they always wanted to be something more than what they were. Just like her, they dreamt of getting out of the city and being somewhere safe and pretty.

At one point when Frisk was younger and still wanted to make singing her life’s career she would dream of marrying a gentle musician. The two of them would become famous and sing at only the best clubs and have children who loved music and would sing and play too and-

Frisk never would have thought in a million years that she would grow to hate the talent she once cherished. The spotlight was always too bright, the places always reeked of blood and booze and the applause was laced with lewd comments about her body.

She was too weak for this city. She knew, but thankfully none of these cruel people knew it. Her dad once told her that if you show any weakness to people like mobsters and criminals they would eat you alive. She had no doubt he had been correct.

After her first song ended, the applause was loud and hard. Frisk forced a smile on her face and blew a kiss into the crowd.
Now adjusted to the blinding light she looked at her audience. Gray smoke blurred their faces but almost instantly her eyes were drawn to the skeleton’s red smoke. She looked at him and the look he was giving back to her nearly took her breath away. It was so intense. So...extreme and he never looked down or away from her.

Even when the Don was talking to him quietly about whatever crime-ridden business they had together, the skeleton would respond but never break his gaze away.

Frisk swallowed before she spoke.

“Such a lovely crowd here tonight and I would like to take this opportunity to personally thank Mr. Dee for honoring me with his presence and tolerating my cat-screeching I like to call singing.”

A rough round of laughter and applause reached Frisk’s ears. The old Don waved to the crowds and then offered her a wave as well. Forcing back the vomit and physically battling with herself to keep her smile on her face, Frisk blew a kiss directly at the old man who had killed so many people whether they were guilty or innocent. Whether they were a part of his gang or an innocent bystander.

I really need to get out of this town, Frisk thought as she began her next song.

She almost messed up a few of her notes. That skeleton’s red eyes had gone black as soon as she blew that kiss to the Don and she was having trouble focusing.

Frisk scurried off stage after she finished her songs, pausing only briefly to wave at the handsome jazz band that was scheduled to play right after her. They returned the wave and started to do some playful and very cute cat-calling that wasn’t lewd or vulgar at all.

Frisk smiled to herself as she entered the empty bathroom (all the women in the audience have been waiting for that jazz band to play. They were becoming very popular and no doubt would make it big) and went into the broken stall where she left her clothes.

Still some good guys out there, Frisk thought as she took off her painfully tight blue dress and put on her more preferred one. The fabric of her baggy blue and pink sweater dress was a warm and welcomed change from the dress she just had on.
She stuff the blue dress in her purse without a care and walked out of the stall. She looked in the mirror and sighed.

Too much make-up. Don’t get it wrong, she didn’t mind some make-up every once in awhile, but the rouge on her cheeks was too bright. Her blue eye-shadow was too heavy and her red lipstick was too much. But that’s the club owners always wanted. That’s what the men in her audience wanted.

With a frustrated growl she turned on the sink, took a handful of soap, mixed it with water and began scrubbing her face viciously.

_I need to get out of here_, Frisk thought of the millionth time as she continued to scrub her face until her skin turned red.

Frisk didn’t hear the bathroom door open so when she heard the heavy footsteps she turned towards the noise.

The soap and water dripped from her face and onto her dress as she stared at the massive skeleton who was blocking the exit. She didn’t even realize her mouth was open until the taste of bitter and slippery liquid soap burned her tongue. She quickly closed her lips and backed away from the skeleton.

His hands were in his pockets as he looked Frisk up and down, his smile growing by the second. His gold tooth glittered menacingly against the bathroom lights. He took a step towards her.

_No...please_, Frisk thought as she held her hands up in a weak attempt to create some kind of barrier between herself and the monster that was at least two heads taller than her.

There was only one reason why a straight man would enter the women’s bathroom and Frisk learned what it was when she first starting singing. The man who had attacked was big too. He had grabbed her and shoved her up against the stall’s doors and would have done so much more if it hadn’t been for a lady who needed to use the restroom at that moment. Security was called and the man was “removed”. As in beaten and almost killed “removed”.

Frisk opened her mouth to scream for help, but the music from the jazz band blasted through the
door, letting Frisk know that her chance for calling for help and actually having someone hear her was gone.

She looked up at him and tried to smile at him. She didn’t know what she was gonna say to try and talk him out of the thing he was going to do to her. And through her mind-numbing fear she actually took a second to wondered how a skeleton could do something like that. But she wasn’t curious enough to find out.

“Look mister, I don’t want any trouble-”

Frisk stopped her sentence, groaning in fear as the skeleton took his hands out of his pockets and reached into his jacket.

*I was wrong*, Frisk thought the fear now eating her up. *He isn’t gonna rape me. He’s gonna kill me!*

He pulled his hand out and Frisk screamed backing up until she hit the bathroom wall. She expecting to see a gun or a knife, but instead he pulled out a cigar.

He chuckled and looked at the cigar and then at her.

“Don’t like smokers, dollface? I understand, it’s a nasty habit.” His voice was deep and rough, but Frisk definitely heard the amusement that laced every word.

He put the cigar back in his jacket pocket and gave her a little bow. His eyes were shining brightly. Made him look scarier.

“Sorry ‘bout entering the no-man’s land that is the ladies room, but I just wanted to help us solve our little problem we were having back there.”

Frisk frowned, but didn’t say anything. They didn’t have a problem. Frisk never did anything to him so there couldn’t be a problem.

“Ya see, dollface, I noticed you starin’ at me.”
Frisk felt a shameful blush come over her face. So that’s why he was doing this. He must have been insulted that she had been staring at him. Of course he was mad and wanted to confront her about her rude behavior even if his way of confronting her was downright terrifying. At least he wasn’t being violent...yet.

Frisk didn’t know much about him except he was a monster who was sitting with the Don and only people who were like the Don sat with the Don. He couldn’t be good news.

However, she also knew she couldn’t afford to insult him again, so she took a deep breath, and offered her best smile. She hoped with every fiber of her being that she could talk to him calmly to a point where she wouldn’t get hurt.

“Listen, I’m really sorry about star-”

“Course I was starin' first. And I like what I see.”

The fear of being raped resurfaced in Frisk’s mind. She looked past him towards the door. He looked big and slow. Maybe she could run past him...maybe….

The massive monster gestured towards his rich clothes and it was then that Frisk noticed the many rings that decorated his boney fingers. They were all gold, just like his tooth and sparkled unpleasantly.

“So tell me dollface, do you like what you see?”

The question was not something Frisk had been expecting and instantly her mind gave her every reason why she didn’t like what she saw. He was clearly some kind of big-shot criminal who had no problem hanging out with murderers. He flaunted his wealth. He smelled like gun smoke and blood.

So when Frisk opened her mouth, only one word left her lips. And she didn’t even mean to say it. She really didn’t mean to. She wasn’t stupid, but it slipped out.

“No.”
The red lights of his eyes went out and the next thing she knew, huge boney hands were gripping her shoulders tightly and she found herself slammed up against the wall.
Frisk heard the band’s first song end through the bathroom door and the applause that followed was deafening compared to the audience’s reaction when she sang for them. She really couldn’t say she was jealous though. She heard the men in the band were breathtakingly talented and their handsome looks didn’t hurt either with the female fans. Plus when it all came down to it, Frisk knew they deserved more love than she did when it came to applause. They clearly still had passion for their musical gift. Frisk despised her ability to sing, so it was only right that the people who loved what they did should reap the rewards.

As the audience quieted down, waiting impatiently for the jazz band’s next song to begin, it would have been at this very moment that Frisk could have screamed for help and the chances of somebody hearing her would have been good.

However, the wind and screams were knocked out of her as the huge skeleton slammed her against the wall. But the brief pain and shortness of breath weren’t the only things that she felt.

Beyond the skeleton monster’s strong and merciless grip pinning her to the wall, Frisk felt something else on her body as well. Something heavy and unpleasant that had centered itself on her chest, like some kind of an invisible weight. For a moment Frisk thought he had terrified her so badly that she was having a heart attack.

But just as quickly as that thought entered her mind, she dismissed it. Yes her heart was beating a mile a second and yes the fear was clouding her thoughts, but aren’t heart attacks supposed to be painful? Whatever was happening to her chest was uncomfortable, but it wasn’t painful. It was unusual, but didn’t feel life-threatening. The skeleton on the other hand felt quite life-threatening.

She looked up at his face and gasped in shock. His eye sockets were still pitch black, but there was a faint red smoke coming from his left socket. It reminded her of the red smoke his cigars produced that curled into designs that almost looked like skullish patterns before they evaporated. But that could have been just her imagination, mixed with the bad lighting of the nightclub.
She gulped and tried to match his glare as best she could. Like her dad said, if you show your fear, they’ll eat you alive in this city. Of course this monster probably knew she was terrified, but she wasn’t going to give him anymore of her fear than she already had.

So she capped a lid on it, tried to control her shaking and gave him her best “you better back the hell off me” look. She knew it failed though. You can’t really intimidate somebody who can look angry and keep a wide sharp-toothed smile on their face at the same time. It made her wonder if he could even frown at all.

He released her shoulders and Frisk tried to run, tried to move, tried to push him away, tried to do anything, but her body wouldn’t let her. It was like she was frozen on the spot. And that heavy invisible pressure on her chest seemed to increase in weight.

Frisk suppressed a whine of fear as he slammed both his hands on either side of her head leaving dents in the metal wall, and bent down to her level so they were eye level with each other.

“Ya don’t like what ya see?” He repeated slowly and carefully. “Well ain’t you an insultin’ and rude little thing.”

The amusement that was in his voice seconds ago disappeared. At first Frisk really couldn’t believe he actually said that. Was he really insulted she wasn’t all-out thrilled to be approached in a women’s bathroom by a male she never met? Did he seriously just call her “rude”? Was he kidding? One look at his face and that crazy red smoke now pouring as thick as fog from his socket was enough to reassure her that he was most definitely serious.

And when she realized that he truly was insulted, her fear disappeared despite the part of her mind that was begging her to apologize to this massive and clearly powerful individual.

Come on Frisky. It's okay. Just tell him what he wants to hear, that part of her urged and if this “gentleman” hadn’t used the word “insulting” to describe her, Frisk might have actually done it. She would have hated herself for it to be sure, but there’s a time to be mouthy and there’s a time to be smart, and now was certainly one of those times to be smart, but...he did use the word “insulting”...

Oh this creep is insulted is he? The other part of her mind growled and Frisk actually had to fight with herself to keep in the ironic laugh that was threatening to come out of her. She gave him another once over and tried not to curl her lip up in disgust.
Rich clothes, golden jewelry, sitting and shooting the breeze with big-time criminals and then has the nerve to come into a women’s restroom and assault her? Oh but she was the rude one and he was the one who was insulted?!

**I bet I know why he’s insulted**, Frisk thought, her glare becoming stronger as she looked at him more determinedly. *He’s probably just like the rich mobsters around here. He thinks cause he’s rich and powerful, he can do what he wants and get anything with a snap of his fingers. Bet he’s never had a woman reject him before. Bet his wealth and his influence has women falling all over themselves to be with him.*

Frisk knew a lot of beautiful and gorgeous women who used their looks and charms to attract high-class criminals. It was one way to survive in this world, and while Frisk didn’t judge, she swore she would never become one of those women that tolerated a murderer for the good life.

And this...bastard was going to get a reality check if he thought a few words and showing off his gold and expensive suit was going to have her rushing into his arms.

Frisk opened her mouth to deliver all of her thoughts to him. Forget being smart, she was going for self-respect. Would he make her regret? Oh yes. Was she worried that he might kill her? There was a tiny part of her that was. The other part of her was still raging over his little description of her. In a way it was kind of funny. She honestly thought she had trained herself over who she could snap at and who she had to endure.

Guess not. She was going to pay a high price for self-respect tonight.

“Get off-”

He started tapping his fleshless fingertips against the wall and Frisk’s words got lost in her throat. That soft tip-tap sound echoed in the silent bathroom. Frisk forced herself not to swallow nervously and had to tell herself not to look away. Much to her self-disgust, some of her courage disappeared, but she continued to glare at him.

“Ya know kiddo, when I first saw us starin’ at each other, I honestly thought we had some kind of unspoken attraction...heh...I know that was the case with me.”

Frisk tried not to flinch as he ran a cold and bony finger gently down her soapy face, his sharp claw-like nail leaving a strange tingling sensation on her skin. She wanted to tell him not to touch her.
Wanted to shove him away, but the words were once again lost and the unseen weight that was gripping her chest now felt like an anchor.

“As a man made of bones, I have a real thing for skin and yours is just beautiful. Soft, smooth, practically flawless,” he nearly purred, adding a second digit to her face.

Frisk heard the jazz band start up again. Their next song was happy and energetic. The drums beat crazily, the trumpet blared and the saxophone sang out beautifully. There was no doubt in Frisk’s mind that a lot of couples were getting up to dance.

**Such an inappropriate song to be raped and killed to,** Frisk thought numbly as she began to tremble. The bravery she felt a moment ago disappeared completely as his gentle touches on her face continued.

She knew why her courage vanished as suddenly as it came. She had expected him to beat her violently. Expected him to call her every horrible name in the book. Throw her around a bit before he tore off her clothes, do what he was going to do and leave her body for some poor unexpecting woman to find. And Frisk would have accepted that fate. She wouldn’t have been okay with it, but she would have accepted it because she would have fought him every step of the way. She wouldn’t have just let him do it to her without a fight.

But he wasn’t doing any of that. And now she truly was scared because she had no idea what he was going to do. His rough voice was soft, he was complimenting her and he hadn’t raised a finger to attack her.

“And yer hair. It’s so shiny and soft lookin’ like silk.”

Frisk let out a moan of fear when he took his hand and ran his fingers through her hair. He chuckled ruthlessly as he wrapped wrapped a lock of her hair around his digit.

“Yep, just like I thought. Feels like silk too. Guess that’s why I was lookin’ at you. Can’t help admirin’ pretty things.”

His hard hand gently rested in her hair for a second. Frisk gulped, but the skeleton didn’t seem to notice. In fact, he seemed to be basking in how soft her hair was. Frisk on the other hand was having the opposite sensation. His touch was sending disgusting vibes throughout her body. She wanted him off her!
She could literally smell the cigar smoke and blood coming off him, and the closer he got the itchier her nose got. It reminded her of the small particles that would get into her nose whenever she dusted her home for the week.

“So that’s my reason for lookin’...so tell me dollface-” Frisk let out a small cry of pain as the skeleton tightened his grip on her hair and in one easy move slammed her head against the wall.

Her vision blurred for just a second and when it cleared, she saw that the skeleton had moved closer to her until her nose and his nasal hole were nearly touching.

“-why were you starin’ at me if you weren’t interested in me?”

Frisk started to open her mouth, unsure what to say. Unsure if the next words out of her mouth would be begging or insulting, sweet or hateful, but the skeleton slammed her head up against the wall once again before she could figure it herself.

She tried to push away from him. Tried to move her body, but that strange invisible weight kept her arms from swinging and her legs from running. If she weren’t so terrified she would have wondered what exactly was going on with her body. But now wasn’t the time.

“Ya don’t have to say, I already know.”

Keeping her head in place with one of his massive hands, he gestured towards himself with his free hand.

“You humans ain’t exactly an acceptin’ species. Barely can tolerant each other as it is. Course you wouldn’t find somebody like me appealin’ to the eye. I’m nothin’ more than a freak to you ain’t I? A sideshow attraction for you lovely eyes to sneer at.”

And with that one accusation, the invisible weight from Frisk’s chest disappeared. And there was a small part of her that realized that the skeleton must have been responsible for that unseen pressure on her because when she smacked his hand away from her hair, he made a small sound of surprise like he wasn’t expecting her to move.
She didn’t wondered how he could do that to her body. She wasn’t worried about how strong he was or how big he was or how he just slammed her head against the wall twice or his unwanted soft touches. All of them were unpleasant and nightmare-inducing experiences, but they were nothing compared to that accusation.

The red lights in his eyes reappeared as the smoke stopped pouring from his socket as she took a step towards him until their noses were touching. She felt a small amount of glee enter her as his eye sockets seem to widened with shock.

Bet he never had anybody confront him either, Frisk thought as she bared her white teeth at him.

“Don’t you ever accuse me of being racist again,” she hissed and to her surprise, he actually tried to back away from her. Without thinking about her safety she grabbed the collar of his shirt to keep him from moving away from her. He did stop, and Frisk knew it was from pure shock as opposed to her own strength that kept him in place, but that didn’t stop her next flow of words from coming out.

“You can call me a lot of things and I’ll accept them with a smile on my face, but don’t ever call me racist, ya bastard,” she paused her speech, wondering if she should continue or take this chance while he was stunned and gun it for the door.

But that damn determine part of her that took great pride in knowing she truly did not base a person’s character on their looks like so many other people in her city did, was demanding that she defend herself. Demanding that she uphold the beliefs her parents taught her. Demanding that she honor them. So she stayed, letting go of his collar and growled once more at him.

He pulled back, giving her some space and put his hands back into his pockets. His eyes sockets were narrowed and his red pinpoint lights were flashing wildly...warningly. She didn’t care and countered his stance by crossing her arms.

“And the only reason why I was looking at you in the first place was because you were sitting with the Don-”

“Got a thing for the old man then?” He said, his voice was still angry, but now completely mocking and sarcastic.

Frisk felt a blush come over her. The thought of being on the arm of that old murderer sent a slimy
image in her mind.

“I don’t have a thing for criminals or mobsters or criminal mobster monsters who think they can stroll into a ladies bathroom just cause they see something they like!”

With that final statement, Frisk walked around the huge monster, ignoring the way he put his head down as she passed him. She also ignored the way his shoulders began to shake. She didn’t stop her brisk walk to the door even when he started to make strange and deep guttural sounds. She was just about five feet from the door when she heard his loud and bone-chilling laughter break the silence of the bathroom and echoed off the walls.

The sound was so loud and so unexpected that Frisk nearly jumped out of her skin. She turned around quickly to make sure he wasn’t going to pounce on her, and it was then that she got the shock of her life…

...He was gone…just vanished…but how…he didn’t…she didn’t hear him move...What...?

She blinked, making sure her eyes weren’t playing tricks on her. Did he walk into one of the stalls? She wasn’t going to find out. Now was a great time to leave!

She spun around to leave the bathroom and stopped in her tracks, letting out a small scream of shock when the huge red and black clothed skeleton who was just behind her laughing, was now right in front of her. His laughter had died down, but he was still chuckling.

Frisk stupidly stared at him, her mouth wide open. “How…”

Still chuckling the skeleton reached over and pinched her cheek playfully.

“Doll-face, you are just too cute y’know that? Getting all uppity and upset over a small business meetin’.”

Recovering from her shock, Frisk growled at him once again and slapped his hand away from her face. She didn’t know much about monsters, but apparently they could do some really insane stuff. Appearing and reappearing out of nowhere. Using invisible pressures to pin people down. Something she really didn’t want to be a part of. Especially when these odd abilities were being used against her.
“Let me pass.”

The skeleton held his hands up in the air in a mock surrender fashion as his sharp-tooth grin softened. Frisk felt a small bit of dread rise in her when he wouldn’t move.

“Now now doll-face. We started up on the wrong foot. Let’s try again.”

Frisk took a small step back as he held out his large bony hand to her. His face was now relaxed and his body began to slouch a little bit.

“How’s it going little lady? The name’s Sans. Sans the skeleton.”

Despite the carefree, lazy and harmless persona Sans was trying to portray to his little lady, the little doll didn’t make an attempt to take his hand. In fact, she not only backed away from him cautiously, but her pretty little face twisted into a look that Sans could only describe as disgust, displeasure, fear and resentment. So cute...

He tried not to laugh again when he saw her peek around him towards the door, making it painfully obvious she wanted to leave without talking to him for another second, but unfortunately for his little lady, Sans was running this show and she was gonna leave when he said everything he was gonna say.

He kept his hand out just in case she did take it, but otherwise he couldn’t help himself. His eyes wandered up and down her sweet, delicate little body and once again he felt his SOUL thump hungrily against his rib cage. Seeing her on stage all dolled up wearing that slutty dress was a treat. But he hated the fact that everybody else was getting that same view. Took everything in him not to kill all the men and women he saw gaping up at her. Took everything in him not to kill the old man sitting right next to him. But he controlled himself. There would be a time for all that later, but not right now…

In his defense he had been planning on waiting to introduce himself to her in a more...dignified manner, but when she blew that kiss at Don Dee, every bit of patience and rationality left him. He knew it was just part of the show, but...well, Papyrus always told him he had a problem with his anger and jealously and he supposed his younger brother was right.
He would have regretted his decision but seeing her in that adorable, oversized sweater dress got his SOUL pumping harder than he could have imagined. Here she was, the real deal, without all that cheap makeup and revealing dress and he was the only one who got to see it.

Seeing her like that...well...it made all the extra effort he would have to spend in the future making it up to her for scaring her and slamming her up against the wall well worth it.

Not that he really felt too badly about doing that. After all, he gave her a compliment and she responded by insulting him. The little lady needed to be knocked down a few pegs for being disrespectful. But he’d make it up to her all the same.

He gave her a few more seconds before he stuffed both hands in his pockets and rocked slowly almost leisurely on his heels. Her narrowed and pretty eyes were now focused solely on him. He loved it. He loved how those hot angry and fearful eyes were on him and only on him. He loved it almost as much as when he felt her SOUL fight against his magic. Feeling her soul fighting him was amazing...incredible, he was almost tempted to do it again. Maybe later, if she acted up again.

“You gotta learn to be nice, little lady. It makes life a lot easier, but it’s late and you’re probably tired so I’ll excuse this first unpleasant encounter like it never happened.”

He tried not to laugh again as her angry face consorted to enraged disbelief. God, she was so cute, but he had to give her credit: she kept that anger in. She didn’t explode on him a third time, so she must have known how to treat high-class men like himself. She just had a tendency to forget when she got angry. Not a safe character trait, but if she did have another slip up, he would let it slide...for tonight.

He gave her one more once over before he moved to the side allowing her to get through.

She looked relieved and cautiously walked past him keeping those pretty eyes on him the entire time. He winked at her.

“We’ll have plenty of time to get to know each other later, Frisk.”

At the mention of her name, his little lady froze, her small and pretty doll-like hand on the door, ready to push it open, but not doing it just yet. He gleefully watched as the anger on her face dissolved into fearful confusion. Did this girl have the ability to not look cute?
He watched her swallow nervously, and once again his SOUL thumped hungrily, but he controlled himself again. Patience was a virtue after all.

“How’d...how do you know my name?” she asked, trying to sound tough, but he heard the quick unsettling stammer in her sentence.

Sans felt his smile widened at her sweet little question.

“Ya see doll-face, my brothers and me are monsters who run a special kind of business in our city, and we want to extend our business to the good humans of your city. So before I met with Don Dee, I cased yer city to figure out what area was in...need of our special services. As you can see, I may be a bigger fellow but I can appear and reappear without a single person ever knowing I was here,” he paused and watched her face closely.

To his delight her fearful confusion was starting to change to disgusted anger again. Oh, was she going to be a challenge, but only the most difficult obstacles had the greatest prizes.

“So one of the things I did was go to your bars and eavesdrop on conversations. Y’know get a feel for how things were run in this city. You sing in a lot of these trashy bars,” Sans could feel his anger spike once again at the thought of those people ogling her, but he shoved that unwanted jealousy away. He wouldn’t have to worry about that for long though.

“I saw you. I want you and so I learned all that I could about you. Followed you around for a bit. I even know you ain’t racist. Just wanted to see how you’d react.” he laughed when he saw her visibly shudder. “And that’s how I learned your name. You should really feel honored doll-face. I’m usually a lazy gent, but you sparked somethin’ in me.”

He let his words sink in. Her face paled and she let out a low whimper of fear. Her shaking was uncontrollable now. He tilted his head admiring what he did to her before he snorted out laughter.

“Nah...I’m just pulling your leg, pretty lady. Before you got on stage they announced your name to the audience, remember?”

Sans laughed as his little lady bared her teeth at him again, her face now a bright red and pushed the door open. That annoying music blared into his ears, but before she could step out, he quickly grabbed her arm, taking great care not to bruise it and pulled her to him. The door snapped shut again.
He rested one hand on the small of her back to keep her from pulling away from him. He used his other hand to touch her pretty face once again.

“But seriously little lady, me and my bros will be spendin’ some time in your city and I’m sure we’ll be seein’ more of each other. Let’s say you and me go out and have dinner. You won’t have a bad time.” He made sure she knew he wasn’t asking.

He let her pull away with an enraged scoff.

“Mark my words creep,” she hissed not turning around to face him again. He admired her backside. “You and me are never gonna spend time together.”

He laughed again as she finally exited the door.

“Don’t worry doll-face,” he called after her before the door closed between them. “I’m markin’ ‘em all right.”

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The music was still so obnoxiously loud when Sans teleported from the girl’s restroom to his table again. A lot of couples were dancing happily, getting lost in the music and Sans felt that unpleasant feeling of jealousy hit him as he watched the human males swing and spin their partners. If he only been more patient instead of rushing after Frisk then maybe she’d be sitting with him right now-

Sans shook that thought away as he noticed the old bastard’s bodyguards move closer to their boss, reaching into their jackets for their guns when he suddenly reappeared. After receiving a dismissive wave from their boss, the men backed away from Sans, but the large skeleton still noticed the angry and hate-filled looks in their face.

Without saying a thing to the old man, Sans pulled a new cigar out of his jacket pocket, lit it and took a deep drag, creating a thick fog of red smoke that sizzled in the air among the gray smoke. All the happy emotions he gathered from his first real encounter with his little lady vanished as he grimly stared at his future human business partner.

“ Took longer than I thought,” Don Dee grumbled angrily. Sans tried to keep the permanent smile on his face as neutral as possible.
Right from the moment he first met this old bastard, Sans utterly despised him. Sans pretended to be respectful to him, mostly because he had to in order for Wingdings’ plan to work, but this old fuck didn’t return the favor. Didn’t bother to hide the clear disgust he had for Sans and didn’t hide his distaste and hatred for monsters in general. Talked about Sans’ race like they were bugs or something.

But Sans endured it, taking solace in knowing this unbearable partnership would be very short if things went according to Wingding’s plans. Everything always went accordingly when it was Wingdings who was doing the thinking and Sans couldn’t wait to show Don Dee just how fragile the human body was.

“Sorry about that Don Dee. Monster stuff and all that,” Sans said, trying to keep his voice pleasant. He felt like a little bit of his SOUL died every time he had to kiss up to this old man.

The old man grunted and Sans felt his magic flair up. The song ended and thankfully it was the final song that jazz band was playing. Sans sighed in relief and took another drag from his cigar as the trumpet player took the time to thank the audience.

“Monster, I don’t exactly know why’d you call this meetin’ in this place. The drinks are terrible, the entertainment is mediocre and the food is ghastly.”

Sans stiffened at the Don’s unintentional insult to Frisk, but he let that slide for now. Right now he was supposed to be the happy monster who was grateful to be doing business with the most powerful human this city had.

“Yeah well, my boss wanted somethin’ low-key and the nicer places would have drawn unwanted attention to yer enemies.”

The old human looked at him unimpressed before he shrugged his shoulders coldly.

“At this point, all my enemies can’t touch me, monster.”

Sans had to fight to keep the smoke from pouring out of his eye in fury when he saw the old Don’s lips curl into a disgusted and amused smile.
“But I do appreciate the privacy this place does provided me. Not only do I not have to have you in my home, but none of my business associates will see me with a monster.”

_I’m gonna kill you so bad, human. I’ll make it last too_, Sans thought before he forced an easy grin on his face.

“See? Everybody wins, Don Dee. But, let’s get down to business. My bro has all the weapons you desire, ready to be ship out to you at a moment’s notice.”

Don Dee nodded. “And in return all you monsters want is a little bit of territory in my city to do business in?”

Sans nodded, looking casually at his cigar.

“Yep that’s all we want. Complete control over an small area without the interference of you and your men.”

He side-glanced Dee’s face and saw the old man frowning. His wide smile faltered for a bit and his sockets narrowed.

_He better not be backing out._

“I have a reputation to uphold and I might be a laughingstock if my associates found out I was doing business with a monster.”

Sans took another deep drag from his cigar, feeling the anger boiling over now. But he remembered what he and his brothers would gain in the long run and nodded.

“You won’t be a laughingstock when your gang is holding our weapons.”

Sans smirked when he saw the old man’s eyes glitter with greed. Some humans were just too easy. Sans continued.
“With our special brand weapons you can still maintain control over your own city against future enemies, and…” Sans paused for dramatic effect. “You can even extend your power in other cities as well.”

Sans’ smirk widened as he saw the Don’s doubts leave his face. Like he said too easy.

The Don nodded quickly.

“I supposed a little territory in this city won’t be the end of me.” he looked at Sans threateningly. “Just so long as you agree to notify me when your business deals are not with my people. Understand?! I still run this city, monster and you will ask me for permission like all the other gangs do when your deals extent outside my circle. Is that clear?”

Sans nodded, but under the table his was digging his hand into his knee. Don Dee smirked in satisfaction before he lit his own cigarette.

”Good. Now as for your territory, just give me a few days to figure which one would be a good match for your business-”

Sans quickly held up his hand, cutting off the Don and trying to keep a cool look on his face, even though his SOUL was thumping a mile a minute, the excitement growing in him. This was the moment he was waiting for.

“My bros and I would really like the area around the city park.”

The don blinked. “That area? But that’s such a poor part of the city. There are only a few family owned-businesses there and a handful of apartments. My men only collect a “protection” fee from those people. That area is barely profitable, monster. It isn't a good place to set up your shop.”

Sans shrugged, thinking about his little lady who lived in that area of the city.

“With all due respect Don Dee, I disagree. There’s other things I can collect from there.”

Chapter End Notes
Comments are always welcomed!
Chapter Notes

Once again, I am just shocked and honored by all the kind comments, kudos and love people are giving this story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans opened his front door with an irritated huff. His first actual interaction with Don Dee had left him extremely enraged. Enraged and annoyed, slightly homicidal, and deeply craving his beloved mustard, but unfortunately due to that “minor” territorial dispute Wingdings was currently having with Grillby, the oldest skeleton brother had forbidden Sans and Papyrus from going to any of the fire monster’s establishments, namely Grillby’s ever popular nightclub/bar.

For Papyrus that was no big deal. The younger skeleton often referred to Grillby’s nightclub as that “grease hole with no class.” But for Sans…

Sans licked his lipless mouth as he heard Papyrus rush down the stair. The store-bought mustard that was waiting for him in the fridge was nothing special compared to the mustard at Grillby’s. And what made it worse was that the fire monster’s bar was only a few buildings down from the skeleton brothers’ home.

Sans had just literally walked passed it four minute ago and the urge to down his favorite drink was nearly uncontrollable and after tonight he needed a drink. A good drink.

The drinks humans seemed fond of were disgusting to say the least. They smelled horrible and when he took an experimentally sip of the “whiskey” he ordered while at the club he nearly gagged at the taste. Not only did it taste like shit, but it left the skeleton dry heaving and coughing up the nasty brew.

Don Dee and his men had laughed at him. The memory of their laughter nearly made Sans want to march to that old prick’s house and kill everybody there in the most horrific and violent manner he could think of. Make it so bloody and so nightmare-inducing that no human would ever dare laugh at him again.

“BROTHER! YOU ARE AN HOUR LATE! WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE MEETING WITH THE HUMAN?!”
Sans looked up at Papyrus. Despite the fact Sans was older by a few years, Papyrus towered over him.

Hell, the youngest Gaster seemed to tower over a lot of other monsters in the city of Fell and with his sharp teeth, claw-like hands, proud cracks on the right side of his skull, vicious stare and infamous temper, along with the well-known fact if pushed the wrong way, Papyrus could erupted into a full-blown violent confrontation, it was no wonder to Sans why many of the smaller gangs in the city would cross the street if Papyrus was walking towards them.

Granted Sans was also pretty well-known for his own temper, but he could control it with a bit more ease than Papyrus could, which was the main reason why Wingdings chose him over Papyrus on conducting business with the humans. If Papyrus had been the one meeting with Don Dee tonight and heard everything Dee had to say about monsters, Papyrus would have killed every single person in that club without closing an eye socket.

Including Sans’ little lady.

Needless to say, Sans was grateful to Wingdings for that decision.

Despite his foul mood, Sans looked up at his brother and couldn’t help but give Papyrus an amused smile. Normally Papyrus spent hours fixing his suits to perfection before leaving the house, but right now his favorite red tie hung loosely around his neck and his black dress shirt was halfway unbuttoned and wrinkled.

“Sup boss?”

Papyrus winced at the nickname, so naturally Sans always called him that.

To Papyrus “boss” was a nickname every low-level mobster in Fell City seemed to be given by their even lower-level criminal workers and Papyrus was not just any mobster. He made it a point to show other monsters that if he felt the need too. These days most monsters knew better, but those first few years when the Gaster brothers were still making a name for themselves...well one could say things got dusty.

But Sans had to admit, those were some fun first few years too.
“YOU KNOW “SUP”, BROTHER! YOU ARE AN HOUR LATE! WHAT HAPPENED AT THE MEETING?!”

Instead of answering him, Sans slammed the front door shut and walked around the tall skeleton heading for the kitchen. Papyrus grunted angrily and loudly followed Sans into the kitchen, making sure Sans heard his footsteps.

“BROTHER!”

Sans put his fedora hat on the table, and earned a cry of displeasure from Papyrus as he threw his jacket on the kitchen floor carelessly.

“SANS!”

Sighing, the smaller skeleton opened the fridge and took the cheap bottle of mustard out. In a blink of an eye, it was ripped out of his hands. The small amount of amusement instantly left Sans as he glared at his brother, who held the yellow bottle just out of his reach, reminding Sans of a time when he had been the taller one and he was the one holding things over Papyrus’ head. Oh how the times have changed.

The older skeleton’s temper flared as the pinpoint red lights in his eyes disappeared.

Papyrus didn’t look impressed or scared.

“SANS, IT’S TOO LATE TO BE DRINKING!”

Sans started to say something, but thought better of it. Sans learned very early in life that arguments with his younger brother never stayed verbal. They would become physical and Wingdings would always have to break it up. And while physically fighting with Papyrus wasn’t a big deal as Sans could hold up his end fairly easily, the fact that it was late and Wingdings was most likely sleeping was a big deal.

Sans and Papyrus both learned at a very early age that they should never wake up Wingdings when he was sleeping and while Wingdings was used to Papyrus’ loud personality, a fight among his two
younger brothers would most definitely wake him up.

“Fine,” Sans said, feeling his anger leave him, but the irritation still remained as he saw a small smirk of victory from Papyrus. He sat at the table. “Sit down and I’ll tell you how it went.”

As soon as Papyrus sat down, the questions came flooding out at an excited pace.

“What did the human say? Did you get the area near the water? How much is the protection fee there? When can we move our business there?”

Sans sighed again and looked at their kitchen clock. It was late and he just realized how tired he really was.

“Okay bro, for starters don’t get mad, but I didn’t ask for the area near the water—”

Papyrus slammed a fist down on the table making Sans jump. The older skeleton looked worriedly up the stairs, hoping that he wouldn’t hear Wingding’s footsteps quickly coming down. Papyrus must have realized what Sans was looking at because he lowered his voice when he spoke.

“Sans, I wanted that area! It’s the perfect place to introduce those pathetic humans to monster culture! All those restaurants are just begging for my expertises.” Papyrus groaned and crossed his arms childishly over his chest, sulking.

Sans nodded. Yeah Sans had to admit, it was a decent area, with some very impressive businesses and more importantly, it was crawling with humans that could be...easily influenced, and with humans like that Wingdings’ plan would be put into motion much faster.

But that area didn’t have a little lady living there just begging to be played with. Sans’ soul thumped wildly as he thought of how much fun he was gonna have with her before he turned his attention back to his angered brother.

“Come on bro, don’t pout—”
“THE GREAT PAPYRUS DOES NOT POUT, BROTHER.”

Sans sighed again. “Look, I know you had yer heart set on that area, but that place ain’t got no humans really livin’ there. They just open their businesses for the day, work, close ‘em up by the end of the day and head home to other parts of the city. Wingdings said we needed humans that live in the area we are gonna take over.” Sans paused and saw his brother was still a little bit displeased.

“Plus, there are one or two restaurants near the park.”

That seemed to ease Papyrus’ disappointment.

“I SUPPOSE YOU’RE RIGHT.” A crude and mean smile replaced the taller skeleton’s frown. “WE NEED TO MAKE OUR FANTASTIC PRESENCE A CONSTANT FACTOR TO THOSE HUMANS. LET THEM KNOW WE ARE RUNNING THINGS.”

Sans’ smile became a little darker as he thought of his little lady again. His SOUL beat even harder as he imagined how fun her little chase was gonna be.

“And we got to let them know we are not going anywhere either, bro.”

Papyrus nodded.

“NYEH HEH HEH. THE GREAT PAPYRUS CAN WORK WITH THIS NEW CHANGE OF PLANS. WHEN ARE WE GONNA MOVE DOWN THERE AND MAKE OUR INTRODUCTIONS TO THOSE HUMANS, BROTHER?”

Sans toyed with his hat as he answered.

“Dee wants his weapons by the end of the week, but he said we are allowed to introduce ourselves as the new “landlords” tomorrow morning when the humans drop off their protection fees.”

Papyrus shot up from his chair, the red light in his left socket glowing with excitement and panic.
“TOMORROW?! SHIT!”

Sans blinked in surprise. Papyrus hardly ever cursed. He said the language was beneath him.

“I MUST PRACTICE MY SPEECH!”

Sans watched Papyrus race back up the stairs. The shorter chuckled as he got up and yawned loudly. Papyrus would want to leave for the human city early tomorrow.

That was just fine with Sans. If Don Dee knew anything about how his thug ran that area where Frisk lived, his little lady would be the one who delivered her apartment’s protection fee.

Sans wouldn’t miss seeing that adorable look of fearful surprise on her face for the world.

Frisk woke up with a painful migraine. The day after a singing gig were always so terrible. Frisk didn’t know exactly why she got these brutal headaches after a night of singing but they always occurred the next morning without fail.

Maybe the headaches were the results of her nights at the clubs when she had to inhale all that cigar smoke. Or maybe the headaches were caused by the loud music and applause from the crowds that always threatened to burst her eardrums. Or maybe it was the fact Frisk physically forced herself to smile the entire time she was on stage. Maybe it was all of those things combined.

Frisk didn’t know why. All she knew was that she had a bad headache right now and she was going to have to deal with it for the rest of the day. And just to make things worse, it was the first of the month.

It was the day when Don Dee’s thug would collect her apartment’s “protection fee.” The only problem was Dee’s thug, Nick, didn’t want to collect money from each person in Frisk’s apartment himself. There were over sixty different rooms in total and that was too much work for one guy to do in a single day. So on the second month after Dee’s gang took over the area, Nick ordered the people of the apartment complex to choose one person to collect and deliver the money to him.

Of course, it wasn’t just her apartment that had this arrangement. The businesses like the small grocery store, the two little eateries and the local church were also required to pay and just like her apartment complex, Nick ordered all the owners and the high officials in the church to put somebody
in charge of collecting the money and delivering it to him.

Frisk sighed and got up from bed, wincing as her headache intensified, rubbing the sleepiness out of her eyes with her dry hands. She didn’t have to look in the mirror to know she looked horrible.

After meeting that monster who called himself “Sans” last night, Frisk couldn’t bring herself to undress and take a shower. She had tried to. Almost had her sweater dress over her head when the image of those bright red eyes suddenly and unexpectedly entered her mind and she found herself quickly pushing the dress back down and turning all the lights back on in her apartment.

She hated to admit it, but the skeleton successfully terrified her so much that he had practically reduced her back to being ten years old again. If her parents were still alive and living with her, Frisk probably would slept with them.

Instead she settled on taking her blankets and pillows out of her room, lied down on the couch in the living room (that’s where her brightest lamp was) and fell into a fitful sleep jerking awake every time her unconscious mind allowed the image of those unblinking red sockets to enter her dreams.

Yes, he said he was just joking about following her around for awhile, but Frisk wasn’t sure when he had been lying and when he had been telling the truth last night and Frisk had been around plenty of unpleasant and scary people to learn the tell-tale signs of when somebody was being deceitful.

But with Sans...well, it hard to read a guy’s facial expression when his eyes hardly ever blinked and his smile never went away and with no muscle or skin-

-As a man made of bones, I have a real thing for skin and yours is just beautiful-

Frisk flinched as his deep mocking voice and the memory of his rough and sharp fingers caressing her skin entered her mind once again before she angrily tried to push the whole incident out of her head with some success.

It doesn’t matter anyway. Even if he was telling the truth about spending some time here in the city, what are the odds he’s gonna be anywhere near me? Frisk thought, heading to the bathroom to finally get ready for her day.

She took a quick shower, put on a yellow sweater dress and pulled her hair into a small bun, giving
herself a quick look in the mirror before going to every tenant in the complex to take their hard-earned money away from them just so she could put it in the hands of an old man who didn’t even need the money.

Frisk knew that the money Don Dee received from her apartment complex and what he received from those little businesses were more or less pocket change to him. But if somebody didn’t pay it...

The first month Nick collected Dee’s money from everybody was horrible. Three people couldn’t pay the fee. Three new apartments opened up.

Everybody paid every cent after that.  *Frisk made sure of that.*

Frisk took out an envelope and stuffed her own protection fee money in and with a sigh and a heavy deep seeded hatred for Nick, Don Dee, Sans and herself, she started collecting from her lovely and poor neighbors.

The people on her floor were all waiting for her anxiously and after a quick and friendly greeting from each one, they gave her their money with sad smiles plastered their faces. Frisk was at least glad they understood she hated doing this.

Everybody else in the apartment complex had been too scared to go to Nick’s place of business after he killed those three people. It was no wonder why everybody quickly agreed that Frisk could do the task after she had eagerly volunteered herself.

Frisk went to the next floor. Everybody had the money except for a young woman with three little children. Pretty and chubby Miss Tin looked panicked and was on the verge of becoming hysterical as she explained to Frisk that one of her kids got sick and she had to spend the money taking him to the hospital.

Frisk had nodded, believing her and made a mental note to herself that somebody couldn’t pay. She went to the next floor. Everybody paid except two people. The first man was a fat construction worker who only got work every so often. Nicest guy in the world. Frisk chewed her lip when he had broken down into tears and begged Frisk to talk to Nick about letting him have a couple more days to pay.

Frisk nodded her head, but didn’t have the heart to tell him that he’d probably be dead by the end of the day if she did tell Nick that. The next person on that floor who couldn’t pay was a disabled
woman. Frisk made the same promise to her about talking to Nick.

Okay, Frisk thought sadly, her heart thumping miserably. Three people aren’t paying. And on and on it went, for nearly two hours of Frisk knocking on doors. People either gave her money and she’d carelessly stuff it in envelope or they’d give her excuses and when her task was done, she tallied up everybody.

Seven people couldn’t pay and two could only afford to give her half of what the fee was.

She looked at her watch and frowned worriedly. She was already an hour late and Nick tended to get angry when people were late. He saw it as a sign of disrespect. That’s the reason why the owner of the grocery store had only one hand now. You’re more than two hours late, you’re probably gonna lose something that’s attached to your body.

….Frisk really hated these people. She really needed to leave this town.

But she was at the hour mark and she needed to hurry! She rushed down the sixth floor until she reached the first floor and quickly entered her apartment, heading for her room, briefly scolding herself for allowing it to get so messy.

Clean and dirty clothes were all over the place, empty bottles of soda (God she loved soda) littered the floor and she had yet to put her blankets and pillows back on the bed.

I'll clean it up when I get back, she thought to herself and smirked knowing she was lying. She wasn’t going to do anything when she got back except head to the library. The silence always helped soothe her headaches.

She got down on her knees and reached under her bed. Her tongue stuck out the side of her mouth as she blindly searched for her old music box and grinned when her hand brushed against the worn out wood the box was made out of.

She grabbed it. The music box was shaped like a big heart and even though it had lost the shiny glossy surface coating years ago, the bright and pretty red paint hadn’t even chipped at all. Frisk smiled fondly at the box rubbing her thumbs against the smooth wood gently as the memory of receiving it as a gift from her parents faintly played in the back of her mind.
She opened it and silence greeted her. The music had stopped playing long ago, but that really didn’t bother Frisk. The tiny melody was engraved her mind and whenever she opened her cherished heart-shaped box, the soft and haunting melody would automatically start playing in her head.

She pulled the thick wad of cash from the music box and started counting it. She had saved a lot from all her music gigs. Almost enough to leave, and she wanted to leave the city so badly. She had promised her parents she would leave, but...things kept happening. She loved the people in her apartment complex too. All of them good, hardworking people who refused to give into a life of crime.

**Honest and kind people are so hard to find in this world**, Frisk thought, feeling a bit of warmth enter her chest as she counted what was needed to make up the total sum of what Nick expected her to bring to him.

**And rare people like that need to be saved.** Frisk had promised herself and her parents that she’d leave the city. But she also promised herself she’d help as many good people as she could. And boy, did these people need help.

And until Don Dee fall from power, Frisk was stuck in this place and Don Dee was gonna get every cent he wanted. **Frisk was gonna make sure of that.**

She ignored how thin her wad of money was now and quickly shoved it back into her music box and pushed the box under her bed once more.

Standing up Frisk looked around her messy room. It really was a bad mess to clean up. Probably take her damn near the whole day.

**Yep, totally not cleaning this up,** Frisk thought as a small smile tugged on her lips. **I’ll do it tomorrow….probably not.**

And with that Frisk ran out of her complex and towards the park waving at the many people who were staring down at her from their windows. Some of the kids who were looking down at her waved back with oblivious and happy smiles on their faces. The children’s parent were not so...happy. Their waves were more disheartening.

Frisk felt a shiver run down her spine when she saw the nice but slightly uptight Christian man cross himself when her eyes made contact with his. Don’t get it wrong, Frisk knew he was praying for her
safe return but any reminder that she could very well die during one of these deadly money transfers was really not comforting to her. But-

*If you think it’s gonna help me, pray away you insane God-lovin’ man*, Frisk thought as she waved up at him enthusiastically.

And all the people who couldn’t pay were at their windows as well staring down at her like they were waiting on death row. And Frisk knew they weren’t wrong. But death wasn’t going to be visiting them today.

*You’re all gonna be safe today*, Frisk thought as she gave them a wave as well. None of them waved back and Frisk knew that they wouldn’t leave their windows until she came back from her meeting with good or bad news regarding how much life they had left. And the sad thing about it was...none of them could afford to run. Where would they go? And with what money? They could hide, but people who hid were always found.

Frisk looked her watch and let out a small groan of fear. She was almost “late-late” as in she was almost late enough to lose a finger. And so she started running. She passed the three business owners who had gathered outside their small shops and were quietly talking in hushed whispers among themselves.

The lady who owned the small burger-stand called out to her. Frisk ignored her, but couldn’t help but notice the terror that was on the lady’s face. She was the one who collected the money from the three businesses and the church and delivered it to Nick so whatever spooked her must have happened when she was in her meeting with the prick.

Frisk would talk to her later about it, but right now her biggest concern was making it to the park where Nick’s “place of business” was located at.

Frisk entered the small park, now a bit more panicked as she stared at her watch again. She was losing time and while the park was small, Nick’s meeting place was a bit away from the main entrance.

She now full on ran to the park’s storage shed praying she made it before she hit the two hour mark.

As she ran, Frisk remembered doing this activity years ago when she was a child and the park was still a beautiful place and her friends who were once alive chased after her. They were all laughing
and the park was a lot more bigger with fuller trees and a wooded area with a dirt trail for people to walk through and there were a lot of pretty and colorful flowers that were carefully planted by the park’s workers.

But then the gangs and big corrupted businesses started growing. The trees were chopped down, the soil got tainted and the grass were now an ugly brown color from the endless pollutions and the flowers had wilted and died many years ago.

It wasn’t even a park for kids to play in anymore. While the the playground equipment was still here, most of the pieces were so old and so broken that if kids did play on them they’d probably need tetanus shots afterwards. Not that any parent in their right minds would allow their kids to enter this place. Most times the park was used for junkies to shoot up in.

All those empty needles-

Frisk wrinkled her nose in disgust as she step over a dirty needle that had a bit of blood on the tip of it and continued running. She was starting to feel a bit breathless, but nearly wept in relief as she saw the park’s storage shed come into view.

Once the big storage shed was used to house gardening tools and plant seeds. Now it had been converted into a bigger building where Nick sold drugs, bought weapons and collect money. Oh how the times have changed.

Frisk gasped, breathing heavily as she made it to the door, leaning against it trying to catch her breath, once again looking at her watch. She gave a half-crazed wheezing laugh. She made it with five minutes to spare.

Screw you Nick, Frisk thought triumphantly as she straightened up and fixed her dress that became a little unkempt during her sprint. I beat you asshole! I beat you! You’re not hurting anybody this time! You’re not gonna hurt-

“Hey bitch, quit leanin’ on my door and get your ass in here!”

Frisk’s smug smile left her face as Nick’s words. No...why was he mad? Frisk made it! And plus this was the first time she was almost late! He shouldn’t be mad-
“Jesus what a fuckin’ scatterbrain whore...see, I told ya choosin’ this area was a bad choice. All the people livin’ here they feel so damn entitled. No respect.”

Frisk frowned. Who was he talking to? Quickly she opened the door and her heart stopped.

Sitting at the desk was Nick. An older man who always wore cheap ugly gray suits and kept his gun sitting on the surface of the desk just to prove a point. He looked completely enraged and normally this meant that somebody was going to get hurt. And Frisk knew who that person was this time, but her fear wasn’t for him.

Her fear was directed at the two males standing on either side of him.

Standing on Nick’s left side a tall skeleton. If Frisk had a twin and stood on their shoulders, she still wouldn’t be able to reach his height. He must have been over 11 feet tall, with his black fedora hat scraping the ceiling.

His suit was extremely elegant, completely black. The only splashes of color he had was an expensive red tie that was lined up perfectly with the buttons on his dress shirt and his red dress shoes. Frisk stared at his shoes a little too long. She never saw a man wear a pair of red shoes before, but to her surprise the giant monster seemed to pull it off.

His teeth were sharp, set in a stern line as he looked her up and down, the red light in his left socket looking at her in a curious manner. The cracks on the side of his face reminded Frisk of those mobsters she had met at her gigs. Those men were scarred up pretty bad from fights. Did this skeleton received his marks from fighting?

And then standing by Nick’s right side was Sans the skeleton, dressed in a fresh and crisp looking red and black suit, similar to the one he was wearing last night. And Frisk would have been terrified of seeing him again and would have ran out the door if that he had been staring at her with that intense red look of his. But he wasn’t and that’s why Frisk remained where she stood.

Sans was staring at Nick with that empty socket look. And Nick didn’t even notice. Frisk gulped and started to shake.

Nick looked at her terrified expression, shot a glance to the taller skeleton and smirked clearly misunderstanding her fears.
“Get used to them whore, they’re yer new landlords and you’ve been keepin’ us waitin’ for nearly two hours, now git your ass over here—”

“AS DON DEE HAS GIVEN MY FAMILY CONTROL OF THIS AREA AS OF TODAY, I WILL NOT ALLOW THAT TYPE OF LANGUAGE TO BE USED IN MY PRESENCE.”

Frisk froze in her tracks as the taller skeleton spoke. Unlike Sans, his voice was higher-pitched and was completely devoid of all humor and lightness. He sounded angry. Just angry and threatening and-and-and-and was Frisk really hearing what she think she was hearing?

She looked back at Sans who had finally turned his attention to her. His red eyes glowed as he looked her up and down, his wide smile becoming a bit more sly as he winked at her. No...HE was in charge? Wait...what?! Frisk felt her heart begin beating more frantically.

*But seriously little lady, me and my bros will be spendin’ some time in your city and I’m sure we’ll be seein’ more of each other.*

She felt a phantom pain erupt on the spot of her head where Sans had gripped her hair and slammed her head into the wall of the ladies’ bathroom last night.

No...why would Don Dee…? And suddenly she felt a type of icy cold fear enter her. Sans...the monster who attacked her last night was going to be in charge of her area?

“I...apologize Papyrus,” Nick said, grimacing at the words. Frisk knew Nick was a big racist, but if Don Dee gave these two control over an area, they were now bosses and bosses were always treated with respect. And that was the only thing Frisk saw as amusing through her terrified mind. Seeing Nick eat shit.

“But with some of these people, that’s the only way you can talk to them. You’ll learn soon enough how shit-um...how bad these people are.”

“Papyrus” huffed and once again Frisk slowly made her way towards the group of men. She plainly ignored Sans, feeling his stare on her as she held the money out for Nick to take.

Nick leaned back in his chair, smirking at her. Frisk waited.
“So what’s the excuse for being two hours late, whore?”

Frisk shook the insult off easily, but couldn’t shake off his threatening tone. She knew she was going to be hurt today and if she brought up the fact she did make his deadline with five minutes left, he’d probably kill her. Nobody talked back to Nick either. Frisk and the others learned that lesson on that first terrible month along with never be late and always pay every cent you owe Don Dee.

Frisk gulped, wondering what hand he was gonna chop off before she tried to come up with an excuse.

“I...I...I’m so sorry Mr. Nick, I had a gig last night and-”

With one quick motion, Nick grabbed Frisk’s wrist roughly and slammed her upper body on the desk. Frisk let out a whimper of pain as Nick’s hand tightened on her wrist, almost on the verge of breaking it.

“Oversleeping ain’t a good reason you lazy slut-”

All the words died in his throat as Frisk watched a fleshless golden-ring ladened hand grabbed the hand that was holding Frisk’s wrist. Frisk looked up to see Sans’ empty eye sockets glaring at Nick. And to her surprise Nick looked terrified.

“Let her go.”

And to Frisk’s great surprise Nick instantly let go. Sans’ black sockets continued to stare down at Nick and Frisk took the opportunity to push herself off the desk.

“Our area, our people. We are the only ones who get to...show these people the error of their ways as of now,” Sans said slowly.

Frisk blinked, wondering if she should just bolt for the door when she heard Papyrus laugh.

“NYEH HEH HEH. THAT’S RIGHT HUMAN! AND IF I MAY GRANT YOU SOME OF MY GREAT WISDOM YOU SHOULDN’T BE SO VIOLENT. THE LITTLE HUMAN
WOMAN DIDN’T DESERVE THAT!

And a flutter of hope bloomed in Frisk’s chest as she stared up at the taller skeleton who was leaning down to talk to Nick with a smug smile on his face. Maybe Sans was a brute, but perhaps this Papyrus guy might be a lot kinder. Might be a bit more merciful and gentle to the people in her area.

A girl could hope couldn’t she?

“She apologized and recognized her mistake that she shouldn’t keep her superiors waiting. Therefore if she must be punished it shouldn’t have been so painful. Perhaps a small smack would have been enough to help her remember for next time.”

And just like that the hope in her chest died just as quickly as it came.

Brutes, Frisk thought as she tried not to glare at all three men.

Sans looked at Frisk once more and winked at her before he turned his attention back to Nick who was shaking uncontrollably. Once again Frisk couldn’t help but feel a small amount of glee for the man who killed three poor people and hack a man’s hand off.

“Whelp, buddy, I think we don’t need you anymore.”

Nick quickly nodded. I’ll be on my way then.”

Sans looked at Frisk again.

“Bro, keep her here until I get back.”

Frisk felt her heart stop at the hungry look he gave her. Sans turned back to Nick, placing an arm on the man’s shoulder. Nick flinched as Sans’ smile got wider.

“Here bucko I’ll give you a lift.”
Frisk watched in amazement as Sans and Nick disappeared into a puff of red smoke, leaving her alone with the taller skeleton.

*So that’s how he got in front of me last night when I was trying to leave,* Frisk thought turning to face Papyrus who had seated himself in Nick’s old chair.

The sight of it got Frisk nervous and stamped out any lingering doubts about who was gonna be running things now.

Papyrus gave her a smile that did not comfort her in the least.

“**TELL ME ABOUT THE RESTAURANTS IN THIS AREA, TINY HUMAN.**”

Nick started coughing, hacking up the red smoke that entered his lungs as he looked around the area the skeleton magically took him to. He sighed in relief.

He was in the back alleyway behind Don Dee’s favorite bar when the old man wasn’t conducting business. The freak with the golden tooth was leaning against the wall, lighting one of his fucked up cigars that made red smoke.

Nick knew the monster weapons would help Don Dee extend his control to other cities, but he couldn’t help but feel disgusted by the fact they’d be shaking hands with these...creatures. But Don Dee said to treat them with respect...at least to their faces. Don Dee also said they’d deal with the monsters later when the time was right.

Nick smiled, dreaming of all the terrible things he would do to this freak for even daring to touch him.

The monster took a deep drag of his cigar.

“So I hear that Don Dee just got done dealin’ with some gang that was giving him a lot of trouble. What were they called? The “Never-Dies” hehehe...cute name,” the skeleton said causally.
Nick nodded, forcing himself to engage in the conversation. “Yeah. Those freaks would crave a “N” on their victims’ foreheads. Some cult shit right there if you ask me.”

“Don Dee settled everything wit’ them though?”

Once again Nick nodded. “Yeah. Nasty feud, but a compromise was reached. Now everybody’s gettin’ along. Hasn’t been a gang war between us in weeks.”

The freak nodded and stepped away from the wall, chucking his half-smoked cigar to the ground. He faced Nick. He waved his arm and a small puff of red smoke appeared and took the shape of a small bone with a sharp edge. The freak twirled it between his fingers playfully.

“That’s good to hear.”

And Nick didn’t even feel the deep gash in his throat until he felt his warm blood pouring unto his gray suit. He looked at the skeleton bewilderingly.

The monster chuckled deeply, waving the now bloodied bone in front of Nick’s face tauntingly. Nick grabbed his throat, trying to stop the blood from pouring out and opened his mouth to cry for help. Only wet gurgling sounds came out.

He felt himself get weaker as he fell to his knees. His vision was blurry as he stared up at the skeleton in a horrified daze. The skeleton’s eyes were pitch black again and his smile was sharper.

“That’s what you get for messing with another man’s woman you prick.”

And everything went black.

Sans pushed the human’s body down with one foot and bent over the dead body, taking great pains to ensure that no blood got on his suit.

He didn’t want to upset his little lady when he got back.
Still chuckling, he took his bone knife and carefully carved a “N” in the asshole’s forehead.

The first phase of Wingding’s plans was working perfectly. Now all they had to do was play the waiting game for a little while until they could move unto the next step. Until then, Sans knew exactly how he was gonna spend his time.

Sans smirked and spat on the dead man’s body before he disappeared once again in a cloud of red smoke.

He couldn’t keep his little lady waiting.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are always welcomed. I like to see how my story is progressing with my beautiful and lovely readers!
The Business Meeting

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this chapter took so long. I was hoping to post it on Sunday, but it went through so many rewrites! Plus there was a BACK TO THE FUTURE marathon playing and I'd be doing a disservice to myself if I didn't watch them!

I'm sorry and I thank you for your patience, my lovelies!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“DO YOU HUMANS EVEN SELL SPAGHETTI AT ALL?”

Frisk swallowed uneasily as the tall skeleton leaned over the desk, his palms pressing into the surface as his unblinking sockets stared directly into her eyes. The lone red light in his left socket started to flicker with what Frisk assumed was impatience as she tried to find the right words to answer his question.

From the short time she spent talking to the tall skeleton who called himself “Papyrus”, Frisk learned a few thing about him. Such as Papyrus was energetic. Incredibly energetic. He no sooner sat down in Nick’s old chair for a grand total of two minutes before he was standing up again, pacing back and forth as they talked about her area’s restaurants, which made sense to Frisk...at first.

When Nick first arrived as the appointed “landlord” to Frisk’s area, he had asked a lot of questions about the businesses as well. The only difference between Nick and Papyrus was that unlike Nick who was more interested in how successful each business was and how much money they made, Papyrus seemed to be way more interested in the actual food that was sold in each eatery.

He asked what she thought of the food. He asked what the other humans thought of the food. He asked if Frisk would ever classified the food as “greasy.” And then he asked her to name off every food item each restaurant had to offer. Money was an issue that never came up. Not one time. And it puzzled Frisk, but she wasn't stupid enough to voice her confusion.

And with each question he asked, he never stopped moving. It was exhausting and nerve-racking to say the least, as Frisk cautiously watched her new criminal landlord continuously move without pausing and with his loud voice escalating every so often and his dominating posture that never once relaxed, there were a few times Frisk had braced herself just in case of a random spurt of violence from him.
...But no matter how loud the skeleton’s loud movements were or how powerful his voice sounded, he never once made a motion towards her which was...relieving. Relieving and shocking, but Frisk wasn’t one to complain. But all the same she kept her body tensed and her legs ready to move out of the way if need be.

But confusion and despair weren’t the only emotions the tall skeleton seem to pull out of Frisk. It came very clear to her that Papyrus, much like Sans, was an arrogant and entitled jackass. Every answer she gave the skeleton seemed to annoy and amuse him and he responded with some of the most arrogant and pompous replies Frisk had ever seen.

He scoffed at when she told him that the little diner owned by Mr. Vel made some of the best pancakes she’d ever tasted. He rolled the single red light in his socket when she said the burger-stand had some tasty fries and delicious lemonade. And he openly laugh when she sweetly suggested in a non-threatening way that he wouldn’t be disappointed if he gave both places a try.

Frisk was lucky he was pacing around, barely looking at her during their conversation because he would have seen a look of complete dislike on her face.

She didn’t know what deal these monsters made with Don Dee for them to gain a small area of human territory, but as far as she was concerned the prick should have chosen a different area of people to lord his power and terror over if he didn’t like the looks of this place.

Screw you buddy, she thought as she watched him pace around the room like some kind of nervous junkie. You can get the hell back to your own city if you think you’re too good for my home.

But then all movement ceased from him when he asked that spaghetti question. And Frisk learned another thing about this man: Apparently spaghetti was an important subject to him. At least important enough for him to stop moving and stare at her with such an intense look, Frisk could have sworn they had been discussing a life or death situation as opposed to a pasta dish.

“W-well, the burger stand is more of an on-the-go sort of thing-”

“UGH...YOU MEAN GREASY FAST FOOD?!” he interrupted her, his teeth curling with disgust and he actually shuddered from his own words as he spoke like he could taste all that grease pouring into his mouth. Frisk's displeasure for the skeleton increased.

How the hell can you taste anything? You don’t even have a tongue or a stomach, she thought,
but wisely decided to nod her head agreeing with him, fighting the urge to defend the one-handed Mr. Sloan, who owed the Burger-stand establishment. As much as she liked the old man, she wasn’t going to do him or herself any favors by standing up for him.

She liked to keep her face attached to her head and she was fairly positive that sparking an argument with this overly enthusiastic skeleton would result in a painful consequence. She was already slammed to a wall when she told Sans she didn’t find him attractive, so she could only imagine what this more active skeleton would do to her.

Plus when it came to criminals like Papyrus, Sans or Nick who viewed themselves as being “superior”, it was best not to bring attention to yourself or the people you love. Being invisible was the best defense you got against mobsters after all. You mouth off, you throw your shield away.

Unfortunately she may have already done that with Sans. If she had known that skeleton was gonna be her landlord from now on she might have responded to him a bit differently last night. Been a little sweeter with her rejections. Told him she already had a lover. Lied to him-

*I saw you. I want you and so I learned all that I could about you. Followed you around for a bit.*

His words echoed in her mind and she shook them off as violently as she could. Had he been telling the truth? Is that why he ended up taking control of her area? Because he “wanted” her? Or was it just a coincidence? Frisk quickly chose the latter and the more logical of the two explanations to go with.

*Of course it was just a coincidence*, she thought, trying to calm herself down.

Why on earth would a big-time criminal (at least Frisk assumed Sans was a big name in his own city. Why else would Don Dee even been seen with him if he weren’t a big deal?) choose where to place his business based on where a girl lived? Especially when that big-name criminal has never even spoken to that girl and the only time he did she showed him nothing but disgust and rejection?

And more importantly, even though Frisk had enough confidence to call herself “cute”, there were so many women in her city that were much more beautiful than her and would be willingly to be with Sans, monster or not. it wouldn't make sense.

*Yep, nothing but a coincidence*, she assured herself. *The guy would have to be insane if this were anything but a coincidence.*
But all the same, when Sans came back she knew it would be in her best interest to try and make peace with him. Maybe she could lie her way out of her behavior last night. Maybe tell him she got offended because she was already...engaged to be married, then she could apologize and then go from there. But right now she had another cretin to kiss up to.

She turned back to Papyrus and inwardly gritted her teeth when she saw his smug smile gracing his face.

“Yeah, the burger-stand can sell greasy food, but to be fair they’re a cheap and easy meal for a family if you don’t have enough money. Spaghetti is more of an expensive sit down and eat food,” she explained quietly, hoping that would appease him.

Frisk noticed the brief but undeniable change in the skeleton’s face. The annoyance, the smugness and the disgust in Papyrus’ expression dissolves enough for her to see a thoughtful sort of discomfort and vague displeasure come over Papyrus’ face, his scowl becoming a stern and tight line.

She tilted her head as she studied that expression more closely. Was he uncomfortable with -his expression changed back before she could finish her thought.

“NYEH HEH HEH. THIS AREA ISN’T VERY...UM...C-CLASSY IS IT?” he asked, once again sitting down. He tapped his bony fingers on the desk in a non-rhythmic fashion.

Frisk inwardly frowned at his tone. He didn’t sound so confident or condescending anymore, though she could tell he was trying to project that in his voice. And the smug smile on his face didn’t seem too genuine. At least not as smug as it was before.

In fact, if Frisk didn’t know any better she could have sworn Papyrus was...a little rattled about something she said. It was hard to tell with a skeletal face, and she could be very wrong with her theory, but maybe the idea of being around poverty didn’t sit well with him.

And if he really was mildly upset about the idea of the people in her area being poor then maybe this might be the perfect opportunity to...to soften him up so he wouldn’t be too harsh or too unreasonable when it came to deciding what would be the appropriate protection fee to charge Frisk and her neighbors.

The people in her apartments could barely afford to pay the current fee as it was. If it went any
She had to be careful. There was a good chance she might be reading his sudden and unexpected expression wrong, but it was an opportunity she couldn’t pass up. It was an opportunity her neighbors couldn’t afford for her to pass up.

“Well I wouldn’t exactly call this area un-classy exactly. It is a pretty poor neighborhood after all.”

Frisk smirked as Papyrus looked away from her, resting his chin in one of his massive hand. The smug look seemed to completely fade from his face and the tapping on the desk seemed to increase in speed, much like his pacing when he got annoyed.

*Okay girl*, Frisk thought. *Keep going. Slow and steady will hopefully win this race.*

“That’s one of the main reasons why our restaurants can’t sell spaghetti. You see, it’s becoming a pretty popular food lately so the price of buying it has skyrocketed. Only the richer areas with nicer restaurants can sell it.”

Frisk wasn’t lying. It really was too expensive for her restaurant buddies to invest their money in and would be a stupid investment on their part too. Why spend money on a menu item nobody can buy when you can make cheap food that everybody will be able to afford?

Not that not eating pasta bothered Frisk. Burgers and fries, a nice tall soda and a big piece of pie were all part of a balance meal as far as she was concerned. She never did grow to like the taste of pasta even when it had been affordable.

Papyrus fidgeted with his red tie, still not looking at her. He wasn’t smiling anymore either.

“NYEH HEH HEH, THAT’S...WEIRD. IN THE MONSTER CITIES, IT’S THE CHEAPEST THING YOU CAN BUY.”

*Cheapest?* Frisk thought. *This guy’s wearing a suit that looks like it cost more than a year’s worth of rent for me. Why would he be interested in cheap fo-
“And when my bro makes spaghetti, it tastes like nothing you’ve ever put in your mouth before.”

The shiver that raced up Frisk’s back was so icy she froze for a few seconds before she willed herself to turn around. The massive skeleton stood just a foot away from her and the very first thing that caught her eye was his glittering gold tooth.

He was so close. So terribly close that she could see every sharp pointed tooth in his smile and out of instinct and the desire to put as much distance between herself and the skeleton, she fearfully took a quick and clumsy step backwards.

And in the process she tripped over her own stupid feet and fell back towards the desk. She closed her eyes, bracing herself for the painful impact she was gonna make against the hard edge of the wooden desk, but at the last minute she felt a bony hand push up against her back, preventing her from making contact with it.

Papyrus laughed and brought his face so close to hers that her cheek and his cheekbone were practically touching. Frisk held her breath, her heart pounding as the smell of something very similar to marinara sauce hit her nostrils. Papyrus was way too close now as well. And the small red light that made up his single eye shined so brightly it almost blinded Frisk.

“PLEASE BE CAREFUL TINY HUMAN WOMAN. THAT FALL MIGHT HAVE BROKEN YOUR FRAGILE LITTLE BONES INTO TINY LITTLE PUZZLE PIECES AND WHILE I DO LIKE A GOOD PUZZLE, PUTTING YOU BACK TOGETHER WOULD BE A TASK I WOULD SO HATE TO DO,” he said playfully before he gave Frisk a tiny push forward.

The push gave Frisk back her balance and as she regained her composure, she caught sight of Sans again. Now a little bit away from her, she saw that he was carrying a brown grocery bag with Frisk’s local grocery store’s name printed on the side.

Must have gone shopping, she thought stupidly and prayed that he didn’t go out of his way to terrify anybody, but if he were acting anyway like he was last night, she’d probably see a few traumatized people when she headed back home.

She watched as the shorter skeleton looked from her to Papyrus and when he turned back towards Frisk, his sockets actually narrowed. His sockets weren’t black like when he had slammed her into the wall last night, but the look he was giving her now wasn’t...calming.
And it didn’t make her feel any better about her chances trying to make peace with him so her wallet and the wallets of her neighbors wouldn’t suffer so bad.

Frisk choose that time to turn back to Papyrus, trying and failing to ignore what that look was doing to the small amount of courage she had left. And when she took a look at Papyrus, disappointment and dread mixed with her growing fear.

It looked like Papyrus was back to his smug and condescending self. Whatever had been happening to him, as in whatever empathy she was hoping to get out of him (if there was any to begin with) was gone.

“Th-Thank you for that,” she managed to say, feeling Sans’ stare burning into the back of her head.

Papyrus stood up to his fullest height, holding his arms out in a grand gesture as he looked down at her. All her remaining courage left her when she realized how easily he could crush her. How easily Sans could crush her. She felt like she was trapped between two powerful giants.

“THERE IS NO NEED TO THANK ME FOR SAVING YOU TINY ONE! AS OF TODAY AND FROM NOW ON, MY BROTHERS AND I WILL BE THE ONES PROTECTING YOU AND YOUR BUSINESSES AND YOUR NEIGHBORS FROM UNWANTED DANGERS!”

Yeah, I’m sure you will, you bastard, Frisk thought with trembling anger, but offered him a wide smile nonetheless.

She openly flinched feeling Sans’ hand clap her shoulder in a friendly manner. She quickly turned around, jerking his hand off of her in the process. She was too scared to be relieved that Sans’ sockets were no longer narrowed. He chuckled.

“That’s right, doll-face. We’re gonna make sure everybody is taken good care of.”

It didn’t sound like a threat. Sans’ deep voice sounded warm and gentle and Frisk would have been stupid if she thought for one second he wasn’t being threatening. Mobsters were all the same. Openly threatening or pretending to be kind, smiling or snarling, a threat was a threat no matter how it was presented.
And all Frisk could do was keep smiling and pretend the two skeletons weren’t threatening her. Sans looked past her, towards his “brother.”

“Say boss-”

“SANS!”

Frisk jumped at Papyrus’ angered voice and once again braced herself. Sans looked at her and chuckled again before he continued.

“Sorry about that.” He looked at Frisk and winke. “Never call him boss, he hates it and he’ll probably kill ya if ya do.”

Sans’ casual and laid back tone only helped to create another shiver that ran down Frisk’s spine. Sans looked back at Papyrus.

“Say Papyrus, why don’t ya go and introduce yerself to the other humans? Y’know make yer grand introduction. Let them know who we are.”

Frisk’s heart stopped completely. Introduce himself? As in saying “hi” like a normal landlord or introducing himself like Nick did when he first made his appearance? Whatever the case may be, Frisk needed to warn everybody in her apartment complex what was going on before Papyrus made his “grand introduction.”

Lord knows what he’d do if somebody did something that he might classify as “disrespectful.” He was a monster after all, and Frisk was sure some of them wouldn’t be so...reserved when they saw him.

So many horrifying and bloody images on what this skeleton might do raced through her mind and made her all that more desperate to get back.

She offered a wider smile to Sans and then to Papyrus. She tried to keep her voice as calm as possible and started to walk towards the front door, passing Sans as she spoke.
“Well, it was very nice meeting the two of you and I hope to see you again soon. But I do believe I must be off—”

She stopped talking and walking when Sans gently grabbed her forearm with his large hand, easily supporting the large bag of groceries with one hand and holding her in place with the other. She numbly looked his hand and saw his golden rings flashing menacingly. She wanted to pull away from him but…

He was the one in control. At least for now. She gulped, her mouth dry as she tried to keep her friendly smile on her face. Sans’ smile grew as well.

“Don’t worry doll-face, I won’t take up too much of yer time then. Me and you just got to discuss the um…protection fee for yer apartment complex.”

Frisk actually felt her face pale as soon as the words left his mouth.

She slowly and quietly tried to pull out of his hold, but he merely tightened his grip on her arm. He didn’t hurt her, but Frisk could feel all the strength he was holding back. She was pretty sure if he wanted to he’d probably be able to crush her arm like a empty soda can.

She stopped trying to move away from him when she realized she wasn’t going anywhere. She could only hope that her friends wouldn’t upset the taller skeleton. She prayed they weren’t that stupid.

Papyrus walked around the desk and was now standing beside Frisk, looking over her and into the bag Sans was holding. He either didn’t seem to notice how terrified Frisk was or he just didn’t care. It was probably the latter.

“Did you get all of it?”

Sans nodded his head.

“The lady was right. Even the dry pasta was expensive, but you said you wanted to cook Wingdings a human meal so here are all the ingredients.”
How long had he been standing behind me, Frisk wondered as Sans loosened his grip ever so slightly on her arm. The idea that he had been standing there longer than she realized added a new terror in her.

Papyrus grunted in approval. Frisk watched as his smug and cruel face turned softer for just one second again. But just like before it was short lived and in a surprising and very gentleman-like movement, Papyrus lifted his fedora hat in a polite farewell to Frisk.

“TAKE CARE LITTLE ONE,” he said and then focused on Sans.

“I’LL SEE YOU AT HOME, BROTHER.”

Sans nodded, shooting Frisk a sly smile as he spoke. Frisk felt herself shrink from the look.

“Have fun and be nice to the humans.”

Papyrus flashed him another cruel smile, not sparing another glance towards Frisk as he quickly walked out of the building, slamming the door shut behind him, leaving Frisk alone with the skeleton. Frisk immediately started talking, her voice having a beg edge to it.

“Um M-Mr. S-Sans, you might want to tell your brother that we humans aren’t used to monsters and so-”

Sans chuckled loudly cutting Frisk off and letting her arm go. He walked to the desk, his back towards her and Frisk had to fight every urge not to run out the building. She watched him as he placed the bag of groceries on the desk and turned around. He rested his elbows on the counter and leaned forward.

Frisk lick her lips nervously and tried again.

“He might th-think the humans are being insulting-”

“Don’t worry ’bout anything, doll-face. My bro knows they’re gonna be scared of him. That grocery owner lady that came in before you didn’t exactly have it all together when she saw us.
Poor ol’ woman turned as white as a ghost. Looked like she as gonna have a heart attack. Pretty funny.”

So that’s what Mrs. Bees was trying to warn me about, Frisk thought as she recalled herself rushing past the older lady that had been frantically trying to call her over to the small group of business owners. Frisk wished she hadn’t been late getting the money to Nick.

She’d might have been more mentally prepared for this.

Sans closed his sockets from a second and sat down on the desk. When he opened them again, the red lights had dimmed a bit.

“He won’t get offended if people are a little taken aback by him.”

Frisk hoped Sans was telling the truth. She sincerely hoped he was, but until Sans told her she could leave, she was stuck in this small building with him.

And seeing as Frisk couldn’t leave, now was as a good as anytime to try and...fix the damage that was made even if this prick deserved every crude and hateful thing she said last night. But how was she going to go about it? Should she even bring up last night? Or maybe she could say something else to completely distract him from it?

A small smile crept on her face as an idea popped into her head.

“Say...Mr. Sans-”

The skeleton waved his hand dismissively.

“Sans. Just Sans, doll-face. Friends don’t need to be formal with each other.”

Frisk nodded. Fine, Sans to your face, prick behind your back, she thought.
“I just wanted to thank you for stopping Nick from hurting me. He’s not a nice guy and he would have really really hurt me if you hadn’t stopped him.”

Sans didn’t say anything for a few seconds. His red lights dimmed even more as Frisk felt his scrutinizing stare carefully analyze her expression, but she knew it was probably hard for him to spot any sort of deception on her, and that was partly due to the fact that Frisk really was grateful that Nick had been stopped.

There was no doubt in her mind that if Sans hadn’t intervened, she would have probably been walking out of the building missing a hand or an eyeball. Granted, that didn’t change her opinion of the brute, but maybe showing her gratitude would help stroke his ego enough for him to be a little considerate with his protection fee price or anything else he might want to “charge” them for.

After another few seconds of staring, Sans took his hat off and placed it near the bag of grocery. He offered her an amused smile. Frisk hoped that was a good sign.

“Yeah well, ya don’t have to worry ‘bout him anymore doll-face. He won’t be bothering anybody no more.”

Frisk remained silent as she watched him rub the back of his skull. He almost looked awkward as he tried to avoid her stare.

She nervously chewed the inside of her cheek and waited for him to speak. When he did, his voice was a tab bit quieter and serious.

“And while we’re on the subject of unpleasantness, I suppose I owe you an apology for last night.”

Frisk blinked as the skeleton picked up his hat and fiddled with the brim.

He was apologizing?! She hadn’t been expecting that and in all honesty if he had brought up last night’s incident she was fully prepared to apologize. But this was...surprising. Surprising and suspicious, but despite the part of her mind that was begging her to be careful, she couldn’t help the flutter of hope that bloomed in her chest.

“I just wanted to have some fun was all and what’s more fun to a monster than scarin' a human? That’s why Papyrus won't mind if they're scared of him. He gets a kick out of seeing a
terrified human too.”

_Assholes_, she thought but didn’t show the contempt on her face. Not when things were going somewhat decently between the two of them. She swallowed and offered him a shaky smile.

*Now to remind him I’d rather be dipped in boiling water than be a moment of fun for him.*

“Well the reason I got so upset last night was because I already got a boyfriend. Y’know how that can be,” she began, trying to sound confident with her lie.

She told this lie so many times to criminals who have shown interest in her and it always came out so smoothly and so convincing that a lot of them lost interest in her fairly quickly. But none of those men had been looking at her with that intense red stare Sans was giving her. Made it harder for the words to come out.

Sans put his hat down.

“Boyfriend?”

Frisk eagerly nodded. “Oh yeah. Me and him been going together for a few years now and if he got word that another guy was...chatting me up in a girl’s bathroom...well let’s just say he might be wondering a few things about me.”

Sans looked down again. Even though it was hard to read his expression, Frisk wanted to see his face. She wanted to try to make out what he might be thinking even though that big stupid smile was permanently stuck on his face and made it ten times more difficult for her to guess what was going through his mind.

Finally Sans looked up and Frisk let out a small gasp of fear. The socket in his right was pouring out a thin layer of red smoke.

And that imaginary pressure on her chest that kept her pressed against the wall last night was back. Only this time it was pinning her feet to the floor. Frisk tried to move, but just like the last time she couldn’t.
No…

She looked up at Sans. He was watching her, his red lights now shining more brightly than ever. She wanted to scream. She wanted to cry out for help, but the words couldn’t come out. And so she let out a small whimper and waited for him to get up and do whatever he wanted to do to her. But he just sat there, grinning at her as his golden tooth glistened and his socket poured red smoke.

“’I wasn’t plannin’ on really hurtin’ ya or anything, but I figured it was okay to y’know…tease ya a little since I honestly thought I’d never see you again. Heh...don’t I feel stupid, but seriously what are the odds of this actually happenin’? A million to one right?’”

*Well seeing as it's me and bad luck follows me around like a bad penny, I'll say the odds are good*. Frisk didn’t say that though.

The fear was pumping through her chest and she didn’t know what to do, but she knew screaming wasn’t going to help her. The only people out in the park were junkies who didn’t care about anything but their next fix. And when it all came down to it, who would help her? Who was that suicidal?

“You believe that, don’t ya doll-face?”

She swallowed and finally found her voice. It was soft and meek and pathetic sounding and she hated herself, but what else could she do? If she screamed for help, she didn’t know how he’d react, but if she remained calm maybe…

She grinned at him. Her lips trembled uncontrollably.

“Oh, you trying to scare me again right? Cute, Mr...um...Sans, but like I said, I really can’t stay for too long, so can’t we just talk about the protection fee-”

Sans chuckled and Frisk winced as she felt the pressure increase in her chest.

“I figured us meetin’ again must be fate. Ya know, something we ain’t got no control over.” Sans continued like she hadn’t spoken at all.
“Stop,” she finally begged, the grin vanishing from her face as she looked at Sans’ more pleadingly.

Her father’s words flashed in her mind.

**You show fear, they’ll eat you alive.**

But how could she not show fear when the guy in front of her was holding all the good cards in the deck?

Sans responded by holding up a hand and slowly curling a bony finger in a universal gesture that basically meant “come closer.” Frisk let out a small scream of fear as she began to hover a tiny bit above the floor and was dragged towards him.

She trembled as he put his large hands on her shoulders and gently turned her around so that her back rested on his chest. His strong and sharp ribs poking her skin.

**This can’t be happening**, she thought as she felt his chin rest on the top of her head. One of his arms was wrapped around her small shoulders while the other one was playing with her hair. She could feel her face heating up and most likely becoming a deep red.

She closed her eyes as her vision began to blur and sting. She tried to pull away, but she still couldn’t move her body. She felt like a living statue.

**This is just another nightmare about him. There’s no way I’m this helpless**, she thought as he twirled a sharp finger through of lock of her hair.

“And who are we to fight fate? I mean I won’t. I’m too lazy for that. I usually just go with the flow.”

**I’m gonna wake up soon**, she thought as she tried to fight reality.

The hand that rested on her shoulders started to move until it rested on her throat. His fingers lightly began to move back and forth across the soft flesh. She shuddered, his fingers feeling like spider legs crawling on her skin.

**Wake up**, she begged herself.
“That’s why it’s hard to believe ya got yerself a boyfriend. Fate may be tough on us sometimes, but it ain’t cruel.”

Frisk didn’t respond. Didn’t know what to say. Couldn’t move to pull away from him. And Sans’ fingers didn’t stop playing with her hair or throat.

“I... I r-really have t-to g-get g-going. I have a t-terrible headache. It’s hurtin’ real bad, Sans.”

And to her great surprise and incredible relief, Sans grunted and turned her around once again so she faced him. She stood between his legs and he gave her hair one last feel before he removed his hands from her body altogether. His whole body slouched as he placed his elbow on his knee and rested his chin in his hand, staring at her with half-closed sockets.

“Alright doll-face, let’s get down to business.” Sans muttered boredly.

Frisk nearly wept in happiness. She still couldn’t move, but at least he wasn’t talking crazy stuff about “fate.” At least he didn’t directly call her out on her lie about having a boyfriend. At least he had stopped touching her.

His smile became sly and sharper.

“Your area is pretty dangerous. Lots of muggings and druggies hurtin’ innocent people so they can buy their next needle-ful of goodness. My bro and I really got our work cut out for us.”

Frisk tried to soothe the fear from her mind as she tried to focus on what she needed to say that would help her neighbors. From the sounds of his words the protection fee wasn’t going to be lowered.

“It’ll be expensive to get rid of that unwanted element from your...lovely area and it’ll probably be dangerous. Me and my bro will be essentially risking our lives keepin’ ya all safe.”

Yeah, people will take on look at the two of you and never come back. Real dangerous, Frisk thought, but didn’t interrupt.
Sans must of saw something in her face that betrayed her thoughts because the smoke from his socket increased and he made a sound of annoyance.

“So I was thinkin’, whatever Nick was having ya all pay...probably needs to be doubled.”

Frisk felt all the color drain from her face. No! They couldn’t afford that! Not one person in that complex could barely afford to pay Nick’s fee as it was so how in the hell could they pay double?!

Sans laughed and Frisk felt a sort of infuriated anger erupt in her. How could he laugh?! How DARE he laugh!

“Oh my! Looks like you don’t look too good doll-face. What’s wrong? That headache gettin’ worse?”

Frisk gritted her teeth and forced herself not to spew out all the insulting things she wanted to say to him. She took a calming breath, trying to gather up her courage and keep her tears from falling before she spoke.

“Sans...we can’t afford that. My neighbors and I are really poor,” she said, trying to hold the shaking fury out of her voice.

He tilted his head. “Yeah I overheard that conversation ya were having with my little bro.”

His sockets became black as he glared at her. Frisk let out another whimper of fear as he leaned forwards and grabbed her chin, pulling her forward until their noses were practically touching.

“I heard ya tryin’ to break his heart with yer sob stories about them people being poor.”

Frisk’s blush increased along with her rage as his thumb brushed against her lips. She wanted to bite him until his thumb broke off or her teeth cracked.

“The only problem with ya plan was that ye were breakin’ the wrong man’s heart.”
He leaned closer to her until his hard cheekbone touched her cheek, much like what Papyrus did when he stopped her from falling. She trembled as she felt his breath warm up her ear.

“I’m the one who calls the shot around here now, doll-face. It’s me ya gotta convince to be nice.”

Frisk’s mind went blank as she felt his other hand begin to toy with the buttons on her sweater dress.

“Don’t know how to do that? Don’t worry little lady. I have a few...ideas on what you can do. How about tonight we meet up? We can have a little friendly dinner, get to know each other and then maybe...” the skeleton chuckled as he undid the first button closest to her chest. “We can talk business. People can call me a lot of things, but unreasonable ain’t one of them.”

Frisk felt a sudden rush of something explode in her chest and just like that, the pressure was instantly lifted from her. She pushed herself away from the skeleton and before she could stop herself, her hand made contact with his face, rocking his head to the side.

She didn’t know who was hurt more because slapping hard bone was really painful. Her hand was stinging as she watched Sans slowly rub the spot where she had slapped him. His sockets were black. Her eyes were stinging and blurry and smoldering hot. She crossed her arms and tried to stand up as tall as she could as she bared her teeth him. Anger pulsed in every vein in her body.

“How dare you, you pig! How dare you even think for one second I would do something so disgusting? I AM NOT A WHORE!” She screamed.

A small bit of red light returned to Sans’ sockets. “I didn’t say you were one, doll-”

“You’ll get yer money, pig!” she hissed, praying her tears wouldn’t fall until she was out of his sight.

With that she turned around and walked to the door, opening it and giving a small scream of fear when she saw Sans already standing outside, blocking her way. His hands were in his pockets as he leaned casually into the door frame.

“Okay, maybe I crossed another line with ya. Let me try that again. Let’s have dinner, we’ll get to know each other, then we’ll talk business and see where it goes from. Does that sound more appropriate?” he chuckled.
Frisk wanted to slap him again.

“No. We’ll get your money.”

The skeleton shrugged his shoulders. “Alright then, doll-face. Yer choice, but I think it’s kind of unfair that yer gamblin’ with a lot of people’s lives, but that’s just my opinion.”

Frisk felt her heart stop at his words and his unspoken threat.

“Tell yer people to have the money ready in two weeks. If not…” Sans’ smile became sharper if that were possible. Frisk backed away from him.

Two weeks?! It took people in the complex a month to gather Nick’s fee. Nobody could come up with that kind of money in two weeks. Not even Frisk who was one of the wealthier people who lived there.

“If they can’t pay, well... we can’t guarantee their protection. Be a shame really, seeing that there are so many young families that live there.”

Frisk didn’t respond.

Sans looked at her and smiled. “But seein’ how me and you are friends, you won’t have to worry about paying a dime. I’ll protect ya for free. And as for my offer,” he leaned down until their cheeks were touching again. “It’s still on the table. Like I said, I ain't unreasonable.”

He moved out her way. She raced away and when she was sure she was far away from him she allowed her tears to fall.

She had no idea what to do.
Thank you all for all the comments, kudos and love you have sent me!

Comments are always welcomed and I always love to see how I'm doing!
Sans folded his arms on the desk slowly and proceeded to rest his skull on them hoping to soothe the horrible ringing sound that was vibrating inside his head.

It wasn’t a good day. In fact it was less than a good day. Today was a horrible day and Sans wanted nothing more than to zap over to the source of his ever growing frustrations and anger and destroy that source all in one slow and painful go, but unfortunately for him that would mean shredding his little lady into bloody little ribbons.

And if he did that his horrible day would become SOUL-shattering…

Sans groaned viciously, feeling beads of stressful sweat running down his skull and buried his head deeper into his arms. He closed his sockets in an attempt to prevent his red magic from pouring out and completely filling the room. That would be a fun thing to explain to Papyrus…

**WHY IS THE ROOM FULL OF YOUR MAGIC, BROTHER?!**

Goddamn it...

And this second meeting had started out so good. So wonderful and everything was going according to plan.

Not only was the first phase of Wingding’s plan already set, but he and his little lady were talking. Granted he could tell she had been walking on eggshells throughout their entire conversation, but she was actually talking to him! Without yelling, without insulting him, and most importantly she wasn’t trying to leave without his permission.

And he was talking to her and doing a good job of it if he did say so himself. He even apologized for the other night (though part of that had been her fault) and she was thanking him for helping her out with Nick. She actually smiled at him!
Though Sans wasn’t fool enough to trick himself into thinking that smile was anything more than a weak form of deception created by a girl who needed to make amends with her new landlord. But all the same, it had been a smile just for him and when he saw those tasty lips curve upward in his direction, Sans felt his SOUL pound so violently in his chest he thought it would crack into a million pieces. Everything was going so great…

Everything was going exactly how he planned it would go.

Sans had planned to spend a few more minutes dedicated to their small talk (amusing for him, tension-filled for her) before they got on the subject of the protection fee. He’d tell her her people had to pay double in two weeks and he’d watch her fall into an adorable sort of despair and look at him with those beautiful eyes, begging for some sort of mercy. Oh God, he had been looking forward to that expression.

Then he would make his offer. He’d watch her go through her emotions, ignoring the more unpleasant and insulting ones, but eventually because she loved those humans in her building and would do anything for them (hey she already gave so much of her money to them), he knew without a doubt she’d agree to have dinner with him to discuss a change in price.

And then things would get even better. He imagined himself in her room, with her persuading him to be nice. To be merciful. Those thoughts had made his magic so jumpy and ecstatic earlier this morning, that Sans was slightly worried Papyrus and Wingdings would notice the unusual shift in his magic.

Luckily neither Papyrus or Wingdings’ notice. Papyrus was too busy talking about the human city he was gonna be entering for the first time and Wingdings was too busy listening to Papyrus to notice the strange change in Sans.

And to make things even greater than they already were, Sans didn’t have to make up an excuse for not being home tonight. Wingdings had a meeting with Grillby tonight, a meeting that Sans desperately hoped would settle their dispute so he could go back to drinking Grillby’s fantastic mustard, and Papyrus was going to practice cooking with the human ingredients until he perfected his dish so he could serve it to Wingdings and Sans for tomorrow’s dinner.

Sans literally had the entire night to be with his little lady without his brothers’ wondering what he was doing. Yep…everything was going exactly to plan.
Until…

Until…

Despite his closed sockets, Sans felt his wrathful magic leak through as the most recent memory of his little lady resurfaced in his mind. His skull started sweating even more and soaked the sleeves of his suit, staining them, but Sans didn’t put his head up to spare his expensive outfit.

And then she made things oh so worse for herself. She just had to ruin their goddamn moment of peace and destroy that delicate little bridge they were making by telling him that bitch of a lie about having a boyfriend. He knew it was a lie. Sans absolutely knew without a doubt that his little lady was HIS and HIS alone and yet the skeleton couldn’t help but feel a black rage of jealousy erupt in his mind over her pretend boyfriend.

And what made it worse was the brief but very vivid image his mind created of a puny and weak human with his arm around HIS little lady. That’s why she ended up with her back to his chest and if she didn’t like it…well that was her fault really. She shouldn’t tell lies.

But even if his carefully thought-out plan was completely ruined thanks to her, that didn’t exactly mean Sans didn’t enjoy the new direction they had taken. Once her body touched his, all that jealous rage seemed to disappear and during those few minutes…he was in complete heaven.

She had been so close to him. And he felt so much more of her than he had during their first meeting. He felt her warm skin against his body and it had been just as intoxicating as that first time. He felt every shudder and shiver that went down her spine with her back pressed to his chest. He felt her heavy and nervous breathing when he traced his finger against her soft throat. He felt her heart beating wildly. And then there her SOUL.

He felt her SOUL squirmed and fight roughly against his red magic when he had totally surrounded it, and he had almost lost it then and there. It took everything in him not to run his tongue down her cheek to her throat or turn her around to taste those trembling lips or move his hands down lower, feeling every part of her body.

He would have kept her pressed against him for hours…it was wonderful…it was bliss…it was incredible, but then she spoke, reminding him they still had some business to get through before they could have their fun.
So begrudgingly he let her go, but kept his magic on her. Told her the new protection fee. And just like he imagined, her pretty eyes went wide with fear and when she spoke again to remind him that her people couldn’t pay what he was asking for, her tone had been so delicious. It trembled and just seemed to beg him to have mercy.

He made his offer and was willing to patiently wait for her to accept.

Only that’s not what happened.

Her scared and beautiful face turned to pure hatred and rage and in a matter of seconds, her SOUL ripped itself away from his magic. Now that wasn’t part of the plan. He had increased his magic so she wouldn’t be able to pull away from him a second time. He had been stunned and he was so taken aback by that unflattering look on her face and the new knowledge that her SOUL wasn’t as weak as he thought it was, that he didn’t see her doll-like hand coming at him.

It connected and all he saw was white and all he heard was a loud ringing sound that overshadow everything else. When he came to she was SCREAMING at him. Telling him she wasn’t a whore. And Sans felt his own rage begin to boil at her accusation.

HOW DARE SHE PUT WORDS IN HIS MOUTH!? HOW DARE SHE VIEW HERSELF LIKE A COMMON WHORE! AND HOW DARE SHE THINK HE WOULD EVER THINK THAT ABOUT HER!?

He had half a mind to slap her across the face for that, but the ringing in his ears and the pain was still too much that he could only stand there and watch as she started to walk out. He regained enough of his senses though just in time and was able to control his rage enough to stop her before she could leave him...again.

He made his offer again. Hell, he was even nice enough to tell her she wasn’t going to pay a dime. And what did she do? She had the nerve to INSULT him and tell him she’d get his money. And then she RAN from him.

And now here he was.

Alone. Sitting at a desk, fuming with red smoking pouring out of his closed socket, trying his damnedest to NOT go wherever she ran off to and teach her a lesson on what happens to ingrateful little girls like her. A lesson that would no doubt end with her dress torn from her body and her
delicate little figure bent over somewhere and his hands gripping her body so hard that he left bruises
that would remind her just how much he already owned her and then-

Sans’ mind froze when he realized he was beginning to stand up to do exactly that. The image of
that violent confrontation was sending wild shockwaves to his body and when he felt something wet
on his chin he realized he had subconsciously materialized his red tongue and had been panting and
drooling like some kind of dog over the realistic scene he had created in his mind.

He slammed his fist down on the desk causing the hardwood to crack and spilling the contents of the
grocery bag all over the floor. He sighed, slightly relieved when he felt a small bit of sting enter his
hand.

The pain felt good. It helped him regain control over his magic that was beginning to materialize a
more uncontrollable body part. He sat down again and took several long and deep breaths. It took a
few minutes but eventually his tongue and his half-formed cock vanished.

“Get a grip Sans, yer in control. You got her. She’ll come back to ya and she’ll be the one climbing
on top of ya. Be patient,” he muttered logically to himself.

Unfortunately, his reasonable side that was telling him he’d never have a real chance with her if he
took what he wanted without her consent wasn’t helping his rageful side one bit.

That look and that smack and that arrogant way she told him she’d get his money was making his
bone marrow boil.

“Ungrateful bitch,” he muttered and dragged his claws painfully against the cracked desk, leaving ten
long and ugly scratch-marks behind.

With his head still ringing from her smack, he pondered what he could do to show her just
how...dependant she really was on him and his kindness towards her and her loved ones.

And then it happened: something close to an idea began to develop and grow in his head. Sans’
permanent smile grew as his claws began to tap out one of those annoying little jazzy tones he heard
at the club last night.

“She needs me. She needs me and she’s gonna figure out real quick just how much she needs me,”
he said and felt his rage decrease tremendously. His smile became sharper. The red pinpoints of his eyes shined brightly.

An entire plan formed in his mind.

*And the sooner she realized she needs me to make ‘er happy the sooner everything becomes right again,* he finished up in his head.

Chuckling, he cracked his knuckles and stood up, wiping the sweat from his skull with his sleeve. He took another breath, closed his sockets and began focusing his magic. He thought of all the places he wanted to go and in a blink of an eye he vanished in a puff of red smoke.

When she was sure she was far away from the grinning skeleton, Frisk leaned heavily against a thin and barren tree just outside the park’s entrance and finally allowed her tears to fall taking shuddering breaths every so often when her hysterics threatened to get the better of her.

Sans’ words echoed in her mind over and over again and she honestly felt like she was gonna go crazy.

Double?! He expected those poor people to pay double?! They could barely afford to pay Nick’s fee in one month, but now they had to pay double that in two weeks?! It was impossible. Straight up impossible. At this moment, none of those people could even afford to give him a third of that money.

And Sans made no secret with what he was planning on doing to those who couldn’t pay. He didn’t outright say it, but Frisk knew what he had been implying. He’d kill them. Families, single people, lovers, he’d kill them, just like any other mobster would do to those couldn’t afford their prices.

Monster or human, Sans was exactly like any other mobsters who terrorized Frisk, beginning when she was just a kid to the present. Only…

Frisk took in a final breath and wiped her tears away. She had her cry and now it was time to think and seeing how she was finally away from Sans and his stupid grinning face, Frisk forced herself to think rationally about her predicament.
Sans was just like any other mobsters...only....he wasn’t.

Frisk frowned and slowly sank to the ground, curling her legs into her stomach and resting her cheek on her knees.

He had given her an alternative or a proposition if she wanted to sound fancy about it. And that was...well...during the entire time she lived in this city, which was her whole life, Frisk couldn’t think of another instance where a mobster was willing to...negotiation. But what the grinning skeleton wanted was...

Frisk cringed, remembering how his hands caressed her body and she could do nothing but stand there and take it. She hugged her knees tighter to her chest hoping to fight away the ghost touches that lingered on her body.

He didn’t outright say what he expected her to do after they had their dinner date, but it was so obvious.

_Prostitution._

Even without saying it, the word left an unpleasant taste in Frisk’s mouth. She knew women who did that as a source of income and while it was a degrading and disgusting profession, the women in those professions were not nasty or disgusting. The working girls that Frisk met were just single mothers who couldn’t find jobs to support their kids or desperate women who needed a roof over their heads and food in their stomach. Those women had no desire to harm another soul. They just desired to live their lives and how could Frisk turn her nose down at them?

But even if Frisk couldn’t condemn those women, she swore she would never allow herself to fall in that terrible and soul-destroying line of work.

And there were many months before she started being hired as a regular bar singer where money had been so tight and she had gone to bed so hungry and she knew plenty of men who were more than happy to pay a good amount to spend the night with her. But even when she was that desperate, she would never allow herself to be bought.

She didn’t want to put a price tag on herself like so many of her friends did.
And then there was the promise she made to her parents…

When crime was getting so bad and so many of Frisk’s family friends and neighbors were selling themselves for easy money and violent lives, Frisk remembered her mother telling her to never change.

*Don’t change, Frisky. Don’t become part of a world where it’s kill or be killed.*

If Frisk went back there right now and agreed to whatever Sans wanted her to do, she’d break her promise. If she didn’t agree to it then she really would be gambling with those people’s lives.

And there was not one person in that whole building that Frisk didn’t love. She knew them all by name, from the old man who lived next door to her, to the widower with the seven kids who was still recovering from his wife’s death. If she agreed, there was a chance Sans would be merciful...provided he kept his word.

*If I’m nice and listen to him and do what he wants,* Frisk shuddered in self-disgust, *maybe I could convince him to lower the fee even more than Nick had it. It could work. Clearly there something about me that Sans must like. Why else would he tell me I didn’t have to pay his fee? And why would he put all this effort into getting me when he could just have a woman who would be willing to do anything for him?*

She blinked as she felt a small unfamiliar feeling stirring in her chest as her cheeks flared up. Did she really just think that highly of herself to the point where she thought a mobster would seriously decrease his profits for a one-night stand with her?

...No there had to be another reason, but Frisk couldn’t figure it out and a majority of her didn’t want to know.

All she knew was that he made that offer and she had no other way to save those people unless she took him up on that offer.

There was no way she could come up with that money. And maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.

*I ain’t a virgin so it’s not like I’m losing anything to him,* she thought as she stood up and slowly
turned back towards the park. *Maybe I could think of it as a dentist appointment. Something I don’t want to do, but have to do. Maybe I could...WHAT THE FUCK AM I THINKING?*

Frisk took three straggling steps away from the park’s entrance, her eyes wide with horror and her face drained of color.

*Did I really just consider doing that? I must be so panicked that I’m not thinking logically. I need to get home and come up with a better plan,* she thought and nearly slapped herself in the face for even considering taking Sans up on his disgusting trade-off.

She shook her head in self-disgust and disbelief as she turned away.

“I think of selling myself without even thinking of another plan first?” she muttered to herself. “Grinning creep is really messing with my head-”

She paused her walk when she saw the second to last person she wanted to see at the moment.

Papyrus was stomping her way. His large hands were in huge fists and with every step he took Frisk swore she felt a tremor under her feet. As he came closer, Frisk noticed that his sharp teeth were set in a snarl and the single red light in his socket was burning brightly.

*Oh God,* she thought as she saw him finally noticing her. His steps quickened. *Please don’t tell me somebody from the apartments pissed him off. Please don’t let us have two pricks to deal with.*

He didn’t stop until his towering form was standing in front of her. His sockets were narrowed and with him this close, Frisk noticed that he had began to grind his teeth together. Frisk gulped and took a nervous step back.

She offered him a big smile.

“H-hey Mr. P-Papyrus. How do you like my n-neighborhood?”

“YOU HUMANS ARE THE RUDEST CREATURES I HAVE EVER MET!” he growled and crossed his arms, glaring at her angrily. Before she could even ask, he pointed a bony finger in the direction towards her complex. It was a good distance away from her, but when Frisk squinted, she
saw tiny faces pressing up against the glass, staring in her direction.

_Please don’t let him do something violent to me. Not with everybody watching_ , she silently pleaded to whoever might be listening.

“ASIDE FROM THAT GROCERY STORE OWNER AND THOSE...UGH HUMANS THAT ACTUALLY CALL THEMSELVES CHEFS, ALL THE OTHER HUMANS VANISHED INTO THAT BUILDING WHEN I CAME NEAR! WHEN I ENTERED I COULDN’T FIND ONE SINGLE HUMAN WHO WOULD WELCOME THEIR NEW LANDLORD!”

And that makes them rude? Frisk nearly scoffed. What was with these two skeletons mistaking the fear they instilled in people for being rude? AND if what Sans was saying had been truthful, Papyrus wanted to scare the good living hell out of those poor people and now he was shocked that nobody wanted to see him?!

But Frisk didn’t say that. Of course, she couldn’t say that. But maybe she could say something that could help her.

She remembered that uncomfortable look that came over the taller skeleton’s face when she began telling him about how poverty-stricken this area was. Even if Sans told her she was “breakin’ the wrong man’s heart”, it wouldn’t hurt to have a friend. Especially if that friend is related to Sans.

**Plus Papyrus is Sans’ brother. That has to mean something. Maybe if I befriend Papyrus, he could...help me against Sans,** Frisk thought and instantly felt slimy for thinking about that.

Sure he was a criminal mobster like Sans, but the idea of using people for her own advantage wasn’t something Frisk found admirable, but in this case it was necessary. She didn’t have a plan on how she was gonna get that money and if there was even a small chance Papyrus could be a potential friend who might be able to soften Sans’ blows against the people she loved, she was gonna try her hardest to befriend him.

Plus when she really thought about it she wasn’t really using him or toying with him. She was gonna simply telling the man about her area’s situation in the most heartbreaking manner possible and hope that he responded the way she needed him to respond.

But first she had to fix whatever was pissing him off at the moment.
“Hey you shouldn’t take it so hard, Mr. Papyrus. I mean, you are…” Frisk trailed off as she tried to find the right word to describe him without insulting him. Papyrus began to tap his foot impatiently as he waited for her to finish her sentence.

“You’re just something they’ve never seen before and it’s very clear to me that while you can’t be frightened that easily—”

“NYEH HEH HEH! THAT’S RIGHT HUMAN!”

Frisk grinned when she saw his red light dim a bit and his scowl soften before she continued.

“...we humans are an easily scared bunch and I guess since you look so...tough you might have scared them pretty bad without even doing anything.”

Papyrus smirked slightly and rubbed his claws-like nails against his suit in an arrogant manner. Frisk bit the inside of her cheek to keep herself from saying anything unkind.

“I SUPPOSE YOU’RE RIGHT, TINY HUMAN WOMAN. I AM RATHER IMPRESSIVE TO LOOK AT AREN’T I?”

Frisk smiled widely, hoping it didn’t look as phony as it felt.

“You’re something else alright Papyrus,” she said before she took a deep breath. “So what do you think of this area? Nice huh?”

It was a vague enough statement, but to Frisk’s amazement and joy Papyrus’ smirk completely disappeared as that uncomfortable look came over his face once more.

“NICE? TINY HUMAN WOMAN ARE YOU BLIND?! THAT APARTMENT BUILDING IS FALLING APART AND JUST TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PARK! IT’S DISGUSTING! UNACCEPTABLE! I DARE SAY IT’S NOT EVEN WORTHY OF YOU HUMANS!”
Frisk nodded her head. “Yeah, it’s not much, but it’s home to a lot of people who are just doing everything they can to get by. We just try to live our lives and be happy, y’know? Be grateful for what we have.”

Frisk watched Papyrus’ face very closely and what happened next was kind of odd. He began to fidget with his red tie.

“You know tiny human, when I was younger and my brothers would…” Papyrus paused and quickly shook his head. Frisk watched as his arrogant smile came up again.

Shit, I was so close, Frisk thought but this time she didn’t feel too bad about it. As long as she could plant something in his mind that would encourage empathy for her area’s people, it hadn’t been a total waste.

“Um...I mean I had...I had a great mind-blowing speech prepared! It took me hours to come up with it! How can I present it to the humans if they keep running away?!”

Frisk shrugged. “They probably don’t know you’re the landlord yet. Look, why don’t I talk to them and prepare them for ya so they know who you are?”

Sorry about this folks, but it might help ya all in the long run, Frisk thought and imagined a roomful of her friends terrified as this monster shouted at them. But then again, maybe seeing whole families there might help Papyrus gain a bit of sympathy towards the tenants.

Papyrus smirk widened. “Yes tiny human! That seems like a great idea! Have everybody assemble outside the apartment so I can properly do my great speech!”

Frisk nodded and once again mentally apologized to all the people she had to break a lot of bad news to.

“What time?”
Papyrus tapped his finger to his chin in deep thought. “LET’S SAY NOON! BY THEN MY BROTHER AND I SHOULD HAVE FINISHED MOVING IN.”

Frisk felt the color drain from her face. Papyrus didn’t seem to notice.

“M-moving in?”

Papyrus nodded and started to walk past her into the park’s entrance.

“THAT’S RIGHT TINY HUMAN, WE WILL BE REBUILDING THE SHED INTO OUR NEW HOME! MY BROTHER AND I WILL BE YOUR NEW NEIGHBORS! DON’T YOU FEEL LUCKY TO BE LIVING RIGHT NEXT TO SUCH GREATNESS?! I WISH I WERE YOU SO I COULD LIVE RIGHT NEXT TO ME!”

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Andrew pulled out his pocket watch and checked the time. He had three more hours until his bar opened for business and he had already done everything that needed to be done.

All the different types of liquor and beers were stocked up, the tables were wiped down until they shined and the floors were so clean that when Andrew went to inspect them for the sixth time, he couldn’t find a single cigarette butt from the night before. And the stage was prepared for a local jazz band to perform.

All he needed to do was wait an hour for his cook and bartenders and barmaids to come in so he could turn on the fryer and grill for the night.

Sighing contently, the owner of the small bar walked to his office and paused when he heard heavy footsteps behind him. He frowned. That was weird. He hadn’t unlocked the doors yet and even if they were opened, he didn’t hear anybody enter. He turned around.

“Sorry, we’re closed for another three ho-JESUS CHRIST!”

Standing behind Andrew was a huge skeleton. A huge skeleton with a crazy sharp smile and a cigar between his teeth.
He must be the monster Don Dee was telling everybody about. The hell is he doing in my area, Andrew thought and tried to straighten his spine up and glare the skeleton down. After all, he was a monster and Andrew was a human. And to make it more insulting, this freak was a monster who had come into his business uninvited. He was lucky Don Dee already him about this abomination, otherwise there would be a dead monster for the waitresses to clean up.

Andrew watched as the skeleton moved his skull up and down, measuring Andrew out before he took the cigar out of his mouth and puffed a cloud of red smoke in the air. Then the skeleton slowly reached into his pocket. Andrew reached into his own pocket and grabbed the handle of his gun.

He didn’t want to shoot the ugly freak if he didn’t have to. Apparently the skeleton was an important supplier for Don Dee and Andrew knew the old man wouldn’t be too happy about losing a weapons man.

“Easy pal. I just want to talk business and I don’t feel like Don Dee needs to know ‘bout this private meetin’.”

The skeleton pulled something green out of his suit and chucked it at Andrew. The bar owner caught it and gasped. It was a thick wad of cash. More money that his bar made in a week. He looked at the skeleton, then back at the cash and then finally back at the skeleton. Andrew gave him a friendly smile.

“Hey. Friends don’t have private meetings, buddy, so there’s no need to tell Don Dee about two friends meeting up.”

The skeleton chuckled and took another inhale of his cigar.

“Smart man. I can’t stay long, got other places to be, but I need to ask ya fer a personal favor.”

Andrew looked at the wad of cash again and grinned.

“Anything for a friend, buddy.”

“There’s a young lady named Frisk. Ya hire ‘er nearly three times a week to sing fer yer bar. As of today ya don’t need ‘er services and will cancel all ‘er scheduled performances.”
Andrew laughed. “I was just about to do that.”

The skeleton threw another wad of cash at him.

“Good.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter preview: Just a little bit of smut! ;)
Comments and suggestions are always welcomed!
News: Some good, a lot bad.

Chapter Notes

All I got to say is thank you all for all your love and support!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Mr. Grillby, he’s here...he’s here!

The purple fire monster stopped cleaning the tiny shot glass, feeling every muscle in his body tense up as the loud music, the dancing, the screaming conversations and the drunken laughter all came to a screeching halt.

The once loud and lively bar was now as quiet as a cemetery.

The owner of Grillby’s Nightclub and Bar tightly frowned, glad the fire that made up his body covered a majority of his facial features, as he watched a good number of his customers quickly exit the bar (with their money) as soon as Gaster stepped away from the door.

Grillby tightened his hold on the shot glass.

He didn’t expect the fucker to actually come in the main entrance during work hours. When Sans told him his brother needed to talk to him directly about some...concerns Don Gaster was having with Grillby’s business, the short drunkard imbecile had gone through the back door during the day when the bar was closed.

Sans may not have known why his brother wanted to talk to Grillby per say when the fire monster tried to push him for information, but at least the pathetic weak whelp knew how to handle things in a respectful manner.

But this arrogant fucker didn’t seem to care that he was single-handedly running Grillby’s money away. But instead of letting his fury get the better of him (Grillby had heard a lot of things regarding the eldest Gaster brother such as his infamous temper, violent nature and that thing that happened with Asgore all those years ago), the fire monster delicately placed the clear shot glass upside down on the sparkling clean bar.
He adjusted his glasses and looked up to see the imposing figure of Don Gaster coming towards him.

And all his fury melted into unease and the faintest amount of fear as he felt his stomach clench unpleasantly. Up until this very moment, Grillby had never personally met the eldest Gaster brother. The fire monster always saw Sans, as the drunkard always spent most of his nights at the bar, drinking mustard bottle after mustard bottle until he could barely stand. And he saw Papyrus most nights as well. Of course Papyrus never stayed more than a few seconds. He just stayed long enough to give the bar a disgusted look before he picked up his brother and stomped out the door.

But Don WingDings Gaster...

...Grillby picked up the cleaning rag for the bar and began to wipe the imaginary dirt off the shiny wooden surface, leaning casually on the hardwood as he did it.

The last thing Grillby wanted was to have his customers see how badly his hands were shaking especially when the tall skeleton hadn’t done anything except enter the building. That would look weak and Grillby knew this meeting between the two of them probably wasn’t a big deal.

When Sans told him that his brother wished to speak to him, Grillby had simply assumed that Gaster was finally getting around to discussing a fee for allowing Grillby to set up his bar in the eldest skeleton’s part of the city. Granted it had been three years since he had first set up shop in Snowdin, and not once during those three years did any of the Gaster brothers approach him about paying a fee. It was very surprising to say the least. But Grillby didn’t complain. Nor did he bring the matter up.

The fire monster had been more shocked during those three years when he had decided to push his luck and ask Sans if he could talk his brother into allowing him to have human alcohol shipped from the human city to Snowdin. A day later Sans had said Gaster agreed to the request and there was no talk of a fee of any sort for that as well.

The only condition was to let one of the skeleton brothers know when any booze shipments from the human city would arrive so they can be inspected.

It was a simple and reasonable condition and Grillby respected that. And he didn’t have to pay a cent. Well...until now that is, but aw well.
He supposed that all good things had to come to an end eventually. He just wished this discussion could happen during the bar’s closed hours. He also wished it was Sans or Papyrus conducting this business meeting.

Grillby felt his mouth go dry (he never knew it could ever be wet until this moment) as he watched the oldest skeleton closely.

The faint fear that was twirling painfully in his stomach started to grow and Grillby couldn’t help but feel a little annoyed with himself.

*Get it together*, Grillby thought to himself hoping he could ease his fear. *You are not some scared dumb hood and he’s only here to discuss a business fee with you.*

It didn’t ease his fear. Not when Don Gaster was walking towards him.

Don Gaster’s quiet but purposeful steps seemed to echo as he moved closer to the bar. The remaining crowd of bar patrons, the drunk and the sober, immediately parted making a pathway for the towering skeleton. The monsters sitting at the bar jumped out of their seats and walk in a wide arch around Don Gaster to join the crowd that was openly staring at him.

The little spider barmaid, Muffet, that had warned Grillby of Gaster’s arrival was now nowhere to be seen. In fact, none of Grillby’s bar hands were nowhere to be seen.

There was gonna be a couple of monsters without jobs by the end of the night.

The oldest Gaster brother walked with his gloved hands behind his back and as he got closer, Grillby was amazed to discover that this man actually made his two brothers, who were terrifying in their own rights, look like cuddly sweethearts.

His skeletal face had two large cracks in it. One crack started on the top of his skull and went down in a jagged line until it reached his left eye socket. The other crack was smaller, but just as thick and went down from his right eye socket to the corner of his lip. Grillby could see the inside of Gaster’s skull if he looked through those cracks.
And those eye sockets...Grillby had to really force himself not to look away.

The red pinpoint in Don Gaster’s left socket glowed lazily as he looked around the room while his right socket was empty much like Papyrus’. Every scared monster who was unfortunate enough to find themselves within Gaster’s range of version suddenly found the wall or floor extremely interesting.

And his clothes...Grillby bit the inside of his cheek in disgust. It appeared Don Gaster was just as vain about wearing expensive clothes like his younger brothers were. His long black coat swayed elegantly with his long strides, partially revealing the red dress shirt underneath. There was no tie or suit jacket underneath the coat. It was weird-looking, but no less impressive and expensive to look at.

Don Gaster walked up to the bar and sat down reaching into his coat pocket. Grillby tensed up and many of his customers ran out of the building probably thinking this was gonna be the last time they saw Grillby. And for one second, the fire monster had the same thought before he quickly pushed the ridiculous idea out of his head.

*He’s not gonna do anything to me,* Grillby thought. *I haven’t broken any of his rules.*

And Grillby’s confidence grew when Don Gaster pulled out a thin cigarette instead of a weapon and put it between his teeth as he reached into another pocket, searching for something. He frowned when he couldn’t find it and searched the other pocket. And then he searched one of the pockets inside his coat. And then the other inside pocket.

The frown kept growing until Don Gaster looked back up at Grillby, finally giving up on searching for whatever he was looking for in his pockets.

An extremely faint purple light appeared in Don Gaster’s empty socket as a wide jack-o-lantern grin spread across the skeleton’s face. Grillby felt a cold chill run down his spine. He never felt cold until this moment either.

*Heh...I’m learning a lot about myself tonight,* Grillby thought.

The skeleton pulled the cigarette out of his mouth and held it up for Grillby to see.
“Got a light Mr. Grillby?” Don Gaster croaked, his voice whispey and rough and amused.

Instinctively Grillby reached out and held the end of the cigarette between his index finger and thumb, lighting the end. The skeleton’s grin widened even more and he put it back in his mouth taking a deep inhale.

He held the smoke in his mouth for a few second before he blew it out, decorating the air with purple smoke. When he was done he turned back towards the remaining crowd of monsters that were still staring stupidly at him.

“Sorry folks, the bar is closed up for the night.”

And just like that, Grillby watched as all his customers darted out the door. He heard the back door open, letting him know that his help had also exited.

_Yep_ , the fire monster thought darkly. _There are gonna be some monsters without jobs tonight._

Don Gaster turned back and took another slow drag from his cig, blowing the purple smoke into the air and watching it dissolve, remind Grillby of a child who blew a bubble and was waiting for it to pop. Grillby watched as Don Gaster did it again and again, until his cig was halfway gone.

And Grillby felt something close to desperate impatience begin to mix with his fear and annoyance as the silence between the two of them began to grow.

_Just tell me what I need to pay you and get the hell out of my bar you creepy old bastard_ , Grillby thought but instead of saying anything that remotely resembled that sentence, he chose to go with a friendlier way to break the ice.

“Can I get you anything to drink Don Gaster?”

Don Gaster looked at him, giving him that wide grin again before he opened his mouth. A glowing purple tongue flopped out. The fire monster watched in disgusted amazement as the skeleton placed the burning end of the cig on his tongue.
The small little flame from the cigarette hissed loudly as it touched the wet muscle before going out completely. When Gaster pulled his hand away, Grillby saw a faint burn mark on his tongue.

*What the fuck is wrong with this nutcase,* Grillby thought but tried to keep his face as neutral and as expressionless as possible when the tall skeleton casually tucked the half smoked cigarette back into his jacket pocket.

When he looked back up at Grillby that horrible smile had returned to his face. He placed an elbows on the bar resting his chin into one of his large gloved hands as he leaned closer to Grillby.

“Sorry about that Mr. Grillby, but I really needed a smoke. Been busy all day and haven’t had time to just relax,” the skeleton gave him a sly grin. “You know all about that too don’t ya?”

Grillby nodded cautiously.

Gaster let out a chuckle that sounded like a dying frog’s last croak.

“Yes...I’m impressed. My baby brother Sans talks about you a lot. Says you have a bar similar to this one in HOTLAND. Is it popular and profitable like this one too?”

Once again Grillby nodded his head, only this time he couldn’t help but smirk a little, feeling some of his unease disappear. Don Gaster was definitely setting up this bit of small talk to become a discussion on how “profitable” businesses needed extra protection and he and his brothers could provide that and blah blah blah, basically the same speech Undyne made on behalf of Don Asgore when Grillby opened his other bar in HOTLAND.

Grillby only wished that this fucker would get on with it. Just get to the point and get the hell out. Just being alone with him was giving Grillby the creeps. He wouldn’t be surprised if he had nightmares about this guy tonight.

“This bar and your bar in HOTLAND sell different items though right?”

Grillby blinked as the Don Gaster’s croaky and soft voice suddenly became colder. Icier. He slightly moved back when he saw the faint purple light in Gaster’s socket disappear while the bright red light in his other socket glowed brightly. He wasn’t sure what that meant but he didn’t like it.
The fire monster shrugged casually, trying to keep his relaxed posture. Nothing was wrong so there was no need to get into an aggressive stance. This lunatic might find that disrespectful.

“Nothing too different from this bar, sir. The only difference is that I ship most of my human booze there to sell,” Grillby laughed nervously as Gaster’s icy sockets and wide grin remained on his face. “The monsters from the Capitol are just obsessed with the stuff. I think it’s got to do with that crackpot Mettaton and his radio programs—”

“The man does seem to have an obsession with humans,” Gaster agreed quietly.

Grillby laughed again. “Yep, he visits the bar at least—”

“Sixteen times in the last two weeks while Don Asgore and Madame Toriel has visited your bar eighteen times in three weeks.”

What?! Why the hell is this fucker spying on—

Grillby’s thought died as three white floating hands materialize from the air a few inches from his body. Gaster slouched even more in his seat, now resting his chin in both hands as he stared at Grillby almost boredly.

“A few months ago, I got an anonymous call from a male warning me that you’re entering a more...interesting type of business.”

And Grillby was too slow to avoid Gaster’s attack. The three hands flew at him in three different directions. Two hands went behind him and grabbed his wrists pinning them to his back. The third hand grabbed the top of his head and with an incredible amount of strength that hand pushed his face violently into the bar’s surface.

Pain exploded in his head as his glasses shattered against the hardwood cutting his face. The white hands pulled him back just enough so he could see bits of his glasses and a little pile of dust now decorating his beloved bar he took great pains to keep clean.

I gotta clean that up. Bad for business to leave a bar like that, Grillby thought dazedly as a new
hand materialize and forced his chin up so he was staring at Gaster. The tall skeleton was watching him apathetically.

“Now it’s no secret that I’m in the black market business myself, but I limit my items to weapons and when I heard what you were selling…” Gaster tsked like a disappointed father. It wasn’t the tone one uses when they are doing what he was doing to Grillby. It made everything so much worse. So much more surreal.

Grillby wondered if this was dream as his face made contact once again with bar. He felt a few of his teeth break and when the hands pulled him up again he accidently swallowed the broken pieces them. The taste of dust filled his mouth.

“Please Don Gaster,” he groaned, feeling the dust slip out of his mouth. “I not doing anything that will affect your territory. I kept with your rules didn’t I? And plus Don Asgore even gave me his blessing so I don’t see the problem-”

The hands slammed his head down five times in a row and with each time the pain began to subside, which probably wasn’t good and his vision began to blacken, which really wasn’t good. In five seconds, Grillby was so injured that he couldn’t even summon the magic to defend himself, but the fire monster was too disoriented to feel fear or horror.

“I talked to two of your employees in HOTLAND,” Gaster laughed again. “They cracked in a second and confirmed what that anonymous call told me. They also told me the future deals you were planning on having with Mettaton and the Dreemurrs.”

Through his pain, Grillby heard Gaster tsk again. “Don’t worry about those two, Mr. Grillby. They’re on permanent vacation enjoying the gentle breeze of the countryside. As for you-”

Once again the four hands slammed him into the bar. He heard something give in his nose. More dust came pouring out of him, but this time the hands didn’t him back up. He whimpered as he saw Gaster lean down until they were only mere inches from each other. The red pinpoint that made up the skeleton’s eye was burning so bright.

“If you didn’t have ties in HOTLAND, I’d kill you, but as it is, I got no choice but to be merciful. But let me talk you something Mr. Grillby: If you come into my area again, I’ll kill you. If you talk to my brothers ever again, I’ll kill you. You talk to anybody in my territory I’ll kill you and if I find out you have the balls,” Grillby moaned in pain as the hands shoved him harder into the wood “to move any of your products through MY territory so it can get to your DISGUSTING bar in HOTLAND, I’ll kill ya reeeeal slow. Understand?”
Grillby nodded.

Gaster scoffed. “Good. You have five minutes to get the hell out of my area.”

Gaster snapped his fingers and the hands pinning Grillby to the bar disappeared. The fire monster collapsed on the floor and quickly crawled out the back door.

Dust. There was so much dust coming off of him. As he straggled out the door he heard Gaster’s laughter again.

“Nice doing business with ya, Mr. Grillby.”

********************************************************************************************************

It was late by the time Sans and Papyrus made it back to Fell City. After Sans finished talking to a number of his little lady’s now ex-bosses, he had to help Papyrus begin rebuilding the old gardening shed into their new home. It was terrible, time-consuming and nearly drained his magic completely and to make it worse they weren’t even halfway done with it. After a long argument with Papyrus who didn’t seem exhausted or tired in the least, Sans finally managed to convince his brother to call it a day claiming they would finish it in the early morning.

Papyrus agreed and luckily Sans had just enough magic to teleport Papyrus and himself to the outskirts of Snowdin. They just needed to walk a bit to get home.

Papyrus carried the bag of groceries walking ahead, talking about everything he saw in the human city while Sans trudged behind him, not listening. There was a few things on his mind. His little lady naturally took center stage these days, but his other concern was coming in his line of vision. Grillby’s.

He felt his mouth begin to salivate as he could practically taste the mustard running down his throat. He hoped, hoped hoped that Grillby could settle whatever problem Wingdings was having with him and judging by the silence coming from the bar, it was safe to assume that Wingdings was having that meeting with Grillby at this moment.

Papyrus walked passed the building, barely giving a first glance. In fact he quickened his pace as he
passed it, his mouth curling in disgust. Sans stopped and stared longingly into the bar’s window.

“Hello brother. Did Papyrus enjoy the human city?”

Sans spun around to see Wingdings looking down at him with a crooked grin on his face. Sans looked back up, hope building in his eyes.

“So how did the meetin’ with Grillby went?”

Wingdings chuckled and grabbed Sans’ arm, pulling him away from the building. A second later the whole building exploded into a big ball of fire. If Sans’ mouth had the ability to, it would be hanging open in complete shock and despair.

“Not that great brother.”

Sans watched as the magical fire his brother started began to eat up everything at a rapid pace. From the corner of his socket, Sans saw a number of residential monsters coming out of their homes to stare at the fire as well. As most of them were customers of Grillby’s too, Sans heard a lot of groans of disappointment. Except for one monster.

A harsh laugh rang out through the groans and when Sans was finally able to shake off enough of his despair and misery, he looked around and spotted the monster who was laughing. The shorter skeleton was slightly shocked.

The nice cream guy, a blue bunny monster named Tops, was leaning against his nice cream cart, laughing hysterically as he watched Grillby’s burn to the ground. Sans frowned. That guy’s hated Grillby ever since the bar started serving Nice Cream.

Wingdings noticed it too and looked over towards the bunny.

“Well...looks like Tops is having a good time.”

Sans shoved his hands into his pockets. Now it was official. He didn’t have his little lady yet and he also no longer had his favorite bar. This was the worst day he has had in a long time.
Fuck my life, he thought as he glared at his brother and that stupid smug smile of his.

“I’m glad at least somebody’s havin’ a good time,” he muttered.

He winced as he felt his brother pat his back in a mocking gesture of comfort.

“Hey don’t get angry at me, brother. Grillby just didn’t want to compromise. I tried my best, but some people are just lost causes.”

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“AND EVEN THOUGH WE MONSTERS ARE SCIENTIFICALLY PROVEN TO BE MORE SUPERIOR THAN YOU HUMANS DO NOT FEAR BECAUSE MY BROTHERS AND I WILL TREAT YOU LIKE MONSTERS!”

Frisk covered her eyes with one hand, now completely unable to look at her neighbors’ faces. Yesterday, when Papyrus told her he simply wanted a chance to introduce himself, she honestly thought that’s all he was gonna do. But this speech…

Jesus Christ, not only was it going on forever, but the tall bastard hadn’t stopped talking about how fantastic being a monster was. But Frisk had to give her neighbors credit: they all showed up. They were all listening to Papyrus’ speech respectfully and they were all keeping their horrified faces to a minimum.

“AND WHILE YOU HUMANS ARE UNABLE TO USE MAGIC OR HEAL QUICKLY OR COOK DECENT MEALS OR HAVE A GOOD FASHION SENSE, I JUST WANT TO REASSURE YOU THAT THE GASTER BROTHER PITY YOU AND WILL NOT JUDGE YOU BASED ON THAT ALONE OR YOUR ODD APPEARANCES!”

Frisk checked her watch and mentally cursed her luck. It was two-thirty! She was gonna be late for work and Andrew hated when his performers were even five minutes late for rehearsal.

“AND WHILE MOST MONSTERS WOULD CONSIDER YOUR OFFSPRING UGLY AND ANIMAL-LIKE, I FIND YOUR LITTLE ONES VERY...INTERESTING LOOKING AND AS MY FIRST PROJECT I WISH TO CLEAN UP THE PARK AND IMPROVE IT SO YOUR CHILDREN HAVE A SAFE PLACE TO PLAY IN AS EVERY CHILD SHOULD HAVE THE RIGHT TO HAVE FUN WITHOUT FEAR FOR THEIR LIVES!”
Frisk snapped her head up at that comment and looked around. Most of the tenants seemed just as shock as she was. Hell some were even nodding their heads in agreement…

Damn, Frisk thought as a tiny warmth in her chest began to bloom.

Without even thinking about what she was doing, Frisk started clapping because despite all the stupid remarks Papyrus made, that one deserved something.

The crazy Christian guy started to clap as well and suddenly all the people began to clap and cheer.

The tall skeleton paused in the middle of his next sentence as the applause overtook his words. And to Frisk’s amusement, Papyrus’ sharp smile became a little embarrassed and his cheekbones turned a little red.

“UM…THANK YOU…! OF COURSE THAT PROJECT WILL BEGIN AS SOON AS TOMORROW…”

The cheers got louder and so did the blush on Papyrus’ face increased.

“NYEH HEH HEH! WELL I SUPPOSED THAT’S ALL I HAVE TO SAY FOR RIGHT NOW. YOU MAY LEAVE!”

The crowds were still cheering as they disbursed and while Frisk knew this was the perfect opportunity to further her friendship with the blushing skeleton, she still needed to pack a change of clothes for her gig tonight and still catch the streetcar in time.

So she made sure she caught his eye and when he turned his attention towards her, she blew him a kiss and gave him a thumbs up.

His blush intensified and he nodded to her.
“Sorry babe, I just don’t need ya anymore.”

Frisk stared at Andrew as he grinned at her and put his feet up on his desk. This could not be happening. This was just a dream. Just a stupid dream she was gonna wake up from. She couldn’t be fired. Not now.

“What do you mean?”

The bar owner rolled his eyes.

“It means you ain’t got a job here no more so get lost!”

Frisk felt her heart drop into her stomach.

“Wh-Why?”

Andrew laughed. “You ain’t a hot item no more, but on an unrelated note, have you pissed off any skeletons lately?”

Frisk felt her eye twitch as an indescribable amount of rage rip through her chest.

_Sans you asshole._

Without a single word she stomped out of the building ignoring Andrew’s laughter. She only stopped when she felt a gentle hand grabbed her arm. She spun around to see that it was a handsome young guy about her age who had grabbed her.

“Miss! I couldn’t help overhearing that conversation you had -”

Frisk snarled her teeth at the guy causing him to back away.
“I don’t have time for you right now. I going to rearrange the bone structure on a certain fat bastard.”

The pretty little pixie lady jerked away from him and stomped towards the streetcar that was picking people up.

Jim frowned and put his hands in his pocket, pondering what he should do. After a few seconds, he decided to follow the pretty lady.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah yeah, I know I promised a little bit of smut, but this chapter was getting too long so I had to cut it. Next update should be sometime this week! :)

Comments are always welcomed!
A Rough Morning...A Better Afternoon

Chapter Notes

As always all I got to say is thank you all for all your love and support!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Be careful with my products, monster.”

Sans would have killed the old bastard and his chuckling bodyguards right then and there. Fuck consequences and all that noise, but the only thing that saved Don Dee was that Wingdings was standing beside him giving Sans a warning look when the shorter skeleton had spun around to do just that.

*I’ll kill ya. I swear to Christ I’ll kill ya*, Sans thought viciously as he nodded his head at Don Dee, turning back around towards the crates of weapons that Wingdings had promised the human.

“No problem, Don Dee,” Sans said, trying to keep his voice light as he glared at the five remaining boxes. “I’ll be careful.”

With a grunt and sweat pouring down his skull by the gallons, Sans surrounded the boxes with his red magic and raised his hand, lifting them up off the ground. He huffed painfully, feeling even more drained than he had felt last night.

If yesterday had been terrible, today was even worse: nothing but work, work, work. First he finished remodeling his new home in the human city and as soon as he was done with that, Wingdings appeared telling the shorter skeleton Don Dee had just contacted him urgently, telling him he needed his weapons NOW and he’d be entering Snowdin soon.

And so now, instead of being with Papyrus listening to his younger brother make his speech to the humans and catching glimpses of his little lady, Sans was standing in front of his garage in Snowdin, lifting heavy boxes in a huge shipping truck like some underpaid underling...something he hadn’t done since he was a kid on Asgore’s payroll.

The excessive overuse of his magic was straining him and with the last of his strength Sans managed to GENTLY load the weapons into the oversized truck.
Panting slightly and sighing in blissful relief that the hard part of the job was done, Sans watched with murderous hatred as Dee’s men finally began moving to secure the crates so they didn’t get damaged during the ride back to the human city.

Thanks for the help assholes, Sans thought darkly and wiped the sweat from his brow. He leaned against the truck, putting his hands on his knees, trying to control his breathing. He definitely need a nap soon if he hoped to regain even a little bit of his magic for the day. Wasn’t safe for someone like him to be out of magic for even a few minutes…it was okay at the moment since Wingdings was with him, but if he were alone...

“If I may, Don Dee, why are you in such a rush to get your shipment so soon? I recall you saying you didn’t mind receiving your products by the end of the week,” Wingdings’ whispery and croaky voice caught Sans’ attention even among the loud sounds of wood scraping against metal.

When Sans turned around he was even more annoyed and angry to see that Don Dee didn’t even look rattled in the least standing in the presence of his older brother.

The old man barely reached Wingdings’ chest and yet he was twitching his mouth up at the oldest skeleton brother with a mixture of disgust and boredom. Sans was floored that Wingdings was able to keep his calm composure, especially when he saw his brother’s gloved hands tremble slightly behind his back. If Don Dee wasn’t essential to their plans Sans would have gambled the old man’s arms and legs would already be detached from the rest of his body. Something nice and gory and humbling…

Sans’ smile widened at the thought.

“Hardly your business, monster,” Don Dee declared looking up at Wingdings.

Two white hands silently materialize behind Wingdings, keeping themselves out of Don Dee’s line of vision. The floating hands were flexing their fingers quickly showing Sans exactly the type of mood his brother was in and the shorter skeleton eagerly waited for his brother to attack. Much to his disappointment, Wingdings snapped his fingers softly and the two hands disappeared.

“My...apologies Don Dee. I did not mean to overstep my liberties with you, but my main concern is the safety of my brothers. If you need the weapons right away to...handle a problem in your lovely city, I would be most grateful if you told me so I may warn my younger brothers to be alert and careful if that problem were to enter MY territory.”
Don Dee’s disgust remained on his face, but something like understanding flashed in his expression. Wingdings gave the old man a small open mouthed grin.

“Your enemies are my enemies, my friend.”

If it didn’t look downright suspicious, Sans would have whistled in admiration. If had been many years since Wingdings had played the “kiss-up” game, but Sans had to give his older brother credit: the fucker still had it.

Don Dee nodded slowly.

“I suppose you are right, monster. Well if you must know, one of my employees, the gentleman your brothers met the other day, was found violently murdered outside one of the bars I frequent.”

Sans turned around, hiding his face and began coughing loudly, hoping it would hide the chuckles that were erupting out of his mouth uncontrollably. He couldn’t help it. He really couldn’t help it.

“Nick?! Somebody killed Nick?” Sans managed to say, struggling to keep his voice under control.

“That’s terrible Don Dee,” Wingdings declared and removed one of his hands from behind his back to cover his own mouth when he coughed. Sans caught his smile though. “Do you know who did it?”

The oblivious old man nodded his head, the anger spiking in his eyes.

“There was this gang I was having problems with for awhile now. Recently I came up with a compromise that I thought would solve everybody’s problems, but apparently I was wrong.”

Wingdings sighed sympathetically. “How’d you know it was that particularly gang?”

Don Dee shuddered. “Those bastards like to crave a big bloody “N” in their victims’ foreheads. And it looked like whoever killed Nick went a little too far. Not only did the poor son-of-a-bitch
have that “N” craved so deeply in his forehead that you could see bits of his Goddamn skull but whoever slit his throat nearly decapitated his fucking head.”

Sans felt a deep amount of satisfaction enter his exhausted body making him feel just a little less weak.

"Fucker should have never touched my little lady," Sans thought as he followed Wingdings’ example and shook his head in mock disgust.

“Whelp. Sounds like ya got a problem Don Dee,”Sans began and paused when he was sure he got the human’s attention. “Good thing these weapons will wipe a crowd of ‘em out in one hit. Makes it easy peasy to get rid of all of them in no time.”

Just like Wingdings predicted from the very beginning when he first discuss his plan to Sans and Papyrus, Dee’s face shifted from anger to confusion at Sans’ words.

“All of them?” Dee chuckled in disbelief. “Monster, killin’ them all would be bad for business. I’m just gonna take out the big fish. The smaller ones have their uses.”

Now it was Wingdings’ turn to chuckle and as he did he pulled a cigarette out of his pocket. Sans watched as his brother searched his pockets for his lighter before the shorter one pulled his own box of red matches out of his back pocket and tossed it to the taller skeleton. Wingdings winked at him and lit his cig, taking a deep drag from it, puffing out purple fog.

“Hmm...I guess you humans are pretty different from us monsters,” Wingdings said casually, blowing another purple mist into the air. “You see, with us it’s all about respect. If we made a deal with another group and they didn’t honor that deal, we’d kill everybody. EVERY. SINGLE. MEMBER.”

Finally Don Dee’s started to look a bit uneasy when he stared up at Wingdings.

“Do-Doesn’t that seem like a waste?”

Wingdings nodded at Sans subtly and the shorter skeleton shrugged.
“Maybe in the short run, but what do ya think other gangs will think of ya? I mean what looks better for ya? Somebody, a so-called ally, disrespects ya in front of everybody and you just take care of one or two members, letting everybody else go? Ya’d look weak. Soft. Too old to run things.”

Don Dee chewed on the corner of his lip. Sans snorted. This man was just way too easy...

“Take it from me Don Dee. If you kill everybody in that miserable gang, others will know what they’re up against. Nobody and I mean nobody will even think about screwing you unless they’re also planning their own funerals,” Wingdings finished, throwing the remaining cigarette on the ground and stomping on it a little harder than necessary.

Don Dee’s face became conflicted and then, once again, just like Wingdings predicted, the human seemed to come to a conclusion. The one the Gaster Brothers needed him to come to.

“That is certainly an interesting way to look at things, monsters. But I will do things the way I see fit.” Don Dee declared.

“Of course Don Dee,” Wingdings said giving the old man a wink and a wider smile.

The old man tried to keep his superior stance, but Sans saw human’s hands shaking and the quick glances he was making over to the truck.

*That’s right old man*, Sans thought as Dee rush into the backseat of his tasteless but expensive black Lincoln as soon as his men finished securing the cargo in the truck. *Run away and soon it’ll be your last day.*

Sans moved closer to Wingdings as the two cars sped away and within five minutes the city of Fell was once again devoid of humans.

Wingdings’ eye sockets narrow in the direction Dee went before he turned to Sans.

“You were correct, brother. That human does seem to lack manners.”

Sans didn’t say anything. In truth, aside from this mandatory meeting with the humans, Sans hadn’t
spoken a word to Wingdings since the bar incident. He was pretty Goddamn pissed and didn’t feel like reporting to Wingdings or listen to Papyrus’ continuous rambles about the human city last night, so when he got home he skipped dinner and plopped into bed, falling asleep.

Wingdings flashed him a sly and crooked grin.

“Please don’t tell me you are still angry at me about last night.”

When Sans didn’t answer, Wingdings clicked his tongue arrogantly and mockingly. The shorter skeleton tensed up as Wingdings pushed Sans’ fedora hat down on his head until the material covered his sockets. Sans grunted in anger while Wingdings chuckled.

“Really Sans, must you always like a child when things don’t go your way? It was just a bar and a rather disgusting one from what Papyrus has told me.”

Sans tore his hat off and snapped his head up, glaring at his older brother who continued to grin at him mockingly. The short skeleton clutched his hands into fists.

“What’d the fuck-”

“Try to watch your language when we are out in public, brother. We do have a reputation to uphold,” Wingdings interrupted, putting his hands on his hips. That condescending grin remained on his face.

Sans shoved his fists into his pockets and tried again.

“What did Grillby do anyways, Wings? I mean the guy keeps to our rules and is always respectful and then you go and burn down his bar! Now I have to go all the way to fuc..to HOTLAND to get a decent drink-”

Sans froze as Wingdings’ good humored grin disappeared, the lights vanishing from his sockets, leaving Sans to stare at two empty and pitch black holes. He gulped nervously. It’s been awhile since he had seen Wingdings look at him that angrily.
Jeez...It was no wonder why monsters and humans alike were more than a little uneasy when Sans did it to them.

The shorter Gaster took a tiny half-step away from his brother. Turning fulling towards him, Wingdings put his hands behind his back and bent down until he was face to face with his smaller brother. Sans backed up a little bit more until he felt the side of the garage hit his back.

“As of recently Grillby has been making...private deals with Don Asgore in his bar in HOTLAND that extend well past the services that a normal place of business should offers. Grillby is no longer welcome here and you are not to enter HOTLAND.”

Sans blinked in surprise. Grillby was making deals with ASGORE?! Asgore Demurrer?! Sans visibly shuddered as the thought of running into Asgore crossed his mind. He hadn’t seen that bearded fucker in years which was exactly how he wanted to keep it.

It was no secret that Asgore and Toriel hated Wingdings after that...incident involving their brats and Papyrus, but as long as the Gasters didn’t past WATERFALL, Asgore couldn’t touch them. Not smart for one Don to enter another Don’s territory. His top goon Undyne learned that lesson the hard way when Asgore sent Undyne after them years ago.

Things had quieted down a lot after that, but Sans was always waiting for that second shoe to drop and when it did-

Sans quickly shoved those ancient and irrelevant thoughts away as he wondered what the hell was Grillby dealing in.

Grillby had made no attempts to hide that fact that he served members of Asgore’s people at his HOTLAND bar and Wingdings didn’t seem to mind that. The older skeleton stated that it couldn’t be helped since Grillby’s bar in HOTLAND had been operating long before Wingdings and Asgore “drifted” apart. The man had a right to make money if he could stay neutral on both sides.

It made Sans wonder if Grillby, the quiet bartender who appeared indifferent to almost everything from bar fights to explosions and gang violence that happened mere inches away from him really was as neutral as he acted.

It also made the shorter skeleton wondered if during one of his drunken nights at Grillby’s he may have accidentally told the quiet and ever attentive bartender about their human dealings and
interactions. Sans knew he could spew out some things that needed to be kept secret when he drank too much, which was the primary reason why Wingdings and Papyrus had been on his case about his nighttime activities.

And despite brushing off their concerns, Sans had to admit information regarding their dealings with the humans MIGHT be beneficial to his enemies if used correctly.

Thankfully it probably would never come to that. Ever since Toriel lost her marbles and Wingdings left Asgore’s service, Sans was fairly certain the brutish goat mob boss didn’t have the ability nor any monsters in his gang that could come up with any decent and profitable plans.

That’s why the once powerful Demurrer Family was losing grip on this city.

That’s why the Gasters’ business with the humans had been going so smoothly.

Sans looked up at his brother and was relieved to see the purple and red lights re-appearing in Wingdings’ sockets. Sans regained a bit of his confidence when he saw his brother relaxing.

“What was he dealing in, Wings? Weapons? Drugs?” Sans guessed, only to have his brother’s mouth turn into an angry scowl. Sans took another step away from him crashing into the side of the garage again.

“Entertainment.”

“What-”

“Nevermind any of that. It’s in the past,” Wingdings stated boredly, letting Sans know he wasn’t going to say anything more about it.

Sans felt an intense feeling of frustration rip through him as his brother stared down at him with half-closed sockets. Sans wanted to continue talking about it, but he learned from a very early age that when Wingdings was done with the conversation, he was FUCKING DONE with the conversation. And good luck to the monster who pushed him.
And Wingdings didn’t discriminate either. Papyrus more than Sans had found himself looking into the mirror many times in the mornings with the angry imprint of Wingdings’ hand on his face. Then again, Papyrus never knew when to quit.

“So I know you weren’t...feeling very well last night, but did Papyrus tell you he made a new…”Wingdings chuckled lightly and joined Sans by leaning up against the shed “...well he calls her an admirer.”

Sans blinked. **An admirer?** An amused smile curled up on his lipless mouth. He chuckled himself as he thought of Papyrus mistaking a terrified human woman who was probably forced to make small-talk with the youngest Gaster because she was in fear of her life as an “admirer.”

Wingdings’ chuckles started to get louder, alerting some monsters who were passing by that either the mob boss of their area was in a great mood or in a murderous mood. Either way, they quickened their pace trying to put as much distance between themselves and the two skeletons as possible.

“Now that’s what I want to see! My baby brother laughing.”

Sans snorted as he imagined Papyrus completely missing the terrified and traumatized look on that poor human’s face. Papyrus could be so oblivious sometimes. Wingdings clicked his tongue again, only this time there was no arrogance with it..

“You can laugh all you want brother, but she did promise she’d help Papyrus gather the humans today for the speech. I think that playground promise will help get a lot of those humans warming up to us. But what about you? What are you doing to make the humans more accepting of us?”

All the amusement vanished from Sans as he stared up at his brother, grateful Wingdings was staring into the distance and not at him. Sans was never good at lying...at least not when it came to Wingdings, but the shorter skeleton took comfort in the fact that by the end of the day, once his little lady knew there was nowhere to go but to him, then he could start...kissing up to the humans too and continue with the other part of Wingdings’ plans.

And plus it really was a harmless little detour from the main plan when Sans thought about it and well worth it. His prize...her body first and then eventually her SOUL...it was worth delaying something as minor as appeasing all the other humans in the area. He’d do all that soon enough...plus Wingdings was still too busy monitoring Snowdin and Waterfall to really check up on him and what Wingdings didn’t know wouldn’t hurt Sans.
...AND it wouldn’t be much longer for his little lady to come around...just a day or two give or take...Yep...Sans had this all under control...

*Just as long as Frisk goes along with your plan, Sansy,* a small cautious voice whispered in his skull. Sans easily ignored it. Ever since he first laid eyes on Frisk, it was becoming much easier to ignore that annoying little voice.

“Well, you know I always had problems makin’ friends, but I’m really fuckin-”

“Language, Sans.”

Sans nodded, still smiling. “Sorry, but I am tryin’ my hardest. I tried to joke with a lady yesterday ‘bout her protection fee but she wasn’t havin’ none of it.”

Wingdings frowned. “Protection fee, huh? Not a very classy thing to joke about.”

“Yeah, yeah…but I was thinkin’ of telling those humans that payin’ a protection fee ain’t gonna be necessary.”


*Just as soon as my little lady comes to me, I’ll let them know that*, Sans thought, rubbing his cheek where that ungrateful little girl had slapped him.

“Well, I guess I should be headin’ back-”

“Don’t you want to take a nap first to regain some of your strength, brother?”

Sleeping sounded so great, but Sans wanted to be in the human city. By this time his little lady should be learning about her unemployment and Sans was certain he would see a very humble and apologetic little girl at his door very soon.
“I’ll rest up in our new place. Got to get used to it and everything,” Sans stated and Wingdings nodded uncertainly, but thankfully didn’t say anything else about it. “Alright. I expect you to have dinner with us tonight instead of stomping to your room and moping.”

“Human Food tonight?”

Wingdings openly cringed. “Papyrus is calling it human cuisine and based on his practice runs last night it should be an...interesting meal.”

“Goody, sounds disgusting.”

“Sans-

“Just kiddin’ bro. Well gotta run! See ya tonight!”

In a puff of red smoke, Sans vanished and reappeared inside the newly refurbished garden shed.

Of course after all that early morning hard work Papyrus and Sans did, it was no longer a shed. It was now a two story house with four bedrooms, two working bathrooms, a bigger shed with much better gardening tools and a large kitchen. An unnecessary large fucking kitchen that nearly drained Sans of all his magic, but it shut Papyrus up so Sans considered it a win.

And speaking of Papyrus…

“BRO? YOU HOME?” Sans yelled up the stairs.

No answer. Papyrus must still be out, trying to “befriend” the humans or scaling the park or talking to his “admirer” or some kind of stupid shit like that.

Sans sighed in relief, glad to finally have one damn moment to himself and looked around his surroundings, smirking.

And at the moment, he was standing in the middle of the furnished living room and the plush sofa
looked way too inviting. The shorter skeleton groaned as he sat down, his bones aching and the exhaustion washed over him instantly. It had been a long and physically demanding morning. Now it was time for a relaxing afternoon.

His sockets began to close automatically as he leaned back onto the couch, putting his feet up on the glass coffee table and pushing his fedora hat over his sockets to block out the light.

Hmm...maybe he would take a quick nap, eat a little snack and if his little lady still hadn’t popped by he would take it upon himself to go looking for his little sweetheart-

A harsh knocking on the door got his attention, jolting him out of his relaxed posture.

So soon little lady?

A cruel smile came over his face as he got up and walked to the door, quickly straightening out the wrinkles in his dress shirt and wiping the sweat from his face.

This was it. This was the moment that he was waiting for. His little lady standing before him, scared and desperate and looking at him like he was the only one who could help her. Her savior.

He opened the door and offered his beautiful little lady a welcoming grin and a tiny bow. Aw...she was so scared she was trembling...and she wouldn’t even look at him.

Don’t be miserable, little lady. I’ll make all your problems go away. You’ll be so happy, you won’t think of anybody, but me-

“How dare you you bastard!”

Sans took a shock step back as his little lady snapped her head up at him. Her eyes were so hot, so angry that Sans was sure if she had the ability to do so, red smoke would be pouring out of her eyes. And the HATE. There was no fear, no desperation, no remorse. Only anger and HATE.

Jesus, Sans thought to himself, his sockets wide as he looked her over.
If Frisk didn’t have that unnatural look on her face, Sans would have admired the way her chest was heaving heavily up and down and the alluring flush on her cheeks and that sexy aggressive stance. But...that complete and utter look of HATE on her face…it felt so FINAL...so...so...so...so unlike her.

This wasn’t what he had been expecting. That look. Sure he had seen a lot of unflattering looks on her face during their meetings together: anger, disgust, resentment, fear, panic and just a minute or two of desperation, but not HATE. Not full-on decisive hate.

This woman was not going with his plans…

And once Sans shook off the shock and very very very slight moment of regret and hesitation at seeing her face, the skeleton monster began to feel an incredible amount of annoyance and admiration and excitement for his little lady.

She wasn’t making it easy on him. No she wasn’t. Though Sans could make it easy on himself. So many things he could do to her and she wouldn’t be able to do a fucking thing about it.

She may have had a strong SOUL but she had such a fragile and delicate body. Such a defenseless little creature really…such a pretty and delicious defenseless little creature…she really didn’t know who she was yelling at. Still didn’t know who she was dealing with and wouldn’t it be so much fun to show her just how...powerless she was?

He temporarily toned her out, feeling his magic swirling inside his mouth. A second later his red gooey tongue formed.

*If he grabbed her shoulders and threw her on the sofa and got on top on her, what could she do? Push him off? Yeah right. Scream? Who would hear her? Who would DARE help her?*

*If she tries to hit him again all he would have to do is grab both of her wrists in one hand and pin them above her head. God, he could just see the look her face. That ugly hatred melting away as those big beautiful eyes of hers widened with fear, her chest pumping up and down with every frightened breath she took.*

*And maybe as she’s struggling to get away grinding her body against his unintentionally, calling to*
an imaginary friend...or her pretend boyfriend, Sans would start toying with her buttons and slowly undoing them just to show her how helpless she really was.

*He surrounded her red SOUL with his red magic and teasingly caresses and squeeze it and watch as bewilderment filled her face as she wondered why she was started to feel so hot...so good...so WET.*

*He’d run his tongue everywhere finally tasting her. He’d run his tongue roughly against her beautiful nipples until her screams of help became moans of pleasure. And then just to tease her, he would move up to her neck and start nibbling her flawless skin. Mark it with little bites some soft, some hard enough to draw blood until traces of him peppered her skin so much so that she and everybody else knew that she was HIS.*

*And then once he saw complete pleasure overtake her fear, he’d move down her body. Maybe he’d rub a single digit slowly and gently against her panties until they were soaked and when she was trembling with lust and begging him for more, THEN he would allow himself go faster.*

*Let her hands go so she would cling to him moaning his name while he ripped her undergarments to shreds and move his head down to taste her, twirl her cute little nub with the tip of his tongue and once she was nice and wet and ready he would-*

His aching hard cock brought him back to reality and just in time too. His sockets widened when he saw her fist coming at him. With a low chuckle, he easily caught it. His hand swallowed hers and if he applied just the teensy bit more pressure, he could crush her lovely little hand like an empty soda can.

He looked at her face and inwardly frowned. Her face, her usually pretty and desirable face was now scrunched up and ugly looking with all that HATE radiating off of her.

He looked at the couch and then at his little lady who was still cursing up a storm and trying to jerk her hand back. It would be so so easy to make that fantasy a reality...but…

But...while fucking her would have satisfied his hunger, Sans knew he’d get hungry again and a one time fucking wasn’t what Sans was after. And she would taste SO MUCH better if she were just a little bit more willing.

*Hmm...perhaps I need some help in that department...maybe it’s time for a new plan,* the skeleton thought, feeling a bit of drool slip past his smiling teeth as he caught her other fist.
“Ah ah aha, you keep attackin’ me like this doll-face and I’ll have to put a restrainin’ order on ya.”

Frisk’s blush deepened and for one second she could have sworn her fury would completely engulf her and burn her up until she was nothing more than a pile of ashes on the floor.

“LET ME GO YOU BASTARD!” She screeched, and pulled back with all her might.

Sans chuckled and winked at her, licking the disgusting red drool that was dripping from his chin with his equally disgusting glowing red tongue.

“Whatever ya want doll-face.”

He let her go so suddenly and so unexpectedly that she tumbled backwards near the open front door and landing on her rear. She groaned in pain and started to get back up until Sans’ strong hand gently grabbed her chin. She tried to hold in a shudder as she felt one of his clawed fingers gently tickling under her chin.

With a soft grunt and hearing his knees pop unpleasantly, Frisk watched as Sans kneeled down in front of her, reminding her how big he was compared to her.

She glowered at him, showing her teeth to him. He shook his head.

“Now, try to be a civilized person and tell me what’s gotten you actin’ like a little heathen.” Sans cooed condescendingly.

Frisk slapped his hand away from her chin, earning a smirk and an amused chuckle from him. She was angry. So angry and it was taking everything in her not to let her tears of fury and discouragement fall right in front of the grinning skeleton. That would look weak…

...That would make Sans happy….

To see her cry….to see her scared....and she wasn’t going to give the guy anymore of anything...if
she could help it...

The ride back to her area and her walk to the park didn’t calm her down. In fact, she became even more enraged the more she thought about everything he had done to her. And her anger made her...unpleasant to say the least. First she actually bared her teeth at that poor handsome guy at Andrew’s bar who wasn’t even doing anything to her and then she completely ignored the neighbor kids who were calling out to her, and finally she snapped at Mr. Vel who only asked her how she was doing.

She was fuming so bad that she didn’t even bat an eye at the grandiose house that wasn’t in the park yesterday.

She continued to glare at the kneeling skeleton who was patiently waiting for her to respond. Only now that she was here, staring face to face with the man who within three days took everything from her, she didn’t know what she was gonna say.

*Well, what did you think was gonna happen Frisky,* a scolding voice inside her head growled at her as she realized just how stupid this move was.

Yeah...what did she think was gonna happen? She yell at him and he suddenly has a change of heart?

Yeah...during the trip here all she thought about was ripping his grinning face to shreds, but as she stared at that grinning face, she realized how childish and pointless and oh how dangerous her decision was.

She was in the middle of an abandoned park, trapped inside the house with a mobster who was going to great lengths because...just so he could…

*Why?*

Unable to stand the sight of his nasty smile, Frisk looked down. She felt so stupid. She should have just gone home, collected all her jewelry and her mother’s jewelry and all her family heirlooms and tried to sell them to the pawn shop. She should have told all her neighbors what was going on so they could at least scrape up some cash to give her. She should have took a gamble and begged Papyrus for help who seemed a bit more kind...a fellow who is willing to repair a park for children can’t be all bad right?
Instead she was here. With the man who had single-handedly destroyed her.

She was jobless. Because of him. She was terrified. Because of him. She felt so helpless. Because of him. And now she had no idea how she was gonna pay what Sans expected her people to pay...

Not even her hidden stash of cash would even come remotely close to paying her OWN bills let alone footing his bill.

And why was he doing this? Why?

Why was he going this far? For sex? To humiliate her? Was this all because she rejected him that night in the ladies room? WHY? WHY? WHY?

“Oh fuck my life...don’t fuckin’ cry for fuck’s sakes...where the hell is that...oh...here.”

A sort of self-hatred manifested into Frisk’s mind when she felt her hot tears rolling down her cheeks. She took in a shuddering breath and forced herself to look at the skeleton again. Tears or not. She was surprised to see him holding out a red handkerchief to her.

She made no attempt to take it, turning her head away. Sans huffed.

“Take the Goddamn thing and clean yer face. Ya look ugly when you cry and that snot ain’t helpin’ much.”

Sniffling, she wiped her tears and her snot of the sleeve of her purple sweater dress, hoping that would disgust Sans. She faintly smiled when she heard him choke back a gag.

“Fuckin’ gross! And people say I’m disgusting for drinkin’ straight up mustard!”

You are disgusting, Frisk thought and was just about to voice that opinion but froze up when Sans snapped his fingers and just like the horror stories Frisk read as a kid, the door slammed shut on its own. She tensed feeling a cold chill run down her spine when he sat down cross-legged only a foot
away from her.

“Okay Doll-face. What can I do fer ya?”

**What can you do for me? How about you get the hell back to your own city!? How about you stop threatening my friends and go away? How about you leave me alone?**

“I got fired from my job because of yo-”

“What?! Ya got fired?! Well if ya ask me Doll-face yer boss is a complete jackass fer firing somebody who's got the voice of a Goddamn angel!”

The shock in his voice was so fake and the laughter he was trying to keep out of his speech was so obvious that Frisk felt her anger grow again. And the worst part was that she was fairly certain he knew that she knew it was his fault she got fired.

...She wanted to punch him so badly.

“But yer fired huh? Well, it’s a good thing you ain’t to worry ‘bout my little ol’ protection. Or your bills for that matter-”

“What?”

Sans finally allowed his chuckles to escape as he tilted his head.

“Yer bills were sent to my address by mistake. I paid them all off thinkin’ they were mine. Ha, lucky you huh?”

Frisk stared at him. Her mouth felt dry. And she honestly didn’t know what to think except to state the obvious thing they both knew.

“This house wasn’t here yesterday. How could you expect to get bills that quickly?”
Sans shrugged, disinterested as he reached into his dress shirt and pulled out one of his cigars. He searched his pockets and grunted in annoyance as he began to turn his pockets inside out. Frisk watched him in a stupefied daze.

What does he want? Why is he messing with me this hard? Why? Why is he threatening to kill the same people his brother is trying to help? Why does he want me? Why is he taking everything from me? Why is he giving me, and only me a way to survive? Why? Why? Why?

If Frisk had an answer to any of these questions, she might have known what to do, but he was giving her nothing.

“Yeah that is weird, but hey, the postal service is entitled to a few mistakes right? Lucky for you they delivered your mail to me by mistake huh? Say do you have a match Doll-face?”

“Why?” Frisk managed to whisper.

Sans rolled the lights in his sockets and pointed to his cigar. Frisk felt a blush come over her face and some of her anger came back.

“You know what I mean.”

Frisk fully expected him to forged confusion, which in turn would force her to explain what she meant, thus humiliating herself further, but to her surprise and...relief (?) his permanent smile got craftier and his eyes shined brighter.

He tapped his finger against his chin, a gesture Frisk often seen other humans used when they were thinking hard about something. Or when they were being a complete ass and pretending to think long and hard about something. She could easily tell which reason Sans was doing it for.

“Ah that is a good question ain’t it, Dollf-face? Hmm...Why am I doin’ all of this to you?”

His grin got a little more cruel. Frisk scooted away from him and was just about to stand up when he grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back down, moving her closer to him until her upper body was practically in his lap.
“Tell me, Frisk, why do you think I’m doin’ this to ya?”

A deep blush came over her as he caressed a bony finger over her lips. She wanted to pull away from him, but...his grip on her arm was too tight and...and...and something was happening to her body...more specifically around her chest area...

It didn’t hurt and it didn’t feel like Sans’ usually pressure trick that kept her in stuck in one place...No. Whatever was happening to her chest felt...warm...and soothing...and-

“How you okay doll-face? You look a little hot.”

Yes..that’s it...her chest felt hot...and...good. So good. So right. So very very right. It felt just like a hand delicately stroking something inside her body that wasn’t quite an organ, but was still a part of her. She didn’t know any other way to describe it other than she felt complete.

Complete...the only time she felt complete these days was when she dreamt about her parents. Her mother’s hugs. Her father’s kisses. Frisk let out a deep sigh of bliss without realizing what she was doing and melted completely in Sans’ embrace, enjoying the feeling.

At the moment she didn’t care to figure out what was causing the warmth in her chest nor that Sans was running his clawed hands through her hair. All she cared about was that it felt good. And she wanted more over it. She wanted the warmth to engulf her fully and make her complete and not leave her like those dreams did.

Sans chuckled and just like that, the warmth left her. And so did the feeling of pure bliss. But Frisk was still slightly high with the afterglow of whatever warmth was invading her chest.

She looked at the skeleton who seemed pleased and...why was there a slight blush on his face?

What? What the hell just happened? Frisk thought as the relaxed dream-like feeling left her. Did Sans just make me feel like that? And I actually enjoyed it? What the fuck is he doing to me-

“Too worked up to talk? Well-“
Finally gathering up her strength and shuddering in self-disgust, Frisk pushed Sans away and stood up. Her face felt like it was on fire as he followed her movements, groaning as he stood up.

“I think you’re doing this to me because you’re an asshole who’s on a power trip. I think you just likes to push people around knowing they can’t do anything back,” she spat at him, hoping to regain a little bit of her dignity back at least in his eyes. God knows she would never be able to look in the mirror and find it in herself ever again.

Sans shrugged.

“Could be the case. I ain’t gonna lie. I am known to push my weight around with certain people.”

Frisk scoffed and started to open the door only for Sans to slam it shut. She yelped as he moved closer to her until he had her pinned to the wall, his body only inches from hers. She did her best to glare at him, but at this point knew it was a lost case. Just a second ago she was in his lap, moaning and allowing him to stroke her hair.

“Then again maybe I just want to fuck ya so I can brag about it to the other monsters. Be the first of my kind in a long time to fuck a human.”

Frisk bristled. How disgusting and so like this monster. That was probably the reason-

“Or maybe I didn’t like the way you treated me the first time we met. Actin’ like some high-ridin’ bitch who was too good for me. I hate that ya know. I worked hard to get where I am and I don’t take kindly to people who look down at me.”

Frisk inwardly snorted. “Worked hard?” Please. Hurting people and scaring and threatening them out of their money is not working hard. Sans leaned in closer to her until he was eye-level with her.

She started to shake as his warm breath touched her lips. His sockets glowed. Red lit up her face.

“And what better way to teach a high-ridin’ bitch like you a lesson than takin’ yer job away and forcin’ you to fuck me so none of them humans get hurt.”
Could be that too. I wouldn’t put it past you, Frisk thought hatefully and opened her mouth to say that, but stopped when he finally backed away. She didn’t want to give him a reason to get that close to her again.

Didn’t want to chance having that warm feeling inside her again. She never needed to feel that way again. It was like being drugged and the last thing she wanted or needed was to lose any of her thinking capabilities around Sans.

Said skeleton put his hands in his pockets and rocked on his heels. The red lights in his sockets dimmed and Frisk cautiously watched as he face got softer. A gentler smile came over him.

“Or maybe I don’t want to hurt or upset ya or yer people, but doing it this way was the only way you’d give me a chance. Or at least a second glance.”

Frisk blinked. What did he just say?

Sans closed his eyes, shrugging and when he opened them again he looked towards the ground as opposed to her.

Frisk felt something unpleasant stirring in her stomach.

“Maybe when I first saw ya I did feel a connection to ya. But knowing how I look compared to ya and how I sometimes act and how you responded to me being in business with Don Dee, well there ain’t much hope fer me is there?”

Frisk didn’t answer, but her stomach started to feel worse. She was definitely getting a tummy ache.

“Maybe I figured if I could get ya to...y’know go out with me, I could show you I ain’t such a bad guy. Could explain to you how I ended up taking over yer area of all places and why me and my bros what to live here so bad. Maybe then during dinner I would take the protection fee off altogether and that would really help ya see I’m worth a shot at...y’know?”

Frisk swallowed as she looked him up and down. He wasn’t looking at her, but the blush on his face had increased when he spoke...so did the blush on her face.
If that really were the reason why Sans did all these things to her she couldn’t help but feel a tiny bit flattered. And she hated herself for it. As sick and as twisted as it was, if all these things were just to get a date with her just so she could see him as a somewhat decent guy...well it was stupid as shit and completely missed it’s mark...but it was flattering. For some reason Frisk couldn’t explain, a guy who was willing to do all that just for a little time with her...

Maybe she could spend a little time with hi-

_He’s lying you idiot_, a part of her warned her frantically. _He’s a fucking liar and he’s playing you like a violin. Making you doubt your instincts. You know he’s bad news. You know it! Just go home, pawn your jewelry, talk to Papyrus, talk to your friends and neighbors...do everything you can...just don’t fall for his bullshit! He’ll hurt you! He’ll hurt you! He’s already hurt you! For God’s sakes, he made you cry twice already! He slammed your head against a wall three tiem. He nearly undressed you yesterday! He threatened the people you love!

“I...I don’t believe you.” Frisk said, only to have Sans shrug again.

“Don’t blame ya on that one Doll-face, but who knows huh? I could be a desperate good guy wanting a chance with ya, or I can be a mean fellow, trying to manipulate ya by toying with yer feelings just so I can fuck you. Kind of gambling when it comes to me, but at least we have fun right? Hehehe...the only thing we both know fer sure is that you ain’t got a lot of options anymore.”

Frisk stared stupidly at him. At this point there wasn’t anything she could really say.

“But the good new is that regardless of all that, I’m always a businessman first who keeps my word. Go out with me this weekend and we’ll discuss yer people’s protection fee. Maybe we can work out a nice little deal and maybe you’ll find yourself with your old singin’ job again. What do you say?”

_It just a date-

Don’t do it! He’ll hurt you!

_I’ll be surrounded by other people._
It won’t matter! You’ve seen him appear and disappear at will. He might do that with you. He might take you someplace where nobody will hear you!

*He could have hurt me now, but he didn’t.*

He wants to play with you first. You know his type. He wants you to feel like it was your fault when he does hurt you. He wants your trust before he hurts you! For God’s sakes Frisky DON’T SAY YES!

*My people...my friends....*

You have more options.

*This is the fastest way to help them. This is the best shot I have. And...I HAVE to know why he’s doing this.*

Taking in a deep breath, Frisk looked at Sans and offered a tiny smile.

“My back is against the wall. You know that’s why I’m agreeing to this right?”

Something...strange passed through Sans’ eyes. Frisk frowned and for some reason she couldn’t help feeling a tiny bit of guilt as his smile fell just a little bit. But luckily for the both of them it was only for a second.

“Course doll-face. That’s a given, but maybe you’ll change your opinion of me by the end of all this unpleasantness”

Frisk opened the door and to her relief, Sans moved aside allowing it to open wider.

“You like that word.”
Sans tilted his head. “What word?”

“Maybe. You really do like using it.”

The skeleton chuckled. “Maybe.”

Despite her best efforts, Frisk felt the corners of her lips perk up.

“That was really lame.”

Sans nodded. “Sure was.”

Frisk began to walk out into the sun, only to stop. She took a deep breath and turned once again to face the skeleton who was still staring at her.

“You know that no means no, right?”

Frisk trembled as Sans’ teeth got a little bit sharper and the light in his sockets went out.

“You have the right to say no at anytime, doll-face.”

Frisk raced out the door, feeling Sans’ empty sockets following her.

Jim took another heavy drag of his cigarette, staring intensely at the park’s entrance where he saw the pixie lady run into and then stared at his clock. He frowned. She’d been there awhile now.

Jim flicked the bud into the ground and sighed, leaning against the tree only to straighten up when he saw the woman quickly walking through the entrance, stopping every so often to look behind her.

Jim watched her for a second. She looked a little nervous and three shades of unhappy. And scared. Probably had something to do with losing her job. Jim knew he would be pretty miserable if he lost
his job and in this economy jobs were hard to come by.

He waited until she got a little closer before he started walking up to her, reaching into his jacket. She paused when she saw him, slightly backing away from him, her eyes narrowing and looking directly at the hand in his pocket.

**Yeah nice move dipshit. Reach into your pocket like a mugger. That'll put her at ease,** Jim thought to himself and smiled sheepishly at her. She didn’t smile back. Of course she wouldn’t because what woman in her right mind would smile back at man who looked like he was just about to mug her?

“Hey um...hi,” Jim stuttered and mentally punched himself in the face.

The woman nodded to him stiffly.

“Hello,” she said coldly and started to move again only to stop and really look at him. Her narrowed eyes widened a bit.

“Say weren’t you that fellow at Andrew’s bar?” She asked, her voice becoming softer, a tiny smile coming on her face.

Jim nodded eagerly as he looked her up and down, admiring her sweet how cute she looked with a smile. Real cute as a matter of fact.

The woman giggled, putting her hands on her hips. “I do believe I snarled at you like some kind of animal. I’m sorry and believe me if I knew I was gonna bump into you again I wouldn’t have...well I’m not gonna lie, I was pretty mad and I might have done it anyway.”

Jim laughed, feeling more confident with himself. She had a pretty voice too. Definitely a singer.

“That’s alright miss. I caught you at a bad time, but getting snappy is something we’re all entitled to every once in awhile.”

The woman’s smile faded as she turned back towards the entrance of the park. Her mouth curled
into a sour scowl. Okay, now she looked ugly. She really didn’t need to make that face ever again.

“Being an ass is an entitlement some people like to abuse.”

**Must be really mad at her boss**, Jim thought and coughed to get her attention again.

“My name is Jim.”

The lady smiled. “Nice to meet you. I’m Frisk.”

**Frisk? Strange name. Good thing too. The more unique the person is, the boss likes them**, Jim thought.

“I know you don’t know me, but I happened to overhear your conversation with Andrew.”

Frisk nodded. “Yeah lost my job, but I’m not too worried. I’m sure there are some other bars who might hire me.”

Jim reached into his pocket and pulled out the flyer his boss told him to give anybody he thought might have potential and this cute little pixie girl definitely had potential.

“Maybe this will help you.”

Frisk raised an eyebrow and grabbed the paper. An amused smile came over her lips.

**She’s so cute**, Jim thought and tried to hide his blush by turning his face away. He never was any good at keeping his composure with women. Even when business was involved he couldn’t even begin to mimic the cool businessman persona his boss pulled off with ease.

She laughed. “Say this flyer is pretty cool. Whoever made it really likes the flame patterns. Haha! Not too sure about the color though. Purple flames? Who heard of that?”
Before Jim could even try to come up with something witty to say, Frisk began to read the flyer out loud in her pretty voice that convinced Jim he made the right choice.

“Grillby’s is proud to present for the first time ever live human entertainment.”

Jim watched as Frisk’s cute little nose wrinkled up as she lowered the flyer and stared at him.

“Live HUMAN entertainment? So is it safe to assume that my audience will not be human?”

Jim nodded, begging that she didn’t run away from him.

“Yeah. My boss Grillby, a fire monster, is holding auditions for human musicians in Fell City in a few days. If he likes you, he puts you on stage to perform for his customers and he pays well. Very very well.”

Frisk looked back down at the flyer. To his relief, she didn’t look scared, but she did look skeptical.

“Interested?”

Frisk looked over her shoulder again towards the park’s entrance. Her face hardened.

“Yeah, I’m interested. Tell me more.”

Jim felt his heart soar as he offered his arm to Frisk. She wrapped hers around his quickly.

“Let’s get the hell out of here,” she muttered and pulled him away.

Chapter End Notes

Comments are always welcomed.
WHOO-HOO! I am back on track, my lovelies! Thank you for your patience! ^^

And as always thank you for your love and support!

“So h-h-ere’s how my boss operates and here’s what happens if you decided to say yes to the job: Tomorrow or the next day, whichever day works for you, I take you to Fell City- D-don’t worry you’ll be c-c-completely safe! -and you s-s-sing for my boss-his name is Grillby. Nice and very professional guy by the way and if he likes you and your a-a-act you get the j-job. If he doesn’t, he’ll pay you for y-your time and I’ll take you back home. What do y-you s-s-say?”

Frisk leaned back in her chair and stared at Jim. Ever since she hooked her arm around his, the guy was literally a big mess of nerves which surprised Frisk.

She would have thought a guy this handsome with the brightest blue eyes she had ever seen and a dazzling white smile that could melt any girl’s heart in a second wouldn’t be nervous about having a late lunch at a family style restaurant with a girl like her, but then again, as Frisk was taught by her parents, you simply couldn’t judge somebody based on their looks.

And if she was being quite honest with herself, there was something pretty charming about Jim’s embarrassed and socially awkward quirks, but for Frisk the most captivating thing about him were the clothes he was wearing.

He wore brown working pants with a pair of ripped suspenders holding them up, a dusty white button-up shirt with little brown grease stains and his blonde hair was a little unkempt.

Needless to say, he didn’t look like anybody special or important, but what made his clothing so impressive to Frisk was the fact this guy seemed to share her own father’s fashion sense.

Frisk recalled when her father and her mom were still alive, the old man had a number of “good” clothing, but he never wore any of them unless he was taking Frisk’s mom out to dinner or attending Frisk’s chorus performances at the school, but aside from those recollections, almost every memory Frisk had of her father was him coming home with dirty clothes and a big smile on his face.
Happy to be home after a hard day of work.

She wondered if Jim worked just as hard as her father did. Maybe she’d ask him about what exactly his job was and how he got hired by a monster to find singers for said monster’s bar, but that was a conversation for later. At the moment she needed to focus on this potentially worthwhile job opportunity.

Frisk planned on answering Jim’s question by asking him a slew of her own questions regarding his monster boss’ expectations when it came to musicians and safety issues concerning the monster city. She also wanted to ask if this job was just a one time gig or something more permanent and how much she might make if his boss did choose her.

Frisk began to ask her first question, but immediately closed her mouth when Mrs. Vel, the head waitress and the restaurant owner’s wife, came around to their table for what seemed like the eightieth time.

The first time was to get their order. The second time was to bring them their drinks. The third time was to bring them their food. Every other time Mrs. Vel came to their table was solely to eavesdrop on Frisk’s conversation with the “handsome young stranger” as she called him when Frisk and him first entered the restaurant.

“Ya need anything else, handsome? Refills? Dessert?” Mrs. Vel asked sweetly and nodded her head politely when Jim quietly declined.

Then Frisk watched as Mrs. Vel’s sweet smile turned into a lewd smirk as she turned towards her. Frisk blushed as the elderly woman winked knowingly at her, thankful that Jim couldn’t see the interaction between herself and the restaurant owner’s wife.


“I’m fine, Mrs. Vel!” Frisk nearly shouted, making Jim jump and causing a few of the customers closest to them to turn around to look at her. Most of those people Frisk recognized as her neighbors: they had their own lewd and knowing smirks on their faces.

*Fantastic*, Frisk thought and tried to peek over Mrs. Vel’s head to see Jim’s expression. She
mentally sighed in relief. He looked confused but didn’t seem to understand why so many people were flashing them both those smiles.

Truthfully, it wouldn’t have been so annoying and embarrassing to Frisk if Mrs. Vel and most of the other patrons in the dining room weren’t being so obvious about their intense interest with Jim, but then again she understood why.

Ever since she moved into the apartment complex, Frisk was one hundred percent certain her friends and neighbors never saw her alone with a member of the opposite sex. They saw her in groups settings. They saw her hanging out with band members she had befriended during her gigs, but they never saw her by herself with a male.

Mrs. Vel’s smirk widened as Frisk glared up at her.

“Okay pumpkin.”

“Thanks,” Frisk mumbled before she coughed a little nervously. “And can you tell Mr. Vel-”

The smirk vanished from the elder lady’s face as she rolled her eyes.

“No, I’m not gonna tell him you’re sorry for snapping at him. I already told him twice and I ain’t telling him a third time, so stop apologizing. I don’t even know why you’re apologizing anyhow. I never apologize to him and I live with him.”

Frisk let out a chuckle as Mrs. Vel gave her a mean smile and looked at Jim, who looked amused at the older lady’s joke.

“Take it from my husband sweetums, don’t get married. You might end up with somebody like me.”

A few patrons who had been listening in started to laugh as Mrs. Vel walked away. Frisk almost covered her face, silently swearing out her beloved friends. If they were gonna listen in they could, at the very least, pretend to mind their own business.

But actually seeing how much attention she was getting did raise a concern Frisk hadn’t thought
about till now. Frowning, she looked around the dining room once the laughter died down and when she was sure everybody was “minding” their own business she began talking again.

“We’ve been lucky so far, but from now on maybe we should talk in whispers,” Frisk suggested softly and subtly gestured to the patrons with a jerk of her head.

Jim raised an eyebrow innocently. Frisk sighed and tried not to roll her eyes. She leaned in closer to Jim and inwardly winced knowing how intimate this movement might look to prying eyes.

“Look please don’t take this the wrong way Jim, but most of these people are my friends and if they hear that I might be entering Fell City, they will not approve. Not because they are racist or anything, but…” Frisk grimace and tried to find the right words. “I...urgh...did you ever hear any horror stories about Fell City when you were a kid? That’s the type of information these people have based on that City.”

After receiving the dumbest and most baffling stare Frisk had ever seen on another human’s face, she was relieved to see understanding flood Jim’s beautiful blue eyes and he nodded. He chuckled nervously and shot her a guilty and more confident smile.

“Yeah, but hasn’t every human in this city heard of those stories?” He laughed. “I remember being on the playground during school and hearing all sorts of nightmare creating stories about the city that was crawling with huge bloodthirsty monsters.”

Frisk smirked and nodded. The things you heard on the playground when you were a kid...

She remembered being nine and standing with her friends as they all crowded around an older kid, staring at him wide-eyed as he went into such unnecessary gory details about how some poor unfortunate human that was dumb enough to enter Fell city was violently murdered by gangs of monsters. Those stories always had Frisk and her friends traumatized when they got back to class.

Of course when she told her parents those same stories, they quickly corrected her, reminding Frisk that just because somebody looks different or scary doesn’t mean they want to hurt her. Frisk remembered nodding her head, knowing they were right, but that still hadn’t stopped her from being completely terrified at the idea that a monster city was so close to her own city or deter her from continuing to hear those wild tales with her friends.

Her friends....
Now all those friends that once accompanied her to school and played hopscotch with her and listened to her sing were all dead. DEAD AND GONE.

Frisk felt a surge of pain hit her heart as the faces of all her friends flashed into her mind. She focused on Jim’s handsome face instead and gave him a goofy smile.

“Yeah, no kidding Jim. I had a few nightmares myself as a kid after I heard those tales. And did you notice they all started out the same way? Some human would enter the city either because they were dared to or they desperately needed a job or they wanted to steal something valuable—”

Jim have another wheezy laugh. “And they were brutally stomped out by some monster with sharp claws, a huge body and big teeth. And then they’d have their SOUL taken out as a sort of trophy for the monster. Can’t believe—”

“Never heard that bit about their SOULS being taken out. You must have had a better storyteller as a kid than I did,” Frisk joked, but suddenly felt a shiver of unpleasantness run down her spine.

She was glad that little tidbit detail never made it in the stories she heard as a child. Now that would have been terrorizing. Hell, the image to her right now made her a little uncomfortable. Which made her feel guilty as all hell too.

Jim shrugged. “Yeah every storyteller has to put their own spin on urban legends I suppose, but I can tell you all that is complete nonsense. Ya see, I was the guy who was desperate for money three years ago and through the good old grapevine, I heard that a monster was looking for a human that could get him human booze for his bar.”

Frisk felt her mouth drop.

“And you went to another city?! You went solely based on a rumor? You know how unreliable information like that is, right?”

And almost instantly she felt bad about her fearful and ignorant reaction. Obviously monsters couldn’t be all that bad (or be like that grinning bastard Sans) if Jim were still alive, but going to a new city, monster or not, without a connection was DANGEROUS! At least in your own city you knew who ran things and you knew how to act. You enter another don’s city and even step out of line by insulting the wrong person or doing something that might be viewed as remotely offensive to
a high ranking criminal you were DEAD!

That’s why the countryside was where Frisk needed to be at. With all those pretty flowers with people who didn’t want or need guns and violence was a rare thing.

Jim’s face became a little bitter and sad. Frisk mentally punched herself, blushing for her stupidly and decided to stare at her empty plate as opposed to him.

“Three years ago my wife left me and my then two year old daughter because I was laid off from my construction job. No one in this Godsaken city was hiring. I was about to be evicted from my apartment. I needed to support my daughter. I was desperate and so I entered Fell when I heard the rumor.”

Oh, you’re a single daddy huh? Frisk thought and wondered if his daughter had his bright blue eyes. She waited for him to continue finally looking back at him.

His bitter face was replaced with a more amused smile.

“You know what I learned when I entered Fell City? All those stories were told by big fat liars. Not only wasn’t I attacked but I came to the realization that monsters were more...pleased, amused and interested by me being a human than angered. It was only after I finished answering ton of embarrassing questions about my human body and human culture that two crazy-looking bunny monsters directed me to Grillby Sulfuric.”

Frisk blinked in shock and when Jim’s word sank in she began to smile.

“No way. That really happened to you?” Frisk asked, starting to chuckle. She covered her mouth with her hands, trying to maintain her laughter.

“Disappointed they won’t eat you as soon as they see you, Frisk?” Jim asked with a grin.

Frisk snorted causing a few heads to turn. She didn’t mind the attention so much now. This was too funny! He was kidding right? All those stories that caused her vivid nightmares and sleepless nights weren’t even a little bit true?

Not that she wanted them to be true, but she couldn’t believe how stupid, pathetic and off the wall all
those stories about a race had been! But then again weren’t all stereotypes about different races stupid and ignorant?

_Who knew Monsters were more interested in how a human dick works than eating one!_

The prevented thought caused set of insane giggling to erupt from her mouth. Frisk briefly wondered if Jim regretted offering her the job now but when she looked back he was chuckling himself.

“Yeah well, there are still parts of Fell City that are quite dangerous to enter...no place is perfect after all, so that’s why I’ll be accompanying you to Grillby personally...if you choose to accept that is.”

Knowing she needed to be serious now, Frisk calmed her chuckles down.

The job seemed promising enough. And another human was vouching for how safe it was and that was something. And when it all came down to it, Frisk had Jim’s problem. She was desperate.

She had no job, she barely had any money and despite the fact that Sans blatantly told her he had “accidently” paid all her bills-

Frisk felt a hint of a blush cover her cheeks over that act - _as much as she hated to admit it_ -was pretty romantic the more she thought about.

...Well, it WOULD have been romantic if the guy who did it hadn’t assaulted her in a public bathroom, threatened her loved ones with the possibility of death and kept touching her...either with those boney hands or with that red smoke shit. That damn...magic spell thing he felt the need to constantly do to her. Making her body too heavy to move.

But then there was that last time...that blissful warmth...feeling complete...

Frisk felt her blush increase as her body unintentionally stirred pleasuringably at the memory before she shook her head violently, once again wondering how crazy she looked to Jim.

When it was all said and done, she couldn’t rely on Sans to keep his word. And after they had their date this weekend, what if that wasn’t good enough for him? And on the very rare chance she did end up sleeping with him, (Frisk cringing at the idea) what if that wasn’t good enough for him either?
What about after having sex with him, he just tells her something like “thanks for the fucking, had better by the way and make sure you pay up in a week doll-face.”

The odds of that actually happening seemed too realistic and the idea that he was “just a desperate good guy” was becoming more laughable by the minute. The asshole smashed her head into a wall during their first meeting! Twice!

He said it would be a “fun” gamble to be with him, but just going on that date without anything else to rely on but his mercy and kindness was way too big of a gamble for Frisk and her people too. She couldn’t rely on a guy whose favorite word was “maybe”.

She needed a backup plan...another way to make money...just in case that date didn’t go in her favor.

“Your boss’ name is Grillby?”

Jim nodded. “Yep. Grillby Sulfuric, but don’t call him Mr. Sulfuric. He may be the best businessman around but he hates being formal, ya know?”

Frisk nodded her head. Her mother was the same way. She wasn’t a business lady by any means, but Frisk did remember how much her mom’s face would scrunch up when somebody called her Mrs. Determ.

“So I choose either tomorrow or the next day to enter Fell City and perform for Grillby. He’ll let me know if I got the job and then if I got it he’ll…” Frisk trailed off and looked at Jim expectantly to finish.

Once again the stupid look greeted her before he got the message.

“OH! So um...well...I suppose he’ll tell you the nights he needs ya to perform and you two go from there...Jeez, I don’t really know much about the details of the job per say, I’m just the guy who gets his booze. All he told me was to tell the person I viewed as talented that the job pays well and is a long-term thing. And pretty secure too. Grillby ain’t gonna fire any talented human performers that’s for sure. Anything that is remotely human in Fell City draws a crowd.”
Jim paused and took a deep breath, giving Frisk a nervous and apologetic look.

“If you do get the job you’ll have to be...okay with monsters staring at you like you're some kind of exhibit in the zoo or something.”

Okay with that? Frisk thought and had to stop herself from rolling her eyes at his stupid remark. Clearly Jim had never been on stage before because if he had he would know that being stared at by large groups of people was part of being a performer. If you couldn’t handle being ogled by a crowd, you didn’t need to be on stage.

However, instead of voicing this thought Frisk smiled and nodded her head.

“Yeah I think I’m okay with that-”

“And Grillby wants the human he hires to talk to the monsters after they’re done performing. He sort of want them to hang around the bar and engage in conversations with patrons who might want to talk to you.”

That’s a new one, Frisk thought, not really sure what to think about that requirement. Usually her human bosses wanted her just to sing and get the hell off the stage and out of their bars when she was done.

“Why does he want me to talk-”

Jim shrugged helplessly cutting her off. “Honestly, I couldn’t tell ya Frisk. I think it has to do with the fact that one of his regulars is not only a wealthy radio personality, but also a popular monster singer who has an obsession with humans and.”

“Letting him talk to me might encourage this influential monster to boast about Grillby’s Bar on the radio?” Frisk finished.

“That’s my theory, but I could be wrong. So what do you say? You want to be the first human to perform in Fell City?” Jim asked allowing a small encouraging smile to slip on his lips.
Frisk nodded her head slowly. She needed this job.

“Alright. I need to run some errands tomorrow, so how about the day after?”

Jim’s smile widened. “Great! You still got that flyer I gave you?”

Frisk handed him the purple piece of paper. She watched as Jim turned it around, pulled a pen out of his breast pocket and began writing down something. Frisk leaned closer to him and squinted, trying to read what he was writing upside down. It looked like he scribbling down a street address.

“Since you don’t want your friends to know where you’re going, take the two-thirty P.M. streetcar and come to this address to meet me. I’ll take you to Fell City after we meet up.”

After he finished writing out the time and address, he handed the paper to Frisk, who tucked it into her purse.

“This will be great. Hey! You’ll even meet my daughter. She always does enjoy visiting the monster city and I can’t say “no” to her. You don’t mind do you?”

“Not at all. I love kids.”

“Great...great...” he declared, his voice getting lower.

She watched as he started to blush and jerk and tug at one of his suspenders.

“So I was w-wondering, how about after y-your audition, you and me go out to dinner.”

Now it was her turn to blush.

“Like a date?”
Jim nodded, his face red, but Frisk saw something like hope and eagerness flash in his eyes. He looked just like an adorable puppy and by all accounts was definitely the best looking guy who had ever asked her out...if she excluded her highschool sweetheart Derek, and Jim was the first guy in a long time to...

...to not smell like gun smoke and booze.

He was friendly he was shy and if he was telling the truth he was a single dad trying to support his kid. That showed love and dedication. The same traits Frisk’s mother and father had. And he had been nothing but sweet and respectful to her from minute one even when she had been rude and mean to him.

How rare is that? And just now...how he asked her out...

It had been a long time since a guy asked her out in a such a kind and pleasant way. And she was tempted to say “yes.”

She wanted to say yes . Because he was a nice guy and she knew if it didn’t work out, there would be no repercussion for a rejection.

But...

But...

Goddamn Sans...

Sighing, Frisk gave him a sad smile knowing she had to reject him before she even gave him a chance.

“I kind of agreed to go out with somebody, it’s nothing serious, but I think the best way to describe it as a “trial-run” date and it wouldn’t be fair to you or to...him if I said “yes” to you and went out with him during the weekend. You understand, right?”

Seeing Jim’s face shatter hurt her badly, but to his credit he nodded his head and gave her a shaky
smile.

“Yeah I understand, Frisk. But...um...I gotta get going, but um...you got the address, and I’ll see you in two days right?”

Frisk could only nod, feeling even worse as Jim quickly stood up.

_Goddamn Sans…_

_No he wasn’t going to ruin this too!_

“You’re a really nice guy Jim. And when this trial-run date is over with this guy, I’d like to get to know you better...if you still want to go out that is.” she offered quickly, hoping that would be enough to keep him interested.

He paused in his movements, that tiny little smile coming back.

“Really?”

Frisk nodded, her heart beating happily. “Absolutely!”

************************************************************************************************

After she got home, Frisk sat on the floor of her messy room and leaned her head against the bed frame as she recounted what was left of her savings.

She winced, fighting the urge to cry.

“Damn it,” she whined and threw the money down on the ground in anger, covering her hands with her face.

It was even less than what she thought she had.
The job wasn’t a sure thing. Jim said she needed to audition for the job and so until Grillby said she was hired, she couldn’t count that as part of her back up money in case Sans didn’t keep his word.

But she knew how she could get a lot of money and fast.

Sighing, feeling a great amount of pain hit her chest, she stood up and lifted her thin and worn-out mattress off the bed frame. Her most valuable possession greeted her.

Lying between the mattress and the bed frame was a thick silver necklace with a big red ruby heart charm attached to it. The silver necklace was something her father bought her when she was a teenager, but the ruby heart charm was old. It was older than Frisk’s mother or her mother’s mother or her mother’s mother’s grandmother. It had been in the family for years, but despite the age, it looked eerily brand new. It had no cracks or chips in it and still felt as smooth as ever.

She knew she could get a lot for this piece at the pawn shop, but the thought of pawning it physically hurt Frisk. If she had one thing that truly reminded her of her mother it was this charm. But…

Frisk blinked her tears back as she ran her thumbs over the smooth warm surface of the red stone.

*All I’m doing to pawning it*, Frisk thought and ignored the stray tears that fell down her cheek.

*The guy at the pawn shop always gives people three weeks to claim their items before he puts them on the shelves for sale. I just need more backup money. After my audition and my date with Sans, if things go well, I’ll still have time to get it back.*

Before Frisk could even call herself out on how stupidly unrealistically optimistic that plan was, a loud and powerful knock on the door tore her out of her misery.

They knocked again. This time Frisk could detect impatience in whoever was knocking.

“Coming!” she called out, quickly gathering her money and her ruby necklace and throwing them on the bed frame. She gritted her teeth when the impatient asshole knocked again.

*Give me a second, you jerk*, Frisk thought annoyed as she covered her valuables with the mattress.
She quickly rushed out her bedroom and opened the door, causing Papyrus to stumble forward as his fist hit air instead of her door.

He was holding a bag of groceries in one arm. Frisk blinked up at the tall skeleton as he regained his balance and fixed his suit, huffing with annoyance.

“Papyrus? What are you...um...what do I owe the pleasure of having you here?” Frisk asked. It wasn’t too hard to force a smile on her face this time.

That promise about fixing the playground was still fresh in her mind and as long as Papyrus kept that promise, he was more than okay in her book.

After composing himself, Papyrus gave Frisk a smug sharp tooth-grin, the single red light in his left socket glowing brightly.

“I BET YOU ARE WONDERING HOW I FOUND YOUR APARTMENT. AM I RIGHT, TINY HUMAN?”

Frisk smirked slyly at him. “I would if it were anybody else, but I’ve learned to never underestimate you, Papyrus.”

Please tell me how you did it. And please don’t say Sans told you where I live. I don’t think I can sleep knowing that man knows where I live.

The skeleton’s smile got bigger. “NYEH HEH HEH! YOU ARE ONE OF THE FEW WHO UNDERSTANDS GREATNESS WHEN THEY SEE IT!”

Frisk shrugged, trying not to let her anxiety show. “Yep, but just to let me in on your great mind works, how did you know?”

Papyrus scoffed smugly. “IT WAS EASY! I JUST KNOCKED ON EVERY DOOR UNTIL YOU CAME OUT!”
Frisk tried to keep a straight face.

*Wonder how the neighbors took that...and at least he didn’t say “Sans told me”.*

“Well Papyrus, you found me how can I help-”

Without waiting for her to finish, Papyrus walked past Frisk into her apartment. Frisk stared after him in disbelief for a few moments before she chased after him after closing and locking the door behind her.

She followed him in the kitchen.

“I AM COOKING A HUMAN MEAL FOR MY BROTHERS TONIGHT AND TO MAKE IT A LEGITIMATE HUMAN MEAL I NEED TO USE AN ACTUAL HUMAN STOVE. I KNEW YOU WOULDN’T MIND IF I USED YOURS.”

Still in disbelief, Frisk watched as Papyrus placed the grocery bag on her kitchen table.

Needless to say this was unexpected, and truth be told, Frisk really couldn’t handle any more surprises or unexpected incidents. She already reached her quota for the entire week. She just wanted to sleep this terrible day away.

“Um...Papyrus, I don’t think...um...my house is not really in top condition to receive visitors-”

Papyrus nodded, looking at the pile of dirty dishes in her sink. Even though she had used the dirty house excuse in the hopes of shooing him away, Frisk couldn’t help but feel embarrassed about the state she allowed her place to fall into.

“I’VE NOTICED, BUT DO NOT WORRY! I WILL NOT JUDGE YOU NOR WILL THAT KEEP ME FROM COOKING!”

“Papyrus-”
She watched as he began opening her cabinets and pulling out a few pots and pans.

“YOU ARE LUCKY, TINY HUMAN! YOU GET TO WATCH THE GREAT PAPYRUS COOK! VERY FEW ARE PRIVILEGED TO SEE THAT!”

“Look, I’m a little tired-”

“COME CLOSER. YOU WON’T SEE ANY OF MY GREATNESS IF YOU STAND THAT FAR AWAY!”

Frisk sighed and moved closer, accepting the fact that she had lost for the millionth time today.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this was kind of a Jim and Frisk/heavy dialogue chapter!

PS. If you have time I have written an Underfell one-shot story titled "I know I'm a Wolf". Kind of in the horror genre if any of you are into that. Has nothing to do with this story, but it was something I couldn't get out of my head until I had it written down.

Comments are always welcomed. ^^
Okay, now that I'm on a roll I SHOULD be updating the newest chapter by Saturday! Once again, thank you all so much for your lovely comments! I love reading all of them!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Papyrus said a dirty kitchen wouldn’t stop him from cooking his precious dinner, Frisk had foolishly thought he would cook around the messes, but how silly she was to assume something so reasonable.

What the tall clean-freak really meant was “we’ll clean the kitchen in a painstakingly long and time consuming way and then I’ll cook.”

Well at least he didn’t expect her to clean it alone. He “offered” (as in called he called dibs) to clean the dusty and barely-used stove and oven which meant Frisk was stuck doing the dishes. The disgusting, greasy food-stained dishes. Fine, sure, no problem, whatever. Dishes weren’t too hard. Whatever got Papyrus out of her home quicker.

The only problem was that she hadn’t cleaned her dishes in a few days...okay weeks, so there were quite a lot as in almost all her dishes that needed to be clean. And it took her a bit of time, in fact Papyrus finished cleaning the stove before she got done with the dishes, but she did get them done and she couldn’t help but feel pleased with her efforts.

The dishes were now done and from the looks of how Papyrus cleaned the stove and oven (it looked brand new!), Frisk felt she had completed something beneficial for herself for the day. It was a small accomplishment, but it was something.

Unfortunately, Papyrus didn’t feel the same way. Apparently the dishes weren’t clean enough to pass The Great Papyrus’ standards and while Frisk begrudgingly admitted he may have had a point since some of the “clean” dishes still had food stuck on them, that didn’t give the tall skeleton any right to pick up the entire dish drainer and dump all the dishes back into the sink.

“THAT IS UNACCEPTABLE, TINY HUMAN! YOU MUST DO IT CORRECTLY.”
Frisk had stared at him in disbelief and when she realized he wasn’t kidding and fully expected her to clean them again she had to stop herself from telling him this was her place and if she wanted to she could eat food off of disgusting plates. Granted, the image of that almost made her vomit, but she was more than tempted to say that to him just to prove a point.

But she didn’t. Instead she took the safe route and reminded herself that while the taller skeleton hadn’t shown himself to be a violent man like Sans, he was still a criminal mobster and as far as Frisk was concerned was probably just as capable of doing terrible things like his brother.

….But amazingly it was becoming harder and harder to imagine that Papyrus was anything like Sans. Especially when Frisk watched him as he carefully took off his jacket, rolled up his sleeves and asked if there was an apron he could use so he wouldn’t stain his dress shirt. The only apron Frisk owned was a bright pink and blue one that her mother always wore and to Frisk’s amusement, Papyrus put it on with no problem. He didn’t even seem bothered that the apron was so small it only covered him to his midriff.

And to be honest there was something…adorable and incredibly funny about a guy who could wear a frilly apron and still have enough confidence to look vicious and dominating.

But even as she thought that Frisk knew it was too dangerous to brush him off as a harmless fellow. For all she knew he could have hurt and killed a bunch of monsters in his own city. After all, his family was making deals with the biggest killer in her city.

And only killers make deals with killers. No modest person would even dare go into business with Don Dee.

But still….

“MAKE SURE YOU THOROUGHLY INSPECT EVERY DISH BEFORE YOU PUT IT ON THE RACK TO DRY!” Papyrus ordered.

But still, It did make Frisk wonder just how dangerous Papyrus was if his most unkindest act against her was making her redo her dishes...which was kind of a jerk thing to do, but harmless nonetheless. And as she began to wonder that, she pondered if perhaps his viciousness was simply a front he put on because of his line of work and the fact he had such a dick from a brother.

She wasn’t even halfway done with dishes a second time before Papyrus grabbed a random plate
from the dish drainer. Frisk winced as they both spotted a smudge of ground beef on the plate at the exact same time and once again all the dishes went back in the sink for a third time.

Frisk felt something that wasn’t quite hatred brew intensely in her mind as she stared at the huge pile of semi-cleaned dishes in her sink.

*He’s gotta be kidding me*, she thought still staring at the dishes, before she looked back at Papyrus, trying to glare at him.

“HAVEN’T YOU HEARD A WORD I SAID?! YOU MUST DO IT AGAIN.”

*He’s not kidding me*, she thought and began to open her mouth to say something, until… Until…

Frisk had to stifle back some laughter, feeling all her anger dissolve into amusement.

If weren’t for the fact that Papyrus was staring at her with a mixture of disappointment and annoyance slewn on his face, much like a father who expected more from his child, while wearing her mother’s very frilly apron, Frisk might have said a few...aggressive things. But instead she found herself trying not to giggle as she turned back around and started to clean the dishes for the third time.

“I EXPECT THEM TO BE DONE PERFECTLY THIS TIME, LITTLE ONE.”

“I expect you to fix that park, Papyrus. I ain’t cleaning my kitchen for nothing.” she managed to say through her giggles.

“What was that, Tiny Human?”

Frisk hoped that Papyrus didn’t noticing that her shoulders started to shake. She took several deep breaths, trying to control her laughter before she looked back at him and answered. Bad mistake. Now he looked like a suspicious skeleton with his arms crossed wearing a frilly pink and blue apron. She bit the bottom of her lip to keep a somewhat serious face.

“I said…” she began only to stop when an idea came to her on how she could get this whole cooking
thing over and done with as quickly as possibly so she could just go to bed. She smiled innocently at the tall skeleton. “I haven’t clean in a while.”

“OBVIOUSLY.”

“And I’m a little rusty. Do you think you could -”

Frisk felt a mean little smile cross her face as Papyrus straightened his spine proudly.

“OF COURSE I WILL SHOW YOU THE PROPER WAY TO CLEAN. WATCH AND LEARN!”

Frisk nodded and stepped away from the sink as Papyrus took her place. Backing away slowly, Frisk quietly sat down at the kitchen table, briefly looking her pruney hands before she watched the tall skeleton turn the knob on the sink all the way to the red. Hot steam started to rise above Papyrus’ head as he bent low (the kitchen really wasn’t made for someone his height) and viciously began to scrub the plates clean with the near boiling hot water at an impressive speed.

Frisk winced, imagining how much pain her hands would be in if she had used water that hot.

“Jeez, don’t burn your hands Papyrus! That water is steaming!”

Papyrus scoffed.

“IN ORDER FOR DISHES TO BE CLEAN, ONE MUST USE HOT WATER! BUT TO ANSWER YOUR CONCERN, DO NOT WORRY ABOUT ME, TINY HUMAN! I DON’T HAVE SKIN! THIS DOESN’T HURT!”

I guess that makes sense, Frisk thought and absently-mindedly began to tap her fingernails against the table. I wonder if he and Sans even know what hot and cold is, she pondered but quickly pushed that odd thought away knowing that if she thought too long and hard about it, she would begin to wonder about more intimate things skeletons might and might not feel. Unfortunately, one stray thought managed to slip in before she could stop herself from thinking about it.
They have to feel some things right? I mean Sans wouldn’t be interested in me if he couldn’t feel...he’s a skeleton! Does he even have-Oh no! Nononononono! Frisk bristled in self-disgust, feeling her face get red at how quickly her mind went back to Sans and his disgusting unwanted sexual advances.

A deep sort of displeasure entered her body as she saw Sans’ grinning face appear for the millionth time today in her mind. Even when he wasn’t around, the guy kept screwing and haunting with her. Taking away her job. Making her reject a decent guy with kind eyes. Making her think things she didn’t want to think about. Making her desperate enough to consider doing things she swore to her parents and to herself she’d never do. Like trade sex for a favor. Or selling her beautiful red heart charm for money.

As a sort of self-punishment, Frisk grabbed a thick lock of her hair and gave it a harsh tug hoping that would silence the part of her mind that kept bringing Sans up. A stinging pain only serve to remind Frisk of when Sans slammed her head against the wall in the ladies’ bathroom.

Goddamn it, Sans. Just get out of my hea-

“WELL HUMAN! COME AND OBSERVE MY TALENT...HUMAN? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?”

Frisk’s eyes hot open to see Papyrus facing her...and was it her imagination or did he look….concern? No it wasn’t her imagination. His head was tilted to one side and his sharp toothed-mouth wasn’t set in a cold stern line or a smile. He really was concerned and it made Frisk wonder how...upset she must of looked to him. Apparently enough for him to ask if she was okay.

It reminded her that Papyrus might be a good lifeline to use against Sans. But, she needed to be careful. They may have been brothers, but even mafia members who were related could sometimes have different positions of power. Older brothers typically had more control, but not in all cases. If Papyrus was the higher ranking brother, she might be able to talk him into helping her. But if Sans was the man who was running things....

Frisk shuddered, wondering just how Sans would react if he learned that she tried to...manipulate his brother into helping her and her people for the second time.

Probably not well, considering how annoyed he was about it when I was talking to Papyrus about how poor we all were during my first meeting with him, she thought to herself as she offered the tall skeleton a big cheery smile that she usually reserved for the crime-ridden crowds she performed
for. Probably best to learn more about their positions before making my move. Or maybe I should just do the stupid date and see what Sans really wants...Sans....you creep...you FUCKER!

“Sorry Papyrus. I just kind of zoned out for a few seconds,” she said and gently unwrapped her hand from her hair. The stinging sensation lingered and she briefly wondered why she even thought that was a good idea.

Papyrus’ look of concerned remained on his face until Frisk stood up and began walking over to the sink. She looked towards the dish rack and saw that not only were all the dishes sparkling clean, but they were put in an organized and neat fashion.

“Let’s see your amazing skills, Papyrus,” she said, smirking up at him, and was relieved to see that concerning look vanish as Papyrus straightened his spine and gestured grandly to the clean dishes. Frisk examined every dish, feeling her eyebrows raise up in surprise.

Jeez, I really was doing it wrong. The dishes look brand new, Frisk thought and picked a single dish out of the rack. She gave a low whistle when she saw her reflection in it, earning an arrogant laugh from Papyrus who had his hands on his hips, giving her a proud sharp smile.

“WELL…” he prompted, now gesturing towards himself.. “GO ON. ADMIRE ME AND MY GREATNESS!!”

Frisk shook her head. “Yeah yeah, okay okay. You know how to clean dishes much better than any human I know.”

Papyrus’ smile widened as he gave a tiny bow. “ONCE AGAIN YOU TRULY SHOW YOUR INTELLIGENCE BY ACKNOWLEDGING YOUR SHORTCOMINGS AND MY ACCOMPLISHMENTS!”

Frisk laughed. It really was hard to be afraid of him or remember that he was related to one of the cruelest and sickest people Frisk had ever met when he was acting like a kid.

However her laughter was halted as Papyrus grabbed her wrist in a surprisingly gentle grip and nearly lifting her off her feet as he dragged her to the stove, where he had carefully laid out all the ingredients for his dinner. Store bought dry spaghetti noodles, tomatoes, green peppers, three of Frisk’s carefully cleaned pots and a couple of her sharpest knives. She looked at the knives and inwardly sighed.
Those knives couldn’t cut through hot butter, let alone the firm vegetables and she was sure that Papyrus would complain about that as well.

“NOW I WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO COOK CORRECTLY SINCE IT’S CLEAR TO ME THAT YOU ONLY EAT AT THOSE GREASY RESTAURANTS!”

Frisk shrugged, before nodding her head in agreement. That was true enough statement. She only used the stove once since she moved into her small apartment. The first and only time was when she attempted to cook some instant noodles on the stove. Within two minutes the dry noodles were burnt to a crisp and Frisk learned how to use a fire extinguisher that day to keep the small kitchen fire from spreading to the living room. Apparently adding water to those types of noodles is a must. Frisk had the last laugh on that one though. The noodles tasted better dry anyway.

But after that mayhem, Frisk only ate at restaurants. Made her life a lot easier and she made a lot of friends that way too. No regrets about that decision.

“Yeah well, I thought I had all the time in world to learn how to cook from my mom, but after she and my dad passed away—”

“YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER ARE DEAD?!”

Frisk jumped at the skeleton’s booming voice that up until now was a kind of non-threatening, harmless and casual type of loudness, but the shock and distress that mixed in with the loudness was unexpected. And so was that question.

Whenever Frisk mentioned her parents’ deaths, the person she was talking to would get real quiet for a few uncomfortable seconds, before they muttered out something like “sorry to hear that” and then try to change the subject. Nobody pried. Nobody asked how they died. So she never had to talk about it. Never had to be mentally prepared to talk about it.

She was sure that was why her eyes were beginning to sting and her throat was becoming tighter.

“Yeah. She and my old man passed away a few years ago. They were assembly line workers...first job mom really had if you disinclude being a homemaker, which is a pretty tough job too...they were trying to pay for me to go to college and there was this...accidental fire that swept through the entire place and killed a bunch of people.”
“OH. A FACTORY FIRE?”

Passed away? Yeah right, Frisk thought bitterly and took a deep breath, ignoring Papyrus’ question and trying to blink back her tears as she grabbed a tomato and one of her dull knives blindly.

“So, do I just start cutting-”

“MY MOTHER DIED WHEN I WAS VERY SMALL. I DON’T REMEMBER HER THAT WELL, BUT WHEN I WAS OLD ENOUGH, I STARTED TO DO THE COOKING AND CLEANING WHILE MY BROTHERS STARTED TO TAKE UP ODD JOBS TO PAY THE BILLS.”

Frisk paused, her knife on the tomato, but she didn’t cut through it.

_I worked hard to get where I am and I don’t take kindly to people who look down at me._

Sans’ harsh and offended voice rushed through her mind. Was there some truth about that statement? If what Papyrus was saying was true, then Sans probably did have a hard life. Frisk was almost in her mid-twenties and constantly struggled every month to just support herself on random bar gigs. She couldn’t imagine losing her mother and father in her younger years and having to support a younger sibling by doing crappy low-paying and often dangerous odd-jobs.

But even if all that was true….it didn’t change a thing about what Sans was now. Just a criminal mobster who enjoyed tormenting people and stealing money from those who could barely survive as it was. He was still a business associate of Don Dee’s. _That murderer…._

_Only murderers hang out with murderers…_

“WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO LEAVE, TINY HUMAN?”

Frisk blinked and looked up at Papyrus, who was absently surveying a fatter tomato, spinning it around in his long boney digits. His hand was shaking and Frisk could tell he was doing everything in his power not to make eye-contact with her.
She didn’t even realize she was crying until the first of her tears landed on the top of her knife. She sniffled them back, letting go of the knife allowing it to fall to the floor with a loud clang as she quickly wiped her tears with her sleeve once again.

Yes, she thought angrily. Leave! Both of you! Get the hell out of here and quit messing up my life! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!

But she didn’t say that. Instead she offered him a weak smile and a pathetic laugh.

“Nah...you can stay Papyrus. It’s just hard for me to talk about my parents.”

Papyrus nodded. “SANS IS THE SAME WAY. WHENEVER MY OTHER BROTHER OR I TRY TO TALK ABOUT MY MOTHER HE USUALLY GETS VERY ANGRY OR VERY SILENT.”

He hasn’t gotten over her death, Frisk thought and tried her hardest not feel anything but hate and disgust for him, but despite her best efforts something akin to pity and sympathy enter her chest. She tried to fight it though. It didn’t matter if he misses his mother or he had a hard life. He choose to be what he is now. No excuses. He’s a creep. A violent creep.

But, Frisk frowned as she picked up the knife from the ground. His favorite word is “maybe.” And maybe he’s more bark than bite. You have to be tough to survive in this world. Maybe...Frisk let out a small laugh of disbelief. Maybe the fucker isn’t as bad as he’s acting. Maybe...maybe he really did think I wouldn’t be interested in him. Maybe he just wants to show himself to be an okay guy. Maybe this whole protection fee is just a bluff.

Or maybe you are just feeling bad for a creep who’s had the same life as you, that overly cautious voice muttered in her mind. Don’t be stupid and don’t let your guard down with him or his brother. EVER. Just do the date, make sure you are in a public place and then you can make your positive assumptions about him. If you still can that is...

Frisk sighed, shutting down her mind completely for the night. She grinned up at Papyrus, who was watching her closely.
“You told me you were gonna show me how to cook. You aren’t backing down from that promise are ya, THE GREAT PAPYRUS?”

Frisk smirked as that single red light in Papyrus’ left socket glowed excitedly. “OF COURSE! FIRST TAKE YOUR KNIFE AND VERY CAREFULLY CUT YOUR TOMATO LITTLE SQUARES. THAT’LL MAKE IT EASIER FOR US TO MASH IT INTO SAUCE.”

Frisk grabbed her knife while Papyrus grabbed the other one. And Frisk watched as the knives sank slowly into the tomatoes’ skin, but didn’t cut through. She chanced a look at Papyrus whose grin was quickly fading and becoming a scowl.

Frisk sighed. **Cue complaint in 3, 2, 1-**

“WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOUR KITCHEN KNIVES, HUMAN?! THESE BLADES ARE SO DULL?!”

Frisk smirked, unable to help herself, but in her defense, Papyrus did set it up perfectly.

“Because they didn’t finish school.”

There was a slight pause from the tall skeleton as he stared down at Frisk with a puzzled look on his face. Frisk started giggling and finally when Papyrus did get the joke, the barest hint of a smile came over his face. He turned away with a huff.

“YOU WOULD NEVER SEE THE GREAT PAPYRUS LAUGH AT HIS OWN JOKES!”

“That joke was just for me anyways. It hasn’t been a good day and I deserved a laugh.”

Papyrus turned back with a much wider smile on his face. A slight red dusted his sharp cheekbones.

“NYEH HEH HEH...I’LL GIVE YOU A...CHARITY CHUCKLE TINY HUMAN BECAUSE I FEEL BAD FOR YOU, BUT IN-” he paused for a second and Frisk watched as his face turned upward. Frisk followed his sockets to find he was staring at the kitchen clock. The clock read 7:35
P.M.

The red blush vanished from his face as something like panic overtook his features.

“OH! THAT IS CLOCK CORRECT?”

“No.”

Frisk watched as relief flooded his face. She felt bad with her next sentence.

“It’s half an hour slow.”

“WHAT?! OH SHIT! I’M GONNA BE LATE! OH! WINGDINGS IS NOT GOING TO BE HAPPY! OH! OH!”

_Wingdings? Who was Wingdings and why was Papyrus so scared of hi-_ Frisk stepped out of Papyrus’ way as he gathered all the tomatoes and put them all in a huge bowl. His face was becoming more and more panicked with each second.

“So much time cleaning your kitchen that I lost track of time! Just stay out of my way now, little human! I will teach you how to cook an exquisite meal another time.”

Frisk sat down at the kitchen table and watched the frantic skeleton move around in a frantic, but organized manner. He took a pot and began boiling water for the noodles and while he was waiting for the water to get hot enough to add the noodles, he began to cut the green peppers. But not with one of Frisk’s dull knives.

Frisk watched in amazement as Papyrus waved his hand in the air and a puff of light red smoke appeared out of nowhere and when the smoke evaporated Papyrus was holding a huge knife. The end looked razor sharp and the handle was made out of bone. He flew through cutting the green peppers and from what Frisk saw they were all cut in perfect squares.

_Jeez this guy wasn’t kidding_, Frisk thought in admiration as he began cracking the dry pasta in half
and quickly adding it to the boiling water. He does have some great cooking skills.

And finally while the pasta was cooking, he started on the sauce. Frisk leaned forward in her chair, eager to see him cut through the tomatoes like he did the green peppers. But he didn’t take the tomatoes out of the bowl nor did he start to cut them in the bowl. In fact, he waved his hand, a just like a magician, the knife in his hand disappeared into the light red smoke.

“NOW I NORMALLY TRY NOT TO MAKE SAUCE LIKE THIS, BUT IT TASTES JUST AS DELICIOUS AND JUST AS EFFECTIVE AS CUTTING THE TOMATOES!.”

Frisk tilted her head. “What are you going to do-”

Papyrus curled his fingers into a large fist and slammed it down in the bowl. Tomato bits went everywhere. On the floor, on Papyrus’ face, in Frisk’s hair, on the ceiling, it splattered unto the clean dishes, and coated the green peppers. Frisk was honestly surprised the bowl was still in one piece.

Papyrus noted the mess, winced slightly. “FORGOT THAT METHOD MADE SUCH A MESS,” he muttered to himself before he turned back to Frisk. She watched as tomato pieces slowly dripped down his face. He gave her a sheepish smile.

“YOU KNOW TINY HUMAN, IF YOU THINK ABOUT IT, THIS IS KINDA YOUR FAULT.”

Frisk stared at him, wondering if the reason she wasn’t saying anything was because she was suffering from a minor case of shell-shock. What just happened was stunningly insane. Just pure insanity and her brain hadn’t been ready for it.

She just watched somebody use their fist to make sauce. That’s...no. Just no. Who does that? That’s a crazy person. Papyrus was a crazy person.

“IF YOU HAD A BETTER CLOCK AND A CLEANER KITCHEN I WOULDN’T BE RUSHING AROUND LIKE THIS AND I WOULD HAVE USED THE MORE CONVENTIONAL METHOD OF COOKING SAUCE!”

“Did that actually work?”
Papyrus flashed her a sharp toothed smile and held out the bowl for her to see. She felt her eyes widened in shock. Inside was a red paste that most definitely looked like spaghetti sauce.

“Jeez, you really do know what you’re doing.”

“NYEH HEH HEH. OF COURSE I DO. I HAD YEARS OF PRACTICE!”

Frisk gave him a knowing look. “Taking care of your family at a young age. That’s is pretty great Papyrus.”

Frisk watched as Papyrus glowed. She felt a bit of warmth enter her body as a proud smile that wasn’t even a bit arrogant or smug came over the tall monster’s face.

He looks kind when he smiles like that, Frisk thought as Papyrus pulled a black and red handkerchief from his pants’ pocket and kneeled down to her level. Frisk started to flinch back, but stopped when he diligently began to pull the chunks of tomato from her hair using the cloth.

The blush on Papyrus face increased and Frisk noticed the hand wiping the bits of food of her hair was beginning to shake. His expression looked pained.

“I KNOW YOU AND ME SEEM TO AGREE ON A LOT OF THINGS...BUT...I WORK A LOT...I WOULDN’T HAVE TIME TO...GIVE YOU THE ATTENTION YOU DESERVE.”

What the hell-Oh. He thought... Frisk’s blush increased. He thought...well I did blow a kiss to him.

I KNOW YOU LIKE ME AND HAVE ADmired ME SINCE YOU MET ME AND PERHAPS I MIGHT HAVE LED YOU TO BELIEVE I WAS INTERESTED IN YOU BY COMING HERE, BUT.”

Frisk held back her laughter as she grabbed his giant hand that was holding the handkerchief and gave it a gentle squeeze. This is just like one of those super corny love stories. Well, better allow him to break my heart gently. I should go out with dignity.
“That’s okay Papyrus. I understand that somebody as great as you needs his space. But I’d like to be a friend to you.”

An immense amount of relief washed over Papyrus’ face. “YES! THANK YOU FOR UNDERSTANDING, TINY HUMAN! AND PERHAPS ONE DAY YOU WILL FIND YOUR MATCHING COLOR, BUT UNTIL THEN TRY TO RESIST LOVING ME!” Papyrus declared dramatically.

Frisk giggled. “I’ll try, but can I admire you from afar in a longing way?”

A firm knock on the door halted whatever sentence Papyrus began to form and seemed to remind him he was on a deadline. He straightened up again and rushed back to the stove to mix everything together.

Frisk chuckled and shook her head as she walked to the front door.

_How could that guy be a criminal? He’s too...dramatic...too unreal to be part of the criminal world. God, Sans must have his hands full watching over this guy to make sure he never gets hurt._

Frisk opened the door with a big frown, once again thinking about Sans.

_What the hell do I have to do to get that guy out of my head-

All thoughts froze and dissolved when she saw her second unexpected guest for the night. Sans was at her front door. Which meant he knew where she lived. And he was holding a flower pot with what looked like dirt packed into it.

His ever present grin widened.

“Sorry to bother ya so late doll-face, but I just had to see ya.”

He took a step closer to her.
"I think you and me need to talk."

Chapter End Notes

So here are a few hints for the next chapter: We learn how wrong Frisk is about Papyrus' harmless nature and more smut to be had! This time it's not in Sans' head! I'll let your imaginations run wild on that one! ^^
Flowers and Sex

Chapter Notes

Alright...one of my longer chapters :)  
And I am so sorry I didn't respond to any of your comments! I know that's extremely rude since you all took time out of your day to send me your comments and I have yet to respond, but I should be responding to all of them in the next day or two. ^^

As always thank you all your wonderful comments and kudos!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Frisk tried not to look as fearful and as panicked as she felt as she stepped outside her apartment and silently closed her door, cautiously and quietly looking Sans over. The short skeleton looked a little bit...rough. Yeah, that’s it. He looked rough.

He wasn’t wearing his black suit jacket or his red waistcoat and the rings on his hand were gone. His blank pants and black button up shirt were wrinkled, and some of the shirt’s buttons were undone or put in the wrong holes. And to top it all off he was holding a small empty blue flower pot...well it would have been empty, but from where Frisk stood she saw that it was packed to the brim with dirt.

*He looks like a toddler who tried to dress himself,* Frisk thought but didn’t find any sort of humor in his sloppy appearance like she did with his brother’s ridiculous, but adorable cooking attire.

*I saw you. I want you and so I learned all that I could about you. Followed you around for a bit.*

Frisk trembled as their first meeting resurfaced in her head. He really had been following her around even though he claimed that statement was nothing more than a joke. But it was true! And she never knew it. Never felt a shadow following her or a pair of eyes watching her.

*We need to talk.*

*About what? What else do you want from me Sans,* Frisk thought as she waited for the skeleton to speak, but to her despair and growing unease the skeleton didn’t say anything for what seemed like an hour. And the longer Sans waited the more Frisk began to think that this random and unexpected visit was more than just another attempt to upset her and show just how much power he had over her.
Frisk took another glance at him while he stood there in silence, looking at the empty pot as opposed to her. That wasn’t like him either. Every time they were together, his eyes never left her. Those red sockets always followed her.

But now...instead of looking like some kind of wealthy smug businessman (mobster) who enjoyed to flaunt and show off how upscale and high-class he was, Sans sincerely looked like he had just woken up and dropped everything he was doing without bothering to clean himself up to rush over here.

**We need to talk.**

Frisk’s paranoia increased.  *Did he...did he find out about my possible job?*  Frisk felt the color drain from her face.  *NO! Please! Please it's one of the only things I have left. It’s one of my last lifelines. Please don’t tell me he scared Jim and his offer away. PLEASE-*

““We...um… we didn’t leave on good terms today did we, dollface?”

Frisk almost didn’t hear Sans. Along with her overwhelming panic and her loud heartbeats, coupled with how quiet Sans was speaking, she almost missed what he said.

His voice didn’t sound like it’s usual unpleasant, deep, smug and rough tone that almost always seemed to trigger a shiver down Frisk’s spine. She wasn’t sure what emotion was causing his voice to get lower and stammer a bit, but hearing him talk with that voice did in some miraculous way slightly ease a tiny bit of Frisk’s paranoia away.

Finally Sans looked up.

“I…” Frisk began to say, unsure of what was gonna come out of her mouth, but Sans quickly cut her off.

“You left pretty angry at me right? I mean I get why ya ain’t too pleased with me at the moment, but I don’t like the fact yer unhappy...um...about going out with me. Thinkin’ about it leaves a bad taste in my mouth. So...I thought maybe...I could...ya know do somethin’ for ya...to show you...um....that you should feel lucky I’m payin’ this much attention to ya.”
Frisk could only stare at him. In a detached way she was relieved that this visit was in no way related to her possible job opportunity. If he didn’t know about Jim’s offer, he couldn’t ruin it.

However her relief was overtaken by the fact that this visit was clearly much more than about Sans’ ego being insulted. His voice was low, his light sockets were dimmed and he was having trouble looking at her while he spoke. And all that stammering...it was like he was thinking up lies at the same time he was speaking them and as a result he kept stuttering.

“Why does it matter if I’m unhappy when I’m agreeing to what you want me to do?”

She watched as Sans’ boney fingers tightened around the pot.

“It matters okay?! Just shut up and watch this so I can try to git ya to smile!”

He felt stupid, just all around stupid. He felt stupid standing at her front door stuttering out his sentences with his little lady watching him make a fool out of himself. He felt stupid holding a fuckin’ flower pot in his hands. He felt stupid thinking this visit might make his little lady feel better.

But...if he hadn’t done come here, he knew he wouldn’t be able to sleep or eat until the next time he saw her, which could possibly be the day of their date if she went out of her way to avoid him, which she might do and he couldn’t let that happen.

When she left today...well...it didn’t bother him at first.

*My back is against the wall. You know that’s why I’m agreeing to this right?*

It was tasteless for his little lady to say that. After all, Sans and her BOTH knew that was the only reason why she was agreeing to going out with him this weekend, so why did she feel the need to say it out loud? It was...unnecessary.

Unnecessary, tasteless and a bit spiteful when Sans thought about it, which he tried hard not to do after she left. Of course her comment was meant to be spiteful. Why else would she tell him that the ONLY reason she would ever agree to be with him was because he had her cornered? Sans
knew her little comment was nothing more than a...than a...well it just a weak attempt at a cheap shot to Sans’ ego. And even though it was hard to ignore how broken and sad she looked when she said it, Sans was...fairly certain she had said it with the hopes that it would upset him.. But it didn’t work. No not at all.

It didn’t bother Sans one bit to hear that comment. Why would it when he knew that when the weekend came and they had their night together, that little lady would be crawling all over him, thinking of him and only him and that little comment would be long forgotten.

And never again would she ever look at him with the expression of pure hatred that greeted him when he had first seen her this afternoon.

So nothing about today’s events bothered Sans….

Okay, so it might have been...a little...unpleasant hearing that obvious fact come out of her choked up voice. Plus seeing her sitting on the ground crying wasn’t exactly a pretty picture either. And seeing her usually beautiful and alert eyes red from all that crying was extremely uncomfortable...but….

On the whole, everything was working out perfectly. Finally . It took a lot more persuasion and effort than Sans originally thought it would, but hey...he had gotten same outcome regardless of the journey and that was the important thing.

So she cried, big deal. She also melted in his arms...God holding her squirming body in his arms felt incredible and the fact that she had practically moaned a few times when Sans squeezed and caressed her SOUL with his magic was maddening. He wished he would have done it longer to her (it would have been fucking amazing to see where that could have gone), but he had been using the last of his magic up, so he was than a little disappointed to cut her pleasure off...but…

...There was no doubt about it. He was already more than halfway to claiming her. He felt like he was nearly at the finish line, so close to obtaining his golden prize.

So that little comment, her tears and her broken choked up voice didn’t bother him...

In fact, as he laid down on his new bed to take a well-earned nap to rejuvenate his magic, he fantasized about how her body would feel next to his. The bed was soft and warm, but he KNEW, absolutely KNEW she would feel even better on the bed and in his sheets, with her legs wrapped
tightly around his waist. GOD...he could practically taste her lips and feel her pulsing and pushing against him and her hot juices running down her legs….

And when he woke up a few hours later that comment still didn’t bother him. He ate a few nice cream bars in peace, his mind barely even thinking about her miserable and hopeless face and when he accidently did, he quickly thought of something else. Like how stupid she was gonna feel when she realized that Sans really the best thing that could happen to her.

He tried to read a few of his brother’s puzzle books to pass the time before Papyrus got back from cooking at his “admirer’s home” but reading was a becoming a little more difficult with every page.

His little lady…

Frisk...

She was....

GOD! She was really pissing him off!

His mind just wouldn’t let him forget about those...stupid tears and the broken and defeated way she walked out of his home...like her life was over or some stupid shit like that!

It was overdramatic! It was just a date for Fuck’s sakes. Why in the FUCK did she have to look so miserable about doing something people did for fun?! Well, whatever the fucking reason was, she was miserable and whose fucking fault was that?

As much as Sans hated to admit it and despite how stupid it was for her to cry over nothing, he knew it was because of him and it made him wonder how she was gonna spend the rest her day.

Was she gonna go home and just cry some more? The thought send a painful shot through Sans SOUL as he imagined her crying on her couch or on her bed, blaming him for her misery.

He didn’t want her to...No...she had no right to blame him for any of her misery because she shouldn’t be miserable! She didn’t have to worry about paying bills ever again, and he practically
told her that bullshit protection fee was...okay he used the word “maybe” but that should have been a hint that he wasn’t really going to enforce a protection fee. And her shitty seedy bar jobs? If they were so important to her, he’d give them back to her. So what was the big deal?

The big deal was that she was unhappy. Because of Sans. And because of that Sans was gonna make sure that his little lady went to bed tonight with a...somewhat decent opinion of him.

And so without thinking about anything, as in what time it was, how he looked or what he was gonna say to her, he teleported to the newly built shed next to their newly built home and took a few materials that were meant for rebuilding the park. Papyrus would most likely notice the missing pot, flower seed and soil, but Sans knew he wouldn’t make a big deal out of it. There was plenty more where all those materials came from.

After he packed the soil into the blue vase he teleported to his little lady’s apartment.

And now he couldn’t help but feel stupid as Frisk silently watched him. But he was here and there was no harm in trying to get her to lighten up. The worst thing that could happen was that it didn’t work...which really would be terrible, but at least Sans could say he tried.

The small skeleton kneeled on the ground and carefully placed the vase down so his little lady could see everything. He took a deep breath, feeling his bones turn red as he looked up at his little lady. She wasn’t smiling, but she wasn’t frowning either. She looked neutral. That was a good start.

“You like flowers, dollface?”

“I love flowers.”

Her instant and very warm response made him feel just a little bit better that he choose the right thing to...impress her with.

“Yeah? Well then you’ll love this trick.”

“Trick?” She asked cautiously but Sans couldn’t help but smile a bit more when he heard the curiosity ringing through her voice as well.
Sans nodded and reached into his pocket, pulling out a blue seed. He held it up between his fingers to show his little lady. And he watched, feeling his excitement build, as she kneeled down on the opposite side of the small pot to get a better look at the seed.

Sans never thought in a million years he would be explaining anything that remotely had to do with flowers but here he was.

“So this is what we monsters call an Echo flower seed. They’re really popular where I come from and Papyrus and I thought ya humans might like ‘em so we’re plannin’ on plantin’ a lot of them in the park. I thought you might like to have the first one.”

Digging a small hole into the soft soil with his digit, Sans carefully dropped the seed into the dirt and delicately covered it up. With a smirk on his face he looked at his little lady and saw he had her full attention. He winked at her.

“Now watch this.”

He put his hand over the soil and poured just a little bit of his magic into it. And Sans watched his little lady’s eyes widened as the typical bright blue glowing color of an Echo flower began to poke out of the soil and started to bloom at a rapid pace until a full grown flower stood at attention.

His little lady stared in awe and wonderment at the plant. Her cheeks becoming a slight red as a big smile began to grow on her face. Sans felt his SOUL beat even faster.

*So that’s what her real smile looks like,* he thought as he sat down in a more comfortable position on the ground and watched as his little lady gave the flower an experimental poke. *You’d have to be made of stone not to fall in love with that smile,* Sans thought, feeling his SOUL get warmer.

Finally she looked at him and while her huge smile faded from her face, a small smile still lingered and graced her pretty face. Now Sans felt like he won something.

“It’s beautiful, Sans,” she said.

Grinning with a slight blush on his face, Sans reached over and gently flicked the flower. He watched as her mouth fell open as the flower repeated her sentence to her. Her eyes nearly popped out of her head with amazement.
It’s beautiful, Sans.

“Di-Did that fl-flower just-?”

Sans chuckled. “They are called Echo flowers fer a reason dollface. Go on. Give it a try fer yerself.”

With an eager smile, his little lady leaned close to the flower.

“This can’t be real.”

She flicked the flower.

This can’t be real.

She gave a small squeal of laughter that made Sans laugh as well.

“This is amazing.”

She flicked the flower again.

This is amazing.

With a wide grin on her face she did it again.

“This is the greatest thing in the world.”

This is the greatest thing in the world.
Sans thought his SOUL was gonna overflow with pride. He may have made her cry, but he also made her laugh. He very much doubted she would go to bed unhappy tonight.

“Thank you, Sans.”

Thank you, Sans.

Sans looked up to see that his little lady was giving him a sweet, but undeniably cautious smile. And the blush on her face was now a deep red.

“You didn’t have to do this...you know try and make me feel better...I...you…” she paused. Sans eagerly waited for her to continue. After a few seconds he felt a sense of dread as her smile faded.

“I don’t know what to think of you.”

And Sans gave an internal sigh of relief when he heard those words. Sure she sounded uncertain and distressed when she spoke them, but it was a much better statement than “My back is against the wall. You know that’s why I’m agreeing to this right?”

I’ll take that statement along with your laughter and smiles over that that bullshit you pulled this afternoon, the skeleton thought before he shrugged and stood up offering his hand to help his little lady up.

She hesitated for just a second and took his hand. His SOUL gave another happy thump as he gently helped her up.

“Hey...like I said, that’s the fun about dating me. I’m a gamble!”

His little lady rolled her eyes as she picked up her flower.

“Yeah, so is letting your brother in my home. Do you think you can talk him into leaving before he-”
Sans watched as the door opened and his younger brother stepped out of HIS little lady’s home and if it weren’t for the heavy black smoke that was pouring out the door or the fact that Papyrus’ face was covered in soot while the sleeves of his dress shirt were burnt, Sans wasn’t sure what he would have done.

“SAY...UM...LITTLE HUMAN...NOT THAT YOU SHOULD BE CONCERNED, BUT DO YOU OWN ANY DEVICES THAT CAN STOP A FIRE-OH HELLO BROTHER! I WAS JUST FINISHING COOKING OUR DINNER WHEN A SMALL FIRE STARTED!”

“What?!” Sans’ little lady shouted and was about to run in until Sans pulled himself out his rage to realize what she was gonna do and grabbed her arm pulling her back until her shoulder was pressed into his ribs.

“Oh no dollface you ain’t going in a place that’s on fire. You stay here. Me and Dipshit over here are gonna take care of that and when that’s over-” Sans leaned in so Papyrus wouldn’t hear “you’re gonna tell me why my brother is in your home.”

His little lady glared at him. “My home is on fire.”

“She’s right and it’s getting worse, Sans!”

Sans glared at him. “You said it was just a small fire. Nothing to be concerned about!”

Papyrus nodded and shot SANS’ little lady an apologetic smile and once again, Sans felt his rage begin to boil, but one look her panicked face made him realize that now wasn’t the time for anything other than solving her problem.

“Yes and that was a true statement when I said it, but while we were all talking, it spread!”

“Goddamn it Papyrus!”

Frisk was still holding her flower as she stared in horror at her kitchen before she looked towards the two skeleton brothers who were covered in black shoot and white foam from the fire extinguisher.
Papyrus was looking sadly at his burnt pot of spaghetti while Sans stood beside Frisk surveying the damage with narrowed and calculating eyes. The stove and the walls closest to the stove were burnt black.

After what seemed like an hour of staring in complete silence at the damage, Frisk finally spoke.

“He invited himself over. Said since he was making a human dish he needed to use a human stove.”

Sans grunted and Frisk saw his sockets go pitch black again. She hugged Sans’ beautiful gift to her chest. “Is that all that happened between the two of you?”

Frisk blinked at his cold tone of voice, but answered honestly, because...why the hell not at this point? And because nothing really did happen. Not what Sans was obviously thinking at any rate. He didn’t need to know that she thought Papyrus might be a good ally to use if Sans revealed himself to be a bastard during their date.

“No nothing happened. He just said that he couldn’t be my lover because he was a career man. Apparently he thought I was in love with him.”

Sans didn’t say anything for a few seconds. “So you were his admirer huh?”

Frisk chuckled, amazed she could still do that while looking at her destroyed kitchen. Well it could be worse she supposed. It could have been a part of her apartment she actually used.

“Is that what he said I was? Doesn’t matter though. He broke my heart gently and I took it well. I’m ready to love again.”

Frisk watched as the red color returned to Sans’ sockets. He gave a small and sincere laugh.

“I guess you’ll have to go with the next best thing: his brother.”

Frisk laughed. “Yep I guess so-” she immediately shut her mouth and tried to hide her face in the
flower’s large petals as Sans let out a sly laugh.

“Shut up and get the hell out of my house,” she muttered tiredly, now more than ever ready to go to bed.

“DON’T WORRY, TINY HUMAN! MY BROTHER AND I KNOW AN OLD FRIEND WHO CAN REPAIR JUST ABOUT ANYTHING! WE’LL BRING HIM ALONG WITH US TOMORROW!” Papyrus piped up.

Sans nodded. “Yep, he’ll have your home fixed in a matter of...say, dollface is that clock right?”

“IT’S THIRTY MINUTES SLOW-GOOD GOD WE’RE LATE! BROTHER, WE’RE LATE!”

Frisk blinked as Papyrus grabbed Sans’ shoulders. The shorter skeleton glared up at the taller one.

“Hey relax. We ain’t gonna get in trouble if we tell him we were helpin’ one of the humans put out a fire.”

*That you started*, Frisk wanted to say, but wisely choose to keep it in her head.

Red smoke started to pour out of Sans’ sockets. Papyrus waved at her.

“SEE YOU TOMORROW, TINY HUMAN!”

Frisk smiled and waved to him. “Have a goodnight Papyrus! Thanks for hanging out with me.”

Papyrus beamed and once again Frisk found herself staring at Sans’ pitch black sockets. She smiled at him despite the shiver that ran down her spine.

“Thanks for the flower, Sans. And thanks for...” she hesitated. “...worrying about how I was feeling.”
Sans’ nodded his head and winked, the light once again returning his sockets.

In a puff of red smoke, both brother vanished. Frisk sighed and looked at her flower.

“I don’t know what I’m doing or what I think I’m doing. He actually made me like him for a few seconds.”

She looked at the flower and smiled.

“Goodnight.”

She flicked the flower.

Goodnight.

Wingdings stared at his silver pocket watch and then at the wall clock in his study to make sure both clocks were indeed correct. He frowned. Their times matched right down to the second.

They were late. Twelve minutes late to be exact and with every tick and tock his pocket watch made, Wingdings felt his anger and concern grow. He made it VERY CLEAR this morning that they needed to be home at eight-thirty for dinner and it was nearly nine o’clock.

They were behind schedule.

“Completely unacceptable,” Wingdings muttered to himself as he roughly grabbed up his half-sketch blueprints for his latest weapon idea and shoved the papers into the top drawer of his worn down desk, slamming it shut so hard that the entire desk shuddered.

The weapon was an idea at the moment really, but with a little more time and some... resources from his human “business partners” and his monster enemies, Wingdings was positive his newest gun, his GASTER BLASTER, as he gleefully called it in his head, was going to be his most powerful weapon yet.
Oddly but not surprisingly, the idea came to him this afternoon, after dealing with Don Dee’s nonsense and extremely rude attitude and appalling manners. Once the idea entered his head, Wingdings spent most of the day in his work study, fervishly writing out calculations and drawing rough drafts of how the gun would might look and totaling how much damage it could do with one blast. He was hoping the gun would be able to obliterate an entire building full of humans or monsters, whichever group was the biggest problem to him at the time, when it was finished.

But when eight o’clock came around, Wingdings stopped his work, just like Sans and Papyrus should have done as well and waited for them to come home. After all there was a time to work and have fun with the outside world and there was a time to be home. And Wingdings made it PERFECTLY and ABSOLUTELY CLEAR to both of those...boneheads, just like he did EVERYDAY that the time to be home was 8:30 P.M.

Right now he should be downstairs, sitting with those two at the dinner table while they all ate Papyrus’ terrible-tasting food and praising the flavor of it and how well it was cooked until Papyrus’ SOUL nearly burst with happiness and after that whole ordeal was over they would discuss how things were going in the human city, namely how well the more...common humans were warming up to the idea of monsters living in their area.

That’s what should have been happening at this moment.

Wingdings stared at his clock again and an angry scowl came over his face. But now it was 9:01 P.M and Wingdings was still in his room waiting to hear his younger brothers’ voices coming from the downstairs room.

It was...annoying to say the least. And a tab bit worrisome.

If Papyrus, who was always so punctual when it came to appointments, wasn’t late, and it were just Sans he was waiting on, Wingdings wouldn’t have been so...angry about this whole thing. Sans had always been bad with time even as a kid and before Wingdings found employment as Asgore’s right hand man years ago, it drove the eldest skeleton crazy with worry wondering where his younger brother was.

Back when Asgore and Toriel ruled every part of Fell City there were certain times the poorer or more underprivileged monsters didn’t come out of their homes and one of those times was after 8:30 in the night.

If some poor bastard or unlucky lady ventured out during those times, they were either mugged, beaten or killed by Asgore’s ever loyal mutts. During the very early years when Wingdings was
merely a lowly appliance repairman, that rule applied to him and his younger brothers too.

It was really a display of power on Asgore’s part with his unspoken but well-known curfew. The monsters, who for one reason or another, broke his curfew and were beaten without mercy weren’t really enemies or threats to Asgore’s gang and for those who were mugged, it was only for a few worthless pieces of gold.

But Wingdings had to admit, it kept people afraid. But then again, there were other ways to gain a person’s loyalty. A lesson Asgore learned the hard way many years ago.

But nonetheless, during those early years Wingdings followed Asgore’s rules just as fearfully as everybody else in Snowdin. Even as a tiny baby bones Papyrus understood what might happened to him if he broke Asgore’s curfew, but Sans…

From age twelve to seventeen, before Wingdings gained employment from the mafia goat family, Sans would be out all hours of the night, but in the shorter skeleton’s defense Wingdings knew it wasn’t a disrespectful or disobedient thing on Sans’ part.

The idiot was either always too drunk or too high most times to even realize what time it was when he came stumbling home (thank God the imbecile could teleport otherwise he would have been dead the first night) and Sans would often be confused on why Wingdings would fly into a rage and beat the holy shit out of him.

Sans was a difficult child and for anybody else they would have given up on Sans, but Wingdings was a patient and persistent brother if he said so himself and over time Sans got the message.

It took quite a few beatings and the use of one of Wingdings’ earlier but most effective inventions, a shock collar of sorts, to get Sans to listen to him but in the end the method worked. Sans cooled his drinking down, stopped the injections, and became more aware of the time so Wingdings happily took the collar off when Sans showed he was responsibly.

Then he got hired as Asgore’s main inventor and things became a lot safer for the Gasters until that whole thing with the goat bastard’s horrid children happend….

But even though that was many years ago, and despite the fact that Asgore’s power over Waterfall and Snowdin was gone, every time 8:30 rolled around Wingdings’ unease and anxiety would increase substantially if one or both his brothers weren’t home.
The past always finds a way to haunt and taunt its victims and in Wingdings’ case, a monster who fancied himself a logical and extremely powerful person and who knew Asgore could no longer touch him or DARE to try, would still start to sweat during certain times.

It was irrational and annoying and when Papyrus and Sans got home, he would deal with both of them accordingly. They both knew they could late any other time of the day but not at 8:30.

*When they get home, I swear I’m gonna break both their heads open-*

A soft but firm knock on his front door broke him out of his thoughts. Instantly Wingdings focused his magic, preparing an attack at a moment’s notice.

Having somebody knocking on his door was not normal...no matter what time it was. Nobody visited his home to have a talk or a nice sit down with Papyrus or Sans and especially nobody ever visited to talk to him.

If a monster urgently needed to discuss something with him whether it was getting his blessing to open a business in his area or be granted permission for relatives to move into Waterfall or Snowdin from Asgore’s territories, they rarely ever came to him to first. They first would seek out either Papyrus and Sans.

The younger brothers would relay the message to Wingdings and Wingdings would usually tell them what to tell the monster. In most cases there was no need to talk directly to the monster.

In fact, aside from that “unknown” phone call that first alerted Wingdings to Grillby’s private deals with Mettaton and Asgore, the tall skeleton could only count the number of times he directly dealt with his business on a personal level.

But other than that instance, Papyrus and Sans dealt with their areas’ problems with monsters that sought them on the streets or in stores, so there was no need for visitors.

But that wasn’t the only reason why nobody knocked or came around to their home.

Wingdings knew that monsters didn’t visit because they were worried that if they did knocked on his
front door, there was a good chance Wingdings might answer. And after everything that happened between the Gasters and the Demurrers and how badly Wingdings beat Undyne to a bloody pulp during Asgore’s one and only act of attempted revenge against the Gasters in front of a crowd of horrified onlookers, the other monsters tended to stay away from the eldest skeleton brother.

Wingdings accepted this little fact and couldn’t blame those monsters who rushed to cross the street if they saw him coming or cowered in fear during the rare times he wanted to shop for books.

And with all that information pumping through his head, Wingdings couldn’t help but wondered why a monster was knocking on his door.

The unexpected visitor knocked again. Wingdings quietly walked to his window and peered down the glass towards his front door. A single figure stood outside. Judging from how the body was shaped and how it moved smoothly in such a lovely and graceful fashion, Wingdings immediately knew his visitor was female. A tall shapely female with six arms.

Almost as though the lady felt his eyes on her, she looked directly at him. Five beautiful violet eyes shined up at him and even in the dark, Wingdings saw a small seductive smile curl up on her lips, revealing a pair of attractive and appealing fangs. And now that he recognized her as Miss Muffet, the pretty spider monster who worked for Grillby until...well last night, Wingdings felt his own smile widened.

He suddenly felt happy his brothers were late. Ever since Sans told him about the newest barmaid that started working at Grillby’s a week or two ago, Wingdings had been planning to introduce himself to her. But then that phone call came in and Wingdings had to put Grillby before her. Once he destroyed that disgusting pigsty of a bar, he was sure he would never have a chance to “talk” to Muffet, but he was glad he had been wrong.

Muffet waved to him, wiggling her fingers. Wingdings returned the wave before he slowly started down the stairs, stopping only briefly to look at himself in the living room mirror before opening the door.

The smell of sugar and vanilla hit him. She smelled sweet. Like bakery goods. Wingdings’ smile grew as he looked Muffet over. She was beautiful. Gorgeous purple hair and a tight fitted dress to show off her curves. She turned slightly so Wingdings could get an eyeful of her breasts and as she did, he briefly saw something colorful and the size of his hand scurrying across her back at a strange angle so it wouldn’t be seen.

If Wingdings hadn’t already been looking for something like that to be crawling on her back he
would have missed it.

He bent down slightly so he was more eye level with her, enjoying more of her smell as he did so. Muffet smiled, revealing more of her sharp but pretty white teeth.

“I hope I’m not disturbing you Don Gaster, but I just received quite a big check from you in my mail and was just wondering what it was for. Not that I mind receiving big things in my tiny mailbox.” She batted her many eyes with her long bright pink eyelashes at him.

_Such a sultry voice to go with that lovely body_, Wingdings thought and casually leaned against the door’s frame.

“You’re not disturbing me at all, my dear. And I will be happy to clear up any confusion you might have. You see after that horrible accident with Grillby’s bar last night, I felt like it was my duty to make sure that all of Grillby’s workers had some...unemployment checks while they found work elsewhere.”

That was true too. Last night Wingdings spent most of his night writing out checks for all Grillby’s employees who had lost their jobs. But he wasn’t too worried about them going without jobs for too long. Aside from one employee, namely the lovely spider monster in front of him, all of Grillby’s workers were either from WATERFALL or SNOWDIN and it just so happened that Papyrus needed some workers to help rebuild that human park.

Nothing lost and there was so much to gain when he destroyed that bar. This week truly had been productive business wise and when Muffet titled her head and leaned forward, pressing herself against Wingdings’ chest, he knew it just got better.

“You really do know how to take care of your people, don’t you Don Gaster?”

Wingdings chuckled and put two gloved fingers under her chin, lifting her head up so all five eyes were staring at him. They glittered beautifully up at him. She must have been using a lot of magic for that gimmick. Not that Wingdings was complaining.

It had been a while since he had a chance to….do something like this.

“You move impressively fast, my dear.”
Muffet giggled and gripped his shoulders with one pair of arms. She gripped his waist with her second pair and finally using one of her free hands from her final pair of arms, she reached down and delicately placed a hand over his pelvis. She began to rub him gently.

Wingdings smirked, feeling her hand skillfully begin to move faster when she realized that she couldn’t feel his magic forming. She would have to try something much more pleasurable than a few simple touches if she wanted to coax his magic to form into something she could play with.

“I’m also impulsive, grateful aaaand” she sang as she stopped rubbing and began squeezing, “I was incredibly turned on when I saw what you did to Grillby. You don’t know how much I hate that man.”

Wingdings felt his magic stirring. He wrapped his arms around her waist being careful not to crush the little thing she was hiding behind her back and pulled her even closer to him.

“Yeah? You saw that?” he croaked and felt the warmth and magic in his pelvis begin to build and expand at a quicker pace as the hands that were on his shoulders wrapped themselves around his neck and pulled him down. He felt Muffet’s tongue lap his neck while the squeezing got tighter and more rough.

He shivered in pleasure as he felt his cock begin to form. She was good. He had to give her that. She was very very good.

Muffet pressed her lips fully on his neck just below his jaw and gave the thick bone a sloppy suckle before she answered.

“I watched the entire thing. Grillby never stood a chance. Don’t know what he did to deserve it, but I saw how you totally destroyed him without even breaking a sweat. God...so hot. I don’t mind being a one-night stand, Don Gaster, just as long as you help me get rid of the heat you created,” she said in a breathy tone before going back to sucking his neck bone.

Oh yes. This week was a good week.

“Well, you’re lucky I’m such a softy.” he muttered into her ear.

Muffet giggled again and began to push them both into his home. Wingdings allowed her to move
him and when they were fully inside, Muffet let go of him to closed the door, giving Wingdings a predatory look as she licked her lips.

“We won’t be interrupted right?” She asked, putting her hands on her dress, slowly unbuttoning it in front of him.

The skeleton chuckled and sat down in Sans’ lazy chair, putting his feet up on the foot rest. He saw the bulge that was twitching underneath his black pants and looked at Muffet who was halfway done unbuttoning her dress. The straps were beginning to slide off her shoulders teasingly.

“We are in luck. My little brothers won’t be home for awhile, so why don’t you finish what you started, my dear?”

Muffet winked two of her eyes at him and let go of her dress, allowing it to fall to the ground revealing a see through black bra and matching panties with tiny purple heart designs sew into them.

Wingdings caught something colorful scurrying under his chair but pretended like he didn’t notice it as Muffet straddled his waist and slowly began to grind on him. Wingdings smiled, enjoying the feeling of her heat against his clothed cock and leaned back sighing in pleasure and closing his eyes.

He felt a slight shaking coming from behind him, but wasn’t too worried about that at the moment. Right now all he wanted to do was focus on Muffet.

“Like that?” Muffet said, moving her hips just a little faster and for her efforts managed to force a small moan of pleasure from the skeleton.

His dick was begging to be released but Wingdings was gonna wait for Muffet to make the first move on that. He was a gentleman after all.

“You’re good, my dear,” he said, finally opening his eyes and noticed the brief way Muffet looked behind him at whatever was causing the area around him to shake a bit more intensely before she looked back at him and began to drag herself off the chair.

The skeleton lifted his feet off the footrest and spread his legs as the spider monster kneeled in front of him. She leaned forward and ran a tongue down the front of his pants. He hissed sharply and
instantly felt something’s warm and sickly sweet breath hit the back of his neck, but he still didn’t turn around to face whatever monster Muffet thought she so cleverly and discreetly brought with her.

“You want me to take it out?” Muffet said and ran her tongue once again over the clothed budge.

Wingdings managed a chuckle. “Want me to beg? You know the answer, my dear Muffet.”

She unzipped his pants and expertly pulled out Wingdings’ glowing purple dick. A few drops of black pre-cum were leaking out. Muffet looked him in the eye, licked her lips and put the tip of it in her mouth. She sucked it almost timidly.

“You...now...Miss Muffet, when my...ugh...brother told me you were...huh...working at Grillby’s I was a little shocked.”

The monster behind Wingdings gave a low warning growl, unwittingly letting the tall skeleton know he was about to attack. Wingdings’ paid the soon-to-be-dead monster no mind as Muffet put more of his dick in her mouth. Her tongue was pretty good. Never stopping and never stop exploring every inch of what she could fit in her mouth.

“It shocks me because...OH!...because I know about your successful bakery in HOTLAND.”

Finally Muffet stopped her motions and looked up at Wingdings. Seven white hands materialized behind the pretty spider monster. She slowly pulled his dick out of her mouth and with some trouble and great deal of willpower he forced his purple dick to vanish.

Wingdings grinned at her as she began to slowly back away from him. Her eyes narrowing with hate while her pretty mouth turned into an amusing snarl. She stood up and walked a few feet away from him.

“Now why would a rich classy lady such as yourself come all the way to SNOWDIN for a low-paying barmaid job? Unless you were hired to be something else while being a barmaid.”

His grin vanished he sat up in the chair. “So tell me you nasty little whore, did Asgore send you to spy on me?”
The spider covered her mouth with her many hands and giggled. Wingdings felt the huge monster behind him take a massive step towards him. The entire house shook.

“And now he’s paying me to kill you! GET HIM, MY PET! KILL HI-”

One of the seven hands floating behind Muffet grabbed her back of her head and yanked on her hair. She let out a scream of pain as her back hit the floor and the six remaining hands kept her pinned to the ground.

Wingdings had only a second to enjoy Muffet’s state before the huge cupcakespider monster pet, that Muffet was known to have, attacked. The tall skeleton jumped out of Sans’ chair as one of Muffet’s pet’s legs stomped on it. It shattered. Wingdings winced. Sans wasn’t gonna be happy about that.

He should take care of this creature before it destroyed anything else in his home. He concentrated a bit more of his magic and turned around to face Muffet’s pet.

And now that Wingdings was facing the huge monster that literally entered his home the size of a little spider only to grow into this bizarre cupcake looking giant spider monster with a massive mouth that could easily gulp him up in one bite and nearly took up half his living room, Wingdings had to admit, he was kind of impressed with Muffet’s plan.

Granted it was a stupid idea, but Wingdings admired bravery. Even if it were stupid bravey. It been years since somebody tried to kill him and Muffet’s seductive approach was...amusing and cute to say the least.

The giant spider took a step towards him. Muffet began to laugh.

“KILL HIM, MY PET!”

Wingdings smile and began to materialize a new set of hands. The monster opened his mouth, ready to chop the older monster in two when it stopped. And let out an ear piercing scream.

Wingdings’ smile widened and he let out a croaky laugh as he snapped his fingers and the hands that were pinning Muffet down pulled her up so she was standing beside the skeleton. The giant cupcake...
monster fell on it’s side and began to wiggle and writhe. Dust began to pour out of his mouth. Muffet’s eyes widened in horror as she watched the scene unfold before her.

“Do you want to know an interesting fact about my magic, my dear?” Wingdings purred. “When it comes to weaker monsters I can materialize my hands to form inside their bodies. For instance, I just materialized thirty pairs of hands inside your darling pet’s body and they are ripping him to shreds. A gruesome way to die really.”

Muffet and he watched as the monster suffered for a good three minutes before it finally stopped moving and slowly faded into dust. The giant spider monster’s eyes were looking at Muffet pleadingly before it completely faded.

Muffet began to shake as realization hit her. And for one moment, Wingdings honestly felt bad for her. Asgore probably told her it would be a simple kill if she used her good looks and her strong pet combined, but now, not only did she watch her pet die, but she was in her bra and panties.

Wingdings snapped his fingers again and the hands holding the female spider monster moved. The two hands that were holding her middle set of arms jerked her limbs back so quickly and so harshly. Muffet let out a shrilled shriek as her bones broke.

She would have fallen to the ground in agony, but the hands were still holding her up. Wingdings tsked and grabbed her chin roughly.

“So here’s how things are gonna work. You answer a few simple questions and you have my word I won’t kill you. Understand?”

Wingdings watched as hope fluttered in Muffet’s eyes as she quickly nodded. He never broke his stare with her even when he heard Papyrus and Sans finally get home. They were in the middle of a conversation but instantly feel silent when they must have realized what the hell was going on.

“So little spy, when you were working as a barmaid, did my brother Sans say something to you regarding any business deals during his more drunken moments?”

Muffet quickly shook her head.

Wingdings narrowed his eyes and grabbed one of Muffet’s broken arms and twisted it. Muffet
“Are you lying to me, you whore?” he growled.

“No please. Sans didn’t say anything to me about any business deals!”

Wingdings grunted. “Okay fine. What did you report back to Asgore?”

Sniffling and whimpering Muffet shook her head again. “There was nothing to report. Sans...Sans doesn’t like to talk about business when he’s drunk. And I tried to get him to talk!”

Wingdings scoffed, waving his hand and dispelling his floating hands. Without their support, Muffet fell to the floor.

“I believe you and I always keep my word. I won’t kill you.”

Muffet let out a sob of relief only to let out another scream of pain when Papyrus’ shoe stomped down on one of her hands breaking all her fingers.

“Please Don Gaster! You said-”

Sans and Wingdings laughed as they watched Papyrus summon a thick bone, the size and girth of a baseball bat.

“I know what I said. I said I wouldn’t kill you. I never said anything about Papyrus sparing you. Goodbye Miss Muffet.”

Papyrus could have broken Muffet’s skull in one go and that would have been merciful. But that also wouldn’t be any fun. So he began with the legs and worked up from there. And that was nothing but fun!
Chapter End Notes

Comments are always welcome!
Tops

Chapter Notes

So I rewrote this chapter so many times that I thought my head would explode! I think I got Tops' personality the way I want it! ^^ YES!

And as always thank you all for your patience, kudos and comments! I'm absolutely mind-blown over how much support I have for this story! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“NYEH HEH HEH HEH, HOW INCREDIBLE! BROTHERS, THIS HUMAN CLEANING TOOL IS EXCEPTIONAL! IT’S SUCKING THE DUST RIGHT UP FROM THE CARPET!”

WingDings smirked and shook his head, hearing Papyrus run the “vacuum” across the floor for the fourth time, making sure he got every last bit of Muffet and her pet’s dust.

Despite the fact that Sans was outwardly scowling at his older brother, he couldn’t help but appreciate and admire the human thought process whenever he saw their inventions in action. While their ability to perform magic and conjure up attacks using their SOULS was nearly non-existent and completely pathetic and laughable, they made up for it with all their technology. Seriously almost all their inventions made life SO much more easier.

For example, if Wingdings hadn’t told Sans to pick up that vacuum a week ago, Papyrus and he both would have spent the entire night picking up that stupid slut’s dust by hand. Humans...well Sans could say a lot of things about humans, but they sure as shit knew how to create and invent. If only monsters were that determined and ambitious.

“I thought you’d like that strange machine, Papyrus.” Wingdings had to raise his voice over the vacuum to make himself heard, but Papyrus gave no indication whether or not he had heard his eldest brother.

Wingdings shrugged, shot Sans a small amused smile and went back to picking at the burnt pot of spaghetti that Papyrus shamefully handed him before the youngest skeleton had meekly ordered him and Sans into the kitchen while he cleaned the area up. Now Sans and Wingdings were sitting at the kitchen table waiting for him to finish.

After a few moments of silently picking through the food, Wingdings must have felt his brother’s
never-ending glare because he rolled the red and purple lights in his sockets and sighed deeply.

“Alright already. I’m sorry about your chair Sans, but if it makes you feel any better I would have thrown it away afterwards even if it hadn’t been destroyed. I think some of my cum got on it.” Wingdings said casually before he pulled out a halfway decent noodle from the pot and placed it in his mouth, slurping the entire thing up and swallowing it.

Wingding’s face soured and he quickly pushed the pot away from him.

Sans grimaced at his brother’s words. After years of being there for him when he was too drunk to make it up the stairs the thought of his chair being covered in his brother’s black juices was… heartbreaking.

Sans sighed, looking down and saw that a little bit of Muffet’s dust had hit the sleeve of his shirt when Papyrus took a swing at her pretty little head. He absently brushed the small amount away.

That poor chair deserved a better end. He was tempted to say that silly little fact to his brother, but decided not to, opting just to reach up and rubbed his hand over his forehead, feeling exhausted, but knowing his night wasn’t over just yet.

“Can’t ya just keep a few things to yerself Wings, fer God’s sakes! Ya could have just told me the bitch’s pet destroyed it and I would have accepted it. No questions asked...fuck almighty.” Sans heard Wingdings’ disappointed tsk but it didn’t really have its usual warning bite to it, so the smaller skeleton didn’t look up.

“Relax, brother. I’ll buy you a new one.”

Sans shook his head sadly, resting his chin in his hand. First it was Grillby’s and now it was his chair. But the night could have been so much worst.

_He had made her smile_ …

Sans felt his SOUL thump so heavily with such a strong feeling of prideful bliss that his minor annoyances quickly vanished. He couldn’t help but smile at his brother, not even realizing he was doing it and not noticing the puzzled look that came over Wingdings’ face at San’s sudden shift in
mood.

“Nah...don’t worry yerself about it, bro. I’ll live and besides, I bought that chair in Binky’s shop years ago. There’s no way I can replace that.”

Wingdings nodded, frowning at the mention of the purple bunny’s name that used to own the small store in SNOWDIN before she up and left for HOTLAND one day without any of the Gasters brothers’ permission.

She never came back, leaving her small store to her younger sister, Popper, who ran the area’s hotel. After Wingdings and Sans investigated Popper and decided that the younger rabbit really didn’t have any idea why Binky left, they allowed Popper to run the store with their blessings.

But things changed about Binky’s store. Popper had taken out all the furniture the store once sold to use for her hotel. Now the store just sold different types of food.

“Well perhaps the humans stores can-”

Sans waved the suggestion away with his hand, cutting his brother off. “It’s alright bro, besides, I got a favor ta ask ya. When I bring them workers ya hired to help Papyrus wit’ the park to the human city tomorrow do ya mind if I drag Tops along too?”

“Tops? Why?” Wingdings chuckled before he reluctantly pulled the spoiled pot of food back to him and grabbed another noodle. “Ya think the workers will want some nice cream?”

Sans didn’t answer for a second, bracing himself. He knew Wingdings wouldn’t be too happy with what happened to Frisk’s apartment, but if Wingdings figured out Tops was taken to the human city without him knowing it, he’d be furious. Best just to tell the truth on THIS issue instead.

“No. Papyrus was over at his admirer’s apartment…” Sans paused in mid-sentence, still in complete disbelief that his little lady was Papyrus’ admirer.

Well at least...at least her title of “admirer” was nothing more than Papyrus misreading her attitude towards him as infatuation. She didn’t seem (no...she WASN’T) interested in Papyrus. And at least Papyrus was too focused on dedicating himself fully to Wingdings’ plan to try something with her.
Sans honestly didn’t know what he would do if Frisk was developing something for Papyrus….

He shook that thought away, knowing it was only going to piss him off if he allowed himself to imagine “what-if” scenarios that weren’t even in the realm of reality. Plus, he was gonna visit her tomorrow and he didn’t want to say or do something stupid solely based on a non-existent relationship his little lady wasn’t even having with his brother and destroy his tiny success he made with her tonight.

“Ya see, he was using her kitchen to cook and we both know he ain’t a great cook so-”

“And he burnt her place to the ground,” Wingdings finished, his voice becoming louder and rising over the vacuum with his irritation. Sans winced and silently scooted his chair back.

“Just her kitchen,” Sans quickly corrected.

The vacuum stopped it’s loud humming at the sound of Wingdings’ voice. Sans waited for Papyrus to come into the kitchen, but the tall skeleton never made his appearance. Instead, Sans heard his younger brother’s quick and heavy footsteps running up the stairs and a second later a door slammed letting both brothers know that Papyrus was hiding in his room.

Wingdings’ glared up at the ceiling, but didn’t make a move to go upstairs. Sans gave a small sigh of relief. Wingdings must not have been too angry. Probably more annoyed than anything else, cause if he was angry he wouldn’t have spent more time talking to Sans. If he had been angry he would have rushed upstairs after Papyrus and…Sans shuddered. Yep.

Thank God Muffet’s sad attempt at killing him put him in a great mood.

“Fucking idiot,” Wingdings’ hissed before he turned his glare to Sans. “Did he at least apologize to the human for his stupidity and did you two make it known to the lady that you’d be at her apartment tomorrow morning early making sure you’d fix whatever Papyrus messed up?”

Sans scoffed and despite Wingdings’ anger, the oldest skeleton’s sockets widened in surprise at his brother’s odd and almost uncaring response, but Sans really couldn’t help it. As if he’d leave his little lady fucked like that. But all the same, Sans quickly change his attitude when he saw Wingdings’ mild shock wear off and be replaced by more annoyance, so Sans offered his brother a
more serious response.

“Course we let her know that. That’s why I want to bring Tops wit’ us. I’m sure the fellow still remembers how to fix run-down apartments.”

Wingdings slightly relaxed, but Sans saw the way his gloved hands twitched. He was still displeased and Sans couldn’t blame him.

A majority of Wingdings’ plan relied heavily on Sans and Papyrus’ being able to...connect with the humans in their area and one little slip-up as in fucking up a human’s home could cause a major clash in their plans. Particularly if said human decided to spread a bullshit rumor around like “those monsters barged into my home and destroyed my place and left.”

Which was kind of true, but luckily his lady wasn’t like that.

Sans shot Wingdings a reassuring smile and winked.

“Don’t worry about that little lady, bro, believe it or not I’ve been keepin’ an eye her, ya know, makin’ sure she ain’t tryin’ nothin’ with Papyrus-”

Wingdings grunted in approval. Sans grinned. Some night were easier than others to calm Wings down and apparently tonight had been a good night for the eldest skeleton.

“After Muffet I think that’s a smart idea, Sans. Keep an eye on that lady and make sure she’s not a spy for Dee.”

Sans’ grin widened. *Spend more time watchin’ over the little lady? Ya got it bro. No problem there.*

“She’s a good girl though,” Sans quickly added before Wingdings thought too hard about his accusation. “Nothing to worry about from her. I think she’s one of them progressive people as those humans would say.”

Wingdings smiled. “One of those non-judgemental humans, huh? So they do exist.”
Sans nodded. “Yeah, most of the humans in our area are kind of like that. Some are still a little nervous around us, but I think the park idea really is warmin’ them up to us.”

Wingdings smile became a nasty smirk. “Kindness breeds kindness. As for that human lady don’t let her out of your sights. Keep tabs on Dee’s actions and hers from now on. You never know when it comes to the ladies.”

Sans nodded. “Ya got it. Now since dinner ain’t gonna be anytime soon, why don’t I catch up with Tops before he heads home fer the night? Once he gets home, he and Whisk pretty much go at it all night.”

Wingdings stood up. “Whisk is the only monster in our area who works past WATERFALL right?”

Sans thought carefully trying to remember if that were truebefore he nodded slowly. “Yeah. I think so. We gave him permission to keep that restaurant job at the MTT Resort when he moved in with Tops.”

“So he works for Mettaton?”

Sans frowned at his brother’s sudden change of tone. It sounded hard and cold.

“Um...I guess. I mean I’m sure the cat doesn’t get face-time with that glittery bastard so-”

“Send him my apologies, but after tonight and due to recent information I received about Mettaton and Agore both making deals with Grillby-”

Sans’ frown deepened. “What did Grillby do to make ya so pissed, bro-”

“I would prefer that none of my people exit the territory. Please relay that message for me Sans,” Wingdings finished, ignoring Sans’ question. The shorter skeleton felt that familiar sense of frustration build in him.

Swallowing Sans tried again. “Look, just give me this one, okay? What’d Grillby do fer you to set his business on fire? Seriously, just let me know.”
Wingdings exited the room not looking back.

“Like I said: Entertainment. Just give Whisk the message.”

Sans sighed and disappeared, hoping to catch up with Tops before the Nice Cream Salesman made it home.

*******************************************************************************************************

Sans found the blue bunny just as he was making his way towards the mushy lands of WATERFALL. The light had fully faded from the sky, leaving only the stars and moon and a few dimly lit street lights to illuminate everything, but there was no mistaking Tops or the soft wheeling sound his mobile Nice Cream Stand made.

If there was on constant thing that never changed throughout the years it was the scene that Sans was quietly watching from underneath a street light. From when Sans was just a kid to now, Tops was always pushing his Nice Cream cart all throughout the day selling his homemade and unique nice cream to anybody who wanted to buy one.

With a wicked grin, Sans teleported just a few inches away from the blue bunny. And tapped his shoulder. The blue bunny spun around quickly, Sans knowing with a baseball bat in his hand because...hey, you couldn’t be too careful even in safe areas like WATERFALL and SNOWDIN. Effortlessly, the skeleton teleported to the blue bunny’s side, out of Top’s line of vision and tapped Tops’ shoulder again. The bunny swore and swung his bat. Sans ducked with a grin, letting out a chuckle giving away his identity.

Sans began laughing when Tops’ bewildered face met his. And then the bunny’s face turned to anger and amusement as he took his bat and gave Sans a playful poke in his stomach.

“Fuck Sans, ya scared the shit out of me! Don’t do that ya asshole!” Tops growled, but let out a rough laugh, holding out his hand. Sans slapped it and the two pulled towards each other in a chuckling half hug.

“Where the fuck have you been these last few weeks?! I thought you were dead or something. What happened?”
Sans groaned and shrugged, giving Tops his trademark wink.

“Hard day at the office. Boss has been riding my ass fer a while now, haven’t had much time to do anything except work.”

Tops’ raised an eyebrow challengingly reminding Sans of when they were just teenagers and vendor competitors bored out of their minds because business was terrible and money was sacred in that time. They spent their days often joking around or daring each other to do stupid shit. Sans’ wicked smile became a little softer.

“A wwww...is Sans finally learning about a hard day’s of work feel likes—”

“Oh shut the fuck up, dick. You know I’m capable of working hard when I finally wake up.”

Tops chuckled again and opened the small door to his Nice Cream Cart.

“Yeah sure, I got something fer ya. Something I know you’d like buddy, cause I’m such a good friend and all jazz.”

Sans scoffed. “If it ain’t a mustard flavored popsicle ya can close that door, cause I ain’t....”

Sans trailed off staring at what Tops was holding up. Two unopened unharmed bottles of mustard. From Grillby’s bar. Tops wiggled them in front of Sans’ face almost teasingly.

“Wings offered a couple of us a few extra gold pieces if we started to clean up that mess Grillby left behind. While I was cleaning—”

Sans reached over and snatched up the mustard, red drool dripping down his mouth, completely forgetting everything except wanting to get that yellow liquid down his throat as quickly as possible.

“While ya were cleanin’ ya hit the fuckin’ jackpot. Yer the man, Tops. I knew there was a reason I never killed ya! Man and today started off so shitty!” Sans declared before he offered Tops another more genuine smile.
“Ya still got my back. Thanks bud.”

Tops shrugged and leaned heavily against his cart, giving Sans a tired smile. “Anytime, but it’s late and this usually is dinner time for the Gaster family so what’s up?”

It took Sans a minute to break his gaze away from the bottles of mustard before he turned back to the blue bunny and when he did Sans couldn’t help but feel guilty. It really had been awhile since he and Tops have hung out which was unusual. Tops always made time to hang out despite his job and that clingy depressed lover of his and Sans hadn’t given him the time of day for almost a month.

*I’ll make it up to him. Hehehe...maybe me and the little lady can double date with him and Whisk later on with things became more relaxed.*

“First off, this is a business conversation so-”

Tops nodded. “Understood. My lips are sealed.”

“Me and my bros have been doin’ some business with the humans-”

Tops gave a low whistle of admiration. “Holy shit Sans. That’s a big fuckin’ step. I heard them humans mobsters are real cut throats-”

Sans laughed. “Funny thing you mention cuttin’ throats cause there was this one human named Nick who-”

Tops quickly waved his hands, halting Sans’ words.

“Don’t want to hear it, Sans! You know that so don’t be an ass. Just let me know what I can do in the *legal* sense to help you and your brothers.”

The skeleton’s smile grew sharper. The bunny had never really changed over the years. Despite the bat he always kept by his side, good ol’ Tops wasn’t really a violent or confrontational monster.
Was mugged a number of times by those mutts when Asgore ran all the areas, but when Wingdings took control of WATERFALL AND SNOWDIN, he offered Tops a job as a sort of “thank you” gesture for the helping the skeleton family repair their home numerous times.

The job promised good money, but none of the Gasters were really very surprised when the bunny turned it down. It was a job that needed somebody who could be a touch bit...aggressive and violent and Tops wasn’t interested.

Tops was even in the crowd of monsters that day when Wingdings beat the good living hell out of Undyne. Her injuries were so severe and so bloody that Tops had turned away from the fight and vomited on his own cart. And Sans spent the next three month making fun of him.

“His Nice Creams are so good they’ll make a motherfucker throw up!” Sans, at the age of twenty sang, following Tops around on the twenty-two year old’s routes.

“Shut the fuck up, asshole!”

Yep, those were the good old days alright.

“Okay okay. Sorry ‘bout that. Look, so Papyrus was visitin’ this human he made friends with and was cookin’.”

Tops started to laugh. “And he burnt that poor creature’s home to the ground? Okay I see where this is goin’. Ya want me to fix the place up so the human won’t go cryin’ to their friends and cause ya trouble?”

“That about hits the nail on the head.”

Tops laughed again. “Man how many times is your little brother gonna destroy a place before he realizes he can’t cook?! I mean how many times did I repair your kitchen walls?”

Too many times to count, Sans thought and was just about to say so when Tops spoke again.

“So I’m gonna be meeting a human, huh? That might be kind of interesting. Are they gonna be
welcoming to a monster or did you manage to scare them shitless? Are they male or female? Their city looks kind of grim so are they a serious human or are they the bright light against the gray of their world? A bright SOUL burning in the black night?”

Sans stiffened a bit as Tops’ questions started to get a bit more...personal and way too overdramatic. And the shorter skeleton didn’t care for the sly smile that was slowly creeping on the bunny’s face. How could he have forgotten that Tops was a...flirter. Always had been even when he and Sans were little and when they got older the blue bunny’s skills had only improved.

It was no wonder to anybody, including Sans who had always been more than a bit envious when he watched his friend woo and seduce monsters both male and female, why Tops’ Nice Cream business had always been successful.

Thankfully ever since Tops hooked up with Whisk, the odd, shy and shaky cat, the blue bunny hadn’t shown any interest in anybody else. But still…

“Just be professional ‘bout the job. One of the things Wings wants us to do is make a good impression with the humans in our new territory, so don’t pull anything on her. Think of Whisk fer God’s sakes!”

Sans didn’t notice the smile vanishing from Tops’ face as the skeleton turned his attention once more to the mustard bottles that were not gonna last the night. He knew he should save them. Drink them slowly savoring their unique flavor, but if they were gonna be gone no matter what way his chose, why not get black out drunk in the process?

“Got to git goin’, but I’ll be at yer place to pick ya up tomorrow mornin’! Oh and Wings told me to tell ya to let Whisk know that he sends his apologies, but Whisk ain’t allowed to go to HOTLAND no more. Conflict of interests, but if the cat wants he can git a job helpin’ Papyrus and the rest of them monsters fix that park.”

Sans began to concentrate his magic for the very last time tonight.

“Don’t worry about Whisk. I’ve been meaning to tell you this for a few days, but I haven’t seen you or your brothers, but Whisk is-”

Sans felt bad about leaving his best friend in mid-sentence, but he’d talk to Tops first thing tomorrow about what the bunny wanted to say. Right now he was gonna get fucked up.
With an drained sigh, Frisk dropped ungracefully onto her now clean and puffed up couch, feather duster in hand and surveyed her living room with an exhausted but weary eye.

Everything was clean and dusted and the whole apartment smelled like bleach. Using the stuff had made her gag more than once, but all in all she had surprised herself. The place looked nice and organized.

There were no empty bottles of soda, receipts, brown grocery bags or empty chip bags littering the floor anymore. The clothes in her room were either put up in her closet or placed in the dirty laundry and her bed was finally made up. And God it took forever to scrub and clean her bathroom, and when she was done her hands were stinging, but she managed!

Hell she even redid the parts of her kitchen that she could still clean.

*And why did I do all this*, Frisk thought as she raised the feather duster to her face staring at it blankly. *I cleaned this whole place from top to bottom just in case Papyrus didn’t stay in the kitchen.*

Frisk smirked and closed her eyes, dropping the duster on the ground next to her. *The clean freak will probably find a spot I missed and make me re-clean it. Hmm...maybe Sans will tell him to lay off me-*

With a groan, Frisk rubbed her face trying to get Sans out of her mind before she stared at her living room clock. It was seven-thirty in morning. She had been cleaning for over ten hours and she only had one thought coursing through her mind as she continued to stare at the clock.

*It took me this long to clean this pigsty? I’m disgusting. And I feel disgusting too. Ugh...I need a shower.*

She made no move to get up through, her aching and exhausted body way too sore and beaten to move. She sighed.

“Okay I’m gonna count to five and when I get to five I’ll get up and take a shower,” she said to
herself out loud. God, she even sounded exhausted and beaten to her own ears.

“One, two three…” Frisk paused, taking a deep breath. “Three and a half, four and five. Let’s go!”

Frisk didn’t get up. Instead her eyes wandered to the coffee table where she had delicately placed the blue Echo plant for all to see.

Sans’ gift...that random act of kindness and gentleness that filled her with childlike wonder and happiness was...was...was probably the worst thing Sans had done to her so far.

_He made me like him._

Granted her sudden fondness for the shorter skeleton only lasted a few minutes after he left before her old feelings of anger, disgust, distrust and displeasure for him returned, but all the same she couldn’t believe he had managed to make her like him even for that short amount of time. And she also couldn’t believe her dislike for him wasn’t as strong as it was before.

_The guy who slammed my head against the bathroom wall and who is blackmailing me to practically have sex with him actually made me like him. By using a flower. A magical flower, but a flower nonetheless._

Losing the will to move altogether, Frisk curled up into a ball and continued to stare at her gift. And what made the whole thing worse was that Sans really did choose the perfect gift for her and she couldn’t bear to throw something away that came straight out of a fairy tale story.

_He really messed me up this time._

If Sans had shown up with some kind of expensive piece of jewelry or an endless amount of cash, Frisk would have no problem slamming it back in his face, but a flower? Nevermind the plant can actually mimic what a person said, but the fact that a guy who likes to show off his wealth actually got a vase full of dirt and a seed, got down on his hands and knees to make something grow with his own hands…

And even though Sans’ roughness and dominating personality was still intact the entire time he presented the gift to her something was different about him. There was a blush on his cheekbones
and he was laughing when she was laughing. There was no laughing at her this time. He was legitimately laughing with her.

So unlike him and yet nothing about him at that moment seemed fake. And when he put out that fire making sure she stayed out of harm’s way the entire time...it almost seemed natural for him to do that.

And Frisk didn’t know what to do. If he continued to act like that...

*He might make me like him again.*

And suddenly Frisk saw herself as a stupid seventeen years old again wincing in pain as she nursed a black eye wondering what excuse she would give her mom and dad when she visited them for the day.

*Can’t let that happen again,* she thought as she pushed the memory away, feeling her face hardened. *There’s no difference between a nice guy who became mean and a mean guy who had nice moments.*

She closed her eyes and felt the first wave of sleepiness wash over her when her phone rang. She jerked up and stared at it dazedly. It rang again. And again and again until Frisk gave a small grunt of annoyance and stood up, walking over to the phone.

“Hello?” she muttered into the phone.

“Um...Frisk? Is this you?” A voice whispered cautiously on the other end.

It took a few seconds for Frisk to recognize the shy and sweet voice, but when she did a big smile came over her face.

“Jim?”

There was a moment of silence before Jim let out a small nervous laugh.
“I woke yo-you up didn’t I? I’m so-”

“No don’t worry about it. I was already awake. Why are you whispering?”

“My daughter is still asleep and this is the only time I can call you before I head up to Fell City this morning. I told my boss Grillby about you.”

There was another moment of silence and Frisk eagerly waited for Jim to say something about her possible future boss.

“He seems pleased and surprised by the fact that you are unbothered about performing for monsters and interacting with them. But he just wanted to know a few things about you, so...and I got to warn you, his questions are strange.”

Frisk frowned, but didn’t interrupt.

“So do you have a stage name?”

Frisk snorted out laughter. “I’m not famous.”

Jim joined her. “I’m just the messenger, cut me some slack.”

“Okay okay. I’m sorry. Continue.”

“What genre of music do you sing to?”

“Ragtime and Jazz. Can’t play any instruments though,” Frisk said, feeling a little bit discouraged she never tried to expand her interest in music past vocals when she was kid. If she did, she might have an easier time getting musical jobs. Female singers are a dime a dozen, but seeing a lady play an instrument in her city would be a crowd getter.
Jim must have heard her discouraged voice because he quickly reassured her.

“Oh, he’s just wondering so he knows what to prepare the band for if you get the job. No worries Frisk.”

Frisk smiled.

“What is your fashion sense?”

Frisk blinked at the question. *What was my fashion sense?*

“My fashion sense?”

Frisk head Jim cough awkwardly. “Um...I kind of told him that you were dressed in that sweater
dress and he thought that was unique and charming. And non-threatening to his customers.”

*Wearing something that isn’t revealing or sexy? Actually being myself on stage?* The idea made
Frisk smile. *I think I might like this Grillby guy. Heh...maybe he might actually get me to enjoy
singing for a crowd again.*

“And invitations. Grillby knows that his place is gonna sell out the moment he lets the monsters
know that a human’s gonna perform in his club so he was wondering that if you did get the job, do
you want him to reserve seats for your family or friends? If so, you should probably let me know,
since I’m gonna be seeing him today.”

“Nope.”

There was a long moment of silence this time and Frisk gritted her teeth knowing what was gonna
come next.

“Nobody? You don’t want your mom or dad-”
“My mother and father are dead and I don’t have any other relatives,” Frisk answered quickly, hoping he’d drop it.

The silence wasn’t so long this time.

“Oh. Well what about friends then? Do you want to bring a few friends with you-”

Frisk smirked at his question. Her neighbors and friends were too scared to come see her perform in their own city’s bars and she didn’t blame them one bit. Somebody always got hurt so she highly doubted that her neighbors would ever enter the monster city to watch her.

And plus when it all came down to it, she really didn’t want to tell them about this job offer. Not only would they be horrified and do everything in their power to stop her from going, but she knew that if she discussed it with one neighbor that would lead to that neighbor talking about it with another neighbor until everybody in the whole apartment complex knew. And if word got back to Sans about this offer….

Well, there was a good chance he might sabotage it.

“Like I said to you before, my neighbors would not approve if I told them.”

“Alrighty, I’ll let him know, but if you change your mind before your audition tomorrow let me know so I can tell him.”

Frisk nodded before she realized he couldn’t see it.

“No problem. So tomorrow I’ll meet you at the city’s library?”

“That’s right. Grillby’s transportation will meet us there and drive us to Fell City.”

**Knock Knock.**

Frisk almost dropped the phone. There was a slight pause before the person on the other end of the
door knocked again.

*That’s Sans, that’s got to be Sans and Papyrus,* Frisk thought staring at the door, once again feeling the exhaustion wash over her. She was so tired so very tired and she thought those two would come back to fix her kitchen up in the afternoon. She thought she would have enough time to get a nap in before they came.

“Frisk? You still there?”

**Knock Knock.**

Frisk blinked back into reality, quickly putting the phone up to her ear.

“Yeah sorry, but I got somebody at the door. Do you mind calling me ba-”

“I’m sorry Frisk, but I have a lot of work to do in Fell City today, but meet me tomorrow, noontime at the library. And maybe when we’re waiting for Grillby’s ride-”

**Knock Knock.**

Frisk glared at the door.

“We can talk a bit more...ya know about spending time to-”

**KNOCK! KNOCK!**

“I’M COMING!” Frisk screeched at the door silencing both the knocker and Jim. Taking a deep breath she calmed herself again before she spoke.

“Sorry. Yes..I mean yes. I’d like that. I’ll see you tomorrow Jim. Bye-bye.”
Frisk smiled as she heard Jim’s sigh of relief. He was so cute.

“See ya tomorrow, pixie lady.”

**Pixie lady?** Frisk felt a small blush come over her face as she hung up the phone and walked to the door. Taking another deep breath, Frisk tried to shake off some of her fatigue and opened the door.

Sans was standing in the doorway and he didn’t look too good. His red lights glowed weakly in his sockets, his smile looked a little strained and he was sweating. His suit looked freshed, but it seemed like he rushed getting it on. And he smelled weird. Not bad, but strange. If Frisk didn’t know any better she could have sworn he smelled like mustard.

But it was the person standing beside him that caught Frisk’s attention. And it wasn’t Papyrus. In fact, Papyrus wasn’t anywhere to be seen.

*I cleaned for nothing*, she thought tiredly and bitterly before she finally took the time to study the new monster.

He was a tall dark blue-furred bunny, a little taller than Sans with the top part of his left ear missing and a tuft of messy light fur that looked like bangs messily covering a small part of his right eye. He wore a dark yellow long-sleeved shirt and blood red overalls.

In his arms he was carrying a tool box, making Frisk wonder through her drained mind how he could fix her scorched walls with a few tools.

“Doll-face what’s the matter?” Sans’ voice sounded just as exhausted as Frisk felt and before she knew what was happening, his hand was gently under her chin and her face was pulled up so he could inspect it fully.

“You don’t look so good, doll-face. Are you sick or somethin’?”

Frisk shrugged his touch away, trying to glare at him, but she didn’t know how successfully she was. But the lack of sleep was starting to make her cranky and getting her say things she normally wouldn’t say out loud.
“I’m fine, Sans. Just tired. I thought your brother was going to be coming with you so I spent the entire night cleaning so he wouldn’t nag me about the way my apartment looks.”

Sans laughed, a knowing smile coming over his face.

“He does make his standards known to anybody he’s around, but ya don’t have to worry about him inspecting yer home or settin’ it on fire again. He and a few monsters are gonna spend the day starting to repair that park. So I guess you and me are stuck with each other while my pal Tops here fixes yer kitchen.”

The skeleton paused for a second as he took another look at Frisk, his red lights shining a bit more brightly. He made a low sound of concern. Frisk frowned, hating how sincere it sounded even to her tired ears.

“If you ain’t feelin’ up to it right now we can always come back-”

“No no, the sooner you get this done with the better.”

Frisk mentally scolded herself, knowing how bad (and racist) that sounded before she offered a sweet smile at the blue bunny who hadn’t stopped smiling at her the very moment Sans touched her.

“I’m sorry, I’m being rude to you and all you’re trying to do is fix my home. Here let me start over: I’m Frisk.”

Frisk offered her hand to Tops, only for the blue bunny monster to looked at Sans (who was staring intensely at Frisk’s hand) to Frisk (who still had her hand out). Tops chuckled, his voice warm and friendly. Reminded Frisk of Jim. Or her father.

“You’re alright sweetie. Will you excuse us for a second?”

Before Frisk could answer, the blue bunny slammed the door in her face, leaving her hand up in the air, unshaken.
“Hey what’s the big idea Tops? That was fuckin’ rude as shit!”

Instead of answering, Tops simply grabbed Sans’ hand, still chuckling as he tugged the hung-over and fuming skeleton a little bit away from the door so the little lady couldn’t hear their conversation.

“And what the hell was that whole “sweetie” shit? I told ya to remain professional-”

Tops pointed to the little lady’s door with a sly smile on his face, instantly shutting Sans up.

“Professional? You just didn’t want me to hit on your skirt, Sans.”

Sans felt the blush hit his face and knew that any attempts at denial were hopeless. It was hard to lie to a guy who had known you for years.

“Look, it ain’t none of yer business-”

“If you wanted to keep it a secret from me, you shouldn’t have been all romantically touchy with that babe and judging by the way she responded to your “darling” concern-”

Sans felt his blush deepen. Sans should have known the blue bastard would have guessed. But to his credit, Tops does know how to keep a secret so that’s one thing Sans doesn’t have to worry about it. The only downside was-

“-she ain’t into you. You screwed it up didn’t you? Yeah of course you did. You never were good with the ladies….I mean you remember when you tried making a move on Popper and she openly laughed at you? Yeah, this lady looks like she wants to do the same thing.”

The only downside was that Tops was going to spend the entire day tormenting him about it.

_Fuck. Well...at least the guy don’t discriminate when it comes to fuckin’. He’ll fuck anybody at anytime,_ Sans thought before he grabbed Tops’ overall strap and pulled him down.
“I’m workin’ on it okay?! The little lady needs some time is all and I’d appreciate it if ya didn’t mention this to Wings or Papyrus.”

Tops’ lecherous smile faded and Sans was relieved to see a more serious expression come over his face.

“Yeah, I know how Wings is. This moment never happened.”

Sans grunted and let his best friend go. “Now let’s get to work so-”

“I’ll help you soften her up when I fix up her kitchen. I’ll be your wingman.”

Sans’ sockets widened. “What? No I swear to God, just let me handle this or I’ll kill Whisk and then I’ll kill you and then I’ll burn your stupid little cart and then I’ll -”

Sans was halfway finished with his empty threat when he realized Tops was knocking on Frisk’s door.

Chapter End Notes

So I know this was a longer chapter, very heavy with the dialogue without much happening persay, but it gives out a lot of clues for what’s to come and it’s very very important to the plot for the later chapters! And it introduces my dude, Tops! ^^

So the next chapter is gonna be...brutal! I may have ended it as sort of a comedy but it gets dark real fast!

Frisk is gonna learn a lot about Sans and Sans is gonna learn a lot about Frisk. And then...audition time!

PS: I updated my story "I know I'm a Wolf!" If you have time, give it a read! ^^

Comments are always welcomed!^^
Frisk hovered in the doorway of the kitchen, biting her thumb and fighting off her drowsiness as she watched the two large male monsters studying the damage of her kitchen and muttering quietly among themselves. Tops, as Sans introduced him as, was pointing to the wall and gesturing to the more damaged areas, and while Frisk couldn’t hear exactly what the blue bunny was saying, his voice was pleasant and warm and every time he turned to face Sans, Frisk could just make out a strange smirk on his fuzzy face.

Sans, on the other hand, didn’t seem to be sharing in his “friend’s” good mood. At all. He was sweating a lot more now than he was when he first came knocking on her door and just like with Tops, Frisk couldn’t make out what he was saying, but unlike Tops, his voice seemed agitated and strained, and way more unpleasant than usual.

But apparently Tops didn’t seem too bothered by the way Sans was growling at him. In fact, the more Frisk watch them the more she realized there was pattern. Tops would say something to Sans and then Sans would bark out a quiet response. Then Tops would laugh softly at whatever Sans said with that strange smirk on his face and Sans would get even more...angry (though to be fair, Frisk could only assume Sans was in a bad mood since she couldn’t hear the two monsters. Though it was safe to say something happened to Sans during that private meeting between the two monster a few minutes ago, because when Sans and him came back to her door, Sans seemed more twitchy and kept glaring at the bunny.)

After a few seconds of watching this odd display, Frisk started to feel a little more than uncomfortable and anxious to leave the two monsters. After that small act of genuine (plain and simple it was genuine, and she couldn’t lie to herself about that) kindness from Sans last night, Frisk wanted nothing more than to get away from the grinning monster and clear her head of everything that had to do with him.

Can’t avoid the creep forever, but a little break from him is all I’m asking for, Frisk thought before she looked down at her wrinkled clothing.

She frowned, scrunching her nose as she finally felt the full aftermath of her cleaning frenzy last
night. She felt dirty and disgusting. The smell of weak salt from her sweat clung loyally to her hair, while her skin smelled of bleach and cheap cleaning products. Her dress that she was still wearing from yesterday was covered in dirt from where she had dusted her home and it was itching her something horrible.

And she could only imagine how exhausted she looked, though if Sans’ reaction to seeing her were any indication she probably didn’t look like “a million bucks.”

Frisk’s frown deepened as she recalled the way his hand went under her chin to inspect her face and how sincere his concern was.

Frisk tried to refocus her hatred towards the skeleton by forcing herself to think of the more horrible moments they had together in the past few days as she took a tiny-half step into the kitchen.

She felt more than a little alarmed when her bathroom confrontation memory started to replay in her mind only to be interrupted by the events of last night. That stupid, beautiful amazing flower. She tried to remind herself that he got her fired from all her jobs but then an image of him making sure she stayed outside until the kitchen fire was under control took over.

**Damn it,** she thought viciously before she yawned. **Must be more tired than I thought because those two little pieces of kindness shouldn’t cancel out the cruel things he has done to me,** Frisk quickly decided before she cleared her throat in an effort to get the two male monsters’ attention and instantly regretted her decision, wondering why she just didn’t take this moment while they were distracted to leave.

After all, it wasn’t like she was planning on freshening up or changing her clothes when her home was currently occupied with two strange men, one being somebody she just met and the other being a man who might…

**If he wanted too, Sans would have already have hurt you...in that way…**

Frisk blinked at the sudden realization and logic of that tiny little statement that quietly embedded itself into her brain. She suddenly felt a lot more exhausted and rubbed her eyes. **I'll just freshen up at one of the neighbors,** she thought, desperately wanting to dismiss everything that was related to Sans as she spoke.

“Well since you two are gonna be working, I’ll...um…” Frisk paused as both monsters tore their eyes
away from the damaged wall and towards her. She swallowed. “...I’ll just get out of your hair—”

Frisk watched as Sans took a small step towards her, the beginnings of the first word of his sentence started to leave his grinning mouth when Tops quickly moved in front of the wide skeleton, blocking Frisk’s view of Sans, and earning an annoyed grunt from Sans. A harmless and playful smile replaced the blue bunny’s strange smirk.

“Oh you won’t be bothering us, Sweetie! And I just love company when I work!” he declared cheerfully, revealing a pair of perfectly round and white buck teeth.

Frisk offered an apologetic smile and began to move out of the kitchen into her living room. To be honest, she did feel a little bad and disappointed to be leaving Tops. Even if Sans did introduce the blue bunny as a “friend”, and the overly cautious part of her mind was quick to remind her there was only one type of “friend” mobsters like Sans had, in any other situation she probably would spared the bunny an hour or two, but ….

She really needed a break from the grinning skeleton. Just a little one.

Apparently Sans didn’t feel the same way. The skeleton was currently trying to get back in her line of vision, but every time he moved to the left or right to pass Tops, the bunny quickly followed his movements so he stayed in front of Sans blocking him. It was kind of impressive. Tops didn’t even have to look behind him to know what direction Sans was gonna take.

Frisk raised an eyebrow at the scene as a slight amused smile begrudgingly spread over her face. Despite the low but obviously threatening growl Sans gave out after a few failed attempts of passing the blue bunny, Tops didn’t seem worried or even remotely nervous in the least.

*They really must be pretty good friends,* Frisk thought. *I couldn’t imagine Sans letting some stranger do that to him.*

She took a deep breath forcing the smile off her face and began to shake her head once again, trying her hardest not to offend the blue bunny who really hadn’t done anything to her except be a friend to Sans.

Frisk knew she wasn’t being fair to him, and it was kind of shitty to base his personality solely on who he choose to hang out with so she tried to sound as sweet and as gentle as possible when she began to speak again.
“I really have to-” she began but instantly stopped when she saw Tops’ long ears drooped and his happy smile vanished from his face.

“Oh...okay.” he said and his shoulders kind of hunched over, his voice losing some of it’s energetic luster. “I mean...I understand if you’re a little uneasy around…” he sighed and gestured to himself, “somebody like me.”

Frisk’s eyes widened as instant guilt hit her hard. “No! That’s not it-”

Tops looked at his feet and kind of kicked the ground half-heartedly and flashed a smile that Frisk could describe as disappointed and sheepish.

“It’s...just...ya know. It’s my first time in the human city and…” Tops’ words trailed off and he sighed once again, “I...I really wanted to ask you questions about your culture and your city.”

Frisk felt the guilt deepen as he gave a quiet laugh. “I always had this theory that humans and monsters couldn’t be so different and I just wanted to see if that was true.”

You’re an asshole Frisky, every part of Frisk’s mind hissed at her.

In the meantime Sans had managed to sneak past the bunny and was simply staring at him with an unreadable expression on his face.

“But I understand. You don’t know me and I shouldn’t have expected somebody as pretty and as classy as yourself-”

Frisk moved towards the bunny, foregoing all cautious thoughts about him and without thinking of doing anything other than fixing the small damage she just created, she grabbed his large furry hands that nearly swallowed hers. Sans made a surprised sound, but she ignored it.

‘No that’s not-” Frisk stopped her sentence, feeling her fingers slightly sink into the soft almost velvety blue fur. It was a weird feeling. She had petted lots of animals over the course of her life from dogs to cats to actual rabbits and while most of those animals had fur just as soft as Tops’ fur, holding somebody’s hands (thumbs and all) with that texture was a little surreal.
I really am holding hands with a giant talking blue bunny that walks on two legs, she thought. Then again I'm going to be going on a date with a halloween decoration in a few days, she thought as small ironic smile crossed her lips before she snapped out of her trance and kindly grinned up at him.

“That’s not it. If I’m not bothering you I would…” she shot a looked at Sans who was now staring at her with that same unreadable expression. She sighed mentally.

I just wanted a little break. That was all, she thought sadly before she continued.

“I would love to hang around and ask you questions about your culture as well-”

“ALRIGHT!” Tops shouted gleefully, the loud change in his voice causing Frisk and Sans to jump.

And what happened next seemed straight out of one of those cutesy school musicals that Frisk always starred in when she was a kid.

The bunny grabbed her wrist and lightly led her over to the kitchen table. Using one of his large feet, Tops pulled one of the table’s chairs close to them and twirled Frisk gracefully around, gently pushing her into the seat.

Frisk could only stare in awe as Tops (without losing his momentum) grabbed his own chair, spun it around so the back of it was facing his chest and sat down. After resting his chin on the back of the chair, he looked at Frisk and smiled warmly once again revealing those cute buck teeth.

Feeling a slight blush on her face, Frisk couldn’t stop grinning and was halfway tempted to applaud Tops’ performance when a gruff voice brought her back to reality.

“Shouldn’t you be working on the walls-”

The bunny waved Sans’ comment away before pointing to the last empty chair at the table.
“That wall can be easily fixed. Now sit down! This is our chance to settle that three golden coin bet we made years ago!”

Frisk’s eyes widened in shock as she watched Sans the skeleton, the monster who, up to this point, had pretty much demonstrated to her his love for power and control, stand in the middle of the kitchen for just a second before he grunted and slowly sat down on Frisk’s other side, obeying the bunny’s orders.

*What the hell kind of history do this two have,* Frisk thought now openly staring at the bunny. *Sans just obeyed an order. It wasn’t a suggestion or a request. Tops gave him an order and Sans followed it.*

Frisk took another look at the bunny, thinking she must have missed something about Tops the first time she saw him. Soft blue fur, rounded teeth, and was dressed like one of the hard working men in her apartment. He didn’t wear anything that showed he was wealthy and apparently he was gonna be the one to fix her wall. So he did manual labor which was a job often taken by lower income family men.

And he certainly didn’t look like he was in the same position of power or had the same strength as Sans who gave off those vibes in powerful waves.

*Either this bunny is blackmailing Sans with something juicy,* Frisk couldn’t help but smile as she enjoyed the irony if that were the case, *or the two of them really are good friends. Only family and really good friends can get the “get out of jail” free card when it comes to this type of stuff.*

“What bet?” Sans muttered, placing his elbow on the table and resting his chin in his hand. He tapped the fingers of his free hand against the wood.

“That baseball rule thing,” Tops answered before he turned to Frisk. His eyes brimmed with excitement. “I know I’m gonna win this bet,” he declared winking at Frisk before he shot Sans a smirk.

Frisk watched as Sans shot back his own challenging smirk.

*Definitely friends,* Frisk decided, feeling only slightly bad that Sans wasn’t being blackmailed, but she couldn’t deny her shock and surprise that Tops, a decent, friendly and happy fellow (from the short time she knew him) was a friend of his.
“Nah, them gold coins are as good as mine,” Sans countered and turned to Frisk. His red lights
glowed lazily and pleasantly.

“So dollface, when we was kids, and this was when we was too young to get any sort of job that
paid good money, me and Tops-”

Tops grabbed Frisk’s hand, getting her attention away from Sans and began to talk over the skeleton.
Frisk heard another low growl from Sans but since Tops didn’t seem too worried and continued
talking, Frisk felt herself slightly relax too.

“First off, you know how baseball is played right?”

Frisk blinked at the question. **Baseball?** She nodded her head, the memories of her squatting
behind the home plate, her hot and uncomfortable catcher gear clinging to her body and face
instantly flooded her mind.

While baseball was a “boy’s game” as many boys in Frisk’s middle school classroom told all the girls
who wanted to play the game during recess and banned them from the sport, a few of those same
boys who played the game after school weren’t so cocky or picky about who were on their teams.
Truth be told if it weren’t for the fact that there weren’t enough boys in Frisk’s small neighborhood
to make up two teams, Frisk would have never played the game. But there wasn’t enough boys so
with a great amount of reluctance, a lot of Frisk’s male friends allowed Frisk and the other girls to
play.

First the teams were boys vs girls, (it was the boys’ idea) and that how it went for a few days. Until
the boys learned that girls can run really fast. And they could hit decently. And catch and some of
the girls (like Frisk) could throw just as hard as boys. And suddenly having girls and boys playing
on the same teams didn’t seem so stupid.

A wide grin unknowingly crossed Frisk’s face as she thought of all her old friends.

“Oh yeah. I used to play that game all the time as a kid.”

Tops nodded, pleased.
“Good that’s good. So here’s a bit of background info. Sans and me played that game as kids too. The only problem is baseball is a human sport and because of that our knowledge of the rules were pretty limited. We only knew the basic setup for the game, but Sans and I and the other monsters kids at the time tried to fill in the gaps as best we could, but there was one rule me and Sans constantly argued about.”

Tops paused and leaned over Frisk to punch Sans lightly on the arm.

“You’re gonna owe me those coins.”

Sans snorted back a cocky laugh that wasn’t mean or cruel and nodded to Frisk. “Just ask the lady the question.”

Tops’ narrowed his eyes.

“Okay so tell us Frisk: When a batter hits a foul ball and the other team catches it, is the batter out or does he just get a strike?”

It took Frisk a second to answer. Not because she didn’t remember the rules of baseball, but because she was having a hard time envisioning Sans as a smaller and younger version of himself dressed in kid’s clothes, holding a bat or running around the bases or catching a ball. Frisk tried as hard as she could, but she couldn’t form the image in her mind. After all, for all the times she interacted with Sans, the skeleton’s movements may have shown how powerful he was, but Frisk wasn’t sure how fast he was.

Then again if he could do the magical appear and reappear trick anytime he wanted, there really was no need to rush.

“Frisk?” Tops’ voice broke through her thoughts. After remembering what he asked, Frisk immediately spat out the answer, only realizing a second too late she might be helping Sans win a bet since she never asked where each man stood on this rule.

She hoped that wasn’t the case. Like the asshole needed more money.

“He’s out.”
It was an instant answer and there were two instant responses that followed. Frisk watched as Tops’ ears pulled themselves back flat on his head, similar to what a cat does when it’s irritated, a look of complete despair falling over his face while Sans slammed his fist into the table, laughing hysterically.

“I knew it! In yer face Tops!” Sans taunted as Tops ran a hand through the small tuff of bangs he had.

Shit, Frisk thought. Though to her surprise, she wasn’t too angry with herself. Maybe it had something to do with the fact she often acted the same way when she made minor bets with her friends when they were still alive and won.

I really need some sleep if I’m comparing myself to Sans, she thought desperately as she watched Sans’ over celebration with a hint of amusement. Truth be told it was kind of funny (and endearing, though Frisk tried not to think too hard on that one) to see somebody, monster or human, going crazy over something as simple as winning a childhood bet.

“Damn it!” Tops muttered and glared mockingly at Frisk who shrugged. Granted it would have be a lot better to see Sans lose the bet, but something told her Tops wasn’t gonna lose any money on it. At least he wouldn’t if Sans and him were as good of friends as she was thought they were. She never collected when she won a bet. It was more rewarding to know she had been right and judging by Sasn’ reactions, he was more concerned with making it known he had been correct and throwing it back in Tops’ face.

“Oh man! Too rich,” Sans declared and flashed Frisk an almost childish smile. And she couldn’t help it. Everybody at one point or another in their lives receives a smile they can’t help but smile back at.

Without even thinking twice she giggled and shook her head and looked over at Tops who was still wallowing in defeat.

Well if Tops isn’t gonna tell Sans he’s acting like a child then I will, Frisk thought and as she spoke she didn’t even notice how playful she sounded.

“Don’t be a jerk about winning a bet.”

Sans laughed again, clearly unbothered by Frisk’s statement. “Nah dollface, ya don’t understand. If
you were one of my teammates years ago, you’d be pissed and happy right now. I lost every game cause of that stupid rule!”

Tops crossed his arms and looked down, but Frisk saw a small smirk crawling over his fake pouting face. “Whatever, man. But in your defense, I guess this is a reason to celebrate. You’re finally right about something, so I guess congratulations is in order.”

Sans shrugged, still chuckling. “Say what ya want blue man, yer measly insults can’t do a thing to me now. And ya know what this means?” Every game you won against me doesn’t count. I kicked yer ass at that game!”

Frisk shook her head again, feeling herself relax a little bit more.

*Okay maybe this won’t be such a bad day. I’ll talk to Tops and Sans for a while, appease some of Tops’ curiosity and then he can get to work on my wall.*

She looked at her table at her two guests and felt a pleasant emotion vibrating in her chest. Even though this whole situation wasn’t ideal, after all one of the men sitting at her table was a violent criminal (if Frisk didn’t think about his strange behavior last night), but she couldn’t help but enjoy the familiar and long forgotten feeling of having a pleasant and stress free conversation with somebody.

Sure she had good conversations with her neighbors and many of the musicians at her gigs, but all of those interaction always had an underlying feeling of dread to them. Tired smiles and fearful eyes. Kind words with worried laced in them.

But Frisk supposed that when money and the possibility of violence and even death were at the back of your mind, you couldn’t really be a fully happy person.

Of course it was easy to be carefree when you were holding all the cards in your hand like Sans currently was, but all the same, the feeling of having people in her apartment telling stories, laughing and joking was…nice.

It had been years since Frisk had truly relaxed and while she knew this experience with Sans was gonna be a one time thing seeing how his friend was here, Frisk would be lying if she said being with Tops and him didn’t bring back some great memories.
So she smiled and decided to enjoy the day. She’d be cautious of course, but there was nothing wrong with a little small talk and maybe she could even soften Sans up some more. Make him more sensitive to her neighbors if the opportunity presented itself.

“It is kind of interesting you guys don’t have baseball. How’d you learn about the sport?”

Sans stopped chuckling and quickly began to answer. “I read it in a book-”

Tops interrupted the skeleton once again.

“We would often spend our time going through our local landfill trying to find toys for Papyrus or clothes for ourselves, and yes before you ask I did say landfill. Sans, his brothers, myself included were some of the poorest pieces of shit in those times-”

“Tops.” Frisk heard Sans growl, his voice telling her that his good humor was gone and seeing his red lights flickering dangerously confirmed it, but Frisk also saw a blush tint the large skeleton’s cheekbones. Like he was embarrassed. Not that she could blame him. If she ever did anything like that she probably would prefer people not to know.

Sans caught her looking at him and quickly looked away. He began to tap his fingers on the table quickly. Frisk could tell his annoyance was increasing, his blush was deepening and spreading and his free hand was in a tight fist, slightly shaking like he was fighting the impulse to hit something.

*No wonder Papyrus looked uncomfortable when I mentioned how poor my neighbors and I were. He probably thought of Sans digging through the dumps to find something to wear or play with. I knew I was poor as a kid, hell I’m poor right now, but at least dad made enough for us to get by. Digging through the dumps...Jesus Christ...*

Frisk felt something disgusting crawling up her throat as the relaxing atmosphere that was slowly being built began to fade. She knew the homeless population in her city dug through garbage, but she never knew anybody personally who did that and she would have never guessed in a million years that the gold-laden, expensive suit wearing, cigar smoking skeleton who had been the bane of her existence for the past week, ever came near a dumpster, let alone dug through them.

She could understand Sans’ embarrassment even though he shouldn’t have been embarrassed. If life
taught Frisk anything it’s this: *as long as you’re not hurting anybody, you do what you got to do in order to survive.* And she knew that if her parents felt the need to, they would have been digging through their local landfills too.

After a few seconds of slouching, the skeleton straightened his spine and tried to cover up his embarrassment with a cocky grin that failed. Frisk tried to not notice. Tops coughed to get her attention again.

“-Now before I was rudely interrupted. We were digging through the garbage one day and Sans found a half-destroyed rule book about the sport.”

The blue bunny smiled widely and brightly, almost as though he didn’t notice how gloomy the room had before.

“And that’s how we discovered our favorite game!”

The silence was a little too unbearable for Frisk and after a few seconds she chanced a look at Sans and moaned internally. His sockets were black and they were staring right at the grinning bunny.

“Can I...Can I talk to you outside fer just a second, Tops?” Sans growled.

“Sure thing.” Tops sang and stood up. “We’ll be back in just a second sweetie, so don’t go anywhere! I want to ask you about the different types of ice cream-”

“NOW TOPS!”

Frisk jumped in her seat at Sans’ booming voice and the only thing that kept her from completely fearing the worst was the small pat on the head Tops gave her as he began to walk past her. He winked.

“Don’t worry, sweetie. He’s more bark than bite when it comes to people like us,” Tops whispered just low enough for only Frisk to hear.

Frisk watched them walk out of the apartment and after a few minutes she stood up herself, feeling
antsy and nervous before an idea popped into her head on how she could calm Sans down

She opened her fridge and rummaged through it, pulling out some things she hoped would bring the happy atmosphere back.

Snacks and drinks always were a great peace-maker when her friends erupted into anger over silly things. She only hoped they had the same effect on monsters.

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Sans felt his entire body shaking in pure rage as he quietly and softly closed the little lady’s door behind him and glared hatefully at his best friend.

“What’s up?”

Sans stared in disbelief at Tops’ question before he growled viciously and grabbed the blue bunny by his red suspender straps.

“What’s up?” Sans snarled, red smoke pouring from his eyes but Tops stared at Sans’ display of magic with an almost bored expression on his face. “Why the fuck did you have to tell her I used to dig through-“

“We, Sansy. I told her we dug through dumpsters as kids,” Tops corrected before he pushed Sans’ hands off his clothes and straightened his straps up. “Watch the threads. This is my Nice Cream uniform ya know.”

Something similar to the feeling of a bomb exploding in Sans’ mind went off and the large skeleton took a step towards the bunny who didn’t bother to take a step back from his friend. Sans felt his temper flare with Tops’ lack of...fear or even concern for what he was feeling at the moment.

“She was laughing and smiling and joking wit’ me. Why the fuck did ya tell her that?”

Tops rolled his eyes. “Because to her you are not a relatable person.”
The nearly uncontrollable rage instantly sizzled to a low burn as Tops’ calm and matter-of-fact statement hit him.

“What-”

Tops nodded to the little lady’s door.

“Here’s what I figured out in the small amount of time I spent with your girl: she is an unmarried young lady living alone in a shitty apartment complex and judging by the interior of her home she lives on a modest income. Roughly translated: she’s poor and she probably grew up poor.”

Sans crossed his arms and nodded his head. That was probably one of the worst things he learned about the little lady. Her living conditions were beneath her. The skeleton had hoped he would be able to change that situations much sooner than later...though now it would probably be much later because this blue asshole just made him look like a pathetic slob in front of her.

And what made his SOUL sting even worse was that he made a little bit of progress with her last night. He got her to smile with a simple flower. Now he needed to prove himself even more to her that he wasn’t some poor prick who was gonna keep her living in the gutter.

“Brilliant deduction Sherlock, but how is lettin’ her know I once ate half-eaten sandwiches out of the dumpster make me look relatable? Ya saw how horrified her face became when ya said that. She clearly never ate from the dumps before.”

Tops frowned. “Here’s the problem you obviously don’t know you are creating for yourself. Your girl lives modestly and dresses modestly and from what I gathered she is a sweet kid who doesn’t seem too unhappy about that.” Tops paused, his frown deepening. “And then there’s you. What do you think she sees when she looks at you, and your gold jewelry and your expensive clothes?”

Sans sighed. She already gave him a laundry list of names she thought of him, but still Sans was curious to see where Tops was going with this.

“Alright. I’ll bite. What does she see?”

A mean smirk came over the blue bunny’s face.
“She doesn’t see a guy she can relate to. She doesn’t see you as somebody she can hold conversations with or find common ground with. She takes one look at you and she sees some creep who was born with a silver rod up his ass.”

Sans blinked in shock at the statement before he looked down at his clothes and then at his rings before his blush got even brighter. He wondered if he looked like a cherry right now.

He swallowed before he answered. “So I like to dress nice-”

“And you like to act pretty big sometimes too. And you should know better than anybody that a poor person really really really hates it when somebody openly flaunts their wealth around and isn’t a nice person when they do that. Your girl probably isn’t impressed with your wealth. If she were you wouldn’t need me.”

Sans blinked again. And suddenly a flood of memories he preferred never to think about ever again hit him. Asgore was always wearing his stupid expensive suits when he made his rounds in Snowdin when he still owned everything. Sometimes he would even bring his nasty children with him who were just as decked out as he was.

Sans remembered the arrogant smirks Asgore wore as his watched his mutts collect money from all the Snowdin Residents, including Wingdings like he found the whole thing fucking funny or something. Course that was before the goat fucker noticed how talented and inventive Wings was. Who would have thought years later it would be Wingdings Gaster knocking that fuckin’ smirk off Asgore’s face?

But still, Sans remembered how small and dirty he felt when he saw Asgore’s kids giggling at him, and Papyrus and Tops. Or the one time when Papyrus accidentally bumped into Asgore’s adopted kid when he was just a little baby bones. Asgore had dropped everything he was doing, grabbed the human by the hand and loudly declared for everybody to hear that he needed to get his kid home and cleaned off before the kid got an illness.

Papyrus had asked Sans if he had a disease or if he looked that dirty. Sans remembered the anger and hurt pounding in his chest as he stared at Papyrus’ tearful face and if it weren’t for Tops holding him back, Sans knew he probably wouldn’t be alive today. He would have attacked the fucker.

Sans looked at his suit and golden rings again and then at the shitty and cracked hallways of the apartment complex and then finally at Tops. He gave a small miserable laugh.
“Yeah I did kind of acted big towards her too.”

Tops gave him a small smile.

“Yeah. You do that without knowing it. But!” Tops’ smile became a little brighter and his ears perked up a little bit. “She was laughing and she was kind of teasing you. The very first steps towards flirting. You want to know why she was a little bit warmer to you?”

Sans sighed and nodded his head. At this point he had no fucking clue what to do. He really did fuck things up a lot more than he thought.

“This is gonna sound corny but I know you and I know from the rare times you’ve shown an interest in a woman you have the tendency to approach them like they’re business deals. And you can be aggressive and and ladies like her don’t like that. Not one bit. However, while you were in there just a few minutes ago, you were acting just like you act when we hang out together.”

Sans chuckled. “Are you seriously saying “be yourself?”

Tops shrugged. “Yeah, I suppose I am and just be honest with me: did you remember another time you had an enjoyable moment with her?”

Sans thought about what just happened in the kitchen. Her mischievous little smile. Her playful teasing tone she used when she insulted him. The way her body relaxed. If it weren’t for what happened last night with the flower Sans would have said yes, but last night he and he alone got her to smile. But he couldn’t deny lovin’ her wicked little smile either.

“So you’re suggesting I should tell my stupid jokes, share some stories about myself-”

“And she will return the favor by letting you know more about herself too. And don’t worry, I won’t interrupt anymore or be my charming self and accidently make her fall in love with me-

“Tops.”
The bunny grinned. “Kidding! But I’ll get a conversation going and if something stupid happens, as in you doing or saying something stupid, I’ll jump in and steer the conversation in a new direction.”

Sans rubbed his eyes. “Just...please don’t mention any other shitty details about my past life.”

Tops nodded. “Sure buddy, but you need to remember she probably has had a shitty life too.”

The memory of him slamming her against the bathroom wall flashed into his mind. Or his very realistic threats against her friends. Or the fact he got her fired. He let out a groan, feeling the guilt hit him.

*She’s had a shitty week too.*

Chapter End Notes

No work this weekend! Finally a day off in over a month so I’m gonna spend this time working on my stories! The second half will be posted Sunday! Like the other chapter, this chapter just became too long and I had to cut it in half! This thing is gonna have so many chapters by the time it's done! :(

Next chapter: A bit of humor a bit of heartbreak and some more wisdom from our long-eared bro! And we learn more about Frisk and Sans' pasts! Including a small hint on why Frisk is Sans' number one girl! :)

PS

I'm setting actual deadlines for this story now that my work schedule isn't so screwy and demanding! Whoo-hoo! ^^

And as always thank you so much for your comments, kudos, love, support and patience!
Snacks and drinks….Huh...she brought snacks and drinks out fer us, Sans thought as he stared the table.

He looked over at Tops who seemed fixated at the odd and colorful assortment of strange human foods that littered the table but there was no denying the excitement brimming in the bunny’s eyes.

While Sans enjoyed a good hearty meal as much as the next big guy, he would be the first to admit he didn’t like to try new things, a characteristic he developed after he and his brothers started to move up in the world and they could afford to be a bit more choosy with what went into their mouths: Mustard, fries, hamburgers, and burnt spaghetti were among Sans’ safety foods, but Tops…

The blue bunny made it a point to give anything a try at least once and more than once Sans had laughed cruelly when he saw the sour and pained expressions of his best friend’s face when that open and happy-go-lucky attitude backfired horribly, but it never stopped Tops from stuffing the next unknow food item in his mouth.

The dumbfuck was always looking for new flavors for his Nice Cream treats and seeing all these new and “exotic” human food must have had his mind racing a mile-a-minute. Sans grimaced and looked at his little lady, hoping she wasn’t really expecting him to eat all the different food dishes that were on the table. The two bottles of mustard he consumed last night were still turning painfully in his stomach and he wasn’t sure how well he could handle putting new food in his stomach. He could barely handle it when he wasn’t hungover. Of course…

Sans took another look at the table and felt his sockets widened with surprise. While Tops may not know what these human-made snacks were, Sans had spent enough time in the human city to recognize what types of food littered the table: BBQ chips, pretzels, Oreos, chocolate chips cookies, and Cheetos along with three cold soda bottles. He wasn’t sure what flavor of soda, but the bottles
were green and the label said *Sprite*.

**Junk food. Unhealthy food. The best type of food really,** Sans thought, tapping his chin with a clawed finger. **Junk food really was the only type of food Sans ate when Papyrus wasn’t cooking or if a restaurant wasn’t close by.**

**Lady doesn’t have bad taste when it comes to food,** Sans thought as a fond smile graced his lipless mouth. **If human junk food is anything like what we monsters have, this might be something I can stomach so I don’t look like an asshole, rejecting her offer,** he finished and it seemed his appetite agreed with him because he felt his sickened stomach give out a slight growl as the different and yet slightly familiar aromas hit his nasal hole.

Sans looked at his little lady who was cautiously watching them before she cleared her throat. A little blush tinted her cheeks as she gave a shaky and unconfident smile in their general direction before she gestured almost helplessly to her table.

“While you gentlemen were outside I realized I must look like a terrible hostess not offering my guests anything to eat or drink so...” the blush increased as she trailed off and offered another smile. **“I’m not sure if you guys have these types of snacks in your city...I mean from what Papyrus tells me he knows what hamburgers and pasta are so...”** she trailed off again.

Sans opened his mouth to say something in the lines of “ya didn’t have to do that” or something sappy but showing his appreciation at the same time until he realized something that made a blush of his own hit his cheekbones. **This was probably the first time in his entire life that he was in a lady’s home being welcomed in this...kind and peaceful manner. He wasn’t in some sleazy bar hitting on a female monster nor was he making business deals in a restaurant with his guard up as he talked to an associate, ready to attack and kill if the deal with south.**

He was in a woman’s burnt silent kitchen about to have unhealthy food with two of the most harmless people on the planet.

It was kind of...weird and uncomfortable even with Tops here on his side. The only other times this sort of quiet and...relaxing atmosphere occurred was when he ate with his brothers or when he was having a few shots with Tops.

And the funny thing was he knew that if he were in a loud restaurant with Frisk, surrounded by people he knew, his confidence wouldn’t be so shaken. But here...no music, no loud laughter or loud conversations going on, no weapons, no booze and no distractions. **Sans felt completely out of**
his element. And suddenly the skeleton felt just as uncomfortable as his little lady looked.

It made him wonder if this was the first time she had done this sort of thing herself. Having guests in her home that is, but he highly doubted that...but still...he wondered why she looked so stiff and uneasy.

*Well I did leave ‘er place lookin’ like I was gonna kill Tops so maybe she’s still a little cautious…*

Sans cleared his throat to get his lady’s attention and when he did he gave her a smile, praying it didn’t look as helpless as hers was.

“Ya…” he paused trying to find the right words and when he couldn’t he resorted back to what he was going to say, only this time he felt a tad bit more sincere saying it.

“Ya didn’t have to do this,” he managed. His little lady titled her head at him. “But me and Tops-”

A loud snort and the loud scraping of one of the kitchen chair interrupted the quiet and shy sentence. Sans glared at Tops who had decided that he had spent enough time looking at the food and was gonna sample it. The blue bunny plopped himself in his chair and reached for a pretzel.

“Speak for yourself, Sans, I’m starving and this could be a chance for me to get some new flavors for my Nice Cream,” he declared and popped the snack into his mouth, chewing loudly and slowly, savoring and really taking the time to taste his treat.

“Nice cream?” the little lady asked, sitting down with Sans following soon after.

Sans nodded, breathing a sigh of relief as a surge of confidence bloomed in him.

“Yeah. I think the closest things ya humans have is called Ice Cream,” he gestured towards Tops who was closing his eyes with a small smile on his face, still chewing the first pretzel. Sans smirked.

*Must like it,* the skeleton thought before he turned back to the lady.

“Doin’ home improvements ain’t exactly my buddy’s main job. Usually the only home he’s
improvin’ is my kitchen. Papyrus...”, Sans shrugged. “Papyrus don’t really know how to cook with...fire and when we was younger ol’ Tops here fixed up our kitchen more than once, but his regular job is makin’ and creatin’ ice cream treats and sellin’ them.”

It was just a flash of jealousy, just a small bit really as the little lady’s eyes widened with interest as she tore her attention away from Sans and towards Tops who was now reaching for an Oreo and unceremoniously stuffed it in his mouth.

“You make your own ice creams?” she asked, her voice somewhere between amused and impressed. The bunny frowned as he swallowed the cookie quickly and shook his head.

“Not ice cream. Nice cream,” Tops corrected, crumbs falling from his mouth. Sans rolled his eyes as the bunny shot the lady his salesman smile and snapped his fingers pointing a finger gun at her with a wink. “It’s the only Frozen treat that’s nice back to you!”

The little lady raised an eyebrow. “What does that mean?”

“What he means by that is he takes it upon himself to write little flatterin’ notes to the customers and attaching them to the wrappers of his frozen treats. He writes stupid things like “have a good day” or “this treat isn’t as sweet as you”. Things like that dollface,” the skeleton explained and bit the inside of his cheek when his lady’s face erupted into a huge smile.

“That’s really sweet. Making people feel good by doing that.”

A bit more of jealousy sparked in Sans as Tops gave her a cheery smile.

“See Sans? She gets it. Have a great product, make the customer feel good about themselves and they’ll come back for more. That’s why your hotdog stand didn’t last too long.”

Sans felt his marrow freeze up.

“Hotdog stand?” Frisk turned back to Sans. “You ran a hotdog stand?” she looked him up and down before a small smirk came over her face. “Seriously? You?”
Sans first instinct was to reach over and slap the smile off of Tops’ face for even mentioning that, but then the bunny’s words echoed slightly in his mind.

“She doesn’t see a guy she can relate to.”

Sans blinked and took another look at Frisk, this time really studying her expression. Her smirk was still on her face, but it wasn’t mocking him. It was more of a smirk of disbelief. Like she couldn’t see him as somebody in his younger days struggling to make ends meet.

He stared at his ring-covered hand. Each ring was probably worth way more than three months of rent in this shitty apartment. Guess he couldn’t fault her for thinking that he had always been a spoiled brat, but he wasn’t going to apologize for his taste in rich clothing. He just liked the way these clothes looked on him. That was something she was gonna have to get used to but...

“Act the way you act when you’re with me” was Tops’ final piece of advice before they re-entered the little lady’s home.

Okay asshole, Sans thought mentally to Tops who was watching him with a look of interest on his face. If I were wit’ you, I would be laughin’ about my old hotdog business. And if she looks at me like I’m a loser it’s yer fault.

Sans took a deep breath and shook his head, allowing a half-forced half-real chuckle to leave him.

“Yeah, I did. When I was about sixteen, me and Tops decided to open our own little mobile businesses. He started sellin’ his Nice Cream and I started sellin’ hot dogs.”

The little lady nodded and reached for one of the green soda bottles. She opened it with a pop and took a little sip. She was still listening, the interest seem to be growing with each word.

Sans relaxed just a little, feeling just a tab bit more confident. He quickly glanced at Tops, who nodded encouragingly. Feeling a lot more confident Sans continued.

“And I gotta tell ya, I could make a mean dog back in the day. I was onto somethin’ wit’ that business,” Sans puffed out his chest, remembering those days when Papyrus was still too young to cook and Wingdings was taking every job imaginable to earn money so all the cooking and cleaning
fell on him. He perfected that hotdog recipe.

“In fact yer gonna have to let me cook one fer ya some day. But anyways, Tops had his cutesy little flatterin’ way of lurin’ customers in and to his credit it was workin’, but I had my business and I needed some kind of gimmick too, so I thought tellin’ jokes to people passing by would get them to come over and buy my hot dogs.”

“Jokes?” The little lady asked. Sans nodded.

“Yeah I thought that if I told jokes, people would start saying stuff like “hey, let’s go to that stand with the guy that tells jokes”. I had it all planned.”

There was a tiny hint of a smile on her face as she rested her chin in her hand. Her body relaxing as she really did seem to be sucked into his story. Sans felt his SOUL thump pleasantly at the sight.

“So what happened? Your jokes weren’t funny or something?”

Sans grunted, smirking a little as some of his old jokes started to resurface in his mind.

“The jokes weren’t the problem, doll face, people just didn’t know how to laugh. Had some of the best damn hotdog puns you’ve ever heard, but what did those monsters do when I gave them gold? They all walked off in huff and I was labeled a pervert-”

Tops coughed loudly. “Um Sans maybe you shouldn’t tell-”

Sans ignored him, the only thing he could focus on was the way his little lady was now leaning in closer to catch every word he was saying. Without breaking eye contact, she reached for her soda and put the bottle back to her lips.

“-all because on the day I officially opened my stand I asked one uppity bitch if she’d like to try one of my juicy weiner-”

As soon as that final word left his mouth, her eyes got crazy big before she started violently coughing, spraying a light mist of her soda at Tops and Sans. And as she coughed, Sans felt a swift
“What the hell are you thinking telling her that vulgar joke?” Tops hissed just enough for Sans to hear but the lady’s coughing was so loud that they could have talked normally and she wouldn’t have heard it.

Sans narrowed his eyes sockets. “What’d I do wrong? I’m just bein’ myself like you said,” he hissed back.

Tops shook his head. “Yeah, but ya don’t just—”

The coughing and choking noises suddenly changed and the next noises that came out of her mouth caused Tops’ jaw to fall open in shock. The little lady was now howling with laughter. Her face a deep red as she laughed uncontrollably staring at Sans with what he could only describe as a look of pure amusement and admiration. She managed to control herself enough to gasp out this sentence:

“If I were..you...I would...I...would...have went with “try my tasty foot long.”

The shock of hearing something remotely vulgar coming out of his little lady didn’t even last a whole second. Sans snorted loudly and broke out into laughter too, suddenly finding it really hard to breath.

“Damn woman, where the hell were ya fifteen years ago? I could have used customers like you!” Sans managed to spit out as he watched his little lady standing up. She was holding her side, barely able to stand.

“Being put in a corner for saying things like that by my mom,” she laughed and took a deep breath. “Excuse me,” she said and rushed out of the kitchen, leaving the two male monsters behind.

Chuckling, Sans looked over at Tops whose mouth was still open in shock and there was a look of complete disbelief over his face. After what seemed like a century he turned to face the skeleton and shook his head slowly.

“Holy shit Sans. I think ya found your SOULMATE, buddy.”
Sans grinned widely and leaned back in his chair.

“No kidding. Ain’t that smile fucking something else?”

Still giggling, Frisk pulled the tab on her bathroom sink and cupped her hands under the faucet, feeling the cold water hit her skin. Moving her hands in a careless gesture upward, she splashed the water on her face, feeling the dirt and dried sweat from her all-night cleaning spree slowly drip down her face.

She sighed, feeling just a little bit cleaner and looked in the mirror trying to compose her face into a serious expression. It worked for a few seconds before she broke out into small giggles.

_God, I wasn’t even ready for that joke_, she thought as she dried her face off with a towel and thoughtlessly threw it to the ground.

Frisk looked at the state of her hair and frowned, grabbing a nearby brush and began to run it through her strains, humming a little bit as she did, bursting into little fits of giggles every so often. Sans’ pun wasn’t the most perverted or inventive one she had ever heard, but it had been a long time since somebody deliberately tapped into that part of her humor.

It was kind of flattering in a really weird way. When she was a kid it seemed like it didn’t matter if you were a girl or boy. Dirty jokes were the only types of jokes that were acceptable on the playground, but as she got older Frisk noticed that the same girls who once told those jokes would become offended or insulted if they heard them while the boys who were never shy about sharing them to opposite sex suddenly started to use the more cutesy and, in Frisk’s opinion lamer jokes, while keeping the good ones to themselves.

And Frisk understood why: the unspoken rule of society everybody followed: Men like ladies who act like ladies. But Sans…

Not only did he tell that joke without a moment’s hesitance or consideration for his female listener, but he also laughed at her own joke.

_There something to be said for a guy with a non-discriminative sense of humor_, Frisk thought dreamily before she snapped out of it.
She looked in the mirror and quickly pulled her hair up in a tiny ponytail. *Am I really that impressed with his dick joke that I’m admiring this violent criminal-*

Frisk paused her thought process and glared at the reflection. *Ya know what? No. I’m just gonna enjoy this day and not feel guilty or ashamed of myself for it. Sans told a funny joke and I laughed. I told a funny joke and he laughed. We laughed. That’s it. He doesn’t care that I was a female. He told the joke and that’s something to be admired. Case close. I’m gonna enjoy this day.*

Frisk nodded her head at the reflection. “Just enjoy the day.”

She left the bathroom and headed to the kitchen, sitting back down between Sans and Tops. Tops was helping himself to three more Oreos while Sans was slowly sipping his soda and Frisk fought every childish urge to look under her table to see if the Spirit was leaking out of him. Of course she knew he must have a stomach or something similar to that, since there were times he had a tongue, but a part of her was dying to ask him just how the hell that worked, but she didn’t. She really didn’t want to direct his attention to the subject of bodies. Particularly his and hers.

*I’ll just asked Papyrus the next time I see him.*

“Ya okay?” Sans asked, putting his bottle down with a small sour face. *Guess he didn’t like it.*

“I’m fine. Just needed to get a little freshen up. Sorry about that.”

Sans chuckled, throwing a wink her way. “Don’t worry about it, dollface and to be honest I needed a few minutes to compose myself too. Was not expectin’ somethin’ so lewd to come out of yer pretty mouth, but I wasn’t disappointed. Funniest thing I’ve heard in awhile, which really ain’t saying much though. I mean.” Sans pointed to Tops. “Ya see who I hang out with durin’ my free time.”

Tops grunted and swallowed his cookies before answering.

“Whatever buddy, you’d be lonely with me” he said before he brought his attention to Frisk. “So what about you sweetie? Did you have any jobs as a kid?”
Frisk shook her head. “In the human city, there isn’t a lot of opportunities for young teenage girls to get jobs, but even if there were my mom and dad wouldn’t have allow it.”

Frisk smiled softly, not looking at either man. She could see her father coming home covered in grease with a wide smile on his tired face.

*Where are my two favorite girls?!!*

*Here I am daddy! MOMMY! DADDY’S HOME!*

“My dad was a bit old fashioned when it came to certain ideas about women working.”

Sans scoffed. “Didn’t think women should be working? Preferred having the woman in the house?”

Frisk shook her head, feeling just a little surprised at Sans’ sharp tone. “No nothing like that. If we had been wealthier my dad would have been more than okay with my mom working, but since we were as poor as dirt I think he kind of viewed the idea of my mom working to help pay the bills as sort of” Frisk paused trying to find the right words.

Amazingly Sans finished her thought for her.

“If yer mom worked to help pay fer the bills, he would’ve felt like a failure as the provider for his family.”

Frisk nodded, finally looking up at Sans who was absently flicking the soda’s bottle cap in the air. Tops was surveying a BBQ chip, but she could tell they were listening. Intensely. Frisk looked at Sans, feeling something that wasn’t her heart pound painfully in her chest. She ignored it.

“Yeah, I guess you know that feeling huh?” she meekly pressed the skeleton.

Sans nodded. “My older brother Wingdings got pretty upset when I started gettin’ jobs. I think...Wings...before he got hired by a rich family to do some...work fer them, he took every job that was offered to him and it still wasn’t good enough. I still had to help with the bills and I didn’t get why he was so upset until Papyrus, who was eleven years old at the time, looked at me one day
and said he wanted to get a job so we would could have a nicer home and eat nice food.”

“I remember that day. You looked like he punched in the gut,” Tops pipped in. Sans nodded.

“Yeah, felt like it too, so I understand yer old man. It would have probably broken his heart right in two if his own daughter got a job to help.”

The pounding in Frisk’s chest got a lot worse as the skeleton’s red eyes got a little...lighter. They weren’t a deep red anymore. They reminded Frisk of those Christmas lights on her tree that would glow invitingly at anybody who came to her home for the holidays. Frisk quickly looked away. She continued her little story hoping that talking would help stop whatever the hell was happening to her.

“But even if dad would have let me, my mom would have shut that idea down. She wanted me to study a lot so I could get into a good college.”

Frisk could see her mother now, wearing her flower printed apron as she cooked dinner, every so often checking over Frisk’s answers to make sure all of them were correct.

**Nice Job, Frisky! But double check question eight!**

“As for me I just wanted to be a singer so mom and me made a compromise. If I made good grades I could be in my school’s plays and join the choir. I kept up my end of the bargain and she kept up hers. That’s really what I did in my free time as a kid. Messed around outside with my friends, studied and practiced my singing.”

There was an awkward silence between the three of them and suddenly Frisk felt stupid about sharing this detail of her life with two men who just told her they dug through dumpsters for food. Who told her they got jobs as kids. To them her life must have been heaven.

After a few seconds, Tops cleared his throat with a wide grin. Only the grin didn’t seem too sincere. Or warm. It was a forced grin. Frisk raised an eyebrow and glanced at Sans to see if he saw the bunny’s odd expression.

“Singer?” he asked quietly, his bright eyes dimming slightly as his good ear dropped a little bit. Sans made a questioning noise, but Tops didn’t acknowledge it.
“Goodness deary, you chose a pretty difficult career if you still want to be a singer,” he stated and gave a...strange little laugh. Frisk tensed up at the sound of it. The bunny’s happy-go-lucky persona seemed to be melting.

“Tops, are you okay?” Sans asked. Frisk heard the concern and confusion dripping from his voice. She felt her own concern starting to grow.

Tops shot Sans a smile that was not really a smile and didn’t answer for a minute. Frisk watched as Sans’ warm red lights started to flicker back to their deep red, perhaps in worry. She leaned in close to the skeleton.

“What’s going on with him?” she whispered, and wasn’t relieved when Sans shrugged helplessly. The bunny finally answered after a few seconds.

“I’m fine Sans. All I’m saying is the girl has her work cut out for her if she still wants to be a singer. I mean to get in the music business first ya gotta practice all the time to the point where it hurts ya physically and then ya have to meet with...somebody who will judge you and he might hurt ya by telling ya you ain’t good enough and and and-” Tops froze before his eyes widened.

He looked at Sans and then at Frisk and gave out a small little laugh that sounded a bit more real. The blue bunny blushed an odd purple color and scratched the back of his head.

“Sorry ‘bout that folks, but I just went through a pretty harsh breakup-”

Sans made a sound of surprise. “Seriously, ya broke up with Whisk?”

“He broke up with me. Left me a note and everything. I’ve been meaning to tell ya, but ya been busy and...well ya know how it goes...” Tops explained before he turned to Frisk with a pair of broken eyes and suddenly Frisk felt like leaving her home again. She felt like a third wheel and from the complete look of disbelief on Sans’ face, she was sure poor Tops’ relationship with whoever this Whisk was must have been pretty serious.

Who the hell would leave this guy, Frisk thought and didn’t know what to say to comfort him.
“My boyfriend-”

Frisk blinked at the blunt confession of being a homosexual, something no human would ever do unless they wanted the shit beaten out of them or even killed but pushed her shock away. It didn’t bother her. Love was love, though it did surprise her that Sans would be friends with somebody like Tops. Men in Sans’ profession normally didn’t take kindly to people like Tops. Nor do they befriend those same men.

*Maybe there’s another reason he was with Don Dee that night,* Frisk’s mind whispered before she realized Tops was still talking. She would have to ponder that thought later.

“-he wanted to be a singer too and the only…” Tops paused as a sour expression hit his face. “The only monster in our city who could make his dreams come true wasn’t exactly real nice about telling my guy ‘no’ nor was he shy about insulting the poor fellow. Whisk took it hard and so I took it hard too,” he explained.

There was another uncomfortable moment of silence before Frisk reached over and grabbed Tops’ hand, giving it a squeeze. The bunny just looked crushed. Crushed and she didn’t know what she was gonna say to make it better. She barely knew him...though she did know what he was going through. And maybe that was good enough.

After all, she did remember an old expression she heard constantly as a child: “misery loves company” so she said the first thing that came out of her mouth.

“I know how you're feeling. I went through a pretty hard break up a few years ago myself. Ya see, when I was growing up I had this high school sweetheart named Derek. Me and him were inseparable. I mean it seriously. When I was seventeen, instead of finishing high school and going to college, I disappointed and devastated my mom and dad and dropped out of school to move in with him,” she began and noticed how silent the room became. And how both men were watching her.

She gulped feeling a blush hit her. She couldn’t believe she was telling this to two guys she barely knew, but at the same time there was something...oddly easy about telling your secrets to strangers. Something non-judgemental about it. She took a deep breath and continued.

“So things started off great. We were engaged, he had a job in construction and I had a job as a bar singer and we were getting along and then…” Frisk bit her lip. “Our city got mean and greedy. And he changed with the city. And I didn’t.”
The silence was way too intense. And after a few seconds, Sans broke it.

“Jesus Christ, Frisk...I didn’t…I had no idea-”

Frisk waved it away. “I was stupid. Young and stupid and when I finally woke up on what the hell he was doing to me, I bailed on him.” Frisk smiled at Tops who seemed just as perplexed and horrified as Sans and gave his hand another squeeze.

“I guess what I’m trying to say is that I understand what you’re going through because I hurt a lot when I first broke up with him even though he was...mean to me. I had been with him for years almost since I was just twelve and even though I’m finally over him now, there are certain things that still trigger me to remember him.”

And with that, Frisk smiled brightly at the bunny. “So don’t apologize for feeling the way you do when you get sad. It happens and you can’t help be trigger by certain things.”

Tops blinked before a soft smile before he gave her hand a gentle furry squeeze in return.

“She’s a keeper, Sans, but I do believe I have wasted more than enough of your time,” the bunny declared, his ears pricking up. He quickly stood up and stretched, grabbing a handful of BBQ Chips, Oreos, Cheetos and pretzels and shoved them in his mouth. He chewed them all and swallowed, before he continued. “I’m gonna head back to your home and get my tools-”

“Tools? I thought ya said ya had everything in your pockets-”

“Forgot something. I won’t be long,” Tops declared before he exited the apartment leaving Sans and Frisk alone.

Sans stood up. “Will ya excuse me fer a sec, dollface?”

Frisk nodded, feeling even more tired than before.
San met Tops outside the complex. The distant sound of Papyrus’ voice barking orders at the monsters who were fixing up the park echoed through the air and reached Sans.

“Shit Tops, I’m sorry about Whisk. What the hell happened between the two of ya? I fuckin’ thought you two were meant to be.”

The blue bunny shrugged. “It’s kind of a long story, but from what the note said Whisk called me dead weight. Something keeping him from achieving his goals. From becoming a “star”.”

Whisk said that, Sans thought, unable to imagine the clingy and lovey-dovey cat that always seemed to be attached to Tops’ arm saying anything remotely cruel to the bunny. In fact, whenever the two of them were together Sans could have sworn he heard the cat and bunny’s SOULS beating together.

“That doesn’t make no sense, Tops.”

The bunny laughed. “Tell me about bud, but I can’t talk about this now. Not here. Let’s get some drinks tonight at my place and I’ll tell ya more about it, but in regards to your lady, here’s my last piece of advice to give ya: you heard her just fine, she’s a damaged lady. Whisk was pretty damaged guy.”

Sans was still reeling from that bit of new info about his little lady and the look on his face must have been enough for a confirmation because Tops continued.

“Despite what she said, people like that don’t exactly get over experiences where their supposed lovers hurt them. Take it from me, Whisk had trust issues and if you’re serious about Frisk-”

“I am.”

Tops paused and looked at the skeleton over before a sad smirk came over his face.

“I figured. I can feel something happening to your SOUL when you’re with her. It’s like the air gets
warmer or something. I always felt my SOUL pull towards Whisk when he was around. Does your SOUL do that when you're with her?"

Sans shook his head as he placed a hand on his chest where his SOUL rested. Maybe it was his imagination but his clothing did feel unusually warm.

“I don’t feel a pull, but every time I’m wit’ her, I feel my SOUL is gonna explode,” he chuckled, feeling his skull blush. “I know I sound like a wuss, but that’s the truth. Sometimes she’s all I think about. All the times I’ve upset her, I think it’s funny at first, but then after awhile my SOUL starts to quiver and I get the urge to make sure she’s okay.”

Sans felt himself flush even harder with shame as he spoke. He messed up already. Badly. Slammed her head up against the fucking wall. What the fuck was I thinking, Sans berated himself as her words echoed in his mind. A mean guy. That’s what she saw.

Tops whistled lowly.

“Those are some pretty intense feelings, buddy and hearing it from a guy like you, it must be legitimate so here’s what I’m gonna say and then I think we should discuss it more tonight. You just said you messed up. I don’t know what ya did, but ya did it to somebody who already has a bad history with relationships. Dug a pretty big hole for yourself big guy, ain’t gonna lie.”

Yeah I know.

“But as a third party who was simply observing you two interacting, I could see little sparks of light flicker in her eyes when you two were talking. She feels a connection.”

Sans felt just a bit of hope fluttered in his chest. “Ya think so?”

Tops nodded. “The only problem is it’s easy to see she trying to snuff those same sparks out. That’s gonna be a constant problem for you if you keep treating her like a business deal. She isn’t something you can buy or take.”

“I know that!” Sans snapped, but as he said it he knew that’s what he had been doing this whole time.
“I know you know that, but you have a terrible time remembering important details like that when you get angry. So here’s what ya need to do. You need to be kind and patient to her because that’s what she needs and I know you ain’t a prick. At least not a big one. What ya do with your family business is your own affair, but I know you personally. Ya care a whole lot about the people ya love and that’s all that matters in this world. And if you keep showing her that side of ya...ya know be the jerk that likes perverted jokes and the guy who isn’t afraid to laugh at himself and the guy who beats the shit out of somebody because they beat the shit out of his best friend, then I think you have a chance.”

Sans nodded. “I got it. I think...I think I know what I got to do.”

Tops patted him on the back. “Great. Now go back in there and try to do some damage control on what you fucked up. I’ll be hanging out here for a while to collect my thoughts…” the bunny shot the skeleton a sheepish smile. “Sorry about what happened in there…”

Sans chuckled and put his hands in his pockets making his way back to the apartment complex.

“How’s Tops?” Frisk asked, letting the skeleton back in and briefly wondered why she let Sans in her home so casually.

“Not great, but me and him are goin’ to do a guys’ night.”

“....Yeah…”

“How’s Tops?” Frisk asked, letting the skeleton back in and briefly wondered why she let Sans in her home so casually.

“Not great, but me and him are goin’ to do a guys’ night.”

Frisk smirked. “Go to a bar, drink a little bit and pick up a few girls?”

Sans laughed and sat back down. “Nothin’ too adventurous or energy drainin’. More like head to his house, put on some music, get a few drinks in us and then…” he stopped his sentence and began tapping his fingers on the table before he began laughing softly. “I sound like I’m gonna have sex with him ain’t I?”
Frisk snickered, despite herself and sat down, choosing Tops’ seat so there was a little space between herself and the skeleton. “I wasn’t gonna say anything.”

Sans rolled his eyes. “Course not.” The tapping got a little faster. Frisk noticed the beads of sweat rolling down his skull.

“I...I haven’t been a nice guy to you, have I?”

The question was asked so fast that Frisk wasn’t sure if she heard it for real. Sans had his head down as more sweat started to drip down his face. He wasn’t looking at her, but upon closer inspection Frisk saw that his teeth were grinding softly against each other.

“No Sans, you haven’t been a nice guy to me.”

The answer caused the skeleton to tense up, and for a brief moment Frisk was worried she had said the wrong thing, but he did ask.

“I’m...I’m sorry.”

Now Frisk wasn’t even sure if this were a dream or not. Did a mobster...did Sans really just say-

“I’m really sorry ‘bout the way I first approached ya. I’m sorry about what I put ya through and I know that ya probably heard that line a lot of time from yer first dick of a boyfriend, but fer what it’s worth I am sorry.”

Okay, he really did just apologize, Frisk thought, and scooted just a tad closer to him. He was right though. She had heard that line plenty of times from Derek. A slap across the face and a day later he was hugging her and telling her how much he loved her. A hard punch in her side that left her breathless every time she bent over and make her piss blood would get her a week of Derek being a tender and loving boyfriend. And then there was the baby...And then all those times she told him no and he would rape her.

Of course how could it be rape if it’s your girlfriend? That was the type of mindset Derek gained when he started to hang with men from Don Dee’s gang. He never joined but...what happened to
him after Frisk left him made her realize that even if you aren’t in a gang persay, you can still end up in a trash can, beaten to death if you chose to hang with them.

But there was one thing that Derek taught her during those years of abuse. Frisk knew the difference between somebody who was just saying sorry and somebody who truly was sorry. Derek always said sorry.

“But I like to really try...I’d really like try again.”

But Sans really was sorry.

With a shaky breath, Sans held out his golden ringed hand. They dazzled in the light. Frisk raised an eyebrow.

“Hi. I’m Sans. Sans the Skeleton.”

It was just like before when he assaulted her in the bathroom, only there was no mocking cocky smile or lewd eyes roaming over her body. And his hand was shaking bad. Frisk’s chest felt like it was...it was gonna...explode or something...

This is your chance to tell him to fuck off for good Frisky, the cautious side cheered, but Frisk could barely hear it over the loud pounding sounds her chest was making.

Everybody deserves at least a second chance…

Frisk briefly wondered if her mother ever thought about this specific situation when she told Frisk.

And without thinking she reached out and took his hand and was just about to introduce herself until a loud buzzing sound entered her ears and she felt a small, but painless electric zap go through her hand and up her arm. She jerked her hand back and stared at Sans who started to chuckle. He held up his hand to show her something she hadn’t seen in years.

It was an electric hand buzzer for kids.
“The ol’ electric buzzer gag,” he declared, still chuckling unable to contain himself. “I’m sorry. I couldn’t resist. It was just such a perfect and inappropriate time to pull that gag.”

Really? Frisk thought as she stared at her hand. Did he really just… And then after the disbelief left her, Frisk started laughing too, the tension vanishing as she grabbed a pretzel and threw it at his head.

“You asshole. That wasn’t even fair!”

“But no seriously you can trust…me!”

“That’s…that’s so mean you jerk! You owe me…a...a hotdog you creep-”

The phone rang interrupting Frisk’s sentence. Still laughing and leaving Sans chuckling to himself, Frisk picked up the phone.

“Hello?” she laughed into the phone.

There was a slight pause before a low whispery croaking voice answered. Frisk felt a shiver run down her spine, the laughter dying instantly.

“Hello. Is this the Determ residence?”

“Y-Yes?”

“Wonderful. Hello Miss Determ how are you doing this lovely day?”

Frisk frowned. “Fine.”

“That’s wonderful too. My name is Wingdings Gaster, but you can call me Wings, my dear.”
Chapter End Notes

Not a lot of fluff for the next chapter! A lot of violence!

Comments are always welcome! <3
phone calls and peace meetings

Chapter Notes

Once again thank you for your comments, kudos and love! I love reading all of them and I'm forever humble when somebody takes time out of their day to comment! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Wingdings Gaster?” Frisk unintentionally repeated into the phone quietly. She briefly wondered why that odd name sounded faintly familiar until she remembered Sans’ story about his older brother who wasn’t happy that Sans needed to work in order to help support the skeleton family.

Sans said his name was Wingdings.

Sans’ older brother is talking to me, Frisk thought and would have been just a tad bit relieved since he was probably calling to talk to his brother but a somewhat uneasy question was brewing in her mind. How did he get my number?

She never gave it to Sans and there was no way Papyrus, Sans or Wingdings could have gotten it from Nick when Nick was still the landlord. That bastard never felt the need to call anybody. If he wanted to tell you something, he’d show up. Frisk looked towards the kitchen where Sans was, feeling her eyes narrow slightly.

She supposed it was easy enough to find out where she lived, whether they got the information from Nick or if Sans really did make it a point to figure out as much as he could about her, but a phone number? How could they-

“My dear? Are you still there?”

The guy honestly sounded like he either smoked way too much in his younger years or he had some kind accident that damaged his voice, but it was enough to snap her out of her trance and she spat out the first thing that came out of her mouth.

“Sorry!” she said a little too loudly and winced hoping this brother wasn’t the type to get offended, angered or annoyed hearing an unnecessary booming voice drill into his skull. In a much quieter voice, she tried again.
"You’re Mr. Sans’ and Mr. Papyrus’ older brother, right?” she asked. Nothing wrong with asking a question you already knew the answer to. It was safe and didn’t venture into unknown territory.

Of course when she got off the phone she’d probably ask Sans about the whole phone number thing even though she was terrified of the answer, but then again maybe he had a good answer for it. Maybe Nick really did keep that info on hand. After all, it wasn’t like Frisk knew everything there was to know about how rat bastard mobsters worked.

The silence wasn’t too long but Frisk almost jumped when she heard a loud and annoyed groan coming from the other side of the phone.

"Mr. Sans and Mr. Papyrus? Please don’t tell me my imbecilic younger brothers are making you and your neighbors call them that. Really now," he huffed, his tone becoming sharper.

Frisk smiled. Weirdly enough hearing that tone actually did help melt the barest amount of unease from Frisk when she realized his anger was not only non-threatening, but not even directed towards her. He legitimately just sounded like an older brother who was annoyed with his younger brothers.

"Their main job was supposed to show you humans we monsters are not uppity or frightening creatures,” the croaky voice muttered.

*Where the hell were you the first day your brothers arrived to my city,* Frisk thought and almost instantly felt bad even thinking about it. Aside from her first meeting Papyrus, Frisk couldn’t think of him as anything but a man who wasn’t afraid of wearing a woman’s apron while cooking and cleaning.

Sans on the other hand…

*It takes a lot to apologize. To admit you messed up and I did offer him another chance. I DID THAT,* Frisk frowned thoughtfully at that last part. Despite everything he did, she did accept his olive branch but just because she did didn’t mean that bastard was off the hook entirely. *I’m still gonna be cautious with him. I won’t even give him an inch if I feel like he’s doing something that might hurt me or my people.*
Satisfied, Frisk cleared her throat and spoke again only this time she tried to make her voice sound casual and relaxed.  *Sweet and naive.*

It really was the unspoken rule of the honest man or woman who was forced to interact with criminals: *I know what you are and I know what you can do, but I’m gonna pretend you’re just an average fellow.*

As long as the violent or potentially dangerous criminal wasn’t being threatening to you or didn’t want you to acknowledge them as a threat, it was best to act in an unassuming manner and even though Frisk wasn’t exactly sure what made the Gaster skeleton brothers criminals, she couldn’t very well ignore the fact that the first time she saw Sans, he was sitting next to the top Don in the whole city.

But then again...

Mobsters lived off fear. Why would Wingdings want his brothers to show the humans they weren’t scary? Or vicious? Or anything like those old childhood horror stories?

“I’m just being formal with you since you are my landlord. Sans and Papyrus have actually made it a point to let me know they liked to be called by their first name, Mr. Gaster.”

A scraping sound from the kitchen let Frisk know that Sans was quickly pushing his chair back and his rapid footsteps in her direction also let her know that the shorter skeleton must have heard her say his last name. When the large bony hand landed on her shoulder Frisk turned around to face Sans.

Sans’ red pinpoint lights seemed to be glowing and dimming reminding Frisk of human eyes dilating. And the lights shrunked when Frisk pointed to the phone and mouthed out two simple words:

*It’s Wingdings.*

“Wings, my dear. Please call me Wings. Formality is only necessary in business and even then I try to avoid it there as much as poss-”

Sans snatched the phone out of Frisk’s hand and chuckled nervously into it and if it weren’t for the strange and instantaneous sweat that wasn’t running down Sans’ skull a second ago, Frisk would
have probably glared at him for that.

And yes she would be lying if she said she wasn’t happy he did that and saved her a few uncomfortable minutes of small talk with who she assumed was the head of the Skeleton family, but still….rude. And she only hoped that Wingdings didn’t view her as rude.

“Hey bro, what’s up?” Sans said, looking at Frisk and nodding towards the kitchen indicating that he wanted to be left alone.

Frisk started to stiffen with the beginnings of a death glare that she planned to direct at the skeleton, it was her damn phone after all, but stopped when Sans’ sharp toothed smile began apologetic. With a shaky hand he reached into his pocket pulling out that red handkerchief and wiping some sweat away.

Frisk’s annoyance melted as she turned around to leave the living room. Damn. Wings must really dominate that family-

“Oh the h-human woman? Oh I thought the c-c-call was fer me so I j-just took it from...um...she...I don’t think that’s necessary Wings….Okay okay! Frisk!”

Frisk turned back. Sans was holding the phone out to her. His hand was shaking visibly now and suddenly the last thing Frisk wanted to do was talk to somebody who could turn the cockiest asshole she had ever met into a stuttering, sweaty nervous wreck. Then again the other last thing she wanted to do was offend the guy who had the ability to turn the cockiest asshole she had ever met into a stuttering, sweaty nervous wreck.

“My...my bro would like to talk wit’ ya fer a few minutes. N-nothing too se-serious,” Sans assured her.

Frisk wasn’t exactly reassured when she took the phone from Sans and placed it up to her ear but that didn’t stop her from putting on her sweet-I-know-nothing facade.

“I hope I’m not bothering you or taking up too much of your time but I just wanted to apologize for what my youngest brother did to your kitchen. Not only did he have the bad taste to barge into your home uninvited but then he nearly burnt your whole apartment to the ground. You must think we are truly terrible creatures.”
Frisk blinked. Another apology?! She looked almost bewilderingly at Sans who shrugged helplessly, his gestures all clunky and awkward. Don’t these monsters know anything about how human mobsters run things in the city?

Gathering her thoughts and choosing her words carefully, which wasn’t too hard since she was actually being truthful about what she was going to say, Frisk spoke clearly and sweetly if not a little flirty too.

“Nah, you shouldn’t be worried about any of those issues, Mr. Gast..um...Wings. I know your brother wasn’t doing it on purpose and plus it’s kind of hard to be offended or angry with Papyrus.” Frisk started to say but Sans’ narrowed sockets and heated red lights were starting to distract her so she turned back to her, grinning slightly when she heard Sans grunt and just out of spite and payback for everything he did to her, she decided that until this phone call ended she was gonna make her voice just a little more...frisky.

“So you weren’t frightened by my brothers when you first met them?”

Frightened? No, I was terrified by them. You ever been attacked by somebody in the bathroom before, Wingy?

Frisk let out a small fake sugar-coated giggle, grinning even more when she heard Sans stomped around to stand in front of her again. He wasn’t sweating anymore and his eyes were now flashing a warning red glare.

“Stop doing that dollface or I’m gonna-” Sans whispered only to fall into stunned silence when Frisk winked at him and answered.

“Well, I never seen a monster until I met your brothers so I was scared, but after I started talking to Papyrus it’s kind of hard to be frightened of him. Did you know he actually offered to teach me how to cook and clean?”

Wingdings let out another groan but it was immediately followed by a warm chuckle. Frisk relaxed.

“So not only did my brother barge into your home uninvited, but he insulted the way it looked and
When you say it like that Papyrus really is a dick, Frisk thought before she broke out into real laughter that made Sans’ narrowed sockets widened with shock.

“I like him,” Frisk repeated truthfully and when Wingdings didn’t say anything she added for good measure (and just because she truly was grateful), “And I think it’s an incredibly generous gesture to fix our park so on behalf of my friends and neighbors who live here, we thank you for your kindness.”

There was no respond and when that stretched into a full minute Frisk wondered if he hung up the phone and she was just about to hang it up herself when he did speak again.

“W-well aren’t you a s-sweetheart? But I can’t take full credit for that. Papyrus brought the idea up to me. I’m merely financing it while he does all the hard work.” He paused and let out a small rough, but pleased laugh. “And don’t let my other brother Sans’ crude behavior and personality fool you. It was his idea to get rid of that ridiculous protection fee nonsense my human business partner Mr. Dee felt the need to charge you when he ran your area. Honestly now, from what my brothers told me, you and your neighbors are hard-working people so how can the area be dangerous?”

Frisk nearly dropped the phone when she heard. What?! What did he say?! Did he really say that Sans, the guy who threatened me with that very fee, told his brother that my friends and neighbors and I shouldn’t pay it? When did he bring that up to his brother?!

Frisk shot Sans a sour sneer that was met with a confused look from the skeleton as she forced out a laughter.

Before that first meeting in the park’s garden shed or after I agreed to go out with him?

“Oh I didn’t know that NOT paying a protection fee was Sans’ idea. That’s really kind of him,” Frisk said through gritted teeth as she felt her sour look intensify.

Sans’ red pinpoints shrunk so much that they nearly disappeared and he began to sweat again as a slight red blush tinted his cheeks.
Frisk’s grip tightened on the phone.

*That stupid son of bitch tortured me for days about that fucking fee and now his fourteen packs a day smoker of a brother is telling me we didn’t even have to pay it?! I’ll fucking kick him out of my house-*

And before the anger, rage and pure exhaustion could completely take over her body, Sans’ playful words began replaying in the back of her head:

*Maybe I figured if I could get ya to...y’know go out with me, I could show you I ain’t such a bad guy. Could explain to you how I ended up taking over yer area of all places and why me and my bros what to live here so bad. Maybe then during dinner I would take the protection fee off altogether and that would really help ya see I’m worth a shot at...y’know?*

She felt some of that anger along with her tense face vanish only to be replaced with disbelief.

*So he really did lie just so he could go out with me...he’s....he wasn’t gonna to do anything if we couldn’t pay?*

Frisk titled her head at Sans, nearly forgetting she was on the phone with Wingdings. Now all the anger completely vanished as confusion flooded her mind.

*What the fuck is wrong with this IDIOT-*

“Blasted human inventions. Damn thing must have disconnected.”

Frisk snapped out of her thoughts and quickly turned around so she wasn’t facing Sans anymore. The cord of her phone was now neatly wrapped around her.

“Sorry! I’m still here...um...the line must of cut out for a second.”

“That’s perfectly alright my dear. But I was just asking you what you and your neighbors thought of us...monsters that is.”
Odd question, but maybe he’s still worried about his brothers making a good impression. But then again, why does it matter so much to him? What’s the big deal if a bunch of poor helpless humans like or don’t like you?

Frisk answered honestly even though she didn’t see the point in it.

“I can’t speak for everybody but I know that a lot of my friends and myself included are moved by you and your brothers’ acts of kindness and mercy. A big change from-” Frisk started to say before she instantly shut her mouth, praying he didn’t catch that last part.

Don Dee was a very close business partner of his after all and she couldn’t afford to have even the tiniest negative comment traced back to her but to her shock Wings hummed thoughtfully.

“I agree with you completely. He’s not a nice man, my dear. Not to me or my brothers and from what Sans has told me not even to his fellow humans either. But I’ve known a monster or two who has the same type of traits so that’s not exactly a human-only quality. But what about you? What do you think of monsters?”

Frisk chewed her bottom lip for a second. She didn’t know what to make of the first part of his statement so she stored it away for another time and decided to focus on his question.

“To be honest after I got over that weird magic thing you guys do and your, and I’m gonna be honest, appearance -”

“Don’t like a man without skin?” Wings asked playfully. Frisk grinned.

“Never met a giant man without skin before I met your brothers. I like to think of myself as open-minded, but even I had to shake off that minor shock,” she countered.

Wings wheezed out a laugh. “Fair enough.”

“But after that initial shock, I didn’t really see any major differences between monsters and humans. I view Sans and Papyrus and Tops,” she quickly added, “the same way I view humans.”
The silence lasted longer than a minute and during this time, Frisk heard Sans shuffle noisily behind her but she still didn’t turn around.

“Heh...well I’ll be damned,” he muttered. “And how do you think your neighbors would react if monsters started moving into your area? Would they be welcoming as you are?”

_Monsters in a human city?_ Frisk supposed so. There were already so many different cultures and people that lived in Surface City and Jim did tell her that the only things monsters did to him when he entered their city was ask him personal questions.

But then again...most non-white humans weren’t even wanted here. Frisk frowned and sighed.

“You’d be welcomed in our area. I know that much. We are the only area of the city that doesn’t enforce the WHITES ONLY rule. All groups of people are welcomed in our eateries and businesses and I’m sure my friends would welcome your people too. But the rest of the city-”

Wings hummed again. “Yeah, I figured. Cruel and arrogant people enforce the cruel ways of the past.”

Frisk couldn’t help but be impressed with the way he worded that. And with that all the fear she had for this man disappear.

“I hate to say it but it’s gonna take a lot of drastic changes to make this city a better place.”

_“Don’t give up hope.”_

That four word sentence was spoken by both Sans and Wingdings at the exact same time and when Frisk finally turned back around to face Sans, she felt her eyebrow raise up. His face was still red and he was looking at the ground.

“And change may be closer than you think,” Wings finished.

Frisk wanted to laugh at that but chose not to for obvious reasons. As far as she was concerned this city didn’t stand a chance of change. Not with the type of people that ruled it.
“But I believe I have taken up a lot of your time as it is. Thank you for talking to me and answering my questions. And may I say you have a lovely voice. A man could melt from just hearing it,” Wings said, his voice sly.

Frisk blushed but managed a quick recovery time. “Well I am a singer.”

Wings cackled out a delighted laugh. “HA! If I ever get time, I might have to visit the human city myself and hear you sing. Now is my brother still around? I’d like to talk to him if that is alright with you,” Wings requested pleasantly.

“Sure thing. It was very nice talking to you, Wings.”

Wings let out another cackle. “My pleasure, my dear.”

Clumsily unwrapping herself from the phone cord Frisk handed the phone to Sans and walked back into the kitchen, giving Sans the privacy he asked for earlier.

Sitting down at the table, Frisk rested her chin in her hand. That was a weird and not altogether unpleasant conversation and gave her a new and very confusing view on Sans.

So Sans suggested to his brother that a protection fee wasn’t necessary at the SAME TIME he was threatening me with it?! Did he really think that’s how to get a girl’s attention?

But that was all she could piece together before she heard Sans shuffle back into the room.

When she looked up at him she kind of felt bad for him. He was wringing his tie left and right and was looking everywhere but her.

“That protection fee threat wasn’t real was it?”

Sans shot her a sheepish smile. “But it got ya talkin’ to me and I got a date out of it, didn’t I? I say the technique worked.”
Actually now that I know you can’t do anything to my friends I can tell you to fuck off, Frisk thought but strangely enough the thought of going out with him didn’t seem so...bad anymore. Now that she wasn’t being forced to do it.

Frisk gave him a challenging smirk. “What about if I told you I didn’t care? What if I told you my neighbor’s’ well-being wasn’t a concern of mine?”

Sans chuckled. “That’s easy enough. If ya would have said that I would have lost all interest in ya. That’s way too fuckin’ cold fer my taste.”

Frisk shook her head. “Jesus…”

Sans chuckled again. “Look dollface, I got to git goin’. Family business and all that so tell Tops to head back to the park when he’s done wit’ yer kitchen.”

Frisk shrugged. “He can stay here if he wants until you come back.”

Sans nodded. “Good deal. And dollface do ya...mind if I visit ya tomorrow? Ya know, as an actual invited guest?”

Frisk considered it. He was asking, not demanding. It was because of him that her neighbors didn’t have to pay a protection fee and his family’s money was rebuilding the park. That showed sparks of a good guy, right?

“You can-” Frisk began and paused, now remembering her audition was tomorrow. She shook her head. “Why don’t you come around tomorrow evening?”

Sans’ lights brightened. “I’ll bring hotdogs.”

Sans watched as Wingdings cracked his knuckles loudly before he finally faced Sans and Papyrus. He looked agitated. And angry. And Sans prayed to whatever God that was up there that it wasn’t because of something that his little lady might have said.
Standing in Wingdings’ study, Sans was surprised how messy it had become. Food wrappers were everywhere, half-full cups of cold coffee were laying all around his desk and work papers were shattered in all directions and when Sans looked up at Papyrus, he saw Papyrus physically twitching.

Sans supposed that for someone as neat and as tidy as Papyrus, seeing a room like this must have been driving him insane but unlike every other room in their new and old homes, Wings’ study was completely off-limits and the eldest skeleton made that extremely clear to them at a very young age that unless they were invited they were not allowed to enter.

But as soon as Sans grabbed Papyrus (who was less than thrilled about being pulled away from overseeing the park’s construction process until he learned Wings’ was ordering them home) and teleported them back to their home in Fell City, Wings ushered them into his study.

“We reached a minor detour in our plans, brothers.”

Sans mentally sighed in relief. Okay...so this ain’t got nothin’ to do wit’ my lady. Good. Now as soon as we fix this problem I can figure out how he learned Frisk’s number.

“A PROBLEM?! BROTHER DON’T TELL ME THAT THAT HORRID OLD HUMAN IS BACKING OUT OF HIS DEAL!” Papyrus whined and gestured to his slightly dirty “work” clothes. “THE MONSTERS ARE NEARLY DONE WITH THE FRONT PART OF THE PARK AND SOME HUMANS WERE ACTUALLY COMING UP TO ME AND BEGINNING TO TALK TO ME! I WAS MAKING PROGRESS WITH SHOWING THEM THAT MONSTERS TRULY ARE A WONDERFUL SPECIES-”

Papyrus instantly shut his mouth when Wings’ face tightened. He shook his head and pointed to the phone.

“An hour ago I received a call from Dee. Despite Sans’ efforts, another gang war is something that old human is trying to avoid so he’s setting up a meeting between a few of his men and a few member of that silly rival gang of his...what were they called again Sans?”


Papyrus and Wings smiled slightly at the stupid pompous name before Wings continued.
“Yes it seems the leader of the... “Never-Dies” contacted Dee and in some incredible way convinced Dee to discuss the matter of Nick’s death in person.”

Sans felt his frustration levels rise. This was a joke right? What was there to discuss?! Sans made sure that Nick was near Dee’s favorite hang out and took great pains to crave him up in the exact same way as one of those fuckin’ weirdo “Never-Die” members would have done.

Great! Now I have to find another one of Dee’s higher ups and slash that fucker’s throat too and crave a “N” in his forehead. Jesus Christ, can’t I have a Goddamn break?! Sans thought, feeling a bit of his red smoke gently float from his socket.

He rubbed his hand tiredly over his eyes. “So why is Dee tellin’ you all this, Wings?”

Wings’ agitation broke slightly as a wide smile came over his face. “Dee want you two present during the meeting.”

Now raw and hot rage filled Sans’ mind while Papyrus made a questioning noise.

“WHY DOES HE WANT US PRESENT-”

Sans slammed his fist against Wings’ desk earning an annoyed glare from the eldest skeleton. Sans ignored him.

“Cause he wants to show a rival gang that he has monsters under his fuckin’ belt! Like we’re his bitches or something.”

Papyrus’ face scrunched up in anger as the words sink in and despite the glare Wings’ had on his face, he slightly nodded too.

“I would have put it in a much elegant manner, but you are correct Sans. Now Dee himself isn’t going to be there. He’s putting a trusted official in his place-”
“COWARD,” Papyrus declared and once again Wings nodded.

“Exactly Papyrus, but there is some good news in this arrangement that will no doubt put our plan back in action. Dee is setting up the meeting in an old factory that was shut down years ago.”

Sans chuckled. “So this business meeting is basically a chance for the “Never-Dies” to suck up to Dee huh? What are they offering Dee for peace to remain between the two gangs? Drugs? Weapons?”

Wings shrugged. “I didn’t ask for specifics but once everybody is in that building kill them all except one member from Dee’s gang. Rough him up and bring him back here.”

Papyrus and Sans nodded, wicked smiles coming over their faces.

**************************

Sans and Papyrus stood silently behind a large worn out wooden beam and surveyed the old factory or more specifically the six men that were waiting there. They were holding Wings’ specially made, but painfully regular and uninteresting looking guns as they spoke and laughed with each other.

Sans made a mental note of that. Even though this should be a pretty easy mission those little things Wings created did pack one powerful punch. *Can’t be too careful,* Sans thought before he took a really good look at the men.

Sans instantly recognized five of those men as well-known members of Dee’s gang, and indeed the most well-dressed one out of them was a man named Grench who was practically always by Dee’s side during more festive events.

The sixth human though...Sans squinted his sockets to get a better look at him. Sans didn’t recognize him. The human was dressed in some shabby work clothes and stood farther from the rest of the gang and wasn’t talking or engaging in conversation with them either. He looked older, maybe in his late forties and even from this distance Sans could see the violent way the human’s hand was shaking as he held his gun.

Sans nudged Papyrus and pointed to the clearly terrified man.
“We bring him back wit’ us.”

Papyrus followed Sans’ finger and when his single red light landed on the trembling man, the taller skeleton let out a soft laugh.

And with that Sans and Papyrus walked out of their hiding spots. And expectedly guns were drawn on them. Sans watched how long it took that sixth human to raise his gun and when he finally had it pointed at Sans, the shaking was much more out of control.

Sans raised his hands with a friendly smile on his face. “Easy now boys. Me and my brother here are-

“Lower your guns, it's just Don Dee’s pet monsters,” Grench laughed.

And the only thing that kept Sans and Papyrus from brutally murdering him and the rest of the men who were laughing at that exact moment was knowing none of them would live to see another day.

Sans and Papyrus moved towards the shaking man. Sans couldn’t help but relish at the way the human’s eyes widened with fear when the shorter skeleton stood on one side of the human while Papyrus stood on the other side, effectively blocking him on both sides.

And while Sans knew it was completely unnecessary he did a quick scan of the human’s SOUL now that he was close enough to perform the act. A slash of green hit Sans’ vision along some new and very obvious and predictable information about this human.

This human had never harmed let alone killed another creature before. Grunting in satisfaction, Sans turned to the human and offered him a cold smile and waited for the other humans to begin their conversations again before he spoke.

“How new to this game, old man?” Sans asked quietly and nodded towards the human’s trembling hands.

To Sans’ amusement the human tried to straighten his spine out, mustering, what Sans supposed was, an attempted alpha male glare, but it failed miserably and after a few seconds the human gave a small laugh of despair.
“Yeah. That obvious?”

“VERY,” Papyrus answered. Sans and the human watched as red fog started to pour out of Papyrus’ good socket. With a twirl of his hands a large bone, similar to the one he killed Muffet with, appeared in his hands.

The shaky human stared wide-eyed at him while the other humans began laughing again. Sans gritted his teeth.

*Just got to wait for the other gang to show up,* he thought and looked up at Papyrus who seemed to be telling himself the same thing.

“Nice weapon, monster. That’ll really come in handy against guns.”

Papyrus turned to face the heckler and gave him a wide smile brandishing the large club-like bone proudly in the air.

“A GUN RUNS OUT OF BULLETS. YOUR SKULL WILL BREAK BEFORE THIS BONE DOES.”

And just like that the heckler’s smile faded just a little bit.

*Would not want to be you,* Sans thought to the heckler before he turned his attention back to Shaky who now seemed ready to run out of the factory after the mention of violence was brought up.

“So you two really are m-m-monsters huh?” Shaky said when Sans’ purposely stared him down without saying a word.

“No shit, human. The name’s Sans and this here is Papyrus.”

“I-I’m...M-M-Mac.”

Mac laughed though it was more out of nervousness than appreciating a good joke.

Sans rocked on his heels. “So tell me Mac, what’s a wimp like you doing with people like us?”

Mac opened his mouth to answer but to Sans’ joy the door to the other side of the factory opened and all of Dee’s men, Mac included drew their guns. Papyrus tightened his grip on his weapon and Sans began to focus his magic.

And despite how hard it was, Sans waited until all of the “Never-Dies” were in the building. There were seven of them in total. Four of them were each carrying a large and from the way they were struggling, heavy storage containers of some kind and when Sans saw them he inwardly groaned.

It was gonna take a lot of his magic to bring those things back but Wings’ instructions were very specific. Bring all the weapons, all of offerings, and one of Dee’s humans back.

Sans waited until Grench stepped forward to speak before he nodded towards Papyrus. Still wearing that wide grin, Papyrus swung his large bone at the back of Mac’s head like a bat. The older man went down without so much as a noise.

Everybody in the room was staring at them. With a wink to the “Never-Dies” Sans encased all seven members with his magic and in one downward gesture of his hand, slammed all of them to the ground. Panting, with a big smile on his face, Sans raised his hand again, lifting all seven screaming men into the air at an impressive height and slammed them back down to the ground.

A symphony of bones being cracked and broken entered Sans’ skull. Two of the humans died instantly.

**Cracked skulls**, Sans thought and the pools of blood that were slowly seeping from under their heads confirmed Sans’ diagnosis. The other men must have broken ribs or legs or arms, but their injuries were too severe for them to move, let alone attack so with a dark and deep chuckle Sans released their bodies from his magic and turned towards Dee’s men.

During the time Sans had been dealing with the seven “Never-Die” members, Papyrus had jumped over Mac’s body and swung the bone at the nearest human as hard as he could. A sick crack from
the human’s skull was heard as brain matter spattered on the walls, on Papyrus’ already dirtied clothing and on Dee’s remaining gang members.

Grench pointed his gun at Papyrus.

“You motherfuckers! Kill ‘em!”

Grinning and laughing triumphantly, Papyrus waved his hand, summoning a large number of glowing red bones. Each one was like a knife and with a flick of his wrist, those wave of bones barrelled towards the group of humans at such a high speed that before even one human could squeeze the trigger of their gun, the bones pierced their bodies.

Blood spattered everywhere and death was instantaneous for four of those five men. There was only one man left alive. The heckler. Only it looked like he didn’t have a lot of time left before he died too. There was a bone sticking out of his chest and one in his right thigh.

Sans laughed at the sight. The dumb fuck looked just like a Voodoo doll and with an amused smile he watched as Papyrus walked over the bodies of the other humans twirling his large club-bone in his hands and to get to the heckler.

“Nooo…” the heckler cried out as Papyrus neared him.

“NYEH HEH HEH. NICE FETAL POSITION HUMAN. THAT’LL COME IN HANDY WITH MY WEAPON!”

Papyrus brought the bone down directly on the knife that was sticking out of his thigh, drilling it deeper into the human’s flesh. The human cried out in pain.

Sans was just about to relax and enjoy the show when a few groans from behind him reminded him that he left some unfinished work that needed tending to. With a snap of his fingers, a half-bone, half-machete materialized in his hands. He walked over towards the groaning group of men briefly turning around to stare at Mac’s unconscious body.

_A few broken ribs, a gunshot to the knee, maybe a broken nose too. Something convincing for the old fuck_, Sans thought as he brought the machete down on one of the groaning men’s head.

**************************************************************************
For the millionth time, Wings looked over the papers he found laying in Sans’ room. Yesterday Wings only entered Sans’ room looking for a match or lighter and he wouldn’t even have given those papers a second glance except for a few notable details that caught his eyes.

The papers were bills which was weird. A phone bill and electricity bill to be precise. Wings paid everything that needed to be paid. That’s how it always was. Secondly, the bills were in a different type of format that he had never seen before and when he looked at the address he realized why: the address was from Surface City. They were human bills. And the name on the bills was a name Wings wasn’t familiar with: Frisk Determ.

It was a gut feeling really but after Sans left to find Tops, Wings had taken the papers up to Papyrus and asked him if that name sounded familiar.

THAT’S THE NAME OF MY ADMIRER, BROTHER!

And then Papyrus proceeded to explain their breakup. So his hunch was right.

So the lady who had been so kind to Papyrus was named Frisk Determ. And when Wings talked to her he was honestly shocked to find out she really was a nice lady. A nice lady with a beautiful voice. And after talking to her, Wings had realized Sans had been right about her. There was no way that lady was a threat or a spy and judging by the bills, she was also a humble lady.

Wings put the papers in his desk as he heard the grunting sounds of both his brothers, letting him know their mission was a success, but before he called Dee to let the old bastard know that his brothers and one of Dee’s men barely escaped with their own lives since the "Never-Dies" meeting was nothing more than a ambush, Wings wanted to ask Sans a few more questions about Frisk.

As in why Sans felt the need to pay off her bills. And if he thought Sans was lying, he could always ask Frisk.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter: Grillby and Frisk meet!

Also, I’ve been neglecting my one-shot so my next update will be that!

Comments are always welcomed!
Once again thank you for all your comments and kudos, I love them all! ^^

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“I told you two to rough up one of Dee’s thugs not put him in a coma.”

Sans shrugged and watched as Wings bent down and grabbed the unconscious and horribly beaten human’s chin and lifted his face for a better look. After they dealt with everything as in making sure that all the other humans were dead and the building truly was void of any living humans, both inside and outside, Sans began gathering Wings’ specialty guns out of the hands out the dead men while Papyrus began to stack the boxes the “Never-Dies” brought in, all in one nice pile. And when that was done, the skeletons had worked over the unconscious Mac.

Wings told them to “rough one up” and they did. Papyrus bashed the human’s knee in with his large club bone while Sans dug one of his bone knives deep into a non-fatal area in the man’s side, making sure to cover the wound with a clean bandage to stop the bleeding once he took the knife back out.

And finally, just to complete the look, Sans made small slices along the older man’s face, cutting just deep enough so they wouldn’t heal over so quickly. Once both skeletons were satisfied, Papyrus threw Mac over his shoulder and Sans teleported everything, the guns, the crates of goods, himself and his brother back to their home in Fell City. Specifically their shed in Fell City.

And once they were there, Papyrus shoved the bleeding human on their small red couch that was way too small for the average monster, but apparently just the right size for a grown male human.

“But brother, he matches the injuries of the other humans Dee will find at the factory!”

After a few more seconds of turning the human’s face left and right, earning an occasional painful groan from the man, Wings nodded his head in agreement. Sans sighed in relief.

Great! He ain’t mad so I can leave and git back to Tops and the little lady without gittin’ yelled at.
“Are those all my guns?” Wings gestured towards the small pile of weapons on top of the crates. Sans nodded.

“Yep. Seven guns in total, which means that Dee’s still got eighteen of them.”

Standing up, Wings wiped the human’s blood on his pant leg nonchalantly and walked over to the crates. He lifted up a lid on one of them, grimacing in confusion at the products inside for a half second before he grunted in repulsion.

“Cocaine?” he asked as he lifted up one of the heavy bags of white powder. Sans nodded, slightly disappointed that it wasn’t something more...interesting while Papyrus made a gagging disgusted sound much like Wings had done.

“Okay. We got the human as evidence and we have Dee’s things,” Sans watched as a small and proud smile perked up the corner of Wing’s lips as he looked at him and Papyrus. “Nice job brothers. You came through for me.”

Papyrus let out a soft laugh and puffed up his chest while Sans felt a ripple of pleasure go through his SOUL. Wings didn’t always give praises to Sans (Papyrus got an endless supply when Wings was in a good mood), but when he did Sans really couldn’t help the warm feelings that would light his SOUL up.

“Now, I got to make the phone call to Dee, so in the meantime-” he turned to Papyrus who was still glowing with pleasure. “Can you please take the human to our guest room and patch him up? If he starts to wake up let me know immediately.”

Papyrus nodded, standing as straight as a man in the human military. “YES BROTHER.”

And with that, Papyrus lifted the human in his arms and walked out of the shed. Sans smirked and looked up at his brother.

“Say, since ya don’t need me no more, what say I head back to the human city and make sure that them idiots workin’ at the park ain’t slackin’ off-”
The warm feelings Sans had in his SOUL quickly left him as Wings’ gave him his wide pumpkin grin that was only reserved for only the most unfortunate of people that thought they were smart enough to cross Wings. Sans first grew very accustomed to that smile years ago when they broke away from Asgore’s gang and the skeleton family were trying to rid their area of anybody that may have had ties or information or sympathized with the Dreemurrs.

In fact, if Sans were not mistaken, and he knew he wasn’t, he saw that exact smile not long ago when they were both watching Muffet’s head get bashed it. Unease crept in as Wings sat down on the small couch where the human was just laying and crossed his legs.

“I really like that female human.” Wings said as he tapped his finger to his chin as he hummed thoughtfully. “What was her name again?”

Sans didn’t answer. Couldn’t answer.

“Her name is Frisk isn’t it?”

Sans felt his non-existent throat get dry. That’s right. That’s what he was forgetting to remember. This mission had made him temporarily forget about that phone call between his lady and Wings and now that Wings had brought it up again, the question that had been plaguing his mind ever since his lady picked up the phone now resurfaced at the center of his mind:

*How did you get her number?*

But despite everything he was feeling inside, Sans managed a small carefree chuckle and shrugged his shoulders.

“She’s all alright, I suppose.”

“She’s flirty.”

Sans felt a twinge of jealousy at the statement. Yeah she was being flirty alright. Letting out cute little giggles and using a very pretty speaking voice that she had yet to use on HIM and yet after talking to Wings for only a minute, she busted that adorable and seductive personality out...and...
Sans was angry. Okay, angry wasn’t the right word. He was pretty goddamn pissed off to the point where he almost took the phone from her hands a second time and slammed it on the hook, consequences be damned, but all that jealousy had died when she had glared at him the moment she had found out about the protection fee.

The one ACE that Sans still held over her that kept her from walking away from him was gone. And it was the final piece that would finally convince her to stay with him.

He had it all planned out too. During their date he would take a moment to admire her before he would lean in close, and grip her tiny little doll-hand in his telling her a protection fee would no longer be necessary. That would convince her he was the right guy for her and that no other guy could top him.

And suddenly all that anger turned to fear.

And despite what happened between them in her kitchen moments before that phone call, Sans knew that as soon as she hung up, she’d reject him. Laugh at him. Call off the date, tell him to get out of her apartment and stay gone. Tell him to get out of her life. To fuck off.

And for one brief panic-inducing second that nearly made him delirious and irrational, Sans actually considered the option of...giving his lady a new home to live in. Make a new and cozy little home for her in some place that didn’t have a lot of people and keep her there and make sure she couldn’t leave. He’d visit her everyday and give her gifts and anything she needed or wanted and overtime she would learn to rely on him and when like Sans always figured, dependence was a kind of love in itself and and and-

And just before his plans could turn into more than just thoughts Tops’ advice came rushing back into his mind and with the blue bunny’s words ringing in his ears, he forced himself to calm down enough to listen to the rest of Frisk’s phone conversation with Wings.

He was so relieved he had decided to waited too. Despite her oddly disconcerting, hopeless and bleak statement about her human city that made her usually spunky voice seem so lifeless, when she turned back around to face him she no longer looked enraged. She looked more calm. More soft. A little warmer, he dared say.

And with his relief came his horror.
Almost made a BIG fuckin’ mistake there, Sans had thought after she said she wanted him to come over tomorrow evening. But... but truth be told that little idea of keeping her in one place where only he could see and be with her was…

...Of course things were going really good between them now if he did say so himself…

He wouldn’t need to do something that dramatic…

Unless she (TRIES) to leave him

or

...Maybe if she (DARE) fell in love with someone else-

But he doubted she would do that. He was CERTAIN that wouldn’t happen.

“I figure she’s just a friendly human is all,” Sans said cautiously and his anxiety spiked quite a bit as Wings’ smile grew into a knowing smirk.

“Papyrus seems fond of her,” the eldest skeleton said. Sans let out a nervous chuckle.

Let’s not talk about her. Let’s talk about anything else.  Sans thought and tried to keep his face as neutral as possible. The absolute worst thing about having an observant older brother was the fact the fucker was really really great at being...well fucking observant. A twitch in a smile, a quick shift of the eyes or even an out of place cough never once left Wings’ line of vision undetected. Even when they were younger the bastard could read through anybody.

It was one of the few reasons why the Gaster brothers never found themselves in real hot water when they were younger. Knowing who was lying and who was telling the truth saved their asses more than once. Unfortunately this skill wasn’t just reserved for Wings’ enemies.

“Yeah, but you know how Papyrus is: Thinks everybody wants a piece of him,” Sans said, trying to keep his voice casual, almost bored even. “So um...what exactly are you gonna tell Dee when you call him-”

“Do you like her?”
And as soon as Sans felt the first beads of sweat run down his skull and his body stiffen almost at once, he knew he gave himself away. And even as his brother’s smirk turned a bit sharper, silently letting the shorter skeleton know he answered his question without even saying a word.

*Why the fuck would he ask that*, Sans thought feeling more sweat run down the sides of his skull as he shoved his hands into his pockets so Wings wouldn’t see how badly they were shaking. *Why would he ask that? I ain’t even showed interest in her when I spoke about her to him. He shouldn’t be asking me that...unless...something Frisk told him sparked his interest...*

And despite his horror of not knowing exactly how his brother figured it out, he couldn’t help the small bit of warmth that grew in his chest about the idea of his lady saying something about HIM that might have drawn Wings to suspect there was something between them. Maybe during his fear-crazed moment when he was considering taking her away, she mentioned something pleasing and complimentary about him.

“You know brother, I have no qualms about you pursuing a relationship with this young lady,” Wings said, shrugging his shoulders as he looked at his gloved hands. “As long as you stay focused on what needs to be done, which you have been doing, I don’t see why you would be so secretive about your budding romances.”

Sans silently studied his brother before he answered. His brother’s knowing smirk had turned into a non-judgemental stare and while he was speaking Sans could not detect even a hint of anger nor did he get any feelings that Wings was merely placing a verbal trap for him to step in. And for the most part, Wings’ words did match his attitude with almost all the jobs they have pulled over the years.

*As long as you don’t mess up our plans or do something stupid to get yourself hurt or killed, do what you want.*

Of course Wings wouldn’t consider pursuing a human as something that could mess up their plans. However the way Sans’ stupidly treated his lady over the last few days would definitely fall into the category of FUCKING UP THE PLANS. So naturally Sans decided to leave that part out if Wings felt the need to push for more details.

Taking a deep breath and hating the fact that he was feeling a blush come over his cheekbones, Sans nodded his head at Wings’ statement.

“Yes, bro. I like her,” he declared, feeling his face get even redder as the words left his mouth but he felt happy at the same time. Proud.
The idea of scoffing and denying his lady would have felt like a betrayal.

*Yeah, she’s my lady. She’s MINE.*

The overconfident statement brought a small amount of confidence to Sans. Unfortunately it was also short-lived as Sans watched as Wings’ smile remained on his face, but his eyes narrowed slightly and when he spoke next a cold tone replaced his more brotherly one.

“Does she like you?”

If there were any sort of confidence or easy feelings that remained after Sans witnessing that cold stare, it disappeared entirely as Sans heard the harsh snapping sounds as Wings cracked his knuckles.

“Wha-”

“Where did you first meet her?”

*On a dark rainy night.*

“I met her when she was singing at one of the clubs I was observing—”

Wings frowned and Sans saw a spark of purple bloom violently in his brother’s normally empty socket. “So she just happened to live in the very area you choose for us?”

Sans could have slapped himself. *Fuck… Why the fuck didn’t I say I met her during Papyrus’ speech to the tenants?* But at the same time, Sans cursed his brother for being able to put pieces of puzzles together so fast. He and Papyrus both were so skilled at that shit. Fuck them both.

“Sans…” Wings growled and the shorter skeleton could do nothing but watch as the eldest skeleton reached into his jacket and pulled out a piece of paper. Only it wasn’t just a some unimportant piece of paper. Sans felt his SOUL turn icy cold.
Frisk’s bill. That’s how he knew Frisk’s number. I fuckin’ left it in my bedroom out in the open for everybody to see.

Wings waved the paper in front of Sans’ face. Sans fought every urge to snatch the paper away from him.

That’s mine, you prick! It belongs to Frisk so it’s MINE! GIVE IT BACK! Sans screamed in his mind and maybe there was something in his face that portrayed his feelings because Wings’ sockets widened in confusion.

“You paid her bills. Why?”

Now more alert, Sans answered with a quick and hopefully passable answer.

“Just tryin’ to impress her, bro. And it worked too. She and I are going to be going out this weekend...hell she even invited me to visit her tomorrow evening.” Sans explained.

Mix lies with truths and things before more believable, everybody knew that. And for one second it seemed to work. Wings’ sockets widened even more as he turned the paper around to look at the information again.

“So you never treated her or a single human in our area disrespectfully?” Wings asked after a second of analyzing the paper. There’s was a clear threat in his voice.

It’s all in the past now Wings, doesn’t matter. She forgave me for it, Sans thought smugly. And I couldn’t have been disrespectful to any other human in our area ‘cause Frisk was the only human in our area that I ever spoke to.

“Yeah, I treated all the humans in our area with respect.”

Wings’ face became unreadable and he didn’t say anything for a few seconds. Sans’ smugness grew as Wings’ expression became thoughtfully. He wasn’t angry, his eyes weren’t narrowed and the purple light in his socket started to fade.
“So you and Papyrus have not given any humans in our area a reason to be afraid of us?”

Smirking Sans nods his head. It was cruel and selfish thinking but the skeleton couldn’t help but feel an even greater attraction to his lady for the type of person she was. Somebody who would rather bare the world on her shoulders before she dragged others into misery. Hell none of the other humans knew she dipped into her own savings to make up the differences when Nick collected on the fee. Which made that bullshit protection fee the perfect bait to hang over her head. Sans knew she wouldn’t tell, at least not without trying every other resource offered to her. Including his offer. Including HIM.

...Such a selfless woman…

Sans felt even more safe. Let Wings try to find one human who had a legitimate reason to be afraid of them. The bastard wouldn’t find a single SOUL.

“Course not Wings. I stuck with your plan. Me and Papyrus are being friendly to the humans like you said to be.”

More silence. And now Sans was certain he was off the hook. It was the very first time he actually pulled one over on Wings and the feeling was so incredible...after years of being called out on every mistake he ever made he was finally going to get away-

“So if I were to ask Frisk would she agree with you?’”

Sans felt the blush instantly leave his face. His sweating increased as his mouth went completely dry now. He couldn’t find any words to say as his mind went instantly blank, once again giving himself away to Wings unintentionally.

He didn’t know what his lady would say. Would she sugar-coat what happen? Give Wings a nice account of their meeting? She might start to do that, but...

Wings would know if she were lying.

And there was a high probability that Wings might get angry with her and his simple questions might
become an...interrogation. And when Wings smiled at Sans this time, Sans saw the familiar rage that was boiling behind his brother’s face. He always did get vexed whenever Sans lied to him, which up to this moment hadn’t happened in years.

What could he do? What could he- Sighing in defeat, Sans knew what he had to do. But it fucking sucked. Big time.

“I...I’ll tell ya what happened, but keep this fact in mind, Frisk could ‘ave told me to git lost after they two of ya were done talkin’, but she didn’t. She’s givin’ me a chance, alright?”

Wings nodded and Sans felt his tense and fear-ridden body loosen a bit as his brother’s face lightened up.

“Yeah, I figured that much at least. Her opinion of monsters is the exact response I want the humans to have so I’m sure your attempts at impressing her worked,” and to emphasize that point, Wings waved the paper in his hand again. Sans mentally frowned.

_That didn’t impress her_, Sans thought, now feeling admiration for his lady who couldn’t easily be bought, a trait up until today was a growing frustration and annoyance for him.

“But I would still like to know what happened, and don’t worry I won’t get angry, I just want to make sure everything that might be messy is cleared up between the two of you so we can move unto our next step,” Wings began and as he continued, his tight voice got a lot more serious. “Remember we can’t have the average human citizens fighting us when we clear out their city. Humans are stronger than us and our plan won’t work if everybody is against us and an unpleasant incident, no matter how small, might be our undoing.”

Wings’ soft and cooing voice caused more of Sans’ body to relax. He nodded even though he wanted to say that Wings had nothing to worry about. His lady was fine and held no grudges or any desire to make monsters look bad, but he knew that wasn’t going to be good enough for the eldest skeleton.

“Ohkay. I’ll tell ya everything if ya promise you’ll be calm and listen to me and keep an open mind.”

It was just a childish request: _You promise you won’t get angry?_ 

Wings must have thought so too because gave out a laugh of disbelief. “Yes Sans, I promise I won’t
get mad."

Taking a deep deep deep breath Sans began.

“So I first talked to her that night I had the meeting with Dee…”

Papyrus walked to the shed quickly. While the human hadn’t exactly woken up, he was starting to make a lot more sounds and Papyrus knew it wouldn’t be long until his eyes opened. And while the Great Papyrus knew a great many and interesting skills, he still hadn’t…mastered the skills of talking to the more primitive and simple species that was the human race.

Okay perhaps that wasn’t exactly true. The nice little human woman was easy to talk to (very very easy to talk to) but then again maybe she herself was part monster even though she didn’t have any noticeable and physical traits many monsters have, including a monster SOUL. But how else could the Great Papyrus, who was always ready to jump into action, instantly relax whenever he was near her? It didn’t make any sense. Unless…

Unless humans had their own type of magic! She must be intertwining her magic whenever she smiled or talked or laughed with him and he was just...he was just wasn’t feeling it.

In fact the more humans Papyrus met the more the skeleton began to suspect they all had some sort of magic they were using against him.

Take the humans who had come to watch the rebuilding of the park. At first they were causing a lot of disruptions since most of the other monsters had stopped working to talk to them. And when Papyrus went to break up the conversations, they began asking him questions in nice and quiet, respectable voices to the point they actually made him forget about managing the park! That could only be the work of some kind of unexplained magic that only humans possessed!

They actually made the GREAT PAPYRUS forget about his task with their questions about how the monster city was or thanking him in grateful voices about the kind and GREAT thing he was doing for them!

Getting off course was something that never once happened in his life and while nothing but a nice chat came out of it, Papyrus knew he needed to discuss this odd magic with Wings. The normal humans weren’t a danger but if Dee and his men used that human magic-
Making it to the shed, Papyrus reached his hand out and touched the door handle-

“YOU STUPID BASTARD!”

And without meeting a beat, Wings’ voice booming into his skull, Papyrus turned back around and headed towards the house again.

**MAYBE I SHOULD WAIT UNTIL THE HUMAN WAS ACTUALLY AWAKE,** Papyrus thought to himself as he quickly rushed back to the house.

“What did you say the name of the human invention was again that was able to produce these amazing pictures?”

“A camera,” Frisk answered.

Frisk watched, feeling a slight blush on her face as Tops took in every detail of one of Frisk’s many embarrassing photographs that her mother took of her when she was just a child before he flipped the page of her huge photo album to reveal an even more embarrassing picture.

After Tops finished fixing her kitchen (she didn’t know how he did it or how he fixed up everything in only a matter of minutes during the time she went into her bedroom to put on a new dress and when she asked his incredible work he dismissed her questions with vague answers about magic and speed and when she tried to press him for more answers he said it was an old family secret with a wink), she invited him to relax in the living room.

And as soon as he entered, another soda in hand, his eyes caught Frisk’s family photo that was hanging on the wall. It was one of those traditional generic photos where little nine-year old Frisk in a pink dress and bow stood in front of the camera while her mom and dad stood behind her. They each had one hand on her shoulders as all they smiled. Frisk had been missing two of her front teeth in that picture, which in her opinion, made her look like a big dork, but it was her parents’ favorite photo of them.

So when they died it became her favorite photo.

But the way Tops reacted to it, Frisk could have sworn the bunny monster had never seen a photograph before and when Tops asked her if painters made a lot of money by making these
incredible portraits, Frisk realized he really didn’t know what a photograph was.

And when she explained what a camera, the bunny’s eyes widened and he took another good look at that picture. For five minutes. And when he was done, he asked if she had anymore photographs. So she burst the old album out and together they sat on her couch as Tops looked through the photos, listening eagerly to the stories that came with every photo.

Stories about her parents and friends that Frisk hadn’t thought for years since a majority of them had either been killed or moved away. She thought it would be hard to look at these photos again, let alone talk about, which was one of the reasons why the photo album remained under her bed untouched in years, but as she began telling stories, the words flowed out so easily and the urge to cry never came. She even laughed a few times.

“You monsters don’t have things like cameras in your city?” Frisk asked as Tops flipped another page.

He shook his head. “Nah sweetie. Monster technology ain’t exactly up to speed with human technology. And I’ll tell ya, this camera thing would sell like my Nice Cream in Fell City. Man, it makes me wish I had a photo of Whisk-” Tops began but paused as a harsh knock on the door got their attention.

“Must be Sans,” Tops said as he flipped through another page. Frisk nodded. It had been almost two hours since he left and Frisk was thinking about taking Tops out to eat since it was almost lunch time.

Getting up and leaving Tops to look at the photo album, Frisk stood up and walked to the front door, blinking when she saw Sans leaning heavily in the doorway. He was wearing different clothes and he looked even worse.

“Sorry about takin’ too long, dollface. Had to make some calls,” Sans muttered as he walked into the kitchen to survey Tops’ work. Frisk shrugged.

“No worries. Tops and I were just looking at some photographs. You monsters really don’t have cameras?”

Sans shook his head. “Nope. If you want your picture you have to hire a painter to-”
“Oh my God! Frisk, come here! I need to know what was going on in this photo!”

Frisk walked into the living room and Sans followed. Judging by the bunny’s wide grin, Frisk knew whatever photo he was currently looking at was embarrassing and she was right.

Sitting down on one side of Tops, Sans sat in the opposite side and they both leaned forward to look at the picture Tops was pointing to. Frisk’s face went deep red and she snorted back embarrassed laughter.

Yep, she was right. The photo was taken when Frisk was sixteen years old in a very crowded gym room of her old high school and while the photo focused on her and her parents, the background was filled of blurry images of students and parents walking in every direction. She was wearing a bright blue and pink summer dress, her hair was pinned up in a classy bun while her beloved red heart charm hung tightly around her neck. She would have looked nice if it weren’t for the fact that she along with her mother and father was completely drenched in water from head to toe, but despite that little detail a huge “fuck-it” grin was plastered on her face.

“You got caught in the rain,” Sans muttered in a strange quiet voice. Frisk’s eyes widened as she spun her head to look at him.

The skeleton’s eyes were flickering like dying embers.

“How’d you know it was raining that night?”

It took a few seconds to answer but when the flickering lights in his sockets became more focused Sans chuckled and pointed to a window in the picture. Frisk leaned down and took a good look at it. It was hard to see, but the photo did show it had been raining outside.

“Oh...well yeah it was raining that night,” Frisk smiled, feeling stupid that for one second she thought that Sans had the ability to read her thoughts. “That night was supposed to be my very first solo concert performance for my school. I was gonna sing an old classic: The Lass from the Low Countree .”

Frisk laughed as she felt her blush increase. “I practiced with my chorus teacher everyday for month and then I practiced at home until I drove my parents crazy. I practiced every second I had right up until the day of the performance. And when the day came I remember humming the tune as I got ready. I swear it must of took me three hours to get ready. Putting my hair up just right and finding
the perfect dress and when I was done, I honestly thought that night was gonna be the night I became a singing sensation”

Tops smiled while Sans just listened with an expressionless look on his face. “And you were a hit?” The bunny asked.

Frisk covered her hands with her face. It happened nearly ten years ago, but it still felt like it happened yesterday.

“It was my first time performing for a crowd and when I stepped out from the rest of my chorus group and took center stage I noticed how many people were in the audience. Looking at me. Staring right at me. And then chorus teacher began to play her piano. The same tune I heard for a month and yet I couldn’t find my words. I knew I was ready to sing, but...but...I couldn’t sing. I couldn’t get the words to come out.”

Frisk paused as the memory overtook her. The people in the audience began to mutter when they realized this wasn’t a super long intro to a song. The lights became too bright and the gym suddenly began too hot. The faces of the audience began to swarm into one fleshy mess and Frisk couldn’t even find her parents in the crowd as the piano music continued to play. And she tried to sing, but no words came out. Nothing came out. Not even a squeak.

Later the next day, the chorus teacher told her that stage fright happened to every performer at least once in their lives but they get over it. And she had been right. Maybe it was the fact that nothing more humiliating could happen to her or maybe it was because her entire audience that night were people she knew and grew up with but after that incident Frisk had no trouble standing in front of a crowd of strangers and singing. It didn’t make any sense but neither did irrational and untimely moments of stage fright.

Frisk looked at Tops, who seemed destroyed by the story while Sans was still listening with that unreadable expression of his.

“And you want to know the worst part of it? Nobody was laughing at me. Everybody was still waiting silently and patiently for me to begin and I couldn’t even give them a single note. I ran out of the building into the rain while the music was still playing and I got completely soaked while I hid inside a huge playground tunnel that for the elementary school kids. Mom and dad came looking for me. That’s how they got soaked, but I didn’t come out even when they called my name.”

Frisk paused for a second before she shrugged. “The end?”
Tops didn’t say anything, but Sans did. He pointed to the smile on sixteen year old Frisk’s face.

“Ya came back in the building and ya smiled for the camera. That takes some fuckin’ guts, little lady.”

Frisk smiled. “Yeah that’s what my dad sai-”

The phone rang.

“God I’m popular today,” Frisk said as she got off the couch to answer it.

As soon as Frisk’s back was turned, Sans pulled the picture out of the album and quietly put it in his pocket, knowing Tops was staring at him.

“I’ll explain later,” Sans muttered and stood up, closing the album. “Come on. I got to gather up the workers and take them back to Fell City. Wings’ orders.”

Still giving him a question look, Tops also stood up.

“Oh hi Andy,” Frisk said coldly. Sans grinned weakly. When Wings focused Sans to call up all Frisk’s bosses to ensure she got her jobs back, Andy along with many of her other bosses’ had been relieved. She was a popular and talented bar singer and having poor entertainment had been hurting their businesses. And the fact that most of the bar patrons were male, it didn’t hurt to have nice eye-candy like Frisk on stage. (Sans had to control his anger when Andy gleefully told him that).

Sans was sure by the end of the night, Frisk would have all her old jobs back.

Chapter End Notes

So I know I said Grillby was gonna be in this chapter, but the more I thought about it the more I realized Frisk entering the monster city needed to be it's own chapter. I'm
sorry and trust me I want him and Frisk to be introduced so badly! You don't even understand, but you'll see what I mean. Next chapter update: Saturday/Sunday!
HOTLAND

Chapter Notes

And here we go! Happy Easter my loveys! ^^
As always, I loved reading your comments and thank you for all your kudos!

PS. For those of you who have left me comments that I haven't responded to please don't think I'm rude. I'm gonna reply I just haven't had time! A lot of you brought up some amazing and wonderful points I want to address! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Grillby’s is proud to present for the first time ever live human entertainment!*

The sun’s final rays of light began to fade from her tiny room as Frisk laid on her bed, her feet lazily propped up against the wall of her now semi-clean bedroom. She reread the odd but undeniably eye-catching flyer Jim gave her. The purple flame designs that decorated the flyer almost shined with whatever paint Grillby had used and the coloring of the letters were a cool almost metallic blue. If Grillby personally created this flyer then Frisk had to give the man credit: he had style.

Sighing and humming the song she had chosen for her audition tomorrow, she flipped the flyer over and looked at Jim’s name and phone number he had hastily scribbled on the back of the paper after she gave him her number on the restaurant napkin.

On one hand, after Sans came back to her apartment, her bosses were calling her left and right eagerly offering her old jobs back. How she got them back was easy enough to guess. Sans took them away and just as quickly he gave them back to her. And that stupid look of complete shock that he forged on his face when she told him she was gainfully employed again didn’t fool her and he must have known it because halfway through his congratulatory speech he stopped talking and opted to give her a knowing wink instead and said goodbye to her.

Such a smug jerk, but just the same she had her old jobs back therefore she really didn’t need to venture outside her city to another city for a job that wasn’t even a full guarantee.

But on the other hand, she didn’t know how much of a guarantee her keeping her old gigs were. Yeah, Sans gave them back to her but she really didn’t know why he gave them back to her. Did he give them back because he truly was sorry like he told her he was in the kitchen and this was an attempt to show her he did want to start over?
That seemed possible, but she couldn’t rule out another and more common and likely reason why Sans would give her her jobs back. Like Derek and like many other...unkind people Frisk met and had to deal with during her life, they had a sort of reward system they would use on her. If she played by their rules, and did what they wanted and she would get rewarded or in most cases she wouldn’t get hurt.

Was Sans doing the same thing? Frisk frowned as she stared at the flyer feeling her eyes get heavier. That seemed like the likeliest reason why. She had accepted the skeleton’s apology, she “invited” him over tomorrow evening to her house and all of a sudden she gets her old jobs back? That was too big of a coincidence now wasn’t it?

And even if it weren’t and even if more than half of her believed that Sans was an...okay guy- much like his two brothers...

*Ya came back in the building and ya smiled for the camera. That takes some fuckin’ guts, little lady.*

Frisk made a deep moaning sound of annoyance her in throat. Why the hell did that...man have to say things like that? In a voice that was too sincere to be fake?!

And even if he practically said the same thing her dad told her that terrible night without being prompted too...there was a small part of her that knew getting her old jobs back wasn’t a sure thing if Sans really was using this reward system.

What if she did something unintentional that pissed him off and he got angry at her...what would he do? Take her jobs away as a punishment and leave her stranded again? The thought made Frisk’s anxiety levels spike.

He did say he was a gamble to be with and Frisk may be an unwilling player, but she was a player nonetheless. And if the deck were already stacked against her, why not keep a few ACES up her sleeve...just in case. And from what Jim said, Grillby paid well so maybe her hidden ACE could do more than keep her afloat...maybe if she played her cards right she could finally leave this shitty murderous town for good.

The thought put a weak smile on Frisk’s face as she fell into a deep sleep. She dreamt of growing a small garden full of glowing blue flowers that would repeat anything she said.
The first thing Frisk noticed when she spotted Jim in the library was he was holding a somewhat small bright yellow bundle in his arms. As she moved closer, trying not to make a lot of noise as to not disturb the other library patrons, she saw what the yellow bundle was. Her eyebrows raise as a grin formed on her face.

The bright yellow bundle was really a little girl (obviously Jim’s daughter) wrapped in a soft yellow blanket, her adorable, chubby and sleeping face the only thing showing and despite the limited view Frisk had of the little girl, she searched for any resembles the child might have with Jim.

Must look like her mother, Frisk thought when she couldn’t find a single feature that matched Jim’s. Jim’s ex must have been a beautiful lady though. That kid is already a looker, she decided and moved closer to the pair, now walking quieter than before so she wouldn’t accidently wake the child.

Jim must have felt her stare because he looked up from that small bundle.

Frisk felt a blush come over her face as his handsome face broke into a wide grin and his soft blue eyes brightened at the sight of her. He stood up, still holding the yellow bundle and greeted her in a loud and welcoming voice.

“Heya Frisk! You look really pretty-”

“Sssshhhhhhhhh.”

Frisk and Jim looked over to see the older woman at the librarian’s desk glaring at both of them, her finger to her lips. Though probably much older than Frisk and Jim combine, Frisk saw a sort of stubborn challenge in the old woman’s eyes that was practically daring them to raise their voices above a whisper again.

Frisk knew that woman. Well, she didn’t know her know her as in she didn’t know her name, but she knew the old lady in the sense that ever since Frisk was a little girl holding her mother’s hand as they walked into the library together, that librarian had always sat in that desk from 9AM to 4 PM managing the librarian’s desk and shushing everybody and anybody who dared make a sound her in presence. It was annoying and truth be told, as a child Frisk was terrified of the icy-eyed woman who glared at down at her whenever Frisk forgot the rules and made a noise as innocent as a cough.

And when Frisk foolishly told her mother about her fear, Frisk recalled a wide and amused smile
exploding on her mother’s face and from that time on Frisk’s mom made it a point to pull up a chair right next to the old lady’s desk and read Frisk storybooks in a hushed voice, every so often looking over her shoulder to make sure the old lady knew what she was doing. And the weird thing was not once did the old lady hush Frisk’s mom. Sure she looked annoyed as all hell, but the old lady never told Frisk’s mom to quiet down.

But that small power victory her mom won against the old lady wasn’t enough to vanquish Frisk’s irrational fear of the old librarian and even to this day Frisk still felt a just the teensiest amount of dread for the old lady.

Gulping, Frisk turned towards the old lady, put on her best apologetic smile and mouthed the word “sorry” to the old lady.

Almost instantly the old woman’s cold demeanor became icy as her eyes narrowed, unmoved and very unimpressed by Frisk’s attempt to charm her. Taking the hint, Frisk grabbed Jim’s arm and ushered him towards the back of the library so they could have a bit more privacy and freedom to talk.

“Jeez Frisk, I’m sorry about that,” Jim whispered cautiously, looking around to make sure no other shushing librarians were near as he shifted the still sleeping child in his arms. “I haven’t been in a library since I was just a kid and I sometimes forget that rule.”

Frisk shot a mocking glared through the shelves that blocked her view of the librarian who was still most likely glaring at the spot they had been in a second ago before she answered.

“Don’t worry about it Jim. That librarian doesn’t exactly enjoy being around...other people. In fact she’s one of the reasons why I don’t come in here to check out my books until after four when she leaves,” Frisk explained, her mocking little glare becoming a little more genuine.

From time to time when she entered the library, Frisk couldn’t help but wondered if the old lady remembered her mother or her at all. For the years she had been with Derek, Frisk’s trips to the library became less and less common until he had outright forbidden her from leaving the house altogether, so it wouldn’t be surprising if she had faded from the librarian’s memory. But judging by the old lady’s familiar and unwelcoming face it really didn’t matter if she remember Frisk or not. Ever since Frisk started coming back, it seemed the old lady picked up where they had left off. Hating Frisk.

Shaking off the bad vibe the old lady sent her way, Frisk smiled down at the sleeping form and nodded to her.
“So is this your little girl?”

Jim smiled softly down at the little bundle and held the little thing closer to his chest (Frisk felt her heart melt at the display of love).

“Yep this is my little darling, Clementine,” Jim said, giving an embarrassed laugh when Frisk giggled at the silly song reference. “Hey don’t laugh. Naming her that was my ex-wife’s idea. She um…” Jim paused for just a second looking around at the many books that surrounded them before he continued. “She um…really liked Western…books with…gunslingers so she named our kid something that had to do with the West…Look I didn’t have a say in it.”

Frisk shrugged. She had heard stranger names with stranger backstories. “Well I can’t say much when I have a name like Frisk, but what’s she doing here? No that I mind kids,” Frisk quickly added before Jim got the wrong idea, “but we’re heading to a bar and most bars I know of don’t let kids in…” Frisk trailed off as Jim’s soft smile vanished.

Frisk watched as he leaned down carefully and placed his lips to his daughter’s forehead. At first Frisk thought he was giving her a kiss, but his lips never puckered up which meant only one thing. He was checking her temperature. Frisk frowned.

“Poor kid’s got a fever and it’s so hard to find a sitter for a sick kid.” Jim explained and cuddled the sleeping kid even closer to his chest rocking her slightly. The little girl’s eyes fluttered but other than that, she remained fast asleep her breathing even and easy.

Frisk’s eyes narrowed. **Seriously Jim?! You’re taking your sick kid out instead of looking after her at your house?! What’s wrong with you?! Get your ass home and take care of your kid. I can wait a few days.**

Jim must have saw something in Frisk’s face because he gave a shrug that was nothing short of helpless.

“I know I know, but what could I do? I told my boss I found a potential entertainer and he’s expecting you today and I haven’t disappointed him since I started and…” Jim shrugged again and Frisk’s disappointment and annoyance vanished when his face became a bit more guilt-ridden showing her he didn’t like this arrangement anymore than she did. “I have a great working relationship with him and all, but I know he’s businessman and if I can’t deliver what I promised…”
“Jobs are so hard to find,” Frisk finished sympathetically. Jim nodded sadly before he brightened up just a bit.

“But on the upside whenever I can’t find a sitter Grillby allows lets me bring Clemmy with me. He’s got this...downstairs area of the bar and one of the room is kind of spare so Clemmy plays there while I take care of Grillby’s booze orders.”

**Oh. Good taste in flyer design and a kind monster too.** It made Frisk wonder if Grillby was a dad who understood and could sympathize about the ups and downs that occur when people have kids. Especially single parents.

“As long as you think your kid’s gonna be okay with all this traveling, I’ll…” Frisk paused when she saw Jim’s blue eyes looking her up and down.

“You do look really pretty Frisk,” Jim said in such a hush tone that Frisk thought she had imagined it until she saw a small blush come over his face.

Frisk looked down at her outfit choice. She didn’t know what to wear to the audition, but she figured her worn-out sweater dresses probably weren’t a good idea if she wanted to impress Grillby, but going with one of her tighter showgirl dresses wasn’t an option either. Suppose the guy didn’t like his performers to show a lot of skin?

So she chose something in the middle. She wore a short-sleeved blue and pink dress that fell past her knees and a pair of nice chunky blue high-heel shoes. Her legs were covered with a pair of thick white pantyhose and she had put a pink clip-on flower in her hair. It was a more modern style that a lot of women were wearing these days and it was just modest enough to keep the more traditional people from grumbling too much.

“You think Grillby will approve?” Frisk asked, grabbing the bottom of her dress and slightly spreading the hem to emphasize her point.

A strange smile came over Jim’s face as he nodded

“Anything that differs from what his usual and higher-paying customers are used to will instantly gain Grillby’s approval.” Jim laughed softly before he grew serious again. “But what about you? Are you nervous?”
Frisk started to shake her head with a confident no, but seeing the concern on Jim’s face made her rethink her answer and slowly she began to nod her head.

“Yeah.”

Of course she was nervous. Granted she was going to the very city which had been the main source of all her childish nightmares as a kid, which despite how untrue those horror stories were (thanks in large to meeting monsters like Tops and Papyrus who lived in that city and from what her parents had always told her) it was still a little nerve-racking to be going. If Frisk had to explain it, it was kind of like going into a pretend haunted house where you knew there were people pulling the strings to scare you but getting scared anyway.

No, the main reason why her heart was thumping slightly was because for all the days she dreamt about leaving this God Forsaken city this was the first time she was actually going to be exiting it and entering a new area she had never been to.

*Fear of the unknown*, she thought as Jim gave her a comforting grin, completely misunderstanding her fears.

“Like I said before Frisk, the monsters may look scary, but they’re harmless and trust me, if I thought for one second I would be endangered I wouldn’t be doing this nor would I be dragging my child along.”

Frisk smiled, not bothering to explain her real fear, knowing that wasn’t fair to bring up an issue that personal when she barely knew him. Plus what would he say if she told him she was a tiny bit nervous about leaving a city she hated for just a few hours? He wouldn’t have anything to say and there would an uncomfortable silence between them that Frisk wanted to avoid.

She liked Jim and she didn’t want him to feel uncomfortable, especially if he didn’t understand that feeling.

*Sans might understand though. He’s a monster in a human city doing business with humans. Maybe he or his brothers felt the same thing. Maybe when he comes over tonight I’ll-*

“The flyer said HOTLAND. What type of place is HOTLAND?” Frisk quickly asked to disrupt and interrupt any thoughts of Sans she might be having. Today wasn’t about Sans. Today was about a job interview and she needed to be focused on doing a great audition and not wondering if
Sans would think she were overdressed if she wore this outfit tonight when he came to visit.

And for that matter, why the hell was she so worried about what Sans would think about her choice of clothing? Tonight wasn’t a date (at least not their main date). They were eating hot dogs and drinking sodas for God’s sake so what did it matter?

**Seriously what did it matter?!**

Jim chuckled. “You just have to see it to believe it because I can’t explain it without sounding crazy.”

Frisk raised an eyebrow. “What’s so crazy about it?”

“All I’m saying is that you will be sick of glitter, bright lights and the color pink when you leave to go back home. And speaking of HOTLAND...you ready to leave?”

Frisk nodded. “Yeah. Let’s do this.”

Frisk, Jim and the sleeping child that was cradle in his arms waited on the side of the deserted roadside for their ride to pick them up and right at twelve thirty just like Jim said it would, a brown car with tinted black windows came barrelling down the empty street towards them.

“Right on time,” Jim grinned as the car pulled beside them screeching to a halt. Frisk read the logo on the side of the car.

_The River Person Car Service_

“River person?” Frisk muttered out aloud and looked at Jim. “What’s that supposed to be?”

Almost on cue with her question, the car door swung open and when the driver step out of the car,
Frisk took a shaky step back without even thinking about the fact that she was unintentionally insulting the driver who had simply gotten out of the car to open the door for them.


The driver...the driver looked like the grim reaper. They were completely covered in a black robe-hooded garment that covered every inch of their body. And even when they grabbed the car backseat handle to open the door, Frisk couldn’t see what their hands looked like and if it weren’t for the person’s unusual tall height that seemed to be a characteristic of monsters, Frisk would not have known if that were a human or monster underneath that hood.

“It’s okay Frisk. They won’t hurt you. They’ve driven me to Fell City plenty of times,” Jim said softly.

And to Frisk’s great shame she still couldn’t form a single word even though she did trust Jim. Like he said he had his child with him so why would he put her in danger?

Frisk continued to stare at the silent tall figure, but after a few seconds she willed herself to take a baby step towards the car, feeling a surge of self-hatred burning inside her for being scared of somebody that had done nothing except politely open a door for her. She instantly halted when when she heard a voice coming from the hood. Only the hooded figure wasn’t talking. They were singing in a monotone voice that was so...dead that Frisk couldn’t tell if it were a man or woman.

“Tralalala some things are not what they seem.”

Frisk felt her self-hatred grow. Getting lectured by a hooded person through song on morals her parents taught her day in and day out wasn’t exactly a feel great moment for her.

*Great way to start the day*, she thought sourly as she looked up at the hooded figure and smiled as brightly as she could. “Thank you,” she said and went inside the car, surprised at how roomy it was.

Jim followed and when the door shut behind them Frisk frowned at the lack of view she had from inside the car. The inside of the car was brightly lit but that couldn’t be possible because all the windows were pitch black. She couldn’t see through them. In fact, even the driver’s window was black.
“Um...Jim...” Frisk muttered as the hooded figure got back into the driver seat and started the car.

“I have no idea how our driver sees anything through their windows, Frisk. But they do just fine. It’s safe.” Jim explained and gently laid the sleeping kid on his lap.

That vague explanation didn’t reassure her in the least and she literally jumped when the car started to move. Once again the hooded figure sang once more.

“Myalala, we need more than our eyes to see what we’re headed for.”

Please God, don’t let this person drive using any other senses than their eyes, Frisk prayed and maybe her prayers were answered because after five minutes of riding in silence, the monster hadn’t crashed into anything...yet.

Relaxing just slightly when she saw Jim lean back into his seat with a calm expression on his face and feeling incredibly disappointed that she wouldn’t be able to see anything as they drove out of the city, Frisk looked down at Clementine who was still asleep and smiled.

“Man that kid can sleep through a lot huh?”

Jim smiled and loosened the yellow blanket around the girl’s face revealing her long pretty black hair.

That kid doesn’t even have her daddy’s hair color, Frisk observed and couldn’t help but wonder if the girl at least had Jim’s pretty blue eyes. If she did...damn she would probably grow up to be one beautiful woman.

“The kid had a rough night and I guess she’s sleeping it off now. Hopefully she doesn’t wake up until we get to Fell City,” Jim said with an amused smirk on his face. “She can get really really fussy when she ain’t feeling too good.”

Frisk began to say she was pretty fussy herself whenever she got sick but snapped her mouth shut as the car began to speed up. A lot. Frisk felt her stomach turn from the sudden change of pace, but when she looked towards Jim to see if he was even remotely unsettled about the way the driver was speeding up he didn’t even look bothered in the least. In fact, his eyes were half-lidded and his body was slouched in an even lazier position.
Once again she prayed to the heavens that they make it to their destination safely, but if the driver kept going this fast, they might have another problem. She didn’t know anything about car safety laws in Fell City, but she hoped that their driver knew about speed limit laws in Surface City.

“I know I asked you this before but Grillby was kind of shock when I told him you didn’t want to invite anybody to your performances if you got the job so he’s making me double check.”

Feeling a little carsick from the speed, Frisk took a deep breath to steady her stomach before she answered. The driver must of heard the shaky exhale and even though Frisk wasn’t entirely sure why, she had the inexplicable feeling that they were looking through the rear-view mirror at her because the car began to slow down to a more pleasing speed.

Smiling and feeling even worse for how she first treated this person, Frisk reached up and clapped the driver on the shoulder. And when the shoulder tensed up at the same time Jim gasped in shock, Frisk wondered if touching this person was a good idea.

“Thank you. I’m kind of a wimp when it comes to cars. I haven’t been in a lot of them,” Frisk explained and when the monster didn’t answer she started to pull her hand off their shoulder. “Sorry,” she muttered and it was then that the driver finally answered.

“Tralalala not everything needs a thank you. Not everything needs an apology.”

Jim leaned over until his cheek was touching Frisk’s.

“They are always singing these really strange and nonsensical sentences. Aside from that they don’t talk. Probably be best if you ignore them.” Jim advised.

Frisk nodded quickly feeling stupid for even touching the driver and choose at that moment to answer Jim’s question.

“I don’t really need him to save seats for me. Like I said, I’ve been kind of keeping this audition a secret, but if I change my mind-”

Jim nodded. “I’m sure he’d be more than happy to put some seat aside for your pals, but he wants to make sure you don’t need him to save any for your first show. Trust me when I say his entire bar will be jam packed the moment monsters find out he’s hired a human entertainer.”
That made sense, Frisk thought. New things sell out quickly. I suppose having the first ever human performing in a city full of monsters would be something a lot of them would want to see.

“Tralalala some words can have different meanings,” the dead voice from the front sang.

Shrugging to herself and taking a second chance to get a more...sensical conversation from the driver, Frisk leaned forward. “What do you mean by-”

“Say Frisk, why don’t you give me a preview of what you’ll be singing?” Jim asked interrupting her sentence. Frisk blinked at the suggestion before she realized he was right.

I need as much practice as I can get, Frisk thought and began to sing the first few cords of her song until she realize one very important thing. She pointed to the sleeping kid.

“I don’t want to wake her up if she’s not feeling well,” Frisk said. Jim looked down at Clementine and smiled.

“I don’t think you’ll wake her up but if you do, hey...at least my girl will wake up to some pretty music, right?”

Unconvinced Frisk shook her head until Jim groaned good-naturedly.

“Okay how about this: the moment she stirs you stop and that will be that?”

That sounded a little better and truth be told while the song that Frisk choose was an old crowd pleaser and something she nearly always sang for her audience, she wanted to sing it just a few more times before they arrived at Grillby’s.

And so she practiced the song a good number of times for the strangest audience she ever had: a handsome man who stared in complete awe every time she sang and would shower endless compliments when she finished. A hooded person who had no reaction whatsoever to her singing and a sick child who never once stirred in her sleep during the whole performance.
As soon as the driver opened the door for them Frisk was blinded by a bright pink light and when her vision cleared and she stepped out of the car, Frisk’s mouth fell open at what she saw.

From all angles, huge buildings painted in various different tones of hot pink surrounded the car, and if that weren’t extravagant enough, every one of those buildings had flashy signs that told Frisk just what type of businesses HOTLAND had to offer.

Feeling her eyes get wider with amazement at what she could have sworn were pink glitter particles falling from the buildings, giving the streets a pretty pink glowing color, Frisk turned every which way to see take in everything with a childish wonder, reading every sign that caught her eye. And the more signs Frisk read, the more she realized there was a common denominator with all the buildings:

MTT-BRAND GOOD LUCK CASINO

MTT-BRAND STARRY HOTEL

MTT-BRAND SO FINE YOU’LL DINE UNTIL YOU DIE

MTT-BRAND RADIO STATION

MTT-BRAND PLAYHOUSE

MTT-BRAND DANCE UNTIL YOU DROP CLUB

MTT-BRAND BURGER EMPORIUM

Whoever owns this MTT-BRAND must be making some big bucks, Frisk thought turning back around when she heard the car starting up again and taking off leaving Jim, her and the kid on the empty street.
Jim grinned at her wide-eyed expression. “Told you this place was pink and glittery.”

Frisk couldn’t do anything but nod her head. Jim had been right. If he had even attempted to explain this place, Frisk wouldn’t have believed it.

“Is this HOTLAND?” Frisk asked after she regained her ability to speak.

“This is just a small area of HOTLAND called the MTT RESORT and believe me when I say that as soon as the sun goes down this area is a madhouse. Monsters crowding the streets and every one of these buildings is blaring music so loud I swear everytime I’m here I think my head’s gonna explode” Jim shuddered.

Now that Jim mentioned it, Frisk took a look around the glitter covered streets once again, searching for any movement. There wasn’t a monster in sight though to be fair if monsters were anything like humans then it wasn’t all that surprising to see these more...adult centered places dead in the middle of the day.

“So where will I be auditioning at?” Frisk asked as she eyed all the buildings once more trying to find a sign that would let her know which one was Grillby’s, and when she did find it, she almost missed it because of how plain and uninteresting it was compared to the showier buildings.

Grillby’s bar was a lot smaller that the MTT Brand buildings, only two stories tale and was painted a dark standard blue that many of the human bars in her city were painted. And the sign wasn’t loud, glittery or attention-grabbing either. The sign simply said GRILLBY’S in dark purple neon lights.

Chuckling and shifting his daughter so he was holding her with one arm, Jim placed his free arm around Frisk’s shoulders and together they walked towards the building and it was then that Frisk felt the first trickles of sweat run down the back of her neck.

This area was not only bright it was...humid. Hot and humid. And even though the name went perfectly with the sticky weather, Frisk didn’t understand how a breezy spring day could somehow end up feeling like a hot merciless summer day. How can weather change that quickly? The two cities weren’t even that far away for weather to be all that different...

*Is the city magical like the monsters are?* Frisk thought as Jim opened the front door to Grillby’s.
A cool and refreshing burst of air hit her face as she walked in the bar and took a good look around at the place she might be working at from now on. Despite the modest outside of the bar, the inside was anything but.

There was a decent size stage for the performers and a rather large empty area right in front for what Frisk assumed was for couples to dance. There were tons of round tables neatly arranged in a manner so that all customers had a good view of the stage but could also have a good conversation with each other if they wanted to.

And then there was the bar itself. As a bar singer who worked at a variety of different bars, but wasn’t a real big drinker, Frisk never paid any mind to the bar area, but it was hard to ignore this bar and that was for two reasons.

The first reason was because of how big it was. It was massive and could easily serve at least sixty people comfortably. The second reason was all the different types of booze that were neatly stacked behind the bar. There was so many different colored boozes, more than Frisk had ever seen in a bar before, and the way they were organized and the way the dim lights from the overhead lamps hit them gave the area a soft multi-color look.

And to top it all off, everything was sparkling clean. It was without a doubt the classiest bar Frisk had ever been in and with that thought came a small bit of anxiety. Which was kind of funny the more Frisk thought about it. Once upon a time when she still wanted to be a professional singer Frisk dreamt of singing in bars like this, but years later and only getting jobs where fights broke out almost every night, Frisk couldn’t help but feel out of place and when she looked down at her dress her anxiety increased.

She felt under-dressed, but if she were being completely honest with herself all her clothing wouldn’t have been good enough to enter this place with. Her arms were too bare, she wasn’t wearing any expensive jewelry or makeup and while her pantyhose were fresh and clean, her shoes were a little worn down looking.

Damn it, she thought. I didn’t think this place would be so nice…

“I’m gonna take Clemmy to the basement, Frisk. I'll let Grillby know you’re here,” Jim said and began to walk towards the bar where there was no doubt a door on the side somewhere, that most bars had, that would lead to a downstairs area where extra bottles of their most popular booze was kept.

Jim pointed to a chair near the front of the stage. “Why don’t you cool off for a few minutes?”
Frisk nodded. *That’s a good idea.*

She sat down and stared up at the stage and then looked over her shoulder at the tables, imagining every seat being filled. If she did get this job and this place did get packed to the maximum, it would be the biggest audience she ever performed for.

Singing in a classy joint in front for a bunch of monsters. Sounded almost like a strange kid’s story. And if the customers were on the wealthier side, maybe if she did get the job, Grillby might pay her a good chunk of change.

As she waited, the seconds beginning to turn into minutes, Frisk began to tap her hands against the table, softly beating out the rhythm of her song and after a few more seconds she softly began to sing. Practice did make perfect after all.

*Who's afraid of the big bad wolf*

*The big bad wolf, the big bad wolf*

*Who's afraid of the big bad wolf*

Frisk began to smile softly, closing her eyes as she began to sway her body slightly. Her hand began to hit the table a bit more loudly and her voice unintentionally got louder.

*Who's afraid of the big bad wolf*

*The big bad wolf, the big bad wolf*

*Who's afraid of the big bad wolf*

Now Frisk’s voice boomed and she began to feel just a little bit breathless (God she loved that feeling) as she pushed everything she had through the chorus.

*Who's afraid of the big bad wolf*

*The big bad wolf, the big bad wolf*

*Who's afraid of the big bad wolf*
“I’m not afraid of the big bad Wo-

“I think I just found my newest act.”

Frisk snapped her eyes open and openly stared at the monster staring down at her. Sans was a skeleton monster, Tops was a bunny monster and apparently this man was a purple fire monster.

Feeling the heat from his body warm up her face, Frisk quickly stood up to greet him. Wearing a traditional bartender’s vest and a pair of chic glasses that slightly dipped on his nose, the purple fire monster’s white eyes looked her up and down quietly, the fire that made up his face making his expression hard to read.

Frisk offered a smile to him.

“Frisk Determ.”

The monster nodded and gave a small bow. “Sulfuric Grillby but everybody calls me Grillby.”

He held out his flaming hand for her to shake. Frisk’s smile became a little more coy and finally just a hint of emotion broke out onto the bartender’s face as a white slash that Frisk assumed was his mouth curved up in a strange quivering smile.

“Okay stupid question: Will I be burned?”

Grillby chuckled. “Not adventurous enough to find out?”

Without skipping a beat Frisk answered. “I’ll come to a city I don’t know that’s full of monsters for a job I might not get, but getting burns on the fingers is the worst, but-” she said overdramatically and a bit flirty which made Grillby’s smile widened. “For you I’ll risk it.”

Please God don’t let him burn me, Frisk begged and grabbed ahold of Grillby’s much larger hand. Aside from it feeling incredibly warm his hand didn’t burn her.
“You have a very lovely voice,” Grillby said his voice losing his playful edge as he let go of her hand. “It’ll be a hit with my customers. Here, let me pour you a drink and I’ll explain what happens next. What do you drink? I offer human drinks here too.”

He walked towards the bar, leaving Frisk stunned.

*Did I just get the job...that easily? That was it? I sing just the chorus of a song thinking I was alone and the guy just gives me the job?! I travel nearly an hour, singing non-stop just to be hired just like that?*

Frisk knew she should have felt pleased that the ordeal was over with so quickly, but instead she felt like the whole thing had been anti-climatic. But then again what did she expect? She had assumed she would be singing for the owner...so was this really that weird?

As she walked to the bar, Grillby put a sparkling clean glass on the equally clean bar counter and looked at her stunned expression.

“Don’t...don’t you want me to perform on the stage for you at least?”

Grillby shook his head. “Why would I need you to do that, Miss Determ? I just heard you sing and I liked what I heard. In fact the only complaint I have is your height-”

Frisk frowned. “My height?!”

Grillby nodded, that white slash coming back on his face “Yeah. When I met Jim I honestly thought he was just a short fellow, but after seeing you I think you humans are just a tiny race of people, which I’m sure my customers, especially my more higher-paying customers, “ he said with a wink “will find that charming, but now I have to adjust all my stage equipment to accommodate your height. No big deal.”

Frisk looked down at her body again. “I’m...I’m normal size for a human my age-”

“What are you drinking?”

“W-water.”
Grillby paused. “Water?”

“I don’t really drink.”

Grillby didn’t say anything for a second and Frisk wondered if she said something wrong, which she may have now that she thought about it. Maybe asking for a cup of water from a fire monster was considered rude.

But after a few moments, Grillby put the glass away and reached under the counter to pull out a small water bottle handing it to her. Thanking and feeling thirsty from the heat and non-stop singing, Frisk nearly chugged the entire content down in one gulp. Grillby gave a low whistle.

“Maybe it’s a good thing you don’t drink.”

Frisk giggled and placed the empty bottle on the counter which Grillby instantly picked up and threw away.

“So here’s how things are going to go. You passed part of your audition with me, but as we both know the audience has the final say on what talent is.”

Frisk nodded, wondering just what Grillby meant by “part of your audition.” Was there a part two?

“So you got the job from me,” Grillby’s flames crackled as his smile grew sharper. “Now you got to keep it. In just a few minutes some of my highest paying customers are gonna be coming in and they’ll decide whether you keep your new job or not.”

Oh. So it wasn’t as easy as I thought. In a way Frisk felt more...at ease that she had to earn her job, but still there was something...strange about this whole thing...

“If you had hated my performance what would you have told these high-paying customers when they came in to listen to me?”
Grillby shrugged. “Nothing. Like I said the customers have the final say and if they loved you and I hated you, I’d still have to hire you. It’s not what I want. It’s what they want, Miss Determ.”

*This guy really does believe that the customer is always right-*

“And here are two of my highest paying customers now.”

The front door opened and Frisk’s eyes widened for the twentieth time that day but then again, what she saw and what she was seeing now was something no human sees everyday.

A female monster that resembled a fish with bright red hair and an eye patch over her left eye came stomping in. She had some kind of odd tank strapped to her back with tubes coming out the back of it. She looked around the area, narrowed her good eye at Frisk and Grillby before she looked back at the open door.

“Everything’s good boss,” her gruff and loud voice boomed causing Frisk to jump.

The fish moved to one side and two huge massive figures entered the building. They both had goat like features, only one was a female and one was a male.

The male was the biggest monster Frisk had seen so far. Tall, wide and obviously muscular, he wore an expensive black and white pinstripe suit. His fur was a dark gray and his long black beard was neatly comb and his black hair was pulled back into a low ponytail.

The female, though just as big as her male companion, wasn’t as strong looking but Frisk had to admit the lady had some nice curves and wore a pretty dark purple dress that showed them off. Her lovely silver fur shined as she stepped into the light.

They both looked at Frisk at the exact same time and something...strange happened. Frisk felt like everything stopped for just one second. And then everything went crazy. The male goat took a step back, his eyes widening with shock, while a happy smile erupted on the goat woman’s face revealing sharp teeth.

“CHARA!” She screamed and rushed towards Frisk.
Chapter End Notes

And welcome to HOTLAND folks!

PS. I sorry to say I'm not gonna be updating a chapter this week. :( I haven't updated my oneshots for almost two months and I want to update a few stories! I'll let you know when a new chapter is coming out.

Once again, thank you all for your support and love!
Asgore and Toriel

Chapter Notes

As always thank you all for all your kudos and comments! I'm always so moved by all the support and love I get! <3

And if you have time, you should definitely check out this two amazing pieces of fanart by the talented and lovely Beuofu

https://beuofu.tumblr.com/post/159789411503/another-doodle-of-the-fic-sooner-or-later-youre


YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The giant silvery goat woman rushed at Frisk with such an alarming speed that wasn’t typically associated with somebody of her size or girth. Her sharp white teeth were frozen in that insanely happy smile and her arms were wide open. As she neared Frisk, Frisk was able to see more details of this specific monster such as the fine sharpen razor points that were her claws. And the tears that were gathering at the corners of her big brown eyes. Her bright YELLOW and brown eyes.

It really was something out of one of those old horror stories Frisk heard as a kid that would often end up being the source of some of her worst nightmares. In fact, as the silvery goat monster came closer, Frisk numbly recalled a very heart-pounding nightmare she had as a child that was very similar to this situation.

Though Frisk couldn’t quite remember what the bloodthirsty monster in her nightmare looked like, it had been running at her unnaturally fast with clear intentions of murdering her in the most vicious ways possible. And to make it even more terrifying her dream self wasn’t able to move an inch to save her own life from the nightmare monster. But luckily Frisk had woken up in a cold sweat before it could lay a claw on her.

And that wasn’t the only monster dream she had where she was forced to just stand there and accept whatever horrible thing the monsters were planning to do to her. But little Frisk had always been comforted by the thought that dreams were not real, a belief she still held into adulthood. Until now that is.

Much like her dream, as the goat woman closed the gap between them, Frisk found she was frozen
to her barstool, unable to do anything. She couldn’t scream, move, speak or even think logically.

It was strange. Really really really terrifying strange. Frisk, who had developed almost cat-like reflexes over the course of her singing career, thanks in part to dodging flying chairs, drink glasses, bullets and knives from her rowdy and violent audience couldn’t move to dodge this large object rocketing towards her. Perhaps watching your childhood nightmare coming to life did that to some people.

“MY CHILD IS BACK!” The goat lady cried out, the pure joy and warmth so infused in her voice that the terror that was currently controlling Frisk eased off just a bit. Her voice reminded Frisk of the very important detail, that she, like Sans, Papyrus, Grillby and Wingding, was capable of rational thought and wasn’t just the grunting and growling monsters in her childhood nightmares.

My child?! Frisk thought as some of her senses came back and despite the fear that still weighed heavily on her mind and mind, Frisk couldn’t help but find the goat lady’s words somewhat comical. If I’m your child I must have been adopted-

“TORIEL STOP!” A deep and powerful voice blared out, cutting Frisk’s thought short. It seemed like the whole bar, along with every bone and muscle in her body, shook alone from that voice. “That’s not Chara-”

Frisk didn’t hear the rest of the voice’s sentence as strong, warm and soft arms wrapped themselves around her, pinning Frisk’s arms to her sides and smashing the side of her head to the female monster’s equally soft breasts. Frisk winced and closed her eyes preparing for the monster to crush her with all her might but that never happened.

Instead the arms began to tremble as the goat monster’s breathing began to get a little more irregular.

“Chara...My God C-C-Chara. I can’t b-b-believe you’re back! My baby is back,” the goat whispered into Frisk’s hair as tiny little sobs disrupt her sentence. Frisk’s eyes widened when she felt a furry pair of soft lips kissed the top of her head.

Never thought the monsters in my nightmares would want to hug and kiss me, Frisk thought as more of her fear disappeared. Now awkward unease crept in as the massive monster began to sob a little louder muttering the name “Chara” over and over again.

Okay, Frisk thought, She’s not dangerous...she’s just...confused… Frisk almost laughed at her own
“Toriel,” the deep and powerful voice muttered behind them, only this time it sounded heavy and slow as well. “That’s not Chara. That can’t be Chara. Chara’s dead remember?”

A small bit of relief as well as a sharp pang of deep sorrow hit Frisk’s chest as the goat woman slightly pulled away, but instead of letting go completely like Frisk was hoping for, she shook her head frantically at her male companion’s statement.

“Don’t you recognize your own child, Asgore? Look at their face!”

To emphasize her point, “Toriel” moved so that Frisk was now facing the huge and muscular black-bearded, gray furred male goat who was looking down and studying her with deep, but critical brown eyes, and just for one second Frisk saw a flicker of something close to a memory glaze over his eyes.

_Damn maybe I DO look like their kid. Wonder what they see in me that could be remotely goat-like_, Frisk thought, more sympathy building up in her for these two monsters who obviously lost their child and it was clear this lady hadn’t exactly gotten over their death.

And it was that enormous amount of sympathy that forced Frisk not to pull away as she allowed Toriel to grab her chin with that warm and almost motherly touch of hers and lift her head up so “Asgore” could get a better look.

Asgore’s facial features moved ever so slightly and if Frisk hadn’t been looking at his face just as closely as he was looking at hers, she would have missed the small apologetic smile that graced the male’s face.

Frisk hoped the smile she gave back to him showed she understood Toriel meant no harm. And despite how awkward this moment was and how much more awkward it was gonna be when the lady realized she really wasn’t Chara, Frisk _really did_ understand what Toriel was going through.

Grief and traumatic events can cause a person to have unsettling delusions at the strangest times with a simple trigger. It was one of the main reasons why Frisk tried to avoid touching her own stomach even to this day. In fact, during the first few months after the “miscarriage” there were mornings when Frisk could have sworn she felt the baby kick. It didn’t happen anymore but she remembered the utter devastation she felt when reality sank back in.
“See?!” Toriel said, her voice victorious.

Sighing deeply Asgore shot Frisk another apologetic smile that Frisk shrugged at with an easy smile before he grabbed Toriel’s arms and began to pull her away.

“Toriel,” his voice was gentle but firm, “That is NOT Chara. Now let the young lady go. You’re scaring her.”

A sort of anger crossed Toriel’s face causing her to bare her sharp pearly whites at him. Frisk winced feeling Toriel’s grip tighten on her face and while Frisk felt nothing but sympathy for the lady, she hoped her face wouldn’t be crushed like an empty soda can. Even though the lady had been nothing but delicate with her touches, Frisk could feel the strength that seemed to breath in and out of every muscle in Toriel’s body and it probably wouldn’t be too hard for her to squeeze hard enough so the bones in Frisk’s face caved in on themselves.

“Asgore,” her voice was sharp and her glare was icy, but but much to Frisk’s admiration Asgore didn’t let go, because Frisk would totally let go of a huge monster that looked ready to rip a face off. “This is our chi-”

“He’s right, Madame Dreemurr,” Grillby interrupted from behind Frisk, speaking in the same gentle and firm voice that Asgore was using. “That’s the human girl who’s auditioning for a job at my bar. You and Mr. Dreemurr are here to be her audience and judge whether or not she makes the final cut. Remember?”

Toriel blinked at Grillby’s voice, the anger dissolving away and Frisk decided this was the best opportunity to speak so she took a deep breath and timidly grabbed Toriel’s wrist to get her attention.

“My name is Frisk Determ and it is a pleasure to meet you Madame Dreemurr,” Frisk muttered hoping she was pronouncing the name right and smiled up at the goat lady who now looked wildly perplexed, swinging her head from Asgore to Grillby and then back to Frisk again.

And it was when Toriel took a TINY step back letting go of Frisk altogether to get another good look at her from head to toe that Frisk saw the first shattered bits of reality beginning to settle back into the Toriel’s eyes. After a few more seconds of analyzing Frisk, the once happy and delirious look in her eyes faded completely. She took an even bigger step away from Frisk until she was beside Asgore.
Frisk watched as Toriel’s face grew calmer and more emotionless as the tears that had been building at the corners of her eyes vanished. Her posture straightened up considerably, giving her more height over Frisk if that were possible and she cupped her hands together.

In that moment she reminded Frisk of a queen. A cold and judgmental queen and Frisk wondered what version of this woman she liked better, but then again she supposed if she had a mental break from reality that was just as animated as Toriel’s was, she probably would want to appear as rational and as composed as possible.

“Say boss, you want to leave?” the fish lady asked as she walked up to the bar and deliberately placed herself between the goat couple.

Now that she was close enough Frisk was able to get a better look at the fish monster. She was just a little shorter than Papyrus and wore a conventional gray men's suit that was just tight enough to show how thick and strong her body was. Her teeth were almost piranha-like and her single eye was black and much like Toriel, her sclera was a bright yellow. Her sharp fins looked like they served as her ears and her skin was a slimy looking light blue.

And then there was a soft whistling sound coming from the tank that was strapped to the fish monster’s back. There were seven tubes coming out of the back of the tank and each one seemed to be injected into different areas of the fish’s body outside her suit. Two tubes were injected into her elbows, two were stuck in the back of her knees, one was directly into her throat, one was on the back of her neck and the final one was in her mouth. And upon closer inspection Frisk realized why there were so many tubes sticking in the fish monster’s body from all angles: The tank was pumping water into the fish monster’s body.

*A fish out of water still needs water especially in a place called HOTLAND,* Frisk thought and almost smiled at the ingenious device the monster was wearing until she found herself staring at said monster’s single eye.

The monster wasn’t smiling.

The monster was silently snarling her teeth at Frisk and amazingly the look she was giving Frisk made the icy sharp teeth sneer Toriel gave Asgore look like a lover’s smile.

*Do I really need this job,* Frisk couldn’t help but wonder as the fish lady stepped up to her. The smell of sushi hit her nostrils and when the fish monster puffed her chest up even more Frisk felt her
fear melt completely away as annoyance hit her.

**What's your problem? I didn't do anything wrong,** Frisk thought and didn’t step back when the fish took another step until their chests were practically touching.

In retrospect, if this situation had been different like it was when she first met Sans the night he busted through the ladies room Frisk most definitely would have taken a step away from the fish monster. And then she probably would have tried talking to her in the hopes of calming her down much like she did with Sans during those first five minutes after she met him before he pissed her off enough for her to lose her temper with him. But in Sans’ situation, she had no idea who he was, only that he had entered the ladies room therefore he wasn’t obligated to be nice.

Frisk didn’t expect a bank robber to be nice and friendly so her expectation for a cocky creep to just confidently walk into the ladies bathroom wasn’t much better.

However, in this situation Frisk had been invited to the monster city and hadn’t broken any rules therefore this fish monster didn’t have any right to glare at her like that and Frisk felt a sense of satisfaction when the monster’s eye widened with shock when she looked up at her without breaking eye contact.

However it was extremely hard for Frisk to hold in a shudder as the monster’s shock was replaced with a gruesome bloodthirsty smile that would have easily fit in with the worst of Frisk’s nightmares.

“What are you looking at human?” She said leaning down until their foreheads were nearly touching, her voice slightly muffled from the thin tube. The gruesome grin widened as icy cold water from the tube that was entering her mouth spattered out and hit Frisk in the face.

“Undyne,” Toriel snapped her voice nothing short of angry which caused the fish monster to flinch. “It would be in your best interest to-”

“I haven’t figured it out yet, monster ,” Frisk hissed back, silencing whatever threat Toriel was saying not realizing until complete silence engulfed the entire room that perhaps insulting a walking shark wasn’t the best idea.

**Well at least I did get my old jobs back,** Frisk thought and hoped that Jim could get that strange driver back here soon.
And just as the shock from Undyne’s face wore off and was replaced with a less gruesome and more challenging smile, somebody laughed. Frisk along with Undyne and Toriel turned towards Asgore who was holding his hand to his face, clearly hiding a smile but when he saw everybody staring at him he let out a few more chuckles.

“Excuse me ladies…” he said between chuckles and turned away, laughing a little more loudly.

Undyne made an angry grunting noise, but finally backed away much to Frisk’s relief as Toriel’s calm and cold demeanor softened as she shook her head at her male companion before she waved a paw in Undyne’s direction.

“That will be all, Undyne,” she said her cold posture returning. “Wait outside by the car until we call you back in.”

“Undyne” gave Toriel a small bow and a “yes ma’am” before she turned back to shoot Frisk one more mean smile. “If this...human gives you trouble-”

“That is all Undyne,” Toriel repeated her voice as sharp as a whip causing Undyne to flinch once more. Asgore chuckled once again as Undyne rushed past him. Toriel huffed after Undyne left the building.

“It wasn’t that funny, Asgore,” she said but betrayed herself when the smallest of laughs escape her own mouth. She turned back towards Frisk, her cold and icy composure relaxing as she rolled her eyes and shrugged.

Frisk found herself smiling when Asgore’s laughter began to sound a lot like actual goat bleats. It was actually kind of cute. Huh...Frisk took took another look at the massive male goat again.

*Never would have thought I would use a word like “cute” to describe somebody like him,* Frisk thought and when he turned back to face the both of them, Asgore had a much bigger smile on his face, revealing much larger and sharper teeth than Toriel.

“No, that was really funny,” he argued and turned towards Grillby who apparently hadn’t left the spot he was in the entire time. “Can you get some tea going?” He asked. Grillby nodded and walked to the center door between the mountains of booze, going, Frisk could only assume, into the kitchen. Once he was gone, Asgore nodded towards Frisk. “The young lady certainly does ACT
like our Chara did, doesn’t she?”

A warmer smile crossed Toriel’s muzzle. The craziness from before was gone and was replaced with a sort of rational kindness that instantly put Frisk at ease. Toriel offered a large silvery paw out to Frisk, the claws from before now nowhere to be seen. Frisk quickly grabbed it and shook it. Her hand wasn’t as fluffy as Tops had been but it did have a silky feel to it and Frisk hoped that the lady wouldn’t feel the sweat on her naked palms.

“Well then my dear…” Toriel began smoothly, her words sounding very eloquent and pretty. “We can go about this two ways: we can ignore what just happened or we can discuss my moment of complete insanity, but I would like to take this moment to assure you I am not a dangerous person and Fell City is not a place where crazy beings live.”

Frisk smiled. It must have been pretty hard to say that and truth be told, it was kind of admirable that Toriel decided to stick around.

I wouldn’t have stayed if I did something like that, Frisk thought and felt bad about thinking that. Of course it wasn’t her fault much like it wasn’t Tops’ fault for becoming emotional when he thought of his boyfriend. If emotions were easy to control the world would be a safer but extremely boring and colorless place.

“You don’t have to explain yourself. I don’t think you’re crazy or dangerous. I get it.”

Toriel blinked while Asgore’s smile faded. They both looked at each other and then back at Frisk. Asgore stepped forward and maybe it was just her imagination but Frisk felt a tremor under her feet as his foot made contact with the ground.

He offered his own hand that Frisk took. Now his fur was coarse and rough to the touch but he held Frisk’s hand the way one would hold a baby. Delicately.

“Well then, if you aren’t uncomfortable after all that and still are considering working here-” Asgore paused to give Frisk a moment to answer to which Frisk nodded her head. She’d decided later when she was home whether she still wanted the job or not. It depended on how everything else went.

Asgore’s eyes softened. “Then allow us to make the proper introductions: My name is Asgore Dreemurr and this is my lovely and clearly insane-”
“Asgore!” Toriel hissed, her face...um fur (weird) becoming red. Asgore chuckled again and winked at Frisk who smiled cautiously until Toriel playfully slapped Asgore’s arm. Frisk’s smile widened as a small giggle left her mouth.

“Okay okay, sorry my love. Miss Determ, allow me to introduce the love of my life and the reason I get up every morning—”

Fris couldn’t resist. “I think you’re trying too hard now, Mr. Dreemurr.”

Toriel grinned and without warning weaved her arm around Frisk’s arm, leading her to a table close to the stage. “So transparent isn’t he my dear?”

Asgore shrugged and followed, weaving his own muscular arm around Frisk’s free one. “I just don’t want to sleep on the couch after this whole ordeal is done with. And,” he smile down at Frisk secretly “I am not always that transparent.”

Maybe a job here wouldn’t be so bad, Frisk decided now feeling all her worries and unease melt as she walked between the two giants. Despite their huge size and the fact they were a completely different species there was something about them that reminded Frisk of her own parents. Joking around and insulting each other playfully was the main way her mom and dad showed each other affection and apparently it was the same for Toriel and Asgore too.

I remind you of your kid, you two remind me of my parents, Frisk said but didn’t voice that thought. Instead she mentally began preparing herself to sing her song to them. Toriel was obviously leading her to the stage so they must want her to get up there and sing.

“Please sit down young lady,” Asgore said and pulled out a large chair that looked like it was built for a monster and not a human. It was huge! And so was the table. She didn’t even know she could climb that thing on her own with the dress she was wearing and she didn’t want to look stupid. Biting the inside of her lip, Frisk looked at the chair and then at the stage, offering both monsters a smile.

“Don’t you want to sing for you first?”

Frisk frowned when she saw Toriel stiffen ever so slightly, her warm smile faltering just a bit.
“Oh...we can do that later my dear child,” Toriel said after a moment of silence, pulling her own chair out and sitting down at the table. She gestured towards the chair Asgore pulled out.

“As…” Toriel paused and smiled sheepishly. “As monsters we don’t know a lot about the human culture and-”

“And we want to waste your time asking you personal questions about your life,” Asgore finished.

*Oh,* Frisk thought, her frown leaving her. *Jim did tell me monsters were curious about humans...*

Frisk began to climb the chair only to squeak when she felt Asgore grabbed her waist and put her in the chair, and pushing it back into place before he grabbed his own chair. Frisk mockingly glared at him as best as she could, but it was hard to come across as angry when you were shoulder level to the large table.

Asgore didn’t notice Frisk’s glare. He was too busy smiling lovingly at Toriel and Frisk watched with amusement as Toriel returned the love-struck look before they both turned back to Frisk.

Toriel smiled, resting her chin in her hand. “So tell me my child, why are you straying from the human city? I can only imagine jobs are scarce in Surface City if somebody as sweet and as small as you are venturing into the dreaded Fell City to find work.”

Frisk frowned. “Dreaded?”

Toriel’s smile became a bit mischievous. “Oh yes, my husband and I are not ignorant to the stories young human children tell each other about our species.”

Asgore laughed. “Chara was a human child we adopted and they told us all sorts of...amusing things about what you humans think about us. Bloodthirsty-”

“SOUL-stealing-” Toriel added.

“Meat-eating” Asgore continued.
“Murderous-” Toriel piped in.

“Brainless-” Asgore declared.

“SOUL-less creatures of hell,” they both said and laughed together before Asgore winked at Frisk again, but she was more than a little stun when she heard the words “adopted human child.”

“Needless to say not ALL of those things are true. I’m a vegetarian,” Asgore declared and chuckled when Toriel slapped his arm again.

“Seriously Asgore. Keep your tasteless jokes to yourself,” she scowled and turned back to Frisk. She must have seen Frisk’s baffled face because her smile left her. “My dear are you alright?”

Frisk looked at Toriel. “You adopted a human?”

How were you two ever able to adopt a human child, Frisk thought and almost as though Toriel was reading her mind she gave Frisk a small smile.

“It wasn’t an official adoption. About twenty years ago, Asgore and I were taking our son Asriel for a walk in the park when we heard something moving in one of the dumpsters-”

Asgore’s smile was a little sad now. “-and being the little adventurer Asriel was, he raced towards the dumpsters and looked in. A second later he pulled a small human child out of the garbage. Apparently from what they told us later they were a runaway whose parents had died. Surface City hadn’t been...kind to them so they had spent the last three months in our city, eating garbage.”

Toriel smiled. “Our son took such a liking to them and we became so fond of them ourselves that we kind of...kept them.”

Frisk raised an eyebrow at her wording. “Kept them? As you didn’t report it to the human authorities?”
Toriel shrugged with a little proud smirk on her face. “Exactly.”

“The humans would have never allowed us to keep them if we let them know what was going on,” Asgore explained, though he really didn’t need to. Frisk felt a sense of disgust pooling in her stomach.

*I guess humans are well known for their discriminatory acts,* she thought. *We barely tolerant people marrying outside of our own race so I can only imagine the uproar that would occur if they got wind that two monsters wanted to adopt a human child. It wouldn’t even matter if they had a loving home to offer.*

“But I do believe this conversation is supposed to be about you,” Toriel said. “So tell me, what does your husband think about you getting a job so far from Surface City?”

Frisk smiled widely as she always did when somebody asked her anything about being married. She was always so gleeful to tell them “no” as her mind rejoice that she woke the fuck up before she allowed herself to marry Derek.

“No husband, single,” Frisk said and watched as Toriel and Asgore exchanged looks of disbelief and...joy? *Maybe they wanted a singer who wasn’t tied down and could come to Fell City on a moment’s notice,* Frisk thought.

Asgore grunted. “A pretty lady like you? Hard to believe. You must at least be engaged.”

Smiling, Frisk waved her left hand at him, showing there was no engagement ring on her finger. She pawned her own the moment she left the bastard.

“A boyfriend then?” Toriel asked, teasingly.

A brief image of Sans popped into Frisk’s head and she hesitated for just one second and it was enough to incite a knowing laugh from Toriel, and that laugh sounded a little strain, but maybe that was Frisk’s imagination as well.

“I knew a lovely and charming lady like yourself couldn’t be-”
There’s just one guy who’s interested in me. I’d barely call him a boyfriend,” Frisk stated. “He’s more of a…” she trailed off and tried to find the right word Sans the skeleton.

A friend. He’s a friend. A crazy and slightly violent friend, but a friend all the same, Frisk thought and tried to cut off her thoughts but one more managed to slip out. With the potential to be something more.

Frisk wrinkled her nose. “He’s a new friend that doesn’t take “no” for an answer.”

Once again both goats smiled warmly at each other and it was then that Grillby came with the tea. Carrying the tray like a pro, Grillby set three tiny teacups by each person and then poured the steaming brown liquid into each cup without spilling a drop. Frisk bit her cheek. She didn’t really like tea but she supposed she could drink just a little so she didn’t insult anybody.

“If you folks don’t need anything else, I have to run down to the basement to take care of some business,” Grillby muttered and waited for Asgore to dismiss him before he walked away.

Asgore reached for his cup and sipped his carefully while Toriel simply studied Frisk’s face before a decisive smile came over her face. Frisk raised an eyebrow as the goat monster stood up.

“You know what?” she asked Asgore. “Throughout all my years of living, I’ve only had one human try my butterscotch cinnamon pie and I think now would be a perfect time to make one. If I’m not mistaken Grillby should still have a few of my ingredients from the last time I made it here.” she turned to Frisk. “You like butterscotch and cinnamon right?”

Frisk shook her head. “No you don’t have to-”

A happy smile erupted on Toriel’s face. “Nonsense my child! Nothing gives me more joy than baking for new people,” she said before she turned to Asgore and shook her finger at him. “Now don’t you go flirting with her just because you know she’s single.”

Asgore chuckled and reached into his pocket and much to Frisk’s delight pulled out a bright purple flower and handed it to Toriel.
“You know you're my number one girl, right?” He muttered with a sly smile.

Frisk felt her heart melt as she watched Toriel’s eyes widened as she took the flower.

“You really mean it, fluffy buns?”

Frisk nearly snorted. **Fluffy buns?**

Asgore looked at Frisk and nodded.

With a squeal, Toriel raced to the bar and through the door that lead to the kitchen.

With a smirk, Frisk turned to Asgore. “You’re pretty smooth.”

Asgore returned the smirk. “You have no idea, my child.”

Grillby walked down the stairs two at a time whistling the song the human had been singing for her “audition”.

*Who's afraid of the big bad wolf*

*The big bad wolf, the big bad wolf*

*Who's afraid of the big bad wolf*

Jim was waiting for him, arms crossed, a cigarette in his mouth as he leaned against the door.

“How’s my girl doing?” Jim asked coolly.

Grillby shrugged. “We’ll see. Is the kid awake?”

Jim looked at his wristwatch and moved away from the door to let Grillby through. “Shouldn’t be.”
“How old did you say this one was?”

“About five.”

Grillby opened the door and quickly closed it behind Jim. He frowned and mentally cursed Jim for not even bothering to open the door to check to see the state the human was in. The little human was indeed awake, the yellow blanket still wrapped around her little body, standing in the midst of all the newspapers Grillby had carefully put down hours before so there wouldn’t be a mess. The only good thing was that the drug was still somewhat working. The kid didn’t look scared or even that aware of her surroundings.

Checking to make sure the glass container was still by the door where he left it, Grillby began to disrobe, not all that concerned when the child’s eyes landed on him.

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“Good afternoon, young lady,” he said cheerfully as he took his pants off. “My name is Grillby. What’s your name?”

The human didn’t answer. She simply stared dazedly at the fire monster.

**Good.**

Humming a sweet little tune, Toriel couldn’t keep the smile off her face as she mixed the pie’s filling all together making sure all the flavors were blended perfectly.

Eagerly looking at little window the kitchen door provided her, Toriel’s heart nearly exploded with love as she caught a glimpse of her little human again. Maybe Frisk wasn’t Chara, but then again maybe that was a good thing all things considering. Toriel wasn’t too proud to admit that Asgore and her made a few mistakes when it came to Chara but she wouldn’t repeat them with sweet Frisk.

Still humming, Toriel crushed up the little flower Asgore gave her until it was nothing more than a fine powder and with a smirk she added it to the pie’s filling mixing it with the other ingredients before she poured the filling into the crust.
Chapter End Notes

.....so shit getting serious!

Next update: Wednesday? Don't know which of my fics it will be! ^^

Comments are always welcomed!
Sick

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the delay my lovelies and thank you so much for your patience. <3. And once again thank you all for all your comments, love and support.

And if you have time, you should definitely check out this two amazing pieces of fanart by the talented and lovely Beuofu

https://beuofu.tumblr.com/post/159789411503/another-doodle-of-the-fic-sooner-or-later-youre


YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There was something that made human children prettier than monster children and Grillby couldn’t really put his finger on what it was. Maybe it was the size.

Yeah that was probably it. An adult human was so small as it was. The little human singer upstairs would no doubt be a smash hit with Grillby’s more...knowing and wealthier customers and Grillby imagined the major reason why his private customers will willingly and uncaringly throw any amount of money at him just to...taste her was because of her doll-like appearance and petite body type. His rich clients who knew the other...services Grillby offered at his bar were men and women of quality and status and while experiencing something exotic and unknown would be a factor there was a more common and simpler reason why Frisk will be the top seller out of all his employees: his rich customers just LOVE to feel big. And what was smaller than a human?

Size matters, Grillby thought, a small amused smile tracing his lips as he leaned against the door, feeling the weight of Jim’s back on the other side, and watched the little human continue her dazed exploration of the room. Not that there was much to see. It was just a barren room with newspaper under her cute little feet.

This human was the youngest one yet. The other children had been older and some were even mean. The oldest boy, the one who had been wrapped in an orange blanket and Jim’s very first living delivery fought back. Viciously. He was small, only coming up just barely to the fire monster’s waist and yet nearly overpowered Grillby by sheer force. The pretty thing didn’t throw rabbit punches either. His attacks, mainly his punches, nearly shattered one of Grillby’s kneecaps. Nasty mouth too. The fire monster could easily tell he was a street kid.
Jim and him learned an important lesson that day: up the drug dosage. Of course that didn’t stop the lovely little girl with the dark blue blanket from biting him even with the heavy amount of drugs pumping through her veins. And then there was the adorable little fellow with the purple blanket who screamed for help. Now THAT annoyed Grillby more than the punches and biting. And then there was the sweetie with the light blue blanket who cried. That wasn’t too bad. Made her eyes sparkle.

But if Grillby had to pick favorites it definitely would have been the boy with the green blanket. That little lovable guy was just the friendliest unaware drugged out puppy Grillby ever met. Smiles and sweet conversations to the very end.

They were all pretty and so was this newest one. Maybe the prettiest one yet. Pitch black hair that fell in perfect curls down past her shoulders and wide hazel eyes. A living doll.

Feeling his excitement build through his body temperature, Grillby took a step in the child’s direction. The little girl didn’t move but her eyes did squint. The fire monster knew it wasn’t any sort of defensive stance on her part. The room was slightly dark and his body really was the only source of light in the room. And he was just a little too bright for her eyes.

He winced feeling guilty about hurting her eyes and tried to lower the brightness of his body. Even though it was only a slight displeasure on her part, Grillby really didn’t like the children to feel any pain. In fact when that little orange fighter boy started to attack, Grillby merely restraint him until the little guy had calmed down enough so Grillby could start.

“Where’s mommy?” the little girl muttered her voice slurred and heavy sounding like her mouth was full of hard candies.

Grillby shushed her, kneeling down to her level. Lowering his body temperature so he wouldn’t burn her, Grillby started to pant heavily as he reached a hand out and lightly stroked her cheek. Her skin was incredibly warm, soft and pudgy. The type of skin only a child would have.

“Your mommy will be back soon. But she wants you to be a good girl for me. Can you be a good girl just for me?”

The five year old’s face didn’t seem to show any sort of comprehension but that didn’t bother Grillby in the least.
Sitting down crossed-legged, a position the bartender only took when he was in the presence of his breathing deliveries, Grillby gently grabbed a corner of the girl’s yellow blanket and tore it off her, earning a weak cry from her, but he ignored it and tossed the material to the side. And frowned. The girl was still dressed.

_Goddamn Jim, I told ya to undress her. Now I’ll have to it with the dress on._

Carefully and slowly Grillby reached out and put his long fingers on the girl’s shoulders and without much trouble eased the tiny thing unto his lap, shivering in delight as she made contact with him. Immediately she stiffened, placing her hands on his knees and tried to push herself off of him but he wrapped an arm around her waist and held her so her back and his stomach were pressed against each other.

She whined and wiggled against him. Grillby could tell that based on how strong her movements were getting that the drug was losing some effect, and if she were an older child he might have sped this up, but she was only five. Even at her strongest she really was no match for him.

“Let me go,” she growled, surprising Grillby with how strong her voice had become in only a matter of seconds but that didn’t stop him from petting her hair and enjoying the soft and somewhat oily feeling of it.

“Easy. It’s okay,” he comforted her, moving his hand slowly from her waist, up her stomach and then up her chest (he wished Jim would have followed his instructions) until the fiery hand rested under her chin. He lightly stroked the skin there. “I won’t hurt you so just relax.”

The wiggling stopped and the little girl seemed frozen. Grillby’s excitement began to grow. His breathing began to get heavier. This was his favorite part.

“Your mommy told me-”

“You’re a liar,” the simple and way too intelligent response caused Grillby to pause his petting. His grip unintentionally tightened for only a second. “Mommy never leaves me alone. You’re a liar and you’re going to be in big trouble for lying, mister,” the little girl hissed.

_Five years old?_ Grillby was impressed with this little pretty thing. The little purple blanket fellow had also called him out but he had been a little older. The girl was already a good judge of character. It made Grillby almost sad to know that nobody would ever know how that skill would have
manifested later in her life. Maybe she could have been a cop. Or a judge.

“Now now,” Grillby muttered into the girl’s ear as the wiggling intensified. The hand moved up until it cupped her chin. “name-calling isn’t a very nice thing to do.”

His other hand that had been petting her hair now rested on top of her head. He took a deep breath, enjoying the feeling of her tiny weight on him for just one more minute.

“Mommy is gonna find me-”

SNAP!

Grillby saw no sense in making the little things suffer and their easily snappable bones provided them with a painless death. Like all the other children, breaking this one’s neck wasn’t an issue. Grillby struggled more with stubborn booze bottle lids than with these little pretties. It made him wonder why so many smart and highly educated monsters were always saying humans were physically stronger than monsters. From what Grillby could see and had experienced, these humans’ bones were so fragile and light. It was like breaking glass.

The little doll went limp much like a real doll. And without losing a minute, Grillby raised the temperature of his body dramatically. The smell of cooking meat filled the room. Grillby continued to raise his body temperature until the smell of BURNING meat infested his nostrils and despite the unpleasant smell that nearly made him gag, Grillby held unto the burnt body of the now-not-so-pretty girl until skin melted and gave way to muscle and muscle gave way to bone and bone disintegrated into ash.

The little pretty thing was nothing more than a pile of ash on the newspaper floor.

….No that wasn’t true.

There was something else. Something was gonna get Grillby a lot of money by the end of the day. Floating over the pretty human girl’s ashes was her equally pretty yellow SOUL. Grillby smirked a little bit in amusement.

Why are they always different colors Grillby asked himself as he quickly lowered his temperature so he wouldn’t burn the thing when he grabbed it. Shaking off any remaining ash that might still be
clinging to his body and making sure he wouldn’t track it on anything that wasn’t covered in newspaper, Grillby walked over to the glass container by the door, opened it and plopped the SOUL inside.

Next he ran his hands through his body, checking twice to see that there wasn’t a single bit of ash on him and once he was satisfied, he put his clothes back and straightened any possible wrinkles. Finally he wrapped the yellow blanket around the container that held the SOUL and placed it on the ground with the utmost care.

*I’ll clean this up later,* Grillby thought looking at the newspapers and the pile of ash before he knocked on the door.

“You can move now, human,” he said, his annoyance coming back. This would have been so much more enjoyable if the fucker had just removed her clothes.

Once he heard Jim move he opened the door and closed it, locking it behind him, barely sparing the human delivery boy a glance. He did tense up when he heard Jim laugh.

“ Took ya a good minute. Did ya sample the goods while you were in there?” Jim asked with a grin and a wink.

Grillby turned around to glare coldly at his human employee. The cigarette that Jim was smoking when Grillby first entered the room was completely gone but the human still had the butt of it in his mouth and was chewing it slowly.

“It would be in bad taste to do that now wouldn’t it?” Grillby said rolling his eyes, knowing the human wouldn’t be able to see. “When I pour a drink for a customer I don’t sample that drink. Bad business ethics, human,” Grillby explained, turning his back to Jim and began to walk towards the four other doors that were located further down the hall.

*First I’ll get them up and then I’ll check the human’s room to make sure everything’s all set and get her collar ready—*

“Ya know Grillby, where I come from a lot of people would call you a sick prevert fer wanting to fuck kids. Some people would even kill ya for it.”
A smirk came over the fire monster’s face before he answered. He turned back around. The human was leaning against the door again with a smug smile on his face. It was the sort of smile that somebody who thought he was untouchable would have plastered on his face and to some extent Grillby supposed Jim was untouchable...at the moment.

While his bar business alone was profitable, it was the “items” that came from the human city that earned Grillby his big bucks and without Jim’s help, Grillby doubted he wouldn’t be anywhere near as successful as he was today.

When Jim had first sneaked into Fell City without getting noticed, not even by Don Gaster (Grillby felt a twinge of ghost pain shoot up his arm from where the bastard’s hands had him pinned down against his own bar), and offered his services with a desperate look of a desperate man in need, Grillby had to admit, the prospect of getting human booze was...interesting.

While the monsters in SNOWDIN and WATERFALL were fascinated by humans and their items they were of a...poorer breed and would never shell out extra cash just for a taste of something new. But the wealthier monsters in HOTLAND AND NEW HOME…

Thanks to Mettaton and his obsession with everything that was human and his radio shows and broadcasts that reached every corner of both those areas, human booze was an instant hit. And there was only one place to get it: Grillby’s. Not even Mettaton could get a drop for his own establishments and as a result even he was seen at one of the best tables in the humble little bar drinking the most expensive human drinks Grillby had to offer.

And business only got better when rumors started to fly that Mettaton could be seen at Grillby’s. There was an added bonus of monsters coming in and buying up drink after drink and staying hours at the bar just for a glimpse of their beloved idol.

Yep, in the last year and a half, human booze and his “other” services (that were only offered to his very best customers) were making his little bar something that even Mettaton was having trouble competing with. Not that the robotic superstar was all that upset about losing business to some small time bartender. The little kitten Mettaton paid Grillby to look after was proof of that.

But even with all that success, Grillby could have cut off all ties with Jim. Sure his business would have suffered but he had racked up more than enough money to pay Don Dermurrer’s monthly protection and business fees without taking too big of a hit or go without for years to come.

And it would have been well worth the loss of money to see that smug smile knocked off the fucker’s face.
But then everything changed. Two months ago Don Demurrer contacted him through Undyne and the fish monster explained that he wanted a private meeting with the fire monster that night. And after that meeting Grillby needed Jim just as bad as Jim needed him.

Grillby still remembered visibly shaking after Undyne told him Don Demurrer’s message. And during that time he began to recall every action he had ever did that might have been considered disrespectful to the goat monster. In fact, Grillby actually considered making a run for it and fully moving into Don Gaster’s area. It was a well-known fact that after Undyne nearly got ripped to shred in her fight with Don Gaster that none of Don Demurrer’s people would step foot in WATERFALL.

The only problem with that plan was Undyne never left his side after that. She watched him like a hawk until the very last second before his meeting and while the fire monster didn’t know what to expect he certainly didn’t expect to see the murderous and violent goat monster look...almost panicked. No was no threats of violence or death. The don needed something that only Grillby had the resources to give him.

*I know about your human delivery man who lives in Surface City. I need human SOULS. I don’t care how you do it, but I need one very very soon.*

He didn’t explain why he needed a human SOUL and Grillby was not dumb enough to ask why. The goat don said that if he could do this service for him, he would not only cut Grillby’s fees off, but he would pay any amount of gold Grillby asked for. Of course after the don told him that, his panicked face turned vicious and Grillby got a nice eyeful of the goat’s teeth.

*And if you don’t do this service for me, I’ll kill you.*

And Grillby knew without a shadow of a doubt that the goat monster would absolutely do that. Without hesitation. One mighty swing of his large fist and Grillby would be dust.

He thought Jim would never do it. He honestly thought Jim would never bring humans here just to be killed, but to his surprise Jim simply shrugged when Grillby told him what he needed and was the one that suggested they take children. And not just any children. Children from the streets that didn’t have a home. Children who lived in halfway houses with their pathetic families who couldn’t afford a home and children who were put in orphanages because nobody wanted them. The ones nobody would miss. The ones that didn’t matter.
Grillby always liked children. He thought there was nothing cuter and more arousing than a wide-eyed monster child staring at him but when he saw how sweet and small and adorable human children were, watching monster children playing in the park during his off time was no longer good enough.

Of course Grillby restrained himself from doing anything with the six human children (including this recent one) Jim brought over the past two months. They were already bought and paid for by Don Demurrer and even though the goat monster only wanted the SOULS, Grillby was not a man who enjoyed another man’s property. Of course he couldn’t resist touching their little bodies before he killed them but….

Who cared? And that was so wonderful about these children. Nobody did!

“*I’m* the sick pervert,” he repeated and shook his head. “I may have…attractions that differ from the average monster but you’re the one who brings them to me without batting an eye. What do YOU think the humans would do to you if they knew what you were doing?”

The first monster’s smile grew as the smug smile left Jim’s face for just a second before he shrugged and spat the butt out on the floor. Grillby stiffened angrily as the disgusting thing hit his clean floor.

“I’d say they’d kill me but these little brats ain’t nothing to kill anybody over. Sure people act like they care in my city by putting up posters of these brats’ faces but no real effort is being put into finding them.”

Grillby laughed at his answer. “You know they would kill you, human,” he said before he turned around and began walking to his employees’ rooms.

“You can leave now-”

“Ya ever gonna ask me to get ya one for yourself?”

Grillby paused, feeling his body heat unintentionally grow at Jim’s question. He had thought about doing just that. He even had a preference for the type of child he wanted. A red-headed child no more than eleven years old. Gender didn’t matter to him. Boy, girl, they were all so cute and soft. It didn’t matter.

But he didn’t have time to pursue any pleasures for himself. He was always so busy with his
employees and now he had to spend all his time training the singing human before he even had her on stage...and and and he just didn’t have time. Maybe after the singer was trained.

But not now…

“Leave Jim. I’ll contact you when I need the next shipment.”

Even though Grillby couldn’t see him with his back turned, he felt Jim’s smile on his back.

“Sure thing boss,” Jim said and Grillby didn’t move again until he was sure Jim was gone.

Sighing, Grillby went past the first door that was painted in an obnoxious pink color, knowing that if he opened that door more pink would attack his senses. As if having his bar surrounded by Mettaton’s blinding neon pink glittery buildings and flashy lights weren’t bad enough, he actually had a room in his bar that was completely designed by Mettaton, for the robot’s “darling little kitten.” And despite the ridiculous amount of money that Mettaton threw at him to allow this room to exist, every time Grillby past that door or entered that room he wondered if it had been worth it.

Normally at this time Mettaton or Napstablook would be here to make sure the cat was awake and getting ready for work at the MTT-BRAND BURGER EMPORIUM but if they couldn’t do it, Grillby would do it. But apparently something unpleasant or violent happened last night right before Grillby opened his bar. The cat was half walking half being dragged by Napstablook into his room and Grillby caught the burnt fur around the cat’s mouth and the wet blood on the tops of his ears.

And this morning he received a call from Mettaton who told him to just let the little darling sleep. No problem there. It was hard enough to make sure his employees were ready themselves but making sure an employee from a competing business was ready too? Could get hectic even before the bar opened.

But the money he got…

Pausing at the simpler door with a cute picture of a bunny tape to it, Grillby knocked on the wood.

“Binkie?” he called out when he didn’t receive an answer. He knocked again, this time reaching into his pocket to pull out his little remote that Alphys gave him along with those collars.
He heard a weak and exhausted yawn from the other side. “I’m u-u-up, Mr. G-Grillby.”

He nodded satisfied and walked to the next door.

“WHAT KIND OF FLOWER IS THAT IN YOUR HAIR?” ASGORE ASKED, REFILLING HIS CUP.

**Damn this guy loves tea,** Frisk thought. Since the short time Toriel left to bake her pie, the male goat had drank three cups of tea while Frisk was still nursing her first cup, sipping it every so often. While she didn’t like tea presay this brand wasn’t bad. It wasn’t great, but it wasn’t bad either. Maybe it was because she drank soda night and day, but tea always tasted so bland to her. But this tea was just a little sweet so it was easier to swallow.

Reaching up Frisk touched the fake pink flower in her hair before she shrugged.

“It’s a fake flower, but I don’t think it’s based on a real human flower. It generic.”

Asgore frowned thoughtfully. “Well that’s not right. Lovely young girl like you shouldn’t be wearing something cheap. Would you like a real one?”

“Real? You mean like the one you gave to Ms. Toriel?”

Asgore nodded, reached into his suit pocket and pulled out three different and brightly colored flowers.

The first one was an eye-catching orange, and resembled something like a rose only the petals were just a little longer and the stem didn’t have thorns. The second was a baby blue color that kind of looked like a daisy. The last flower looked like a very tiny version of a sunflower only the middle was a dark purple and the petals were black.

**My God, those flowers are beautiful,** Frisk thought and reached for them when Asgore held them out to her. She turned each one around in her hands carefully, examining them from all angles and maybe she was taking too long because Asgore snorted out laughter.
“Never seen a REAL flower before, young lady?”

Frisk smiled. “Not like these. Human flowers are nothing like these and plus,” she added and laid each flower of the table. “My city isn’t exactly a green place. Most of our parks are pretty destroyed and I really don’t see flowers growing much of anywhere. You have to buy them from the store if you want to see them.”

The giant goat monster hummed. “Surely growing gardens isn’t a dying hobby-”

“I haven’t see a garden since I was a kid,” Frisk interrupted and was barely able to keep the bitterness out of her voice. Of course just because she hadn’t seen one in years didn’t mean there weren’t some areas of her city where people had enough space and actual grass to grow them.

Asgore hummed again before he grinned. “Well I have a very impressive garden I’ve been maintaining for years now and I do enjoy showing it off,” his grin became a little sly. “Pride is a sin but we’re all entitled to sin every once in awhile, but if you want I would love to have you at my home and show you the different types of monster flowers we have.”

Frisk couldn’t keep the grin off her face. Seeing a monster garden with flowers like these?! It must have been so beautiful. Maybe he even had echo flowers!

*Calm down, Frisky. You just met him. Let’s have a few more sit-downs with him and Toriel before you accept an invitation to go to some area of a city you don’t even know with a couple you barely know.*

Frisk’s grin faltered just a little bit at the thought but there was truth to it. She would never take a human she just met up on an offer to go to their home. Same rules WILL apply here.

“I’d like to do that sometime,” she said, making it clear she wasn’t rejecting his offer but also letting him know that visiting his home wouldn’t happen any time soon. She couldn’t help but feel just a teensy bit disappointed though.

Asgore didn’t seem put off by her response though. In fact, his smile softened and he nodded.
“I know a flower lover when I see one. So,” he gestured towards the flowers with his large hand. “Which one do you like?”

Frisk looked back at the three flowers and clicked her tongue before a thought suddenly hit her. “Do you always carry flowers around in your pockets?”

The goat monster leaned back in his chair before he looked away resting his chin in his hand.

”Ya never know when you’re gonna need a flower,” he shrugged and winked at Frisk “and trust me, I’ve attended a lot of business meetings where a flower was needed to break the mood. Everybody loves a flower, my dear.”

Frisk giggled. “So when a business meeting gets too rough you just offer a flower to somebody and everything calms down?”

Asgore’s sly smile came back. “It doesn’t have a direct effect but over the course of a few minutes the flower manages to touch my business associates in a special way.”

Frisk giggled again. *There was something charming about a giant business monster offering people flowers to calm a situation down. But then again maybe that was a strange kind of monster culture thing.*

“What do you do anyway if you don’t mind me asking.”

“Landlord,” he answered, sipping his tea once more, draining it all in one gulp. “A boring and uncreative job but one that pays the bills. I own a lot of land in this city and I didn’t know what to do with it, so my wife suggested I rent it out for people to build their businesses on. When you first came here, I’m sure you noticed all the huge pink and glittery buildings that are surrounding this bar?”

Frisk smirked. “It was hard not to notice.”

Asgore nodded his voice becoming grim. “Yeah I own the land underneath all those buildings. I get to decided what businesses are allowed to be built on my property,” he sighed deeply. “And to my everlasting shame all the monsters in this city know I allowed those horrible glittery monstrosity to be
Frisk shrugged. “What so bad about those buildings? If they’re suppose to be eye-catching then it’s working.”

Asgore grunted. “I don’t mind people knowing I like to garden but there’s something very...lady-like about being associated with glitter and the color pink. The gentleman who designed and owns those businesses, a very good friend of mine by the way, can pull off a more...feminine look but,” Asgore gestured towards himself. “I know flashy isn’t really me.”

Frisk tried to keep her face serious to match his grim tone but the image of this gray giant wearing a...a...a pink scarf around his neck was making it really. And the dead-pan voice was an added bit of comedy as well.

“You’re laughing on the inside aren’t you?” he asked. Frisk noticed the way he was trying to keep his grim expression but his lips were beginning to move upward.

Frisk swallowed and started to shake her head and then just ended up laughing out loud and after a long second Asgore joined her.

Balancing the hot pie carefully in one hand and holding three plates, a cutting knife and three forks with the other, Toriel gracefully walked out of the kitchen and heard the sound of laughter coming from her husband and her child.

She paused and basked in the image of the scene before her. It was almost just like when Chara was alive. Laughter ringing out while her family waited for her to bring out her butterscotch cinnamon pie. And then they would tell each other stories and afterwards Toriel would send both Asriel and Chara to bed.

Toriel smiled and started to walk towards them. Once she got Frisk home it would be EXACTLY like it was before Chara died. Only this time it would be better. Frisk would be SO MUCH BETTER than Chara was. Toriel just knew it!

“How what did I miss?” Toriel asked placing all the items on the table and then proceeded to hand the plates out. Her child looked shyly up at her with a small smile on her face.
“You really didn’t have to bake this for me,” she said sweetly.

Toriel’s heart nearly melted. Frisk was so sweet. Not perfect but with just some adjustments…

“It’s no bother,” she beamed and cut three pieces giving herself, Asgore and her child a slice. She nodded to the thick slice on her child’s plate.

“Go on my child. Try it and tell me what you think.”

She and Asgore leaned closer in their seats as Frisk cut a small piece off and put it in her mouth. Asgore’s smile widened. Toriel found herself clasping her hands to her chest and once Frisk swallowed, her excitement grew.

Now let’s see if I remember what happens. It takes exactly five seconds for Purple Shade to take effect. And then the body will start shaking.

“Mrs. Toriel, this pie is delicious,” her child said and began to get another piece until that tiny hand began to shake so badly that she dropped her fork. It clattered to the floor and Toriel was sadden to see that huge and beautiful smile fade from her child’s face.

“What’s wrong my dear?” Asgore asked shooting an amused look Toriel’s way. “You’re shaking like a leaf.”

Next speech will become impossible.

“I don’t k--k-k-k-k-k-k-k--k-k-k-”and then the little dear’s eyes widened with fear. She turned to Toriel and tried to say something again but large globs of drool fell from her mouth and stained her dress.

“What is it, my child?” Toriel asked but of course Frisk couldn’t answer.

Now mobility will become non-existent.
It was such a quick movement and Toriel wasn’t prepared for Frisk to lose balance that fast and tumble out of her chair. Her heart nearly gave out from terror when the child almost landed head first on the hard floor but at the very last moment Asgore caught her.

“What’s going on?! What’s wrong with the human?”

Toriel turned towards Grillby who had most likely just gotten back from his other “business” with getting their latest human SOUL.

She smiled warmly at the fire monster. “I think it would be a good idea if you found another human singer for your bar.”

The puzzle look on his face remained. Toriel felt her good mood slightly fade.

“Asgore, would you please deal with him while take care of our child?”

Asgore nodded his head and gently handed the tiny human to Toriel who cradled her to her chest and without looking back walked out of the bar with her child in her arms. As she walked out she heard her husband’s strong and dominate voice and smiled as she could practically feel Grillby shaking.

“I’ll pay for her and for any minor troubles these purchase will cost you, but I’m sure you’ll find another human to fill her space soon enough. Now about this newest SOUL, it better have more Determination than the last one.”

Chapter End Notes

Who else feels awesome after having a great uninterrupted nap? This kid! ^^
Hello Hello Hello my lovies! <3 Sorry about the delay and I hope you enjoy! And as always thank you for all your love and comments. They mean more to mean than you'll ever know!

Also if you have left a comment for ANY of my stories and I haven't responded, please don't think me rude or ignoring you. I'll get around to responding! Just need to stop sleeping so much. ^^

And if you have time, you should definitely check out this two amazing pieces of fanart by the talented and lovely Beuofu

https://beuofu.tumblr.com/post/159789411503/another-doodle-of-the-fic-sooner-or-later-youre


YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED!

Okay, I'm sure you all can figure this out, but the last chapter was completely focused on happened to Frisk. This is what's happening to Sans on that same day! ^^

Sans sighed, feeling more than a little annoyed, and put his feet up on Wings’ desk ignoring his brother’s dark glare and listened to Wings’ phone call with Don Dee. Despite the fact Sans could only hear his brother’s half of the conversation, Wings’ responses were telling the shorter skeleton the old man was still a nervous wreck despite the poker face Sans was sure the old man was putting on for Wings.

But through his annoyance Sans smirked in amusement as Wings silently listened to whatever the old man was rambling at him. If Dee was still a nervous wreck after having a full day to recover from the news that his men didn’t...make it back from that “peace treaty” exchange with the “Never-Dies”, Sans would have just LOVED to see Don Dee’s initial state of mind the exact moment after Wings told him the only survivors of that brutal ambush was just one of his men and his brothers.

Now that would have been funny. Unfortunately, Dee’s reaction from yesterday was extremely short and non-dramatic. When Wings first tried to tell the old fuck about the Never-Dies’ ambush on his men, Don Dee immediately halted all other information Wings was gonna tell him and ordered the skeleton to wait for his phone call. Sans supposed the old man needed to get into a better safe place and arrange for a few of his men to investigate the old factory where Sans and Papyrus left all the bodies.
Needless to say the rest of that night hadn’t been great.

Ever since the Gaster brothers “left” Asgore’s services, Wings made it very clear to all people from the citizens of their areas to even his brothers that ordering him around was not a smart move.

But wait Wings did, growing more and more agitated as the night rolled on. Don Dee never called at anytime yesterday and so Wing spent the entire night drinking cup after cup after cup of his special brand coffee, refusing to eat anything Papyrus cooked, and even growling at the youngest skeleton to keep his sockets on Mac.

And during the early evening, mostly out of boredom since his brothers were too focused on their tasks to be any fun and he couldn’t visit his little lady, Sans had started to make a joke to Wings about how he was acting like a little teenage girl waiting for her crush to call but one black eyed socket look from the oldest Gaster was enough for him to keep his mouth shut. Wings never did have much of a sense of humor and when he was sleep deprived he could become such a bastard.

But at least Wings couldn’t say that he was the only one who didn’t get any sleep that night. Papyrus and Sans stayed up all night long in their guest room, watching the human to see if the poor bastard would wake up, every so often cleaning up his wounds and replacing his old bandages with clean ones.

And during that time Papyrus had begun talking about humans in general.

“BROTHER DO YOU THINK HUMANS AND MONSTERS ARE….THE SAME?”

Sans remembered blinking back into reality, the exhaustion nearly overwhelming him as he stared numbly at Papyrus before the question sank in.

Sans had mumbled something incoherently before he shook himself more awake and answered.

“What d’ya mean?”

Papyrus’ uneasy and delayed reaction piped Sans’ interest and helped wake him up more. It was pretty rare to see Papyrus...stumbled and actually think out his words before he spoke them.
“WELL I KNOW MONSTERS AND HUMANS ARE DIFFERENT WITH MATTERS OF THE SOUL AND OUR BIOLOGY, BUT DO YOU THINK HUMANS CAN PERFORM...MAGIC LIKE US?”

Sans had snorted back some laughter and leaned back into his chair, closing his eyes. “If they can then they must keep it a big fuckin’ secret cause I ain’t seen one human do anything that could remotely be considered magic.”

There was a bit more silence before Papyrus had sighed. Sans had opened his eyes again.

“What brought that on? Ya see a human do somethin’ weird when you was workin’ on the park?”

The tall skeleton didn’t answer for a second, his sockets trained on the human before he gave his brother a sharp smile and let out his confident laugh. For some reason and maybe it was because he was tired, but Sans thought Papyrus’ laughter didn’t seem normal.

“IT’S NOTHING BROTHER. IT’S JUST THAT WHEN I WAS OVERSEEING THE WORKERS, THERE WERE A LOT OF HUMANS THAT CAME IN WATCH—”

Sans chuckled again. “Yeah, I heard ‘bout that. Don’t worry nothin’ about that though, bro. They was just curious was all. They weren’t lookin’ at ya like you was a freak or nothin’ like that.”

Papyrus had fiddled with his tie.

“Oh yes, I know that. Most of them were very polite and respectful, just like that nice little human woman is, to both the workers and me, but…” Papyrus had trailed off before he shook his head and let out another laugh, his sockets trained on the little unconscious human Mac. “NO, IT IS NOTHING. DON’T WORRY ABOUT IT BROTHER. I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS, WILL SOLVE THIS MATTER MYSELF.”

And maybe if it weren’t so late in the night and if Sans hadn’t been so tired and brain-dead, he might have pressed the issue a little more and tried to figure out what the humans might have done, probably unintentionally, to spark Papyrus’ interest in their abilities. But exhaustion was seeping into every bone in his body and so Sans had let the matter drop, promising himself that he would bring Papyrus’ question about the humans up with Wings, after Wings got some sleep.
It was probably nothing but if Papyrus got something stuck in his head that really shook his interest, well...what happened between him and those goat fuckers’ brats years ago was proof enough on how reckless Papyrus could be when his curiosity got the best of him. And even though Papyrus was now a strong and powerful monster and not the weak baby bones he was all those years ago, the idea of his baby bro leaving the safety of their human area and venturing into Dee’s territories was dangerous.

The only reason Sans was able to pull it off was because he came and went before anybody ever noticed somebody was behind them. But Papyrus was loud and made his presence known and even if the Gasters were now “allies” of Dee’s gang, Sans would gamble that there would be some humans that just didn’t care. They might say it was an accident afterwards or the skeleton attacked them first.

But then again, he was also pretty sure Dee didn’t exactly make it known to all his men that he was doing business with monsters so if a gun carrying asshole saw a monster walking around…

Despite his exhaustion, Sans had shuddered at the image of losing his brother. He almost lost him years ago and he wasn’t going to lose him again. Wings could talk to him later about his questions and that would definitely settle all of Papyrus’ curiosities about the matter.

And when daylight shined through the windows and hit Sans’ face, bringing him out of his zombie like state he looked over at the human and saw the human was still out…

Fuck, maybe when Papyrus hit him in the head, he did put ‘im in a coma, Sans thought and looked over at his baby bro to see the taller skeleton was fast asleep.

With a horrible and mean-spirited smirk, Sans had stood up, wincing at how badly his body ached from sitting in a chair all night and has started to creep to his brother with the intention of “waking him up” when Sans heard Wings’ phone ring from his office. It startled Papyrus awake, the youngest skeleton looking almost rattled and without further ado Sans teleported from the guest room to Wings’ office to listen into the conversation.

And now here he was. Sitting in Wings’ chair, feet up on the desk, watching as the eldest skeleton paced around with the phone to his head, stretching the cord to it’s limit. And if Sans thought he was tired, Wings looked completely destroyed. Though in all fairness, Wings had a tight sleep schedule he always followed and if somebody interrupted it…
The images of Wings stomping downstairs completely enraged about being woken up when they were all younger were the most terrifying memories Sans had, fuck Asgore and his trident and his poisons or Toriel with her fire.

If you woke Wings up and you were family you were half-fucked. If you woke Wings up and you were not, you were completely fucked.

And if you were Don Dee, well...Sans smiled. You were already fucked but keeping Wings from sleeping altogether would probably make your death much more painful and slower.

*Live and learn and die. That should be the motto of MOST humans*, Sans thought and listened with a small tired smile on his face as Wings continued his conversation with Dee.

“Yes of course I understand you will not be able to come and collect your items for awhile. Safety SHOULD be your top priority, Don Dee.”

Wings paused to listen to the old man’s response before he gave Sans a wink. Sans felt a flow of relief go through him. Maybe when Wings got off the phone he wouldn’t be the bastard Sans thought he would be.

*Old man must be sayin’ something he likes*, Sans thought and continued to listen.

“Well of course I will safe-guard the products and your weapons. I-”Wings began to say and judging by the way his hold tightened on the phone, it was safe to say the old man interrupted whatever Wings was gonna say.

That’s another thing you didn’t do. Interrupt Wings.

“Yes. The guns I made for you are not damaged. I would fix them if they were,” Wings paused again. “The survivor? I do believe his name is Mac. A very thin older man.”

*Survivor is really stretchin’ it now Wings*, Sans thought. *If he hadn’t woken up yet he ain’t gonna wake up.*
Sans moved his feet off the desk as a huge smile erupted onto Wings’ face, the red light in his socket glittering excitedly while a bright flash of purple exploded in his other socket.

“**Oh fuck looks like things are moving along,**” Sans thought, feeling Wings’ excitement enter him.

“Well I am sorry to hear that one of those men was a good friend of yours, Don Dee, but if I may, I do believe I have a solution for that. I have a...fellow, his name is Aaron, who can temporarily take over Mr. Grench’s job while you deal with the ‘Never-Dies.’”

Wings paused again and suddenly Sans felt extremely frustrated that he couldn’t hear what the old man was saying. This was getting good. Really really good.

Wings rolled the red light in his socket.

“Of course I trust him. You are a great and generous friend and I would never offer you one of my employees I didn’t feel suited your needs. In fact, and I know this goes without saying, but if you need my services to help you deal with this ridiculous gang issue, I will be more than happy to help.”

Another long pause and Wings’ smile began sharper and satisfied.

“I’ll have my brother Sans bring my man down for you to meet tomorrow morning to discuss his duties. Yes, I will keep your items safe for you until you have time to pick them up. Now about your man Mac-”

Wings’ smile vanished completely.

**Please don’t tell me the old fuck hung up on Wings-**

“The old fuck hung up on me,” Wings hissed, staring at the phone before he roughly slammed it back on the hook, nearly shattering the plastic. Sans jumped out of Wings’ chair.

“God I can’t wait to kill him,” Wings growled before he straightened up and gave Sans a detached look that was half-exhausted and half-enraged, but after he rubbed his sockets with his gloved hands, he offered Sans a more direct and softer expression.
“Has the human woken up yet?” Wings asked even though Sans knew his older brother already knew the answer to that question. If Mac had woken up Papyrus would have already told him.

But all the same Sans shook his head. “Nah, I think you were right when ya said we really did some damage to him.”

Wings looked away, taping his fingers against his desk. “Yeah you were more than a little rough,” the tall skeleton paused and let out a deep and tired sigh. “We’ll give him another day and if he doesn’t wake up, I want you to find another LOVE-free human from Dee’s gang.”

Sans nodded and quickly changed the subject, ignoring the slight unpleasant feeling of guilt he knew Wings was feeling too, but hey, you get into this business you deal with the consequences. No matter if you’re filled with LOVE or not.

“So...um...everything going accordin’ to plan, bro?” Sans asked.

A smirked cracked Wings’ expressionless face. “Oh yes. Tomorrow Don Dee wants to meet the monster that will be replacing Grench.”


Wings shrugged. “Don Dee is a little nervous about meeting with anybody today. I guess we threw him out of sorts and since he has no idea where the rest of the “Never-Dies” are currently hiding, he want his men to scout out their favorite hangouts and…” with a smirk, Wings held up his long index finger and swiped it across his throat.

“Yeah, Dee ain’t gonna find their deeper hideouts. One thing I’ll give to that gang is that the “Never-Dies” are kind of like rats. Ya know there somewhere but findin’ them is a bitch.”

Sans knew all their hiding spots though.

Wings nodded. “Dee will be staying in his private office for awhile until his gang deals with all the members. That’s HIS plan. But in the meantime, he still needs people to run his areas and Grench was not only a friend of Dee’s but also his landlord for a more populated area of Surface City.”
That was true. During the early stages of Wings’ plan when Sans was simply observing Dee and his gang and how they operated and who their potential enemies were, Sans learned the names of Dee’s best men and Grench would have been considered one of Dee’s top men. The guy was intelligent, brutal and loyal so it was no surprise that he would be the one leading that peace-treaty the other day.

Of course the area Grench ran was gonna be trickier to gain the more honest humans’ trust and loyalty. At least more so than the human in the area Sans and his brothers currently owned. People like Sans’ little lady who had so little money to begin with were constantly struggling to make ends meet after they gave their hard-earned money to Dee.

In Grench’s area the humans were a little more well-off. There were a lot of rich people along with quite a few businesses in that area and probably shelling out money for protection fees wasn’t that big of a deal to them. And That was a problem. As Wings always said “kindness breeds loyalty” and with some people showing kindness was easy.

Telling a group of scared poor people who were just trying to raise families with the fear of death constantly looming over their heads that not only were they no longer required to pay a fee to keep living but the powerful monster family would also improve their park was easy enough.

But how in the hell can you breed loyalty with rich fuckers?

And when Sans first brought this concern that the richer humans might not feel the need to pledge their loyalty to them, Wings had simply smiled and told him that rich or poor, business owners or hired hands, all people hate those who steal from them. All people know when they are being screwed over and all people will jump at the chance to make life easier for themselves and for their families. A simple fact. All monsters had to do was show these humans that living under a monster’s rule was a lot better than living under Dee’s rule.

Sans supposed Wings had a point. Whatever made life easier and safer. It was one of the reasons why Wings first accepted Asgore’s job offer all those years ago.

Yawning, his mind now shutting down since Wings didn’t seem too angry, Sans stretched his sore bones. “Great. Tonight I’ll find Aaron and let him know his part is about to come up. Now I’m gonna go and get some sleep-”

“Just as soon as you take care of the rest of the “Never-Dies. I’ll get the incinerator going. After
you’re done dealing with the humans, bring their bodies to the shed and I’ll take care of them myself,” Wings said and then yawned himself.

What?! Sans thought as he stared at his brother who had sat down at his desk, pulled one of his blueprints that outline the latest gun he was working out and began writing down notes on the paper. After a few seconds he must have felt Sans’ stunned look so he looked back up.

“Wings, you want me to take care of them right now?” Sans asked hoping his exhaustion was making him hear things but the small apologetic smile that came over Wings’ face was enough to confirm that Sans did indeed hear what he thought he heard.

“I’m sorry, brother. I know you’re exhausted but it has to be done and very soon too before Dee kills them himself. Remember the plan,” Wings said gently.

Sans swallowed. “But-” he began but quickly clammed up when his brother titled his head at him. There was no anger or warning in the eldest monster’s sockets but the fear of having a sleep-deprived Wings angry at him wasn’t what shut Sans up.

He was going to bring his little lady up and their planned evening together but as soon as he opened his mouth, he realized that would have been a stupid mistake especially after the talk they had about her the other day.

*I have no qualms about you pursuing a relationship with this young lady. As long as you stay focused on what needs to be done.*

Even though it was early morning and despite the fact that the “Never-Dies” were a smaller gang, he didn’t think he’d have enough time to take care of all of them, get cleaned up, take a nap and then visit her all in one go. He briefly considered visiting his little lady before heading out to complete his task but knew she would still be sleeping and probably wouldn’t hear his knocking and visiting her during his task was not going to be possible. He was going to be covered in blood by mid-afternoon. Maybe he could leave a note taped to her door?

That also didn’t seem like a good idea. Suppose she didn’t go out and decided to stay in.

Fuck. But what the fuck was he supposed to say to Wings?
Sorry Wings can’t stick with the plan. I’m heading over to my lady’s house this evening in the hopes we can ‘ave a tension free time together and maybe she’ll finally let me fuck her. I need to look rested for that.

Yeah that would be a smart thing to say to Wings. But that didn’t keep the shorter skeleton from privately hating his older brother. Especially when he actually told Wings he was visiting her tonight. Fine, fuck it. He would just have to be fast about it.

“Ya got it, bro.”

Wings nodded before a more sly smile came over his face. He winked at Sans.

“And don’t worry about your woman, brother. She isn't going anywhere...mostly because she probably can’t afford to, but-” he quickly added when Sans gave him his own black-socket look, “if your evening visit has to turn into an early night visit...well I don’t think she’ll turn you down and you can stay in the human city tonight if things go well.”

That didn’t do much to ease Sans’ annoyance and Wings must have saw that too because his sly smile turned into an apathetic look.

“Hey I tried,” Wings muttered. “And if it makes you feel any better, I’m not going to rest until that human wakes up.”

*I don’t think that fucker is gonna wake up,* Sans thought before he vanished in a puff of red smoke.

Four men sat around a poker table, the said leader of the small group, a scruffy and stocky man named Kurt shuffled the cards quietly and then began dealing them out to the other men. As all the men reached for their card, Kurt saw the same scar on each of their forearms. He had the same scar carved into his arm as well.

A big “N”. Once you pass your initiation, they carved an “N” into your skin to show everybody you were now part of the “Never-Dies.” Truth be told Kurt didn’t join because of their odd satanic beliefs. He joined because he liked to hurt people. It was a simple reason and one Kurt didn’t understand. He supposed there was something wrong with him. Even as a kid he liked to hurt the other kids. It was the only thing that didn’t bore him.
And when he wasn’t hurting other things and enjoying the odd sounds they made, he was bored. That’s why he joined the “Never-Dies” instead of Don Dee’s more well-known gang. You had to wait and be given permission to hurt somebody when you were with Don Dee. Granted you get his blessings and you won’t end up in jail or prison but waiting for his blessings to hurt something...well just the idea of it bored Kurt.

Now the “Never-Dies”...that gang was something else. Sure they killed and harmed others all in the name of their god or whatever the hell that was, but you didn’t have to wait to do it. You could do it as long as you tell the others it was for Satan or some stupid shit like that. And you were instantly protected by the gang. And even when they made peace with Don Dee, the old man was surprisingly pretty lenient with their killing. Just as long as it wasn’t any of his men, everybody else was fair game.

Of course ever since yesterday all of that went to shit. Now Kurt was hiding in some shitty basement playing cards with a group of assholes he didn’t even know. And he was bored. Bored, bored, bored, bored. It was a punishment worse than death. But once everything cooled down and he got the word it was safe to leave he planned on leaving this city and going somewhere else. Maybe a city where there wasn’t a lot of organized crime. Dons and kingpins take all the fun out of it with their rules and rituals.

Sighing Kurt started to pick up his own cards and as he did he happened to look up. And his heart stopped. Standing behind was one of the men was a nightmare. A nightmare with no skin, bright glowing red eyes and a sharp grinning mouth.

And without saying a single thing the nightmare gripped the man’s hair and pulled his head back. And Kurt watched as the nightmare dragged a sharp bony knife through the man’s flesh. Blood spattered everywhere.

And suddenly Kurt would have given anything to be bored again.

********************************************************************************

“Has he woken up yet?” Wings asked Papyrus who was now pacing around the room.

Wings winced when he saw the state his younger brother was in. Normally Papyrus’ clothes were pressed and clean but now they looked wrinkled and the exhausted look on his youngest brother’s face made Wings feel bad about yelling at him last night.
Papyrus shook his head. “NO BROTHER. HE HASN’T EVEN MOVED!”

*Come on, human. As old as you are, who you were working for and the fact you never harmed another creature before says something about you. If you want to live you gotta wake up,* Wings thought and was just about to tell Papyrus to take a break when he saw something…

The human’s eyes fluttered for just a second and his hands briefly balled the blankets. It was such an impressively quick gesture that Wings knew he would have missed it himself if he hadn’t been looking at the human. It could have simply been a reflex on the human’s part but the fact that Papyrus just finished telling him the bastard hadn’t moved an inch made him wonder something.

Tapping his finger against his chin, a crude smile came over his face as an idea formed in his skull. Clearing his throat loudly and making sure he was speaking in a loud clear voice, Wings directed himself at Papyrus.

“Well Papyrus, I think he’s not gonna wake up. Can’t have useless weight around. I’ll slash his throat and you throw his body into the incinerator.”

Papyrus shot Wings a puzzled look but luckily didn’t say anything as Wings stayed in the same spot and stomped his foot loudly into the ground three times to give the impression he was walking towards the human.

The human sat up so quickly and so suddenly that he scared the hell out of Papyrus. If the skeleton had skin he would have jumped out of it.

“Oh my God! I am awake! I AM SO AWAKE I’LL PROBABLY NEVER SLEEP AGAIN!”

*You smart son of a bitch,* Wings thought as his smile got sharper.

Wings nodded to Papyrus who hadn’t even recovered yet but regained composure instantly at his brother’s orders and marched to the terrified and still badly injured human and jerked him out of bed, holding him up.

The human let out a cry of pain, the sudden movements had his wounds bleeding through his clean bandages as Wings walked up to him.
“Now human. I’m gonna ask you a series of questions and I expect the truth. The moment I think you’re lying I kill you. Understand?”

Still terrified and now in a great amount of pain the human managed a nod.

“How long had you been awake?”

“A few hours,” the human answered quickly.

*Stayed still for hours? Impressive*, Wings thought before he moved on.

“I’m guessing that since you were forging being unconscious you were awake during the time my brothers murdered Don Dee’s men?”

The human hesitated for a brief second before he nodded again.

“I did lose conscious right after I was hit in the head but woke up to see your...brothers killing...” he trailed off and gave Wings a nervous smile. “But then I lost consciousness again. But then I woke up again-” he began to say but instantly shut up when he realized he was rambling.

Papyrus made a shocked sound but Wings ignored it. In truth the human knowing what happened changed things up. Wings couldn’t use his original plan of winning this human’s loyalty by telling him his brothers saved his life during the ambush. But he didn’t want to kill him unless he was sure the human was a complete loss cause to their plans.

“Okay so you know we are not friends of Don Dee’s...so tell me, why should we keep you alive?”

The human shrugged helplessly and began to fidget into Papyrus’ gasp. “To tell you the truth, I ain’t exactly in my right mindset to answer your questions.”

Wings actually blinked at the blunt statement.
“I ain’t loyal to Don Dee if that’s what you’re talking about. I just…” the human bit his lip and Wings saw a new and odd look of pain pass over the human’s face that had nothing to do with his injuries. “I’m just withdrawing really really bad. I tried to hold out, but…..I’m...I’m a heroin junkie. If you give me that I’ll be loyal to you.”

**A junkie?!** Wings looked over the man again. He did have signs of being a user of that human drug from what Wings read about in those medical books. Thin, shaky, maybe he was also a little younger than Wings thought, but Wings wasn’t too sure about that. The human’s eyes were old. And his teeth...the human had nice white teeth. Odd.

Wings rubbed his chin thoughtfully. This human was...interesting. An human with a green SOUL, no LOVE in him whatsoever and does heroin. How does THAT work?

With a smirk on his face, Wings looked at Papyrus who seemed disgusted with the human.

**Oh he’ll do nicely**, Wings thought and wondered where he left that collar he used on Sans all those years ago.

***************************************************************

Sans grunted, completely exhausted and leaned heavily against the back alley wall. His skull was practically pouring sweat by the gallon and he was having a hard time catching his breath. His dress shirt were completely soaked with both his sweat and human blood, and at the moment he was too beat and too spent to care if some passerby saw him and the twelve battered and mutilated human bodies that were slew around the alley. But at least they were the last members of the “Never-Die” gang.

He did it and with a few hours to spare. Sans gathered the bodies with the use of his magic feeling his energy a new low and teleported them all to his garage in SNOWDIN. The incinerator was on full blast at this point and yet Wings had yet to throw any of the bodies in.

If a normal well-adjusted person happened to walk into the garage this scene would turn their hair/fur white. Twenty-six mutilated bodies were stacked on top of each other and because of the heat from the incinerator it was beginning to smell like cooked meat.

Gagging from the smell, Sans quickly teleported back to his home in Surface city and nearly collapsed on the floor from exhaustion. He stared at the clock on his wall.
It read five-thirty PM. He smiled feeling proud of himself. All he needed to do was take a shower, get a nap in and he’d be ready to visit his little lady. Good thing he already bought the hot dogs or he might be worried.

Standing up he stumbled into his shower and washed himself off making sure to get every drop of blood off him. And then he laid down on his bed and fell asleep.

And slept and slept and slept until the next day’s morning rays of sunshine hit his face.

Chapter End Notes

He finally gets a chance with Frisk and he stands her up.
I am finally over my fucking writer's block! Whoo-hoo!

Thank you for all your love and comments. They give me so much inspiration.

And if you have time, you should definitely check out this two amazing pieces of fanart by the talented and lovely Beuofu

https://beuofu.tumblr.com/post/159789411503/another-doodle-of-the-fic-sooner-or-later-youre


YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED!

As a young girl Frisk never thought she had enough hours in the day to do what she wanted. She supposed her tight and full schedule started when she was nine years old and joined her school’s children choir. There was something about being able to create and project music instead of just listening to it that Frisk fell in love with and from that moment on she secretly began dreaming of becoming a singing sensation and performing for thousands of people.

Even at the age of nine, she knew it was a childish dream as people from her….economic level didn’t exactly have the means or connections to move up in the world but that still didn’t stop her from singing her heart out and gaining attention from both her friends who complimented her voice and to Frisk’s surprise, her elementary chorus teacher. The old lady with the graying bun, thick glasses and sour face that could turn sweet with a smile must of saw her potential, her determination and how talented she was even among the other sweet sounding children because she offered to work with the little girl during lunch and after school.

Together, Frisk and her practiced. They were a great team too! Frisk would sing her scales and learn how to read notes while her chorus teacher introduced her to the different types of music and played the piano and basically taught her everything she knew about the world of music. And suddenly her dream didn’t seem so silly anymore.

Of course just because somebody has a dream doesn’t mean they can’t enjoy other activities as well and so was the case with Frisk. After she was finished practicing and saying goodbye to her old friend for the day, she would rush to the place she knew her friends were playing baseball. And then after a hour or two of dominating the boys at the sport she would rush home to watch her mother cook, talking about her day while her mom listened, both eagerly waiting for her father to come...
home from work.

But there was a time between her leaving her teacher and playing baseball where Frisk spend a few minutes by herself and maybe she was being greedy but it was one of her favorite moments of the whole day. There was this candy store near her school that sold every candy imaginable and Frisk had a good system going to indulge her sweet tooth. Her father gave her two pennies each week for an allowance.

The chubby man who owned the store who seemed to enjoy sweets just as much as Frisk did sold bags of mixed hard candies for a penny each. She would buy the first bag on Monday and slowly eat them and if she couldn’t help herself she would have it all eaten up by Tuesday. If she had more restraint, the bag would last her until Thursday. But regardless of what day she finished her sweets, she always made her second trip to the candy store on a Friday. And bought another bag and even though she never saw him do it, she was certain the owner always put just a little more candy than he was supposed in her bag but she never said anything and he never mentioned it.

She didn’t want to ruin a good system but she swore to herself that when she made it big as a singer she would return his kindness. Unfortunately that same man would be killed in a mugging during his walk home years later, but nine-year old Frisk didn’t know that. All she knew was that he was giving her free candy and she was going to thank him for it someday.

As an adult Frisk tried her hardest not to think too long and hard about the kindly chubby man or her first chorus teacher that died of a heart attack just a few years after Frisk entered high school. That old teacher never did stop helping her even when Frisk left elementary school but her old age prevented her from tutoring Frisk so she did the next best thing: she put in a good word for Frisk with the high school chorus teacher and even made sure her private lessons continued.

Soon after the old lady moved away from the city to be with her adult kids. Her body was found near her piano.

And if nine-year old Frisk knew any of that she would have tried her hardest to thank those two all the time but as a nine year old kid, even a nine year old as sweet and as silly as Frisk didn’t understand that waiting to do something wasn’t always a good thing. And so she continued her routine going to the candy shop after her private lessons until she saw in the window of the store. They were a new treat but the sight of these things made Frisk’s mouth water. Sealed in a huge red and gold box where 48 milk-chocolate covered pretzels. One box cost 8 pennies, a high price but when the chubby man offered her a small sample from a box he had opened, Frisk was determined to get it. And so she saved her money.
For four weeks she went without eating candy and looking back at herself now, Frisk could have swore to God she was having sugar withdrawals. Sweating, tapping her fingers against everything her hands touched and being a little too aggressive and confrontational during baseball were only a few things she went through, but she managed to save enough and when she paid for the box, the chubby man had laughed and told her not to eat it all in one go. Frisk had laughed too and headed home, hiding the box in her bookbag. She knew if her parents saw it, they would take it away from her and regulate how many pieces she could have a day and even though she loved her parents and understood why they would do it….

....NOBODY was taking her box of chocolate covered pretzels away from her! NOBODY!

And so that night after her parents went to bed, she sat crossed legged on her bed and opened her box. And ate a piece. And another. And another. The chocolate tasted so good and Frisk just couldn’t stop until she ate one-third of the box. And then half the box and before she knew it she had eaten all forty-eight pieces in one go.

And went to sleep with a full stomach and a proud smile on her face.

...The next day she woke up with the worst tummyache in the world. It was honestly the most horrible pain she had ever been in and she couldn’t even get out of bed. Her stomach was in knots, like there were tiny hands ripping her insides apart slowly and methodically. It was so bad that she sincerely thought she was dying and briefly wondered if eating that much chocolate kill somebody…. death by chocolate or something like that…

She screamed for mom and when both her parents came rushing into her room they panicked when they saw how much agony Frisk was in and were just about to rush the kid to the hospital until her dad found the empty box under her bed.

She remembered smiling weakly with tears of pain stinging her eyes as she stared up at her mother. Her mom had crossed her arms and glared down at her daughter before shaking her head while her father stared at the empty box with a betrayed and almost sullen look on his face.

“You ate all this chocolate and you didn’t share-” her father began to say only to receive a death stare from his wife.

Her mother had sighed and sat on the bed nursing Frisk’s head in her lap. “Well you’re gonna have a hell of a time in the bathroom today Frisky,” and while she said that Frisk noticed that the corners of her mom’s mouth started to twitch upward until her mother finally broke out into an amused smile. “I guess you learned your lesson, huh?”
Frisk had nodded, rubbing her aching tummy. She had learned her lesson. The next week she went back to her usual two bags of candy a week. Stick with the routine. She wisely decided not to tell her parents about that though.

But for as funny as that chocolate pretzel story was, there was no denying that was the worst pain Frisk had ever been in. She couldn’t remember another incident where she had been doubled over in pain, unable to move and yet….

…..That chocolate induced stomach pain was nothing compared to the pain that Frisk felt when she woke up in a large bed that wasn’t her bed in a room that wasn’t her own.

And she didn’t so much as wake up as was jolted up from her sleep by a breathtakingly horrible sting in her side that felt like somebody punched it as hard as they could.

And unlike the pain that was caused by eating too much chocolate which only stayed in her tummy area, the throbbing pain she was feeling now nearly encased her entire lower regions.

But that wasn’t all that was different between the misery she felt as a kid and what she was feeling now. With her chocolate pain, Frisk could still move around. Granted it was painful but Frisk could do it. But whatever caused her current agony made Frisk feel weak and completely drained of energy. She felt so weak that she couldn’t even find the strength to pull the heavy but very warm and bright green fluffy blanket off of her.

And she was still oh so very exhausted. In fact she knew that if she closed her eyes she would instantly fall back asleep despite the pain and she didn’t want to do that.

Especially when she took a look around her surroundings, hugging her arms around her stomach in a pitiful attempt to soothe it, feeling the first sickeningly twinge of a very panicked fear overtaking her pain and making her groggy state disappear.

“What the hell…”

She was in a kid’s room. A huge kid’s room and from the looks of it, a kid’s room where the parents spared no expense on giving them the best of everything. The walls of the room were a bright sky blue with white cloud patterns painted into the background and despite her growing horror Frisk had to admit the artist did a fantastic job. It almost seemed like the painted clouds would feel fluffy and
soft if she touched them.

The floor was covered in soft carpet and it wasn’t a single solid color like most carpets were. This carpet had colorful and amazing flower designs on it. Each flower on the carpet was different and there were even flowers that reminded Frisk of the pretty and unique flowers that Asgore carried in his pocket.

Across the room there was a bookcase full of books and if Frisk had to guess she would gamble they were all children’s books based solely on the room’s setup. Beside the bookcase was a toy chest overflowing with toys. Frisk squinted to get a better look at them. One of the toys she could make out was a baseball glove. The other toy she could kind of see among all the other toys squished together was a doll of some weird looking stuffed animal that looked part dog and part cat.

Wincing in incredible pain, Frisk moved towards the end of the bed, taking slowly and steady breaths to ease her aching body as best she could and as she did, she finally noticed just how wide the mattress. Steadying herself she looked down at the floor. It was then that she also noticed how high off the ground the bed was too. The bed was wide and tall.

Almost seemed like the bed was made for a giant child. Or perhaps a monster child. At the thought of “monsters” Frisk blinked as the memories came flooding back to her.

What happened? Frisk thought, trying to logically think through what happened in order for her to end up in a room like this, all the while hoping her panic wouldn’t overtake her senses but based on how heavy her breathing was getting and how hard her heart was pounding, Frisk knew it was a losing battle. Every part of her mind was screaming for her to get the hell out of this strange child’s room and keep running until she could get help but she didn’t even have enough strength to remove the blankets from her body, let alone stand up with a body that was in utter pain and make a run for it.

So she forced herself to think trying to push aside the pain as she did. She couldn’t physically do anything and if she didn’t think logically to compensate for her immobility, her other option would have been to allow the fear to overtake her and that was NOT a good idea. That was NOT going to help her. That would be the worst thing to do. So she began to replay the events of her day trying her hardest to fight the growing anxiety in her chest.

*Jim took me to Fell City where that odd driver stopped in an area called HOTLAND. I entered Grillby’s. I auditioned for him. And then I met Toriel and Asgore. Toriel mistaked me for her dead ki-
The door to the room swung open and Frisk shot her head up, not knowing what to expect but knowing that physically she couldn’t do anything to help herself which was terrifying, but if she couldn’t do it, she couldn’t do it. She could only do what she was currently capable of doing. 

*Stay calm Frisky. Just stay calm for right now*, she told herself but even with that bit of advice, she tensed her body up, feeling it groan in discomfort.

Toriel came walking in. Her face was grim and stern, reminding Frisk once again of a cold and powerful queen but when the goat lady’s eyes met Frisk’s, her steely expression dissolved and a look of utter relief and happiness exploded on the monster’s face which slightly put Frisk’s fear at ease but not by much. She still had no idea where she was or what happened but at least she saw a familiar face. A familiar face that had been kind to her.

Toriel let out a shuddering sigh.

“Oh thank goodness you’re awake, my child,” she said breathlessly, clasping her hand together. “My husband and I didn’t know what to think when you collapsed on the stage-”

“I collapsed on the stage?” Frisk asked now completely baffled and confused. *When did I get on stage? The last thing I remember was....wait....what was the last thing I remember?*

Toriel nodded and made a small bleating sound of distress disrupting Frisk’s thoughts. Wringing her hands nervously, Toriel walked over to the bed and kneeled down to Frisk’s level putting a soft furry hand over Frisk’s forehead, most likely feeling for a fever. Her close proximity WOULD have been a little uncomfortable but the gentle goat lady’s obvious and deep concern for Frisk was incredibly touching, especially since Frisk was no more than a stranger to her overrode everything else.

Seeing people like Toriel always reminded Frisk there was still a lot of hope for the world.

“How are you feeling, my child?” she asked gently. “Are you in pain?”

Frisk nodded and winced as another jolt of pain left her holding her stomach even tighter. Her breathing got heavier only this time it was from the pain alone. She let out a whine of pain. Toriel let out another distressed bleat and stood up.

“Oh dear. You poor dear child,” Toriel said, her voice filled with a kind of frustrated helpless that
took Frisk by surprise. And for one second she actually felt guilty and terrible for making Toriel so upset. “Don’t please don’t get upset. I’ll be right back with-”

“Where am I?” Frisk asked. She didn’t want to rudely interrupt the distressed monster by asking her question that abruptly and that roughly but the pain was getting even worse. It was making her clench her teeth and pressed her knees together. She was practically withering on the bed.

Now that Toriel had effectively melted Frisk’s fear away, the adrenaline and anxiety from that fear, which was keeping the pain to a minimum, was gone as well.

“What happened, Tori...Mrs. Dreemurr?”

The goat lady looked shocked, almost as if the question were a surprise.

“You don’t remember? Oh my, well...I don’t quite know myself to be honest but...” Toriel started and winced with Frisk let out another squeak of pain. “After we finished up our slices of pie-

_Five. That’s right I was eating a piece of pie. Toriel had baked a pie and then I-

“-you got up on stage and began to sing a song. A cute little song about wolves.”

Frisk smiled weakly at the compliment and to her relief, Toriel smiled back at her warmly despite the concern in her eyes, “very beautifully I may add, but halfway through it your body began to...” Toriel shuddered unpleasantly, apparently from the memory, “your body began to jerk around and you fell on the floor.”

Frisk frowned as she tried to remember that moment but she couldn’t. In fact she couldn’t even remember finishing her piece of pie. She remembered it tasted incredible, even better than her mother’s red velvet cake, something she never thought possible, but she couldn’t remember eating Toriel’s entire slice of pie and then getting up on stage to sing. But then again she couldn’t remember her body jerking around either or even feeling funny....

“And after you fainted we tried to revive you but you wouldn’t respond...so my husband and I thought it would be best if we took you to our home. It much closer than where the hospital is and we have a doctor, a very brilliant doctor, the best in fact, who lives with us. We thought she would be able to help you since she was also Chara’s doctor growing up and would know about human...
health far better than any doctor at our hospital.”

Frisk reminded silent as the information sank in.

“So…” Frisk began before she winced in pain making Toriel raise her hand to her mouth in horror. “I’m at your house?” she stupidly ask but all the goat monster did was nod.

Through the growing pain, Frisk took another look around the room and held in a shiver. If she were in a child’s room, which this room was no doubt made for a child, it was safe to assume she must be in Chara or Asriel’s old room and she must have been lying in one of their beds.

*I am helplessly lying in a dead kid’s room at a stranger’s house. If it weren’t for Toriel, this story would be out of some horror book.*

She blinked back to reality at the sound of Toriel’s voice and blushed shamefully when she didn’t hear what the goat lady had said.

“I’m…”Frisk closed her eyes. “I’m sorry. I didn’t hear that.”

She kept her eyes closed when she felt Toriel sit on the edge of the bed.

“Would you mind if I tried something…?” Toriel asked quietly. At the odd tone of her voice Frisk opened her eyes and stared questioningly at Toriel. “I think it might help with the pain, It always helped with Chara at least.” she added quickly when Frisk didn’t respond.

*I’ll try anything if you can get even a little bit of this pain to go away,* Frisk thought before a more...rougher thought came in. *Maybe you should just have her get the doctor Frisky. She did say she didn’t know what’s wrong with-

All thoughts vanished when Toriel lifted Frisk’s fluffy restraint from her body, revealing that Frisk was NOT wearing what she wore when she first entered HOTLAND. The only thing that was covering her body was small nightgown. A small child’s nightgown. A small child’s nightgown with rubber duckie designs on them. The thing felt oddly comfortable as it fitted her chest just fine but it barely covered her upper thighs and with an embarrassed half-scream that caused Toriel to jump, Frisk grabbed the bottom of the gown and tried to pull it down to cover more of her legs, but
without much success.

Face feeling like it was on fire Frisk stared at Toriel and could only gesture to the odd outfit instead of asking the embarrassing question. And just for a split second a smile came over Toriel’s face that made Frisk feel...uncomfortable. It was the type of smile somebody would give a little kid who did something cute. But maybe it was all in her imagination because when Frisk blinked Toriel’s unhappy and worried expression greeted her.

*Must have just been seeing things. Why would Toriel smile at me like that?* Frisk thought and once again almost missed what Toriel was saying.

“That’s my son’s old nightgown. It’s the only thing I could find that would fit you,” she explained before she offered an apologetic smile. “I know I overstepped my boundaries, my child, but I didn’t think it was right that you remained in your clothes after…” Toriel looked away before she leaned down and began whispering to Frisk. “After you soiled yourself on stage-”

“What?” Frisk shouted feeling her bright red face turning redder. Another bolt of pain hit her. *I not only fainted but I pissed myself?!* Toriel quickly shook her head.

“No no, my child, don’t get upset. Dr. Alphys told me the worst thing you can do to yourself at the moment is get worked up. Besides” Toriel said with a quiet laugh. “It was something you couldn’t control so there’s no need for you to feel embarrassed.”

With a slight moan, feeling even more embarrassed than she ever felt in her entire life, Frisk covered her face.

“There there, it’s alright, my child. People get sick. There’s nothing to be ashamed of,” Toriel said gently before she put more of herself on the bed. “I...I really don’t like seeing you in pain and I honestly do believe I can do something to help you,” she offered again.

At the reminder another jolt of pain twisted Frisk’s stomach into knots. She groaned, feeling sweat run down her forehead before she quickly nodded her head, desperate for the pain to stop.

“And I have to admit this may seem a little...odd to you, but please keep in mind, I’m only doing what’s best for you.”
Frisk frowned at the...weird choice of words but couldn’t think long and hard about them when Toriel began to move her body around until she sat crossed legged on the bed. She didn’t know what the goat lady meant by “odd”, but she didn’t expect her head to be lifted unto Toriel’s large and soft lap. Her face turned even a deeper red if that were possible as Toriel began rubbing Frisk’s stomach in a gentle and soothing manner.

It brought Frisk back to the day when she gorged herself on those pretzels. Her mother had spent the entire day being Frisk’s pillow, rubbing the little girl’s stomach every time Frisk let out a whine of discomfort.

Only this situation was different. Way different. This wasn’t just “odd.” It was uncomfortable and even if the goat lady did mean well, this was just...unsettlingly too weird for Frisk to tolerant and just as Frisk was about to tell Toriel she didn’t feel comfortable with the goat lady touching her like that, something remarkable happened.

The pain really did start to go away! A wonderful and cooling sensation began to seep into Frisk’s skin instantly cooling off the boiling pain that was setting every nerve Frisk had in her lower region on fire. The goat lady really did have a way to make the pain go away. Granted Frisk didn’t exactly know how Toriel was doing it by rubbing her stomach but based on her encounters with monsters so far, she was starting to think they had a lot of talents.

*I guess giving motherly belly rubs and making people’s pain go away was Toriel’s talent*, Frisk thought and even though she still felt just a bit uncomfortable, she couldn’t help but relish as the pain seem to rush out of her body and without thinking further about it, she sighed in relief and sank even deeper in Toriel’s lap. And on a deeper level, Toriel’s soft furred paws felt exactly like her mother’s soft hands. A feeling Frisk had went without for years after her mother was burned alive in that factory fire. To feel it once again was…

….Was wonderful.

Toriel chuckled lovingly. “I told you I knew a way.”

“Thank you. How are you even doing this?”

Toriel gave her a secret smile and a wink. “A mother’s touch can make anybody feel better.”

“Even if this is a little weird,” Frisk said with a smirk on her face ignoring the way Toriel’s words
made her feel. She was most definitely talking about her children in the context. Toriel laughed but continue rubbing her stomach.

“I did warn you didn’t I? Don’t worry, that feeling of oddness will go away with time.”

Frisk opened her eyes at the words. “What do you mea-”

“Now I guess since you’re not in too much pain anymore, so I can give you Dr. Alphys’ diagnosis of what happened to you,” Toriel interrupted. Frisk blinked forgetting what she was going to say as she eagerly waited for Toriel to continue.

“Now when Dr. Alphys first looked you over and checked all your…” Toriel frowned in deep thought while Frisk nervously waited. “Sorry I used to know all these terms when Chara was alive but all that faded after they died, but after Dr. Alphys checked all your...vital signs…” Toriel smiled, clearly proud of herself. “Yes that’s it vital signs, she said she couldn’t find anything wrong with you. Your heartbeat was steady, your breathing was normal, your pulse was fine. Everything was okay.”

Frisk frowned. *Then why did I faint-*

“Are you prone to having...oooh...what was that word Alphys said?” Frisk began to feel just a little ansty. Toriel’s face brightened up. “Are you prone to having seizures?” Toriel asked.

The question made Frisk pause. *Seizures?!* But the more Frisk thought about what happened to her, the more the idea of having a seizure made sense.

A long time ago a kid in Frisk’s class had a seizure. His neck started to move in a really creepy way. He began making strange and frightening noises before he pissed himself in front of the entire class and fainted.

And from what Toriel told her, the same thing pretty much happened to Frisk. But there was only one problem:

“But I’ve never had a seizure before, Mrs. Dreemurr-”
“Call me mo-...um...Toriel. Please,” Toriel said with a smile. “Based on the current situation, we think we can classify ourselves as friends, my child.”

With a smile of her own, Frisk nodded before she looked towards Toriel’s rubbing paws. “I’m feeling a lot better now.”

A tight smile came over Toriel’s face that Frisk brushed off as the goat lady being skeptical. Why else would Toriel’s hands linger on Frisk’s tummy after Frisk told her she was fine?

*She’s probably just taking a few more seconds to ensure I really am fine.*

Slowly and very gently, the goat monster removed Frisk’s head from her lap and placed it back on the pillow, fixing a few thick pieces of hair that fell over Frisk’s face in the process. Frisk tried to ignore the way her claws unintentionally gazed her skin.

“And speaking of Dr. Alphys, I do believe I should get her, so she can explain things better to you than I can,” Toriel said, getting off the bed and straightening out her dress. “In the meantime, I’ll have my husband brew you some tea. You must be thirsty.”

The monster’s warm voice practically made Frisk cry. She had nothing to give Toriel in return for everything she was doing.

“Thank you for your kindness, Toriel. I don’t know about your city, but in my city, kind people are few and far between. It’s always so wonderful to meet people like you,” Frisk said and offered her hand because that’s all she could give the lady at the moment.

Something bright flashed in Toriel’s eyes as a wide and happy smile erupted on her face. The goat lady’s soft furred hand engulfed Frisk’s tiny hand and she gave it a squeeze.

“You are such a good child, my little one and I’m glad you finally woke up. My husband and I were so worried about you.”

“Finally woke up”?
“How long have I been asleep for?”

“Nearly seventeen hours.”

Only one name entered Frisk’s mind: Sans.

Oh my God! Sans! I stood Sans up! Oh hell, he’s gonna be mad….he’s gonna be- Frisk paused as a sudden realization hit her. Ya know what? No he’s doesn’t have a right to get mad at me because I got sick. When I get home and he wants to fight about this, I’ll give him a damn fight alright.

“I’ll be right back my child,” Toriel said and with that gave Frisk one more smile before she started walking out of the room.

“Thank you again,” Frisk quickly said.

“You are very welcome, my child.” Toriel said before she closed the door behind her.

Now with the pain gone, Frisk tried to pull herself off the bed to explore the room but much to her frustration she found that while she was no longer in agony, her body was still too weak for her to move and with a grunt she pathetically clenched her hands into fists.

Chapter End Notes

So many red flags!

Next chapter: Dr. Alphys and Asgore’s garden!

PS I know there's more to seizures than that! Wait till the next chapter and you'll see :)
Okay, welcome to crazy town, loveys.

And as always thank you for your comments, kudos, love and support! They get me through the day and make me smile! :)

And if you have time, you should definitely check out this two amazing pieces of fanart by the talented and lovely Beuofu

https://beuofu.tumblr.com/post/159789411503/another-doodle-of-the-fic-sooner-or-later-youre


Also I have recently be given two new pieces of artwork by the extremely talented and wonderful NoMoreNoodles!

https://nvwednesday.tumblr.com/post/161997142971/this-is-just-a-thing-from-staringbacks-amazing

https://nvwednesday.tumblr.com/image/161997142971

YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED!

Frisk must have fallen into a light doze in the short time that Toriel went to get Dr. Alphys, because she didn’t hear the two of them open the door or enter her temporary room. She wasn’t even aware the two females were in her room. All she knew in her foggy state of mind was that she felt two very dry and rough hands lifting her head up gently from her pillow, which would have been bad enough but she also felt ten sharp little points lightly pressing into her skin.

Startled, momentarily forgetting where she was and without thinking, only wanting that unpleasant feeling off her skin, Frisk jerked up in a sitting position, her body aching from being immobile for so long and her head slightly spinning from the quick movement. And without further ado, she lifted her arm and smacked the two hands away from her face. The loud slapping noise and the gasps from both Toriel and Dr. Alphys brought Frisk back to reality, ripping the small cloud of confusion from her mind that tiny half nap must have created for her.

Feeling an enormous amount of guilt start to build in her in a matter of seconds, Frisk couldn’t even apologize as she watched who she assumed was Dr. Alphys, rubbing in her hands together, most
likely trying to soothe away the unexpected sting from them.

Frisk wanted to apologize especially when She saw the doctor’s annoyed expression and Toriel’s surprised look, but much like every other monster she met she couldn’t help but marvel and stare in silent wonder at this newest monster.

God, after meeting two skeleton mobsters, a fellow made out of fire, a grim reaper-looking taxi cab driver, a muscular and very literal fish out of water, and two kindly goat giants, you’d think I wouldn’t be so surprised at how diverse all these monsters are but….

Even though she felt bad about openly stare at this latest monster, she challenged any human not to oggle at the incredibly eye-catching, and bright yellow lizard monster who was wearing thick black glasses and a very clean and pressed doctor’s coat.

She was probably the shortest monster Frisk had met thus far, though that could be because the doctor seemed to be standing with a slouch, but regardless of her posture, she, like every other monster, seemed to tower over Frisk and like Sans, she had a bit of girth to her as well.

Swallowing shamefully, finally noticing how dry her mouth was, (seventeen hours without drinking really was starting to catch up with her), Frisk opened her mouth to speak only for a few rough and painful coughs to erupted from her throat, but regardless Frisk managed to looked the lizard in the face and managed a weak “Sorry” before she lost herself completely to her coughing spell. She moved her arm up, delighted even though she was hacking her brains out to find that she could do that again and covered her mouth.

Luckily the yellow monster heard what Frisk said and thankfully that seemed to do the trick. The lizard’s annoyed expression melted into a neutral face while Toriel’s look of surprised turned to sympathy.

“Oh dear. What a nasty little cough,” Toriel cooed once Frisk’s coughing spell finished wracking her body. “Don’t you worry, my child, I’ll have da...um...my husband bring you a nice fresh cup of tea to relieve that poor throat of yours. We would have brought it to you earlier but you fell asleep again so we let you rest for another hour or so,” Toriel explained. “Your little body must feel so fragile and weak.”

Another hour?! I slept for another hour?! Frisk thought, and then the big yawn that followed that thought, causing Toriel to giggle, confirmed that her light doze maybe wasn’t exactly a light doze after all. As for her body....
Frisk gave a small internal cry for joy as she cautiously moved her exhausted arms up and down and twisted her body left to right, stretching out her stiff joints. Maybe that extra hour of sleep was exactly what she needed.

When Toriel left her to get Dr. Alphys she couldn’t even push herself into a sitting position, and even though her body still felt exhausted, Frisk was certain she could get up and walk around the room.

The thought of moving around again on her feet was incredibly relieving. Maybe her body was getting better quicker than she thought. Maybe she didn’t have a seizure like Toriel and Dr. Alphys assumed she did. Maybe she fainted from stress or something less serious. Feeling much more positive and less frightened now that her head was much clearer and her body was more mobile than it had been when Toriel visited her that first time, Frisk slightly bounced on the mattress in excitement, causing Toriel to raise a questioning eyebrow at her.

“Actually I’m feeling much better,” Frisk said, her voice getting drier with each word and beginning to sound a little raspy. She smiled at Toriel, who looked a little...concerned?

“Just don’t overstress your body, my child,” Toriel advisEd, her brow furrowed a bit as she looked towards the door, tapping her foot against the floor. “ASGORE!” she screamed, her voice becoming shrill and so unexpectedly loud, (such a contrast from her sweet and kind tone) that both the lizard and Frisk jumped at the same time.

Frisk had no idea the layout of the Dreemurrs’ home but whatever floor Asgore was on and even if he was in a room with the door closed, she couldn't imagine him not hearing Toriel's mighty voice.

“CAN YOU PLEASE MAKE THE CHILD A FRESH CUP OF-”

“Water,” Frisk coughed out. Toriel halted her sentence to look at Frisk.

“I’m sorry, my child?” the goat monster, her voice as sweet and as calm as can be.

After a few more coughs Frisk looked at Toriel and smiled. “I...appreciate the tea, but do you think I can have…’Frisk swallowed again. “...some cold water instead? I don’t think I can handle hot tea at the moment.”
The silence that drifted in the air wasn’t consoling or calm in the least but that wasn’t what made Frisk feel a little...uncomfortable. It was the yellow monster that stood between Toriel and the bed. As soon as Toriel fell silent and stared at Frisk with that...unreadable and strange expression, the lizard hunched over even more until Frisk thought she would curl up in a ball.

*What’s going on-*

“Tea is much better for your health, my child,” Toriel said evenly before placing a white furry paw on the lizard’s shoulder. The lizard jumped slightly. “Right, Dr. Alphys?”

Dr. Alphys nodded quickly and opened her mouth to speak and when she did almost every other word she spoke was accompanied by a wheeze, almost as though the act of speaking was taking Dr. Alphys’ very breath away.

“Yes...tea will....will...be so much...better for...you.”

*She either has asthma, a very bad cold or her breathing is something commonly found in lizard monsters,* Frisk thought and swallowed again, though it was becoming harder to that.

*Quit trying to distract yourself with that lizard, Frisky. Nevermind her. Did you just see Toriel’s face a second ago? There’s something....not right here,* her more alert mind warned her. Frisk felt just a twinge of nervousness enter her chest. She desperately tried to calm that part of her brain down.

*She’s just worried about me. The doctor even agreed with her-*

*Try it again,* the cautious but unrelenting part of her mind urged her. *Ask for water and see what happens.*

Frisk opened her mouth to do just that, to prove to herself that there was nothing wrong or off with Toriel, that she was just concerned when the words died in her throat. And the fact that she was scared to ask for a glass of water made her realize that tiny little voice inside her head was right.. Something was...off. Something was....
No, she’s just concerned about me, Frisk decided and offered Toriel her best smile.

“I think some water would help me-”

She stopped talking the instant Toriel straightened herself up to her full height making Frisk feel even smaller, if that were possible. She was already in a city full of giants, but the way Toriel puffed herself up made Frisk feel like she was…a bug or something.

“You’re getting some nice tea, my child. Please don’t be difficult,” her tone and look once again resembled a cold queen. Her final words felt Frisk feeling chills all over her body. “I know what’s best.” Toriel’s voice took on a more commanding.

“Please don’t be difficult? “I know what’s best?” Yep, something is definitely not right here. She’s treating me like I’m a…a kid. Her kid, Frisk thought and as soon as she thought it, her eyes widened.

When I first met her, she thought I was her dead kid. Frisk shifted a little to feel the childish nightgown that barely covered her upper thighs and then took another look around the room. And suddenly all these things that seemed uncomfortable to her about an hour ago now hit her as terrifying.

All of this was wrong…really really wrong and disturbing and….those belly rubs that helped nursed her sick stomach….Frisk felt her cheeks flare up red. An hour ago the pain was so intense that she would have done anything for it to go away but now that her head was clear and her pain was gone she thought logically about what happened.

Toriel had been rubbing my stomach like I was a toddler! And I was okay with it! I was okay with her putting my head in her lap, just like mom did to me when I was a kid and I was okay with it because she….made the pain go…away…she’s…treating me like I’m a child...She...she must think I’m her kid again like when she first saw me. Maybe seeing me...collapse on stage triggered something in her…

Remembering there was a doctor in the room, Frisk looked at Dr. Alphys who simply shook her head slowly in Frisk’s direction, a look of complete understanding in her scaly face. The gesture brought Frisk some comfort. At least there was somebody else in the room who knew there was something...wrong here.
Frisk frowned. Actually didn’t Toriel did say that Dr. Alphys lived with them? Was it because Toriel had...moments like this? That would make the most sense. Perhaps Asgore was worried that Toriel might do something crazy (like this) and he needed somebody to watch her over.

If that were the case Frisky, why isn’t this lizard saying anything to calm Toriel down or bring her out of her delusional mindset? She’s seeing everything that’s happening to you-

Frisk blinked back to reality when she felt Toriel’s soft but firm paw on her chest. She stared down at the massive thing in disbelief but before she could say anything that paw gently eased her back on her bed until her head rested on the pillow. Despite her shock at the action, Frisk was surprised and completely terrified on how easy it was for Toriel to do that. But then again when comparing the two of them, Frisk doubted she weighed no more than a doll to somebody like Toriel.

What was worse was that Toriel’s paw remained on Frisk’s chest. And Frisk couldn't help it. She gritted her teeth, feeling her shock turn to anger. Delusional or not, and not caring that she was in Toriel’s home, Frisk wasn’t going to be treated like she was some kid that couldn’t make decisions for herself.

And so with in mind, she grabbed onto Toriel’s wrist with both hands, a little unnerved by the fact her hands couldn’t even made a full circle around Toriel’s wrist and tried to look the goat lady in the eye calmly and trying not to show the growing anger she felt. She needed to speak in a clear and steady voice so she could get through to the goat lady.

“Toriel I-”

“Shhhh...I’m sorry I sounded very harsh a second again, my child, but I honestly do know what’s best for you. Now, just be a good child and relax and let me take care of you,” Toriel nearly purred and began rubbing small circles in the spot between Frisk’s breast.

Frisk’s face turned red and when Dr. Alphys didn’t say anything, she decided to go with a more...direct approach with Toriel.

“Toriel sto-ahhh-” Frisk began to say only for her words to stop in mid-sentence when something...strange entered her chest and seemed to spread throughout her whole body in a matter of seconds.
The feeling reminded Frisk a little of Toriel’s belly rubs but this time that odd sensation that helped soothe that horrible pain in her stomach was doing something else. Something terrifying. As Toriel hummed a pretty tune, Frisk could feel all her muscles relax to the point where she couldn’t move them, which was a little odd. Doesn’t terror and anger make you stiffen up? Because that’s all Frisk could feel and yet despite those two strong emotions, her body continued to relax and she felt herself sink further into the mattress.

And now that she was even more alert than she was an hour ago, the sensation that Toriel was pushing into Frisk’s body also reminded her of when Sans did the same thing. Only the pressure and warmth he surged in her body was inviting and made her feel absolutely wonderful and he didn’t even have to touch her to get her to feel that way. With Toriel she felt...violated. Completely and utterly violated.

And the harder she tried to move, the looser and more useless her muscles felt.

“Um...Mrs. Toriel,” Dr. Alphys wheezed, breaking Toriel from her humming. Thankfully the goat lady turned around to face Dr. Alphys, taking her hand off Frisk’s chest.

_It’s about time_, Frisk wanted to scream but kept her mouth shut, grateful Toriel was off of her.

Perhaps...the...the...”Dr. Alphys stuttered and took a deep breath. “Perhaps...some...air will do her some good.”

From where she lay, Frisk watched as the lizard mouthed the word “sorry” to her as Toriel tapped a finger to her chin.

“Yes, I suppose you’re right, Dr. Alphys,” and with that statement, Toriel turned around and flashed Frisk a motherly smile that shook her to the core.

_This woman is completely nuts_, Frisk thought and didn’t feel bad about thinking it. _She may have had her kind and sweet moments, but this lady....she’s nutso in the heado._

“I have some very pretty clothes I know you’ll just love!” Toriel said, her eyes brimming with an insane type of love that made Frisk wish she could disappear completely into the mattress. And luckily it seemed like Toriel didn’t expect an answer because she quickly walked over to the closet near the bookcase, humming once again and began sifting through the clothes.
Dr. Alphys looked over at Toriel to make sure the goat monster was occupied before she hurried over to Frisk.

“I...I...know. I’m...I’m...gonna get...Asgore in here. He’ll...take...take of...this,” Alphys said in a hushed voice, patting Frisk’s hand. Swallowing, her mouth drier than ever, Frisk nodded.

“She’s not dangerous is she?” Frisk whispered back.

Alphys looked back to find that Toriel was still occupied with finding the perfect outfit for Frisk to wear and from what Frisk could see, all the clothes Toriel was pulling out all seemed….small. And childish. They were all children’s clothes.

“No...just…” Dr. Alphys licked her lips. “She...she gets...like this....sometimes and...when she does...it’s...it’s best to...to play along until....she snaps out....out of it.”

Frisk cringed at the thought.  **Pretend to be a kid?!**

Dr. Alphys must have read her thought because the lizard lady nodded with a sad look on her face. “Just...until...until Asgore gets...gets here. He’s...he’s been...busy all...all...day and if...if he...knew...and saw the...the...his wife was acting....” Dr. Alphys trailed off and shrugged helplessly.

Frisk nodded, feeling a little bit relieved. Okay, this was good news. Asgore would fix this.

The lizard smiled. “I...I...I’m usually...able...to...talk her....through...this moments but, this is...is a little different. I do....believe...Asgore will...will do...a better job, but...for right now...please...please play along.”

Almost on cue, Toriel turned around and held up a flowery dress that was way too short to cover any of Frisk’s legs. Frisk nearly blanched at the sight of it.

“What do you think, my child? It’s pretty isn’t it?” She cooed, running her hand lovingly over the material.
Frisk didn’t answer. Instead she looked at Alphys pleadingly only for the lizard to nod her head encouragingly.

This can’t be happening, Frisk thought before she answered, feeling her face get even redder. “I don’t think the colors would look good on me.”

Toriel blinked before she looked at the dress again, her happy smile vanishing before she nodded. “Yes, these colors are a little too bright. But no worries, my child, I have plenty of more.”

She felt Dr. Alphys pat her hand again. “Just keep...keep it up. I’ll get...get...Asgore in here-”

“What’s wrong with me?” Frisk asked making sure her voice remained low so Toriel wouldn’t hear. The lizard titled her head. “Why did I pass out on stage?”

The lizard began to open her mouth before she shook her head. “Just….just wait...until Asgore gets...here.”

Frisk nodded. She was right. She’d wait for Asgore to come in, deal with his wife and then they could discuss how Frisk was getting home or to the nearest hospital or anyplace that wasn’t this room.

And then when the male goat came in, she could also ask him what his wife did to make her body feel as loose as a bunch of rubber bands.

“What about this one, my child? It’s green and yell-Oh! Never mind. These colors are in the past,” Toriel said and tossed the piece of clothing on the ground in disdain.

Alphys smiled at her. “I’ll be...right back.”

Please hurry.

Carrying the tray that held their child’s “specially” made tea towards Frisk’s room, Asgore frowned
as he saw Alphys hurrying towards him with a nervous look on her face. He had a guess on what was distressing her.

“Sir...Ms. Toriel...she...she didn’t...stick...to the plan.” Alphys gasped out, her wheezing more out of control than usual.

Asgore hummed quietly to himself. He figured that plan wouldn’t work but Toriel had insisted on doing things the gentle way so Asgore couldn’t say no. He always had a hard time saying no to his beloved wife and even though the stakes were much higher this time around, he agreed to go with her plan.

Keep the child weak and sickly and completely depended on them until she grew to love them for their kindness and they wouldn’t want to leave. Or they could convince her to stay.

It was a sweet and gentle plan and even though Asgore would have loved to see that plan occur without a problem, he knew his wife couldn’t control her...motherly instincts for long. And for someone like Frisk...she might be a little taken aback by those instincts. And plus Frisk was human...and humans...

The humans were so...determined and stubborn. They fight. They always always always fight and Asgore learned from experience that it was best to establish dominance early. Very very early. Break them quickly, show them who was in control and once they realized they were the weaker ones and needed the aid and support of the stronger ones, the love would come.

Of course Asgore knew that was the better and more effective plan but he allowed his wife to try hers first. Like he said, he had a hard time saying “no” to her, but truth be told when he saw Frisk’s sleeping fragile form on Asriel’s old bed, he was hoping he could avoid being cruel or harsh to her. She was so precious. A flower lover was hard to find. Asriel lost interest in gardening at an early age and Chara never seemed interested, so the idea of a gardening companion by his side on his free days was something that excited him. Imagine everything he could teach her.

He really didn’t want to be cruel to the human but...

“Is Toriel making the human uneasy?”

Dr. Alphys nodded. “Yes. The...the human...is...is very unsettled...”
Asgore hummed again. “What did you tell her to do?”

“I told her...to...just...go along with...whatever...Ms. Toriel...said. She...agreed.”

Asgore smirked. *Good. She won’t say anything that might upset Toriel.*

“Well, I should be getting in there and do some damage control.”

The giant goat monster handed the tray to Alphys.

“I won’t be needing this,” he said. He wanted his child’s mind nice and clear when he explained a few things to her. “Is she able to move around?”

Alphys smiled, amused. “Ms. Toriel...calmed her...body...down.”

Asgore nodded. “Get Chara’s old wheelchair.”

He watched as Alphys scurried away and took a deep breath. Opening the door to his children’s old room, he looked to his wife who had her back to the child going through the children's old clothes. They would have to by some new ones soon. Nothing pleased Toriel more than buying and dressing the children up. And nothing pleased Asgore more than seeing his wife happy.

He turned away from his wife and settled his gaze on the child….

She was staring at him with a look of complete horror on her face.

Asgore sighed. He really really didn’t want to be cruel to the child.
By the way, quick question: Do you all prefer longer chapters with a lot going on all or shorter chapters where everything isn't coming at you all at once? This chapter was originally supposed to be much longer with Asgore taking Frisk to his garden to "discuss" Frisk's situation, but I wasn't sure if I should hit you with everything all at once.

Let me know! ^^

Next chapter: Asgore and Frisk have a good ol' father-daughter talk in his beautiful garden! Only good things can happen when it comes to families bonding am I right?
Expectations

Chapter Notes

So it seemed almost every single one of you who answered my question all said the same thing: longer chapters! ^^

And as always thank you all for your kudos, support, love and comments. And I am extremely sorry I never responded to any of them! As I've mentioned before in my oneshots my job has overworked me to the core and I haven't had the energy to respond. It's a pathetic excuse especially since a lot of you took time out of your day to write me them! But now that I'm feeling more rested, it won't happen again! <3

And if you have time, you should definitely check out this two amazing pieces of fanart by the talented and lovely Beuofu

https://beuofu.tumblr.com/post/159789411503/another-doodle-of-the-fic-sooner-or-later-youre


Also I have recently be given two new pieces of artwork by the extremely talented and wonderful NoMoreNoodles!

I have also been given three pieces of artwork by the extremely talented and wonderful NoMoreNoodles!

https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/161997142971
https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/162649266611
https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/162027372481

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Frisk didn’t think that Toriel would comply so easily with her husband when Asgore calmly but sternly suggest that she start making lunch instead of finding an outfit for “the child”. But to her surprise, the giant goat lady quickly and eagerly agreed to the suggestion after Asgore quietly brought up the fact “the child” was nothing but skin and bones and probably hadn’t had a proper meal in months. And as soon as that sentence left Asgore’s mouth, Toriel’s insane brown eyes shined with excitement as she quickly dropped the orange dress she was currently showcasing to Frisk.

“Lunch?! Oh, that sounds like a wonderful idea, Gorey!”

Frisk’s anxiety spiked even more when Toriel let out a small deranged giggle as she clapped her paws together in delight. The mini-giantess flashed Frisk a smile and if Frisk could move, she would have bolted from the creepy, overly colorful, and bright child’s room right then and there. Toriel’s
smile shook Frisk to the very core, but not because it was a wrathful smile full of malice and threats of violence.

No, what was so unsettling about that smile was that it was...warm. Warm and pleasant and so full of love. It was a very unnatural type of love. Like a child with a doll. Ownership maybe? Frisk didn’t know how to classify what type of love Toriel was portraying with that smile, and once again, Frisk found herself wondering which Toriel she’d rather be stuck with: this one, or cold queen Toriel with her icy demeanor. Maybe Queen Toriel was a better pick. At least from what Frisk saw, Queen Toriel had a better grasp of her...sanity?

**How can somebody lose their sense of reality this quickly,** Frisk wondered and then thought back to those now cringe-worthy belly rubs. Those along with the odd things Toriel had been cooing at her should have made her more than a little uncomfortable but Frisk’s mind had been so clouded with pain and exhaustion that she didn’t even see anything wrong with what Toriel was doing.

But now that Frisk was more awake and not suffering from all that breathtakingly horrible pain, she wanted nothing more than to get as far away from Toriel as possible.

Unfortunately whatever Toriel had done to her when she rubbed Frisk’s chest area hadn’t worn off yet and so for the past five minutes, ever since Alphys had left to retrieve Asgore, Frisk had been stuck in the room with the obviously disturbed goat woman. Being forced play along with Toriel’s disillusions and carefully explaining why each childish dress Toriel presented to her wouldn’t do in the sweetest voice she could manage was altogether strange, nerve-wracking, and terrifying, and if it weren’t, Frisk would have been impressed with herself given the position she was currently in. Maybe she chose the wrong profession. Maybe instead of joining her school's chorus, Frisk should have gone into drama.

Luckily it seemed like Toriel was having too much fun showing off the seemingly never-ending and disturbing amount of childrens' dresses she had in her closet to be even the slightest bit discouraged with Frisk’s constant rejections.

“What do you think I should make her to eat?” Toriel asked Asgore, who only shrugged helplessly with a playful smile on his face.

“You know I’m only good for a nice cup of tea, my dear,” he said and at the mention of “tea” Toriel’s excitement dimmed a bit and a disapproving frown came over her face. Frisk held her breath at Toriel’s sudden change in mood, not sure what Toriel would do next. The only thing that was keeping Frisk was completely suffering an anxiety attack was Asgore’s unworried and calm expression, letting her know that not only was he used to his wife’s sudden mood swings, but he also knew how to handle them.
Hopefully. Toriel’s frown wasn’t comforting in the least.

“Speaking of tea, didn’t you hear me a few minutes ago? Our child needs a cup of tea. She woke up that second time so… disagreeable and argumentative,” Toriel explained, tsking and shaking her head at Frisk before a sympathetic look of despair replaced her disapproving frown. “Of course I blame her cranky mood on her unexpected illness-

**I AM NOT A CHILD!** Frisk’s mind screamed out, blocking out what Toriel was saying. She fought the urge to actually scream it out loud but held the thought it, especially when Asgore looked right at her and gave Frisk a single nod of his head. Frisk assumed he was quietly telling her he understood the stress she was in. She returned the nod.

*Just play along for a little while longer, Frisky, and you’ll be out of this mess soon enough*, she told herself. And even though Frisk knew going along with that option would be the best way to avoid having Toriel making a huge and possibly violent scene, Frisk couldn’t help but feel that beneath the fear and the utter awkwardness and uncomfortable atmosphere this whole experience was bringing to her mind, there was also an underlying feeling of indignity brewing. Frisk was in her mid-twenties and yet she was being forced to act like a six year old child. And the fact that both goat monsters were talking to her or about her like she was a practically a toddler wasn’t helping either.

But all the same, she held her tongue. She had gone this long without upsetting Toriel, she could last a little longer.

“...and I think a nice cup of tea will put her out of her grouchy mood.”

*Tea isn’t a magical herb that is gonna make people feel better or more agreeable* but even as Frisk thought that, she knew that if Asgore had entered the room with a cup of tea, she would have eagerly drunk it. At this point her throat and mouth were so unbearably dry and even though a cup of cold refreshing ice water sounded better than bland hot tea, Frisk would have drunk the tea. As long as it could help soothe her itchy and parched throat.

“I think some fresh air will also do her some good, my dear. Why don’t you start lunch and I’ll take her outside to the garden?” Asgore asked.

*Yes, let’s go outside in the garden! Or in a car. Or back to Surface City or anywhere that’s not in this room!* Frisk thought and tried to keep her face as expressionless as possible when Toriel
turned towards her with another smile only this one wasn’t creepy and didn’t send a chill down Frisk’s spine.

This smile was so condescendingly patronizing that Frisk had to remind herself that Toriel was extremely crazy; she really didn’t mean to make Frisk feel that fierce, brutal wave of indignity that hit her like a slap in the face, but now that Asgore was here this whole experience was finally over.

When I get out of here I’ll kindly refuse Grillby’s job offer for… Frisk paused in her thoughts to look at Toriel who was quickly picking up the dresses she had tossed to the floor with an excited spring in her step… obvious reasons and go to MY hospital to figure out what happened to me. And then- Frisk inwardly frowned as she thought of Sans. That guy is gonna be so pissed off, thinking I stood him up. But then her inner frown turned into a slight smile. Maybe if I show him my doctor’s note he’ll calm down. But then again, if I told him everything that led up to my fainting spell, that bag of bones would probably be even more pissed at me.

Frisk imagined seeing those red lights of his going out, leaving his sockets pitch black as he proceeded to yell at her. She could only imagine the conversation.

Ya took some job from some random asshole on the street ya didn’t even know, went to a city ya never been to before, didn’t tell anybody where you were going, and ya get sick and pass out in a place filled with strangers, and not only that, in a place filled with strangers where they have no idea how to treat humans! How stupid are ya?!

Frisk felt herself blush at the things imaginary Sans was telling her. It was strange. Now that she was really thinking about it, summing up everything she had done… everything that led up to her being sick in bed, being treated like a child by a severely insane woman…

Frisk liked to think she usually made good and smart decisions but in this case….

What the hell was I thinking?! If Jim really was a guy who wanted to hurt me, he could have. I went along with him, no problem, no arguments. I’m usually so much more cautious. But…

Frisk felt her eyes narrow as she imagined her retaliation of what she would say to Sans. I wouldn’t have taken the damn job if you hadn’t made me so desperate! You got me fired! Granted you got me hired again, but don’t act like you didn’t have anything to do with getting me canned! Because of you and your “being with me is a gamble” shtick, I couldn’t trust that my jobs, my means of supporting myself, would be around if you wanted to be a prick again! That was your
And as Frisk lay in bed, envisioning the fight she and Sans would have, she was amazed to find herself becoming... excited about having that argument with him. The yelling, hands turning into fists, the unpleasant sounds of his rough voice getting louder, but no matter how angry he became...and no matter how confrontational Frisk became...

Frisk knew that Sans wouldn’t hit her in his anger. Ever since the skeleton apologized about how stupid he had been when he approached her that night in the bathroom there was no doubt that Sans would most likely lose his temper again and again, but...there would be no violence. Ever. That apology had been real. His regret was real.

And the thought of arguing with somebody….Frisk couldn’t recall the last time she actually argued with another person. When Derek was still alive, if she even breathed a simple “no” or made a disagreeable face, the man would fly into a violent rage, attacking her with hit after hit after hit until he exhausted himself. She also couldn’t argue when her bosses shortened her paychecks, otherwise she might lose her jobs. And she certainly couldn’t have said “no” to Don Dee’s goon Nick.

I wonder who Nick’s torturing these days, Frisk thought coldly before she turned her attention back to her… fantasy argument with Sans. She could imagine him saying something along the lines of: You know goddamn well I wouldn’t take yer jobs away, again! I told ya I wanted to start again! And you agreed ya wanted to start over again! That meant you knew I wouldn’t do something like that again.

Frisk groaned. She hoped real-life Sans wasn’t as good at arguing as her imaginary Sans was because the more she thought about it, the more she realized that the only reason why she agreed to a new “start over” with Sans in her half destroyed kitchen was because the guy really was sorry. And it took a lot for a guy in this world to apologize and mean it.

Maybe I should leave that point out in my arguments, Frisk thought. I should probably also not mention crazy Toriel-

All of Frisk’s thoughts came to a halt and she came crashing back to reality when she felt a warm pair of fuzzy lips touch her forehead. While she had been fantasizing about Sans, she didn’t even notice the giant goat lady walking up to her. Frisk was able to hold in a gasp of shock but couldn’t keep her face neutral. She knew she was looking at Toriel with wide eyes and an open mouth, but thankfully the goat lady was too deeply stuck in her own delusions to notice Frisk’s expression.
“Oh! It's been such a long time since I cooked for a child, my sweet little Frisk!” Toriel said, beaming a smile full of sharp teeth and sunshine down at Frisk.

Frisk opted just to stare at Toriel. At this point she had…no idea what to say. That kiss had been so unexpected. The unwelcome motherly kiss was so shocking that Frisk couldn’t form any words and even if she could have, she didn’t want to say anything that would further drive Toriel into her madness. Frisk was glad Asgore had been there while Toriel kissed her because if he wasn’t, she would have completely halted all attempts to play along with Toriel’s lunacy.

That kiss was the line and Asgore must have seen that in her face because henodded again, a sad smile on his face as he placed an arm around his wife’s shoulders, ushering her out the door.

As Asgore moved his wife towards the door Frisk noticed something that hadn’t been in the room when Asgore first entered. A wheelchair.

*When did that get here?* Frisk wondered. *Was I too deep in my thoughts to notice somebody bringing that in?*

The sight of that thing wasn’t exactly comforting. The only other time Frisk had ever needed to use a wheelchair was… after the… miscarriage...

Frisk gulped, feeling the dryness in her mouth worsen but ignored that for now. She stared down at her limp and still unbelievably relaxed body and willed it to move with all her might. She gave a small sigh of relief when she was able to lift her upper body about three inches off the bed but not without straining all her muscles and feeling her face become red from all her effort. Despite all that hard work for such little result, Frisk felt some of her anxiety wash away at the knowledge that whatever Toriel had done to her was starting to wear off. Granted, it was wearing off slowly, but with more time, Frisk was certain she would move again.

At the moment she needed that wheelchair, but given an hour, Frisk was sure she would be able to walk and move her body again.

*I’ll tell Asgore what happened. Maybe he knows a way to...recover more quickly from whatever Toriel did to me and even if he can’t, I’ll make sure that Toriel doesn’t touch me again.*

The thought that Toriel could leave Frisk immobile with just a touch of her hands was too frightening to even think too long and hard about so Frisk focused her attention on the wheelchair. Really
studying it this time.

It looked a little too...small to be made for a monster. Frisk thought back to Grillby’s bar. All the tables and chairs there were built for beings much larger than humans. And yet this wheelchair was too small to fit Toriel or Asgore. Alphys, who was much smaller than the two of them, wouldn’t be able to fit in it either.

Even though Frisk had never seen a monster child before she could assume they might be small enough to fit in this wheelchair. Maybe when Asriel was still alive, he needed it? Or maybe Chara needed it. The wheelchair did look like one of those one-size fits all models as long as the person wasn’t too heavy or too tall.

Frisk felt another shiver run down her spine. As mean as this sounded, she couldn’t help but hope that it was Asriel who needed the wheelchair. The thought of a second human using the same wheelchair in a place where monsters only lived was… too…

Frisk shuddered. The urge to leave was getting stronger.

“I have so many ideas! Maybe I should make a few dishes and see what our child likes best!”

Frisk now physically winced at Toriel’s term of endearment for her. When Frisk first heard the term she honestly thought it was kind of cute but now, given everything that happened… and while Frisk understood why Asgore didn’t correct Toriel on the whole “our child” thing, it was still creepy to see the giant male goat nod his head in agreement with his clearly crazy wife.

“That sounds like a wonderful idea, my dear. But you should hurry. The poor child must be so hungry!”

*I am not a child!* Frisk wanted to scream and felt herself blush in embarrassed anger when Toriel moaned sympathetically before she walked out the door. Asgore closed the door behind her and turned back around, leaning on it casually before he let out a small deep and smooth chuckle.

“Well now…” he said and began stroking his black beard in deep thought. Now that Toriel wasn’t her main focus, Frisk noticed that the male goat monster wasn’t wearing anything as elegant as the three piece suit that he’d had on when she first met him. While his long black hair was still pulled back in a low ponytail, he was now wearing a pair of black trousers and a white button-up shirt. The sleeves had been pushed up to his elbows, revealing muscular arms.
Frisk took a second to stare in awe of him. Suits usually make men look just a little more bulky than what they really were, but apparently Asgore’s suit hid how bulky and powerful he really was, and that was saying a lot, because Asgore already looked strong wearing that expensive suit.

Frisk swallowed again and as she spoke she chose her words carefully. Even though she was sure they both knew that Toriel wasn’t balanced, Frisk didn’t want to flat-out insult his wife. There was something about blatantly pointing out obvious details in a tragedy that seemed cruel since Toriel most likely lost it after her children had died.

And more importantly, Frisk didn’t want to say anything that could be remotely insulting about Toriel, because it was clear that despite her craziness, she and Asgore had a loving relationship. And if you insult somebody’s loved one, you’re pretty much insulting them. Asgore had been kind to her and in a really weird way before Toriel had snapped out of reality, she was very kind herself.

There was no need to be unkind.

“Well I… I am grateful that you took care of me and got a doctor to examine me, but I think it would be best if I left-”

Frisk stopped when Asgore placed a finger to his lips and gestured towards the door with a quick jerk of his head.

“I understand how you’re feeling, but let’s not discuss this here. There’s a chance my dearest wife might overhear you. Why don’t we take this discussion out to the garden where she won’t be able to hear us?”

Frisk nodded. Yeah, it probably wouldn’t go over well if Toriel overheard what they were saying. Asgore grabbed the handles of the wheelchair and wheeled it over until he was at the edge of the big bed. He looked down at her with a small tight smile.

“Dr. Alphys told me my wife…” the goat monster paused as he thought out his words. “…used her special touch on you. I’m sure you already noticed there was something unusual about her hands when she….um….soothed your pain away that first time-”

You mean when she gave me those belly rubs and I was actually smiling with her and was
completely okay about it because I was in so much pain? Frisk wanted to ask, but didn’t. It was humiliating enough already, and she didn’t want to even speak about that moment ever again. She was thankful Asgore was being so vague about it too.

“But the second time she used her special touch on you, she was simply trying to relax your body. She does it with me whenever I need to have the strain and aches massaged out of my muscles. I suppose in her mind, she probably thought it would help with your…illness. I don’t think she took into account that…” he paused and shrugged. “…that taking away a person’s ability to move would probably have a negative effect on their mental state.”

Frisk nodded slowly at the words. *So Toriel has a special touch? Sans must have a special touch himself then. Maybe Asgore can explain why Sans is able to keep me locked in place drag me towards him and shut doors without moving and that warm… amazing feeling he puts in my body…. Definitely a monster magic thing but an explanation on the whole dealie would be nice.*

“How is she able to… to do that? Soothe pain away and completely relax a body to the point where it can’t move? Is it something all monsters can do? Because I have a friend named Sa-”

The goat monster shook his head. “I’ll explained all that when we’re outside. Can you walk?”

Frisk grunted and used all her strength to once again push herself out of bed while Asgore silently watched her. This time she managed to push herself into a sitting position and after she leaned against the colorful headboard of the bed, sweating and panting heavily from exhaustion, she looked up at Asgore and was surprised to see a bewildered look on his face.

“What?” she asked.

The goat monster didn’t answer for a second, his bewildered look becoming thoughtful and a little… stern as he look Frisk over carefully.

“I… I am simply… surprised that a tiny little creature such as yourself was able to move after your mot… after Toriel gave you her special touch. When she does it to me I’m usually already laying in bed about to sleep. Can’t even move an inch for hours after she helps me relax my muscles.”

Frisk felt a real and tiny smile cross her lips as she scaled the gentle giant standing before her bed. “So…are you saying I’m stronger than you?”
Asgore’s thoughtful face broke and he shot Frisk a grin as he stroked his beard again.

“Let’s not get jump to conclusions, young lady. Human bodies and monster bodies are completely different,” he explained and motioned towards the wheelchair again.

“Do you need this?”

Frisk nodded her head sheepishly. “Yeah. I can move my upper body just fine, but I don’t think I can walk just yet.”

The male goat smiled smugly and began to remove the blanket covering her body.

“Yeah I thought so, here let me help-”

When the blanket slipped off her body, Frisk realized a very important fact she had forgotten thanks largely to Toriel.

“Don’t! I have no pants on!” Frisk said, her face burning hot as she gripped the hem of the short nightgown she had on and pulled it down as low as it could go before making a mad grab for the blanket.

To his credit, Asgore had enough sense to turn around, but couldn’t hold in his amused chuckles as Frisk scrambled to cover herself again. “Oh dear.” he managed to say between the chuckles. “I’m sorry. I was unaware.” He took a few calming breaths, trying to hold in his laughter before he continued. “I’d call in Dr. Alphys to help, but unfortunately she is...busy with something very very important so I can’t have her...” he stopped and chuckled so more. “...help you in this wheelchair.”

Frisk let out a few weak chuckles herself though more from embarrassment than amusement.

_This day can’t get any worse_, she thought, feeling her face burn even more hotly as she covered her face with her trembling hands and chuckled again. If she didn’t chuckle she knew she would start crying.
Taking too long to answer, Asgore tried again.

“You have nothing to fear from me, my dear. I am an older married man.” Despite the few traitorous chuckles that came out of his mouth as he said that, Asgore’s sincere and warm voice made Frisk lower her hands.

His back was still turned, and he was causally rocking on his heels with his hands behind his back, most likely waiting for her permission to face her again.

“I still have no pants on,” Frisk mumbled. “This… this nightgown is way too short.”

Asgore hummed. “Well… why don’t you wrap that blanket around you as a cover for right now? And then we’ll see about what we can do about finding you some better fitted clothes?”

*Just something that is decent enough to get back home in,* Frisk thought before she began wrapping the blanket around the lower half of her body.

And when Asgore lifted her out of bed, Frisk became very aware how much bigger he was compared to her. She could honestly see why Toriel kept calling her a child. A normal human eight-year old child would fit into Asgore’s fist easily. He could easily hold Frisk up in the sling of one of his massive arms.

But despite his large size he wasn’t clumsy when he handled her from the bed. In fact, he was incredibly careful in avoiding touching an area she might not like, and because of how easily he lifted her, Frisk couldn’t help but feel like a baby wrapped in a blanket. And when that image came into her mind along with all of Toriel’s condescending babying she couldn’t help letting out a moan of distress leave her mouth.

Asgore made a puzzled sound and after he put her in the wheelchair he kneeled down to her level, lifting her chin with one of his large furry fingers. His fur felt coarse and rough, but warm and gentle too.

“You aren’t feeling any pain are you? I didn’t hurt you did I?” he asked, his big deep voice filled with concern.
Frisk gave him an apologetic smile.

“I’m fine. It’s just… this whole day has been… I just want to go home.”

A charming, sharp-toothed smile came over his face. “I’m sure you do.”

And with that he pushed Frisk out of the door.

Asgore and Toriel’s home was lovely, but a lot smaller than what Frisk thought the wealthy couple would have. For starters, it was only one level, but then again maybe they had a basement too. But for as small as it was, it didn’t miss any opportunity to show all who visited that the couple had money. Lots of money.

And as Asgore wheeled her to what Frisk assumed was the back door, Frisk’s eyes were everywhere. As Asgore pulled her away from the bedroom door and out of the long hallway, she was able to catch a glimpse of two more doors nearby the room she had been in before Asgore wheeled her away.

The floors were hardwood, but had a beautiful golden brown color to them and they were so shiny and clean that there was no doubt in Frisk’s mind that the couple must have hired professionals to keep their floors so clean along with the rest of their house.

And the flowers. Almost every three feet, starting at the end of the hallway to the opening of the new room Asgore was wheeling her towards, being held in beautiful and very expensive-looking crystal vases were some of the prettiest flowers Frisk had ever seen. The flowers themselves kind of looked like traditional yellow buttercups with some very interesting and incredible differences that made them much more breathtaking and wonderful. They weren’t yellow. They were a golden color and instead of being small, they were a little bigger than Frisk’s hands and there seemed to be about about thirty or forty flowers overflowing each vase that they passed.

And when they entered the new room, every corner had a vase full of those flowers to liven the area up since it didn’t have much. There was a small bookcase filled with books, two flower-shaped wall lamps and a long mirror that was pinned to the wall at such a height that only Asgore and Toriel would be the only people able to see their reflections.

Those were the only things in this room...well those things and the giant hole right in the middle of the floor. Frisk narrowed her eyes, not quite sure what to make of it. Literally right in the middle of
the room was a neatly cut square shaped hole, surrounded by a half opened square railing. Asgore moved closer to the edge, where a railing was blocking them from falling down and allowed Frisk could get a better look down.

There were stairs leading down to what Frisk assumed was a basement but because there were no lights she could only see darkness.

She turned around and looked up at Asgore with a raised eyebrow. His expression was a little less relaxed than it had been when he had first started wheeling Frisk around.

“That used to be our basement, but after Dr. Alphys moved in years ago she turned it into her room. Please do not go down there, ever. The good Doctor likes to tinker with machinery and you might get injured.”

Frisk nodded. “That’s no problem.” I’m not gonna be staying long enough here to get that curious. But then something did draw her attention back to the hole. Frisk could have sworn she heard something coming from the darkness leading down to Dr. Alphys’ room. It was so faint that Frisk might have imagined it. Something… like music. Classical maybe? When Frisk leaned down further, it got just a tiny bit louder.

I guess Dr. Alphys likes listening to classical music, Frisk thought and was just about to see if the lizard were listening to a song she recognized, Asgore turned her around and pushed her towards a door, and given the windows near that door, it was easy to guess that it was the door that lead to the outside world.

At first a small bit of disappointment rushed through Frisk that she wouldn’t get to see how the other rooms looked but then she heard the unmistakable sound of Toriel’s honey-sweet voice humming a tune Frisk couldn’t name along with the sounds of pots and pans clanging together. Maybe it wouldn’t be a good idea to explore more of the house and accidentally get the goat lady’s attention.

The first thing that attacked Frisk’s eyes when Asgore opened the room was the sunlight. Groaning she covered her eyes and rubbed them, soothing out the stinging pain and when she slowly opened them, this time cautiously and giving them time to adjust to the outside world, what Frisk saw made her mouth fall open in amazement.

Colors of all kinds assaulted Frisk’s vision. There were so many different types of flowers! Many of them she had never before seen, never knew they existed until this moment, and they surrounded the two of them on all sides. In fact the only colorless thing was the small stone path Asgore was standing on.
“Oh my God…” was all Frisk could say. She dreamt of having a garden. It was the one of the few things she wanted more than anything else, but… she never could imagine somebody having a garden as magnificent at this.

There were so many different types of flowers. Short flowers, tall flowers, leafy flowers, flowers on vines, flowers with thorns, each different species of flower having it’s own little patch. Asgore was definitely organized when it came to his garden….and the colors…so many different colors! And the best part was there were colors Frisk never thought could be on flowers before. Even the stems were all different colors!

There was not one color that Frisk didn’t see. Every color of the rainbow was there and maybe it was her imagination but some of those flowers even looked as though they were glowing. Just like her blue echo flower! She eagerly looked around to see if she could spot a batch of them growing somewhere near the two of them but was more than a little disappointed when she couldn’t spot any.

But that didn’t mean there wasn’t a small group of them somewhere further down the gray stone path. From where they were standing, the garden seemed to go and go, literally like a jungle and because some of the taller flowers towered over even Asgore, Frisk couldn’t see where the garden actually ended. In fact, the garden was so full and bursting with colors, Frisk couldn’t see where the stone path lead.

“This garden is like something out of a fairy tale,” Frisk whispered, turning around to look up at Asgore. He grinned down at her.

“I love showing off my garden. Isn’t it quite the sight?”

Frisk could only nod, making Asgore’s grin grow into a fond smile.

“Well come along, my little dear. There’s something I need to talk to you about and then after everything’s all nice and settled, I’ll give you a real tour of the garden.”

Frisk barely heard his words as her eyes attacked everything they came into contact with. Every patch they passed showed Frisk a new type of plant she never thought could come into existence. Green flowers with purple stems. Glowing orange petals with bright blue leaves. Red stemmed flowers with black thorns and pink petals. Solid white flowers from the stem to their leaves to their petals. There were flowers the size of a small child. Flowers that seemed to change colors. They
even passed the three flowers that Asgore showed her at Grillby’s. And then there was the smell… it smelled so fresh out here.

And when a gentle breeze flowed through Frisk could only smile when she realized that some flowers let out a wind-chime noise.

And as Frisk kept looking around, she tried to find the flower Sans had given her, that beautiful Echo Flower but she didn’t see them. As she was just about to ask Asgore if he had planted any, the thick jungle of flowers stopped and opened to a wide plain field. But like the garden that area also seemed to be well-maintained. The grass looked like it had been recently mowed and the blades of grass were swaying in the wind.

 Damn, if he had just showed me this wide open space, I would have been just as impressed, Frisk realized. My city has completely destroyed things as simple as an open field of grass. She smiled though. At least Papyrus is fixing that.

Asgore continued to push her on the stone path and when she finally turned her gaze away from the pretty field to the where the stone path led, her grin got even wider. Asgore was pushing her chair up to a small white gazebo with patches of those golden flowers planted all around it.

Inside the little open shelter was a large table with four chairs and by the looks of it, somebody had been recently relaxing there. And from the layout of the teapot and small teacup, Frisk assumed it had been Asgore. Along with the tea was a folded-up newspaper, a small pad of paper and a pencil, but more importantly, at least to Frisk, there was a large pitcher of ice water right in the middle of the table.

“This wheelchair is pretty low. Do you mind if I move you to one of the chairs, so I can see your face, my little dear?” Asgore asked. Frisk blushed but nodded and just like before Asgore was careful when he lifted Frisk from the chair, blanket and all, and gently plopped her into the large chair. Frisk frowned. Her feet didn’t even touch the ground! That’s how high the chair was.

You’re in a highchair Frisky, she thought to herself before she quickly stomped that horrid thing out of her mind. I’m a small person in a big chair. There’s a difference.

The sound of rushing water and clinking ice against glass pulled her out of her thoughts as Asgore quietly poured a large cup of water and handed it to her.
“My wife wanted to give you tea, but I think water works just as well for a thirsty throat,” he said cheerfully and crossed his legs, leaning an elbow on the table and resting his chin in his hand.

Frisk nodded gratefully and quickly downed the drink. Her throat and tongue screamed with happiness as the refreshing liquid wetted and soothed everything it touched. After a huge gulp, she placed the glass down and looked around.

From a distance, now that she could see everything, the garden wasn’t as big as her imagination had led her to believe, through still pretty damn big, and judging by the way the open field ended when they hit the woods, Frisk knew that this garden must be located in the backyard. There was no road.

Asgore sighed and closed his eyes with a smile on his face. Frisk took a smaller gulp from her huge glass of water as she watched his body relax.

“It’s such a beautiful day out. Birds are singing, flowers are blooming…” The goat monster opened his eyes. Frisk didn’t say anything. His eyes were cloudy, almost as though he were seeing something Frisk wasn’t seeing. He looked over the wide field, his smile becoming just a little sad.

“Perfect weather for a game of catch.”

Frisk looked at towards the field again and sighed, feeling another cool breeze hit her face. Asgore was right. Today was the type of day that Frisk and her friends always loved the most. The perfect weather for a game of baseball. And as she imagined a younger version of herself and all the friends she once had, setting up the bases and throwing pitches and baseball bats swinging, she wondered what Asgore was seeing when he looked towards his field with those cloudy eyes.

Did he see Chara and Asriel playing? Did he see himself throwing a baseball towards the two of them?

She turned towards him and saw that the cloudiness had faded from his eyes and he was tapping his fingers against the table in thought. Frisk took a sip from her drink, amazed to see that all the water in her glass was nearly gone.

“It is a pretty day outside.” she agreed.
Asgore let out a small laugh that… that wasn’t pleasant. And the smirk that replaced his smile wasn’t all that sweet-looking either. He picked up his cup of tea, and while Frisk was no expert, she knew that tea that came from a pot should be hot and the cup wasn’t giving off steam. Asgore drank it regardless, not even making a sour face when he placed the delicate little cup back down on the saucer.

Frisk felt something….thump in her chest when the goat monster’s relaxed posture stiffened up and he leaned back in his chair, spine as straight as a board. He elegantly crossed one leg over the other and pressed his fingertips together. His smirk started to show sharp teeth, only this time there was no charm to them.

He looked… vicious. And cold. And arrogant. Like a cut-throat businessman. Or… an amused mobster listening to somebody beg for mercy… and the only reason why Frisk knew that specific expression was because she had seen the exact same smile on Nick’s face before he chopped off that poor man’s hand.

And subconsciously Frisk tried to move the lower part of her body. Her legs wiggled, but she knew they still couldn’t support her weight. Being immobile around this guy suddenly didn’t seem so safe anymore.

“I wanted to start things off this way, a discussion of what was expected of you, but my wife, she wanted to do things the kinder way and despite the fact that you are clearly an intelligent and interesting little thing, I went along with it. I wanted to tell her the kind way wasn’t going to work, but I can’t say no to her.”

Frisk frowned, feeling her hands begin to shake. His words hadn’t reached her yet, but it was his tone that was causing the small pit of panic to grow steadily in her stomach. His voice had lost its warmth. There was a dominant edge to it, a business-feel to it that made Frisk feel like she was talking to an authoritative figure. Somebody who wasn’t made for listening. Only talking and giving orders. Frisk had met enough corrupt cops in her day to know the tone.

And once she got over Asgore’s sudden change in tone, his words sank in.

“Expected of me? What are you talking about?”

And from the way Asgore’s smirk grew into a full-edge sharp-toothed smile that even Sans would back away from, Frisk realized she didn’t want the answer that question. She didn’t even want to be in the same area as him. And for one second she honestly wished she was with Toriel again. The worst thing Toriel could do was treat her like a baby. Based on that smile Asgore was giving her,
Frisk imagined the **nicest** thing the male goat could do was tear her throat out with his teeth.

“I’m sure this must be terribly confusing for you, but let me begin by saying that ever since my wife and I lost our beloved adopted child, Chara, we have been lonely. My wife, in particular, took the news harder than I did,” and with that, Asgore’s terrifying smile faltered a little.

The monster sighed and rubbed his eyes before he continued. The panic and fear continued to grow. Frisk wouldn’t allow herself to even guess where Asgore was going with this conversation because the obvious answer was the scariest. And there was no way that could happen. One crazy person in a household? Yes. Two crazy people? Frisk swallowed and stared at her drink. Suddenly she wasn’t too thirsty anymore.

“There’s nothing more heartbreaking to us than seeing an empty room full of toys and unused clothing. Chara died so young, in such a violent way… thanks to…” Asgore paused and then something even more frightening happened. His teeth went into a full on snarl and he slammed his fist against the table. And even though he was sitting down, the hardwood table didn’t stand a chance.

It collapsed under the weight of his fist, taking all the items, the teapot, the cups, and the pitcher of water with it. The goat monster didn’t even seem to break a sweat from his display of strength and after a few terrifying seconds of complete silence, though Frisk was sure her heart was beating so hard and fast that Asgore had to hear it, the goat monster coughed and straightened his beard out.

**What… the hell is going on?** Frisk thought staring at the ruined table. **Why the hell did I agree to take Jim’s offer? This is not worth it.**

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you but there are times when I can’t control my temper,” he offered a comforting smile that wasn’t comforting the least. “Now...where was I? Oh yes. My poor wife just didn’t cope well with Chara’s death. In fact she spent many years in this house barely leaving to do the things she used to love doing. She didn’t even help in the family business.”

With a strange smile, Asgore looked Frisk over. “When I heard that Grillby was going to have a human singer perform for his bar I was curious about who he would choose to….entertain his customers. And when I told Toriel about that, I was delighted to see that it had sparked her interest too. So we decided to be the first monsters to see you perform as a sort of amusement—”

“Grillby told me that he was going to have you two there to judge my singing to see if I got the job or not,” Frisk said and from the snort of laughter she received from Asgore, she wondered if she was going to have a heart attack from the fear that was entering her body at a rapid pace.
“Oh my little dear,” he cooed so sweetly and so gently that once again Frisk felt herself stiffen angrily at being talked down to like she were a child.

“Grillby and his little human really do sell their lies beautifully, don’t they? My sweet girl, Grillby wasn’t looking for just a singer. He was looking for a…” Asgore hummed as he stroked his beard. “Hmmm…how do I say this without sounding vulgar? He was looking for a human who could not only entertain his audience, but also be used as a fuck toy for his highest paying customers.”

It felt like somebody punched Frisk square in the stomach because all the air left her at once.

_A fuck toy? He was looking for a prostitute? A sex slave? And Jim…knew?_

But Jim couldn’t have known. Jim had his daughter with him. Who brings their daughter to a place like that?

_The same type of people that bring their kids along to sell drugs so people don’t suspect them_, Frisk answered and truly began to panic.

“Grillby has a lot of interesting services he offers, which involves selling…intimate acts for money. Well he’s made quite a bit from his…employees already, almost anything that is remotely related to humans is becoming extremely popular in Fell City. With your charming looks and sweet voice, you would have been such a high-seller.”

_Jim knew…too? But Jim was like dad… Jim even looked a little like dad. How could Jim… do this to another person? How could Grillby do this? How could-

“You’re the landlord and you allow him to have forced prostitutes in his business?”

As soon as the words left Frisk’s mouth she winced, expecting those were the last words she’d say, after all Asgore had pissed himself off and broke a table. Having another person backtalk him was another matter. His reaction only furthered her growing disgust for him.

Asgore shrugged. “He pays me quite a bit to not care, not that I had much interest to begin with, and plus at this point I’m sure his “employees” are more than agreeable with their situation. But never mind about any of that. That’s unpleasant noise for somebody like you. All you have to know is
that as soon as my wife and I saw you, we knew we couldn’t allow that fate to be yours...” at this
Asgore grinned and leaned forward, and pinched her chin. His touch was just coarse and rough
now.

Frisk was too stunned and too terrified of what would happen if she smacked his hand away.

“It was like seeing Chara again. So small and so precious, but then we started talking to you.
You’re smart and yet there’s that odd sweetness to you that only children have. I haven’t seen my
wife that happy in years and I can see why too,” his voice started to sound a little too excited. “It
was like having Chara again, only better. I hate to speak harshly about my beloved child, but during
the last year of Chara’s life, they began to get a little bitter, but you-”

Asgore must have realized how excited he sounded and leaned back into his chair, trying to recreate
the cool businessman persona.

“Well, let’s just say, my little dear, that both my wife and I were quite pleased with you and decided
to buy you from Grillby.”

**B-Buy me?**

Frisk felt her anger rise. “You can’t buy me-”

The giant goat monster waved his hand away dismissing her words.

“We already did. Paid in cash on the way out. You are now ours, Frisk Determ,” his voice leaving
no room for argument which further enraged Frisk. And in her rage she forgot that she didn’t have
the table anymore to block Asgore’s view of her lower body. She looked down at her legs and tried
with all her might to will them to move. They did, but they still felt so incredible weak.

**No...this can’t be happening.**

His amused laughter was starting to make her eyes sting from rage and fear. **He couldn’t do this!**

*He was just as insane as his wife!*
“Oh my. That’s adorable, but really my little dear, even if you could run where would you go? And even if you did know where to go, our home is miles from HOTLAND and AND even if you did miraculously make it to HOTLAND, I doubt anybody would dare help you. I run things everywhere in this city. And by now everybody knows you belong to me and my wife and I have so many people who work for me. It would only be a matter of minutes before you were brought home.”

Frisk looked up at him, snarling her own teeth at him, and judging by the wide grin he gave her, he not only found it unimpressive and unintimidating, but also incredibly funny. He covered his hand over his mouth to hide the deep laughter coming out of him.

“I don’t belong to y-” Frisk began to say but then the goat monster said something that made all her anger fizzle out and a deep wave of fear and terror hit her.

“You really don’t have a choice in this matter so it’s best if you just listen to me. You can’t escape, not that you’ll want to in a few weeks, but nobody will be coming for you either,” Asgore gave her a friendly wink. “Your human friend Jim already told us nobody knew you were heading to my lovely city.”

Oh my God, he’s right. Jim... Jim really was a liar. Frisk wanted to smack her herself for how stupid she had been. That’s why Jim asked me if I wanted to reserve seats for any of my friends and family. He wanted to make sure nobody knew where I was going and I fucking fell for it!

Frisk began to tremble more harshly, both from her anger and the fear that not only had she been kidnapped, but her stupidity had helped her kidnappers ensure that nobody knew where she’d gone.

But they were such innocent questions at first and I needed that job. I didn’t think… Jim reminded me of my dad!

She didn’t realize she was crying until she felt Asgore’s furry thumb brush it away. And without thinking she slapped she slapped his large hand away and glared at him

Unfortunately this time Asgore didn’t appear to find her act of rebellion cute because after staring long and hard at the hand she slapped, his cold and icy stare moved up to hers. He leaned towards her, easily moving his upper body over the wreckage until they were only inches from each other. If Frisk thought his sharp teeth were frightening before, having them only an inch away from her face was heart-stopping.
“I am going to let that slide today, little girl. But the next time you hit me,” he growled lowly and grabbed her wrists so quickly that Frisk didn’t have time to scream. His paws were so large that they covered her entire forearms. He squeezed them but there was no pain. Only the promise of horrible pain which was almost worse. “I’ll break your fucking legs and that wheelchair is gonna be your best friend for the rest of your life. Understand me?”

_Fuck you_, Frisk thought but she found herself quickly nodding her head. The monster didn’t let go of her wrists and he didn’t look appeased at all by her response. And to make matters worse, a cruel and twisted smile replaced his monstrous snarl.

“When we get back in the house, you will smile and you will act like a happy child. You will greet my wife happily and you will call her mommy-”

Frisk’s eyes widened in disbelief. “Mommy?! I don’t think soaahhhh!”

Pain shot up through Frisk’s wrists as Asgore lightly squeezed her arms. His grip was so powerful, even more powerful than Sans’ had been when he caught her fist and unlike Sans, Frisk didn’t feel like Asgore could crush and easily break her bones if he so wanted to. She felt like he could easily turn them into dust with just one more squeeze.

“We can go about being a happy family in a number of ways, my little dear. We can keep trying Mommy’s way of making you happy and drugging you day in and day out making you so weak and dependent on us that you eventually accept your fate-”

“What? Drugged?!”

Asgore snorted finally letting Frisk’s arms go. “How do you think you ended up here?” he laughed. “Please don’t tell me you actually fell for Alphys’ little story?”

*Alphys….she lied too! That phony seizure story….I was drugged!*

“But we both know drugging you isn’t going to work,” Asgore said and finally released Frisk’s wrists. “You won’t eat what we make you and Mommy will become upset and…I’ll have to force feed you and-urgh… it’s an unnecessary inconvenience.

_You are insane. And that crazy woman is not my mother!_
“But on the opposite end of the scale, there’s the option of a more…corporal punishment….”
Asgore said with a small frown on his face, like the idea wasn’t to his liking.

“You mean like you beating me without mercy until I start calling your wife mommy?” Frisk spat back at him. Asgore raised an eyebrow in surprise.

“Oh goodness no! Mommy doesn’t have it in her to hurt you and I’m not fond of the idea either. No. If you keep fighting us and making me and mommy upset I’ll…have to send you away to…improve your behavior. And I hear Grillby’s quite good at training wayward SOULS on the correct way to act. I don’t see how a human would be much different.”

Asgore smiled that charming smile of his again. “I don’t know exactly what he’d do, but I’d trust him with whatever method he uses on you and I’d keep you there for a few weeks, tell mommy it’s necessary and when Grillby feels like you’ve been rehabilitated, I’d pick you up.”

This can’t… be happening. He’s threatening me with monsters raping me if I don’t play along. This was worse than anything Frisk imagined monsters to be when she was a child. She could only stare at the giant goat monster as he cool voice turned to a gentle mocking.

“So you see, Frisk Determ-”

I have no idea where I am and nobody knows I’m here-

“-it’s best if you just… be a happy child from now on. Not act, but be one. It won’t be so bad. Look at it this way-

If Asgore is telling the truth, I am miles from help….

“-your life will be so easy from now on. You won’t have to worry about bills-”

What can I do?
“Jim told me all about that shithole you live in. Here you have a nice room and a lovely garden to play in—”

*There has to be a way to escape, but I have no idea how!*

“You’ll have anything you want...within reasons of course.”

*I just need to learn more about this area. I need to figure out my surroundings if I have even a chance of escaping. And what I can use to escape.* And with that thought came a humiliating and terrifying resolution.

“I know it might be… odd and a little embarrassing at first but over time you’ll get used to it. So what option do you choose, my dear little one?”

Frisk willed herself to look at the male goat. “What can I say?”

Asgore’s smile widened. “Such a smart girl. Now let’s wheel you back home. I do believe mommy might have lunch ready.”

Frisk didn’t say anything as Asgore lifted her back into the wheelchair. But before he grabbed the handles he studied Frisk for a few seconds.

“Don’t think I don’t know what’s going through your little head right now, but let me tell you something. The very first moment you do something that upsets mommy or me, I’ll send you so quickly to Grillby’s you won’t even realize a dick is in your mouth until the prick cums all over your face.”

*Fuck you,* Frisk repeated in her head and wished the voice inside her mind sounded halfway brave but after hearing Asgore’s vulgar and terrible threat it was taking every in Frisk not to shudder.

“I understand,” Frisk muttered looking down.

“Daddy.”
Frisk looked back up at the goat monster. His eyes were brimming with excitement and his mouth held a warm smile that was just as crazy as Toriel’s. *He wants this fantasy just as bad as Toriel does.*

“I understand…daddy.” Frisk forced the word out.

Frisk closed her eyes and clenched her teeth as Asgore kissed the top of her head.

“Such a good girl too. You’ll fit in soon enough. Just as soon as we fix a few things with your...body-” he began to say.

“My body?!” Frisk interrupted. Asgore nodded and began pushing the wheelchair, humming a pleasant tone with his equally pleasantly deep voice.

“Hey, As-Daddy, what did you mean by that?”

“Some of your body is a little too mature for our liking, but don’t worry. We have just the man who can help you retain a more childlike appearance. In fact, he’s the man that owns all those buildings in HOTLAND that I was telling you about. He’s an expert in fashion and makeup. You’ll be meeting him tomorrow.”

*Makeup and fashion?! What the hell does that mean-*

“Smile. Here comes your mother.”

Despite the fear blooming harshly in her chest, Frisk managed a weak smile as Toriel came towards them.

*******************************************************************************

All three of them sat down in the living room to eat at the family table.
Much like the rest of the house Frisk had seen, their living room looked like something out of a Christmas card. They had a fire going in the fireplace, the two easy chairs facing the fireplace looked almost new and the little table between the two chairs had a few books on it. The rug underneath was a pretty purple and red color and everywhere Frisk looked there was some item that showed the couple’s wealth and status.

And in almost every corner of the living room were huge crystal pots bursting with hundreds of tiny bright golden flowers.

Frisk stared at all the dishes Toriel had laid out. Soups, mac and cheese, sandwiches, and so many desserts. Everything smelled delicious. And everything could be laced with poison.

But like Frisk told Asgore:  *What can I say? What choice do I have at the moment?*

And when Frisk reached for a fork to eat her food Toriel quickly grabbed it up and shot Frisk a crazed smile.

“You’re still much too weak to feed yourself. Let me do it for you, my child.”

Frisk shot a look at Asgore who was watching her closely. And fighting back the tears of anger, rage, humiliation and fear, Frisk opened her mouth and allowed Toriel to feed her.

And when she swallowed, she felt the first tear rolled down her cheek, but luckily Toriel didn’t notice it and Asgore was quick to wipe it away.

“Thank you...mommy.”

Toriel squealed with delight.

*I’m gonna leave this nuthouse. I just need to play along until I come up with a plan,* Frisk swore to herself as she opened her mouth for a second bite.

Chapter End Notes
Next chapter: We go back a little in time to see Sans finally WAKING THE HELL UP!

Also a big shout out to ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter! <3

Comments are always welcome!
**Business before Pleasure**

Chapter Notes

So much love! Thank you all! <3 And I'm sorry about taking so long with this chapter. As always thank you all for your support, comments and kudos!

And if you have time, you should definitely check out this two amazing pieces of fanart by the talented and lovely Beuofu

https://beuofu.tumblr.com/post/159789411503/another-doodle-of-the-fic-sooner-or-later-youre


I have also been given three pieces of artwork by the extremely talented and wonderful NoMoreNoodles!

https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/161997142971
https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/162649266611
https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/162027372481

AND I can't believe this, but I have ANOTHER amazing artwork based on Sans from the talented and wonderful sin-cognito!

https://sin-cognito.tumblr.com/image/163045683328

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**I FUCKED UP!**

That was Sans’ very first coherent thought as he shot up into a sitting position, shoving his blanket away as the sweat instantly began to pour down his skull. He squinted his sockets painfully against the bright mid-morning sunshine that was happily entering his room, his pinpoint red lights glowing widely as a burst of panic hit his SOUL so violently that his chest hurt.

Frantically he stared at his room’s clock.

Ten o’clock. In the fucking morning.
Sans felt his ribcage tighten even more.

“Ya fuckin’ idiot,” he mumbled hatefully at himself. He couldn’t believe he had done something as stupid as sleep past the evening into the night and hadn’t even stirred when early morning came.

Aw I’m fucked. My lady’s gonna be pissed, he thought to himself, all traces of sleep gone as he hopped out of bed. He ignored the painful aches and creaks from his bones, no doubt a result from his “errands” the previous day, and raced towards his closet. His breathing got a little heavier from his panic and stress as the skeleton began to rifle through his clothes.

On most normal days, with the only exception being the evening when he gave her that stupid Echo Flower, whenever Sans thought there was even the slightest chance of seeing his little lady he always tried to dress impressively; no lady wants her man to look grungy and unkempt after all, but today he was just looking for something presentable to wear. And right now nothing looked presentable.

Fuck fuck fuck fuck! How the fuck am I gonna explain being sixteen hours late?! If I was an hour late, fine, two hours, I’m pushing it, even three hours could be explained, but sixteen hours?! There ain’t no fuckin’ passable excuse for that! Sans’ sockets began to dim as his anger and self-hatred began to take over the panic that was pulsing through his bone marrow. Well to be fair, I ain’t late anymore, I fuckin’ stood her up… FUCK!

With sweat pouring down his face, Sans finally decided on a simple pair of black dress pants and began putting them on, gritting his teeth together as he imagined how well his conversation with his little lady would go as he tried to explain himself.

Fuck. I can already see her, standin’ by the entrance of her door, refusing ta let me in, those gorgeous eyes of her blazin’, her chest heavin’ up and down in a sexy manner, while that blush covers them cheekbones, lookin’ amazing, just waiting to be fuc-

Sans paused, his pants halfway up his waist, frowning deeply as he noticed the faint red color that was glowing around his pelvis area. Where the hell was I goin’ wit’ that thought anyways? he asked himself before the original panic he woke up with hit him harshly, easily reminding him exactly where he was going with that thought, thus destroying the small sexual arousal he had built seconds earlier.
He groaned, pulling his pants up completely, and reached into his clothes once more, quickly deciding on a black button-up shirt, taking care not to wrinkle it as his little lady’s sharp voice whipped through his mind. Her maddening, annoying and undeniably desirable voice.

Oh! So when I finally give you the time of day, you stand me up? I was waiting for you for six hours before I called it quits and went to bed. And here I thought you were actually sincere when we “started over”. What a joke.

Rubbing a hand to his face, Sans knew that whatever he would say wouldn’t cut the deal. Every excuse he came up with in his panic-induced mind seem to have the same result.

Sorry ‘bout the other day dollface, but I did tell ya goin’ out with me was a gamble. Might come might not. Heh heh heh… funny right?

Her door would no doubt get slammed in his face if he said something that dickish. Hell, he’d be shocked and a little concerned if that line actually flew. Maybe he should go with something a bit more truthful. She couldn’t be too angry if he admitted he was at fault right? Sans played out the scene in his mind.

Look, I’m sorry I messed up, alright? A guy’s entitled to mess up, so let’s try dis again whole thing, alright?

Okay maybe that response would keep the door from closing on him, but his next response to her obvious and unavoidable question would.

Why didn’t you at least call me to let me know you weren’t coming?

And once again, he wouldn’t have good answer for her and there was a good chance that because he couldn’t think of a decent response, he’d get pissed. He knew that if he ended up looking stupid in front of his lady, he was going to get angry at himself and unfortunately that anger would turn on her. If he could give himself one thing it was that at least he was a self-aware asshole.

If I didn’t think I was coming, I would have called you. That’s why I said I messed up. I fell asleep! Please can ya git over it?
Yeah, she would love that remark. Not only would she slam the door in his face, but he was also sure she’d lock it out of spite.

Sans groaned again, walked to his full length body mirror, and looked at his reflection. He still couldn’t believe he slept through his little pre-date with his little lady.

*I can’t believe I fucked up dis bad when I finally get a chance to have a nice evening with her…. and if she doesn’t give me another chance….*

A deep possessive growl left his sharp-toothed mouth as he turned his hands into fists. *I ain’t lettin’ her go,* he swore to himself and as that possessive feeling grew an old idea he had that’d started to develop two days ago began to resurface in his mind.

*If I can’t make things right today, I always have that option of taking her somewhere more quiet and isolated… nothing permanent, she would just stay there until I can convince her she and I are meant to be.*

And when a very tiny bit of disgust started to dig it’s way into his SOUL for even thinking like that, Sans quickly stomped it out. *I’ve waited this long for her. Hell, I went ten years thinking I’d never see her again… convincing myself I couldn’t ‘ave her… and now that I’m so close… I ain’t losin’ her AGAIN!*

Sans undid his shirt when he realized he had put one of the buttons in the wrong hole and once he fixed the material correctly he continued to stare blankly at himself in the mirror before pressing his skull to the cool glass and closing his eyes, the self-hatred and anger becoming a little too much to handle.

*Why the fuck didn’t I leave a note on ‘er door? Even if she didn’t see it, I would have at least been able to tear it off the door and show it to her. Could have been like “see I did try to contact ya!”* Sans pulled away from the mirror and straightened his shirt out as he let out a grunt of anger. *Shouldn’t have thrown that idea out yesterday. I knew I should have called her to tell her I was gonna be late-hey wait a minute-*

Sans began to smile wickedly as a more plausible excuse hit him. True, he didn’t call her the other day but… there was no way for her to find out. And with that in mind, a new and much better scenario began to play out in his mind.
Hey I know I messed up, but if it makes ya feel any better I did try to call to tell ya I was gonna be late. Nobody picked up though.

The best part of that whole excuse was that even if she had been home the entire day and knew for a fact she didn’t hear her phone ring, Sans would gamble that a look of uncertainty would come over her face and she would start coming up with reasons why she didn’t hear it. For instance:

She might have been in the bathroom when it rang.

She might have been fixing herself a little snack in the kitchen when it rang.

She might have been taking a nap when it rang.

There were so many different instances where she could have missed his call, and with that fact going through her mind, he KNEW her anger wouldn’t last, but knowing her and her damn stubbornness, she would probably keep the argument going until she was satisfied and he could do that. That was no problem now that he had a good excuse to work with.

So you were gonna call me to tell me you were gonna be late? You didn’t show up! You totally stood me up!

Feeling his panic leave him, Sans chuckled and fixed his collar easily, his phalanges no longer shaking as he imagined himself leaning against her door with a cool and smooth smile on his face.

That’s why I said I messed up. I’m gonna make myself look stupid right now, but if I’m being truthful, my older brother completely overworked me yesterday and so I thought I could get a nap in before I came to see ya. I didn’t want to look like shit, especially when visiting a pretty lady.

Sans would pause to let his words (and his compliment) sink in before he would wink at his lady. Let’s say ya give me a chance to make it up to ya?

And despite her annoyance, Sans imagined all his little lady’s anger draining from her lovely face as she allowed a haughty smile to grace those amazin’ lips of hers. How are you going to make it up to me? She would ask.
Sans felt his arousal begin to build again as his imagine himself wrapping his arms around her slender waist.  *Let me show ya.*

Her eyelids would lower until her blazing eyes were half-closed and she would stand up on her tippy-toes until her lips touched the side of his skull.  *Then come on in, big man-*

Sans blinked back to reality as the downstairs phone began to ring.

*Can’t have one fucking minute to myself,* the skeleton thought savagely, his fantasy completely ruined as he hurried downstairs to answer the phone.

He didn’t have to wonder who was calling.  It was no doubt Wings checking up on him.  It wasn’t often Sans woke up in the morning to an empty house and the feeling was a little weird. Normally Wings and Papyrus would both be up and moving about around this time making all kinds of noise.  Papyrus’ loud voice would echo into every room, talking to Wings who would be drinking his eleventh cup of coffee as the youngest Gaster cooked breakfast.  But now that Sans took a moment to notice it, the house was... quiet.  He didn’t like waking up to silence.  Not one bit.

He picked up the phone.

“How’s it going, bro-”

“Where the hell are you, Sans??” Wings’ annoyed and aggressive croaky voice made Sans blinked.

*Guess he woke up in a bad mood too*, Sans began to think until he realized why Wings would be so pissed.  Sans felt his sockets widen as a fresh burst of stress hit him for a very different reason.

“Oh shit-”

“Oh, I see you remembered.  Good for you, brother,” Wings said coldly.  Sans winced at his tone.  Wings was pissed.  Actually that was putting it mildly.  Wings was beyond pissed.  And admittedly for good reason, too.  Sans said he’d be there at nine-thirty A.M to take Aaron to Don Dee and he was late.  Late.  While there were very few things that made Wings’ bone marrow boil, being late was high on the list... right after being woken up in the middle of the night.
The eldest Gaster continued undisturbed when Sans didn’t bother to respond.

“Don’t get me wrong brother, I’m glad you had a great time on your date last night, but if it isn’t too much trouble, do you think you can wake your lady friend up, apologize that you can’t walk her home and get yourself here so you can take Aaron to meet Don Dee?” Wings’ voice was still steady, calm, and precise, but Sans was sure if he were standing right in front of him, Wings’ hands would be shaking, his right socket would be pitch black while the red light in his left socket would be glowing violently.

**Fan-fucking-tastic**, Sans thought, making a fist and gently hitting his forehead with it. **Now I have two people that are pissed with me.** Sans didn’t even to kid himself on how this day was gonna go.

**Business before pleasure.** It had been Wings’ motto for years and Sans had followed that motto loyally for as long as he could remember and the fact that Sans knew he was gonna have to follow it today too made him even more desperate to get to his little lady, but he couldn’t allow that urge to control him, no matter how hard it was.

The way Wings saw it, Sans had almost “disrupted” his plans once when he threatened the human lady’s friends just for a date and her time and if Sans chose his lady over business a second time... there was gonna be hell to pay. Big hell.

Despite the fact that Wings was a patient man, he was also one of the biggest bastards Sans knew, (excluding himself of course) when he lost his temper and if a constant element was causing a problem for one of the eldest skeleton’s carefully laid out plan, Wings would personally deal with it. Sans wasn’t exactly sure what he would do, but he’d do something.

**I’ll have to visit my lady later today**, Sans decided as a deep and depressed sigh left him. Visiting her in the early morning would have made his missed phone call excuse for skipping their date the other night seem more credible, but telling her that excuse the day after in the afternoon? Sans swore mentally.

No, Sans thought feeling a headache begin in his skull. **That ain’t gonna do. I’ll have to make a quick phone call apologizin’ to her and lettin’ her know I ain’t done wit’ her and then I’ll leave for Fell City. Then afterwards, I’ll try visitin’ her and talkin’ to her about what happened… and if that doesn’t work…**

“Alright bro, I’ll be there in a minute. I just need to call Frisk-”
Wings’ annoyed scoff made the skeleton pause.

“She’s not with you at this moment, sleeping off her mistake—"

_Fuck you asshole,_ Sans mentally told his brother, but the thought was more of a detached reaction of being insulted as opposed to a real moment of anger. He knew Wings didn’t mean it.

“-but since she is not there, it safe for me to assume that she either already left for the day or your date wasn’t as successful as you hoped it would be?”

Despite the anger, Sans heard the underlying hint of curiosity in his brother’s tone too.

Sans swallowed as his face got red.

“She’s not here. It’s all yer damn fault too,” he said, his anger spiking and he found himself unable to keep himself from growling at his brother. “Ya overworked me yesterday and I… I slept through my date with her. To be honest, wit’ ya, I just woke up.”

The pause on the other end of the phone was puzzling and for one second Sans honestly thought he lost connection until he heard Wings’ croaky laughter enter his skull. Sans’ gritted his teeth harder and his hold on the phone tightened.

“You… you stood her up?” More laughter followed and a small faint puff of red smoke began to leave Sans’ socket.

_The fuck is so funny?_ He wanted to ask, but kept the question down even though his rage was growing with every chuckle Wings let out.

“And you wonder why you have a hard time getting women, Sans.”

Sans gripped the telephone so hard that the plastic began to crack.
“Yer datin’ life ain’t that great either Wings. The last woman who showed interest in ya tried to kill ya. When was the last time you even had sex?” Sans challenged.

Without skipping a beat, Wings answered, still chuckling. “Thirteen years ago.”

Sans’ blush increased, but on the bright side at least his misery seem to lighten Wings’ anger. Which was good… Sans supposed, but Wings’ laughter wasn’t making him feel any better. In fact, he was making him feel much worse about everything. He still couldn’t believe he fell asleep and stood her up. She gave him that chance...

“Goddamn it, Wings, it ain’t fuckin’ funny and now I don’t know what the fuck I’m gonna do to make things right wit’ her, alright?”

Sans expected more laughter on the other end, but instead all he got was a thoughtful hum.

“This human really means a lot to you, Sans?”

Sans didn’t answer, feeling his face get even redder. He expected his brother to push that question. Sans expected him to ask why his little lady was so important and while Sans had an answer, the answer was so long and so old… a ten year old answer to be specific, but more importantly it was an answer nobody but Sans had a right to know. Luckily though, Wings didn’t push the issue. He simply cleared his throat, all traces of anger gone as he spoke again.

“Okay, you still got a little bit of time before you take Aaron to see Don Dee. Make your call to your girl and don’t lose your temper if she hangs up on you. I may not be a ladies’ man but I know that they don’t like to be stood up, so don’t get angry if she gets angry with you.”

The comforting tone, the lack of humor and the overall sincerity in Wings’ voice calmed Sans’ anger down and after a few deep breaths, Sans’ temper was back to a stressed and depressed, but controlled state. The younger skeleton sighed again.

“Yeah I know….” he paused. He knew he couldn’t talk his brother into breaking his rule: Business before pleasure, especially when everything had been planned down to the second, but with Wings’ anger gone, Sans would have hated himself if he hadn’t at least tried.
“I was actually plannin’ on visitin’ her-”

“You’ll have to do that later, brother,” Wings said and to Sans’ surprise, his voice still sounded sympathetic.

**Guess that ain’t no surprise. I’ll just have to make a quick phone call then,** Sans thought and in his annoyance almost missed what Wings said next.

“Oh and by the way, Mac, that human you and Papyrus brought back, finally woke up.” Wings sounded incredibly pleased now.

Sans blinked. “That fuckin’ wimp woke up?” And despite his grunt response, Sans couldn’t help but let a small pleased smile cross his face. **Guess he had a little bit more of a fight in him than I thought.**

“How’s he doin’? Did you give him the rundown of what’s he gonna be doin’? Is he comin’ wit’ me and Aaron today?”

Wings chuckled again, only this time it didn’t sound as light and easy-going as before. It was still amused, but it had that rough and dark edge to it. It was the type of laughter Sans always heard when Wings just finished his latest weapon… or when he was watching a stupid whores spider-bitch get her head bashed in. Sans often referred to it as his “mad scientist” cackle.

“No Sans, I don’t think he’s quite ready for any of that just yet. Maybe in a week or so-”

“A week?! What’s his problem? He givin’ you grief or fightin’ ya?”

If this “Mac” guy was fighting Wings, Sans would have been surprised. Sans was sure the guy couldn’t say “boo” to a moldsmal, let along make a fist and hit somebody with it.

“Oh no, nothing like that. The poor fellow is a heroin addict and needs some time to rehabilitate himself before we can use him and lucky for us, the collar I used on you to help you kick your heavy drinking and drug use all those years ago fits him just fine.”

Sans winced at those memories. While he still was a heavy drinker, he had been so much worse as a
teenager and not only was he a drinker he also took part in injecting some pretty terrible stuff into his SOUL. Sans was constantly injecting his SOUL with a type of drug that would give him a five second rush before it completely knocked him out for seven to ten hours.

But one night when he was passed out on their crappy floor, Wings placed a collar around his neck and wouldn’t take it off. And every time Sans tried to drink or inject himself with something the collar would activate and a surge of what Sans could only describe as a shock of electricity would rip through his body. Needless to say, after a few weeks, the “treatment” worked. But even after all those years of being “rehabilitated”, the pain was still so fresh in his mind.

*You poor son of a bitch*, Sans thought to Mac. *Get ready for some of the most painful moments of your life.*

“Well, I’m sure he’ll be clean soon-”

“And speaking of that do you mind getting me a bit of heroin from one of the human drug dealers after you set Aaron up in Surface City? I haven’t told Mac what the collar is for yet and I feel like an actual demonstration is needed.”

Sans sighed. Another errand, another few minutes taken away from seeing my little lady, but… business before pleasure.

“I’ll see what I can do.”

“Thank you. I’ll see you soon and please remember, don’t lose your temper when you call your lady.”

*Can’t promise anything*, Sans thought regretfully. “I won’t.”

“Good… she does have a lovely voice doesn’t she?. If things don’t work out between the two of you, maybe I can have her.”

Sans’ sockets went pitch black as an indescribable amount of jealous rage ripped through him.
“She’s mine-” Sans began to snarl only to be interrupted by Wings’ laughter.

“And you tell me to get a sense of humor. Call your lady, Sans, then come here.”

Sans heard the dial tone, letting him know his brother hung up the phone. And with Wings’ final words ringing in his skull, Sans let out a growl of fury and slammed the phone back on the hook.

Asshole, Sans thought viciously before forcing himself to calm down and when his temper became a bit more manageable, he picked up the phone again and dialed his lady’s number.

And it rang. And he let it keep ringing, just in case she was in the bathroom and didn’t hear it, or if she were in the kitchen, fixing herself a snack and didn’t hear it or was still sleeping and didn’t hear it.

It kept ringing and with every ring that went unanswered, Sans felt sweat start to pour down his skull.

Okay, she might be out shoppin’ or something, Sans thought as he reconsidered what he should say to her.

I tried calling ya yesterday and nobody picked up and I tried ya again, but nobody picked up. Where were ya?

The excuse didn’t sound so good anymore. Even if she wasn’t answering for real this time, the added weight of the second missed call in his excuse seem a little too stretched and too convenient to be truthful. Sans started to tap his phalanges against the table the phone was sitting on before a smile came over his face.

Tops, he thought. He’d know what to say to my little lady. I just need to talk to him after I get Aaron to Surface City and buy the little junkie his heroin shot.

Sans only saw the human for a few seconds once he got home and even in that short amount of time
Sans couldn’t help but feel bad for him.

Mac was sitting at their dining room table and from the looks of it, had taken a shower, gotten a new set of clean bandages over his wounds and was wearing some of Papyrus’ clothes from when Papyrus was still a kid and even then the clothes seem to droop off of Mac’s body. More likely than not Wings would request Popper’s services to create some outfits that would fit him, but for now the human would have to make due with Papyrus’ childhood clothes.

Mac was also clearly going through some hardcore withdraws. He was shaking, his face was covered in sweat and he kept twitching his fingers, not bothering to even touch the plate of spaghetti Papyrus put in front of him and from the looks of it, Papyrus was starting to get annoyed with their new human houseguest.

Though to be fair to the human, even if Mac wasn’t withdrawing, sitting across from somebody twice as tall as him with a sharp-tooth scowl on their face with kill anybody’s appetite.

But out of all those details about their new “employee” the one thing that stood out to Sans the most was the purple leather collar that had been the bane of Sans’ existence during those few short weeks he wore it. It was wrapped snugly around his neck. Sans wondered if the human had tried to take it off. Touching it wouldn’t do anything. Touching it with the intention of taking it off…

Sans shuddered and walked past the kitchen and into Wings’ study where he and Aaron were waiting for him and as soon as Sans stepped through the study Wings kicked them both out, telling them he had work to do.

*Hello to you to*, Sans thought sourly before he looked up at Aaron. The seahorse monster looked nervous, though Sans couldn’t blame him. Leaving the city you grew up in and moving to a city full of creatures you only had heard about and never seen must have been a little unnerving to the poor guy. Especially when he was gonna be the only monster in that area, but if Wings’ plans worked out, it wouldn’t be for long.

“How’s it goin’ big guy?” Sans asked, taking out one of his cigars and lighting it and taking the deep drag from it. He felt a little bit of his stress leave him.

Aaron shrugged, offering Sans an uncomfortable smile. “Alright I suppose. You know that smoking is bad for your health, right?”
Sans took another deep drag from his cigar before pulling it out of his mouth and looking at it. “Oh this is bad for my health. You know what else is bad for somebody’s health?”

Aaron shrugged stupidly. Sans grinned wickedly. Truth be told, it was hard not to like the big dumb guy. After all, when all that shit came crashing down years ago and the war between the Gasters and Asgore’s gang started, Aaron was one of the first monsters to pledge his loyalty to the skeleton brothers and even helped fight off Asgore’s dogs from crossing over into WATERFALL.

Admittedly, the muscular seahorse monster was literally all brawn and no brains, as he worked more on his body as opposed to his smarts, but he listened well enough and was completely loyal to the brothers and that was the important thing. But all the same, it was fun messing with him too.

“Not minding your own damn business, now let’s go. I got things to do today,” and with that statement Sans grabbed Aaron’s huge arm and teleported them to the location Don Dee had told them to meet.

Much like the small garden shed where Nick set up shop to collect his area’s protection fees, Grench’s place of business was just as unimpressive. It was just an empty storage room with a small desk in the middle of it.

Sans frowned and looked up at Aaron who didn’t seem too happy that this would be his new living quarters. Temporary new living quarters of course, but by the end of the night Sans was gonna make sure the guy had his bed, an icebox full of his favorite foods and his weights and workout gear here.

And waiting in the small storage room wasn’t Don Dee, though Sans wasn’t too sad by that. Instead of the old bastard, it was just one of his many goons and when the human turned around and spotted them, Sans had to hold in his chuckles as the guy nearly jumped out of his skin.

“Fuck almighty, I didn’t even hear ya come in,” the guy said, his eyes wide. Sans winked and took another drag from his cigar, letting a thicker cloud of red smoke exit his mouth. The human stared up at the red cloud in amazement before snapping out of it and returning his attention to the monsters.

“Yeah we are a quiet bunch, bud, but this here is Aaron; Grench’s replacement. Is Don Dee gonna be here soon?” Sans asked and if his brother’s plan was working in their favor, he already knew the answer.

The human didn’t answer for a minute, taking in Aaron’s massive form in silent amazement. Noticing he had an audience, Aaron couldn’t resist flexing his muscles, making them look even bigger. The human let out a low whistle before turning his attention back to Sans.
Don Dee’s goons must be getting used to us monsters. This human’s terrified reactions aren’t lasting as long as the other humans’, Sans thought and flicked his cigar ashes on the floor.

“Naw, ever since that ambush with the “Never-Dies”, Don Dee has been lying low until they’ve all been...dealt with.”

Yep everything’s goin’ smoothly, Sans thought smugly but decided to push the conversation further knowing Wings would want more than some goon telling him Dee was in hiding.

“How’s that goin’? Been able to find of those members yet?”

The human’s face contorted into a look of disbelief.

“We haven’t been able to find a single goddamn member of that freak show and believe me, we are lookin’. In fact, explaining how Don Dee expects this area to be run is my break. I’ve been looking for those members for nearly a whole day. I’m fuckin’ exhausted.”

Sans took another drag of his cigar to keep himself from laughter. Did you try looking into my incinerator? Might be able to find their ashes.

“Don Dee getting upset over that?”

The human let out an annoyed laugh. “Upset? The Don is pissed. Heads are gonna roll if they’re not found soon.”

Sans took another drag of his cigar thoughtfully. The old fuck ain’t scared yet. Might have to take a few more of his goons coming up dead before he starts thinkin’ about leavin’ town.

The human clapped his hands nervously. “Well, nevermind all that. Let me show you how the Don expects his area to run.”

The human walked over to the desk. Sans followed him and Aaron did his strange half-walk, half-
hop, following after Sans. The human opened a small drawer in the desk and pulled out a stack of papers, slamming the thick pack on the counter.

“So here are the names of every business in this area. It’s pretty big, full of stores and restaurants,” he added before his eyes narrowed skeptically. “You sure your man can handle it?”

Aaron stiffened while Sans simply nodded. Anything to get this meeting over and done with.

“Yep, Aaron can handle it.”

The human frowned and tilted his head. “Good. The fees were collected a few days ago, so you don’t have to worry about collecting again until the first of the month. However right before Grench died he wrote down the names of a couple of smaller stores along with a few tenants from the apartment right across from here that couldn’t come up with their fee.”

The human pointed to the stack of papers. “The names of these people have been highlighted. Beside their names you will find their addresses. Now, Grench gave these people an additional two weeks to pay it up.”

Sans felt his eyes widen. Grench was actually merciful?! That prick actually gave an extension?! At Sans’ expression the human smiled cruelly.

“If they don’t show up to pay in the next week and a half, you go to their addresses and kill them and their families. If they do show up here and pay, you kill them. Grench’s idea. Pretty funny right?”

Aaron stiffened up even more as Sans bit the end of his cigar. **Yeah, real funny. Wonder if Aaron’s thinkin’ of a certain goat prick who had the same type of humor.**

“In general though, it’s the same rules as Nick enforced when he collected his area’s rent, monster,” the human said, cracking his knuckles. “They come to you and if they don’t pay, you come to them and one of Don Dee’s men collects the money from you. Simple enough to understand, right?” The human asked condescendingly.

**And I’ll be coming to you, you cocky little prick,** Sans swore but kept his sharp smile on his face.
“And that’s really it. That stack of papers will help you keep track of who’s paid and who’s fucked and if you don’t have any questions—”

Sans sighed. “I need heroin for the human I saved the other day. Do you know a guy?"

The human blinked before an amused smile came over his face. “That’s right. I heard Mac was the only survivor in that ambush. Don’t know why you saved the junkie, but that ain’t none of my business. But yeah I know a guy. Name’s Jim.”

Chapter End Notes

A big shout out to ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter! <3

Just added but I have some fucking awesome news: The talented and incredibly talented mojoJujuice is turning my fic into a Freaking COMIC!!! Below is the link to their tumblr and they have already posted some art for the fic.

http://cursetale.tumblr.com/

Okay more goods news in: (I'm gonna either have a heart attack or die crying tears of happiness) NoMoreNoodles is also starting something of a comic for my fic. Check them out:

https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/163728420286

I urge you all to check them out!!!! YOU WILL NOT BE DISAPPOINTED! Not one bit.

Comments are always welcome!
Thank you all for your love, support, kindness and kudos! And since I have received so many wonder art pieces from so many talented artists (thank you all) I will be posting an Author's note chapter that features all the links to all the fan art I have received for this story!

Once again, thank you all! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Wingdings stared at the clock in his study and frowned.

It shouldn’t have taken Sans this long to get back with the human’s drug, but then again Wings’ knowledge of drug dealings were limited at best. He never touched the stuff like Sans had when they were younger, and when he and Sans did enter the criminal world working for Asgore, the two of them were strictly weapon dealers.

Tapping his fingers against his desk, Wings couldn’t help but wonder if his younger brother was taking this opportunity to visit that human woman. He doubted it though. Sans knew the rules, but all the same, this lady, this… Frisk Determ… was an interesting factor in their plans. When all this nonsense with Dee was settled, Wings fully planned on meeting her. After all, this was the first time in a long time that Sans seemed so dedicated and focused on something that wasn’t work related.

The only other time Wings remembered Sans doing something just for himself was when their mother gave him that trombone for Gyftmas all those years ago. Wings smiled at the memory and lit up a cigarette. She gave Papyrus, who was just a babybones back then, a big book filled with Word Searches, and the eldest skeleton remembered Paps spent hours that morning looking for words and asking Wings what the longer words meant. And for him, their mom had given him a small toolbox, filled with old, worn-out, greasy, but still very usable tools.

It was a great Gyftmas. Horrible but bright music filled the air, Paps was running around showing everybody the newest word he’d found and Wings was repairing appliances he had found at the dump.

Wings took a heavy drag of his cigarette and exhaled, filling his study with purple smoke. For six months, Sans had practiced on his trombone. Self-teaching is a terrible way to learn an instrument… for other people that is, but once Sans understood how to produce a variety of different notes on the damn thing, he was able to crudely replay classic songs mom loved.
And then their mom had been killed and Sans never touched the instrument again. To this day it still stayed in his closet. It was kind of funny. When Sans was practicing and playing all those years ago when they were just kids, Wings fought every urge to rip the instrument out of his hands and hide it for a few hours of peace, but after their mother had died, Wings kind of missed it.

Well, Frisk Determ did say she was a singer. Maybe Wings would hear live music in his home once again, that is if the girl ever gave Sans another chance. Honestly though, who the hell sleeps through their date with a girl they’ve been pursuing?

Nobody but Sans, Wings thought fondly, taking one last puff of his cigarette before snuffing it out in his astray.

He looked at the blueprints of his newest weapon he had been trying to work on to pass the time until Sans got back, but he just couldn’t concentrate. Sighing, he gathered all the papers and shoved them back into his desk and quietly left his study to check on the human.

Wings had left him alone with Papyrus for about an hour and the eldest Gaster wondered how the human was doing. The junkie was already sweating and violently shivering when Wings had first left him alone and by now he was probably worse. When Sans was going through withdrawal he became violent. Luckily the collar stopped him from lashing out at anybody important.

Despite the fact that drugs make people do things they normally wouldn’t do, Wings honestly doubted “Mac” would try anything. Not only did Mac have a LOVE-free green SOUL, surprising as all hell for a heroin-addict, but Papyrus and Sans both also described him as looking nervous and being clearly uncomfortable holding a gun at the storage meeting with the “Never-Dies.”

However, Wings knew “kind” people had their limits, and what’s more, he honestly couldn’t tell if Mac was being obedient and passive because of his personality or if it was simply the promise of getting his fix. The fact that the human admitted he saw Sans and Papyrus waste all those men in that shed and was still unnaturally calm given his situation and the withdrawal he was clearly going through, was… strange.

For example, Mac didn’t say anything or show any signs of rebellion when Papyrus shoved a bunch of his old clothes at him and ordered him to take a shower. The man didn’t put up a fight when Wings put the purple dog collar around his neck. All he did was meekly tug at the leather and stare questioningly at Wings.

“That shows everybody in my area you’re working for the Gaster brothers,” Wings explained before walking away.
Yes, after intense observation, Wings was convinced the guy was a straight-up wimp just like Sans had said, which begged the question: why the hell was he working for a mob boss? Granted, Surface City was going through a depression and the corruption plaguing the area was making life even harder for the poorer residents, but couldn’t this guy find a job that fit his personality more?

When Wings asked what Mac’s specific job was when he worked for Don Dee, Mac stated he was more or less a “driver”. His job was to transport “goods” from one area of the city to another.

Yes, it wasn’t one of the more dangerous jobs in the business, but it was still a job that could require Mac to kill if he were ever ambushed by rival gangs.

Walking down the stairs, he paused when he heard his brother’s voice in mid-sentence.

“-AND SO THE HUMANS ARE WATCHING ME MANAGE MY WORKERS ON REPAIRING THE PARK, WHICH DID NOT BOTHER ME IN THE LEAST. AFTER ALL, IT’S ONLY NATURAL FOR PEOPLE TO MARVEL AT GREATNESS SUCH AS MYSELF.”

There was a lingering silence and Wings had to lean forward, putting his hand on the rail so he didn’t fall down the stairs as he listened to the human’s response.

Mac gave a short, weak, uncertain chuckle. “W-w-well, we h-h-humans can be a c-curious bunch.”

The elder skeleton frowned again. The human didn’t sound so good. His withdrawal must be draining a lot out of him. Perhaps he needed a distraction until Sans came back-

“YOU HUMANS ARE ALSO A SNEAKY BUNCH! DON’T THINK I DON’T KNOW YOUR SECRET.”

Wings’ frown deepened in confusion and apparently the human shared his confusion over Papyrus’ sentence.

“I’m s-sorry, I d-don’t quite u-understand-”
“THE HUMANS AT THE PARK STARTED TALKING TO MY WORKERS AND ME AND YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED?”

Wings heard the aggravation in Papyrus’ voice spike and quickly started down the stairs. He had no idea what the hell happened at the park, but based on Papyrus’ tone whatever those humans told him angered him. And Wings felt himself get angry at Papyrus because whatever happened wasn’t reported back to him. EVERYTHING was supposed to be reported back to him, no matter how small it was.

“A WHOLE THIRTY MINUTES HAD GONE BY AND MY WORKERS DID NOT ACCOMPLISH A SINGLE THING ON REPAIRING THAT PARK, AND I ALLOWED IT! THOSE HUMANS DISTRACTED ME WITH THEIR WORDS AND THEIR QUESTIONS ABOUT FELL CITY AND THEIR SMILES, AND I FELL FOR IT!”

Wings paused. That’s all that happened? Papyrus took a quick break to talk to some humans? And then the eldest skeleton’s confusion cleared as realization hit him. A twinge of sadness hit him. Unless it’s business, the residents of Fell City hardly ever talked to any of the Gaster brothers. All those years of violence had left the residents of WATERFALL and SNOWDIN rightfully wary of the three and now that Papyrus had people talking to him and giving him attention in a non-hostile and friendly manner, he thinks they are plotting something.

Well, at least Papyrus is doing a decent job of gaining the humans’ trust if they are willing and unafraid to approach him and the workers-

Mac’s soft and pain-filled voice cut through the air.

“I...I s-still d-don’t understand-”

“My brother told me you humans have no magic, but I know you do! I saw it firsthand! There’s magic in your words that tricks monsters into forgetting things! Admit it!”

There was a lingering silence and then Mac gave a short, weak unsure chuckle.

“W-w-we...well as far as I kn-know we humans a-aren’t magic,” there was another moment of
silence before Wings heard the human swallow. “M-maybe you ju-just like small talk, bo-boss-”

**Damnit,** Wings thought and continued his fast pace as he heard a chair being scraped against the floor and a cry of pain from Mac.

Wings made it to the kitchen to see Papyrus standing behind Mac (the man looked even smaller when he stood beside the tall skeleton) and was pinning the human’s good arm behind his back. He pushed Mac forward on the table, almost slamming his head against the counter, right next to the uneaten plate of spaghetti that Papyrus cooked for him.

“I AM THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS! DO NOT CALL ME “BOSS”! NOW SHOW ME THE MAGIC!”

The human whimpered. “Look, all I k-know is ho-how to f-find quarters behind kids’ ears-”

“What the hell are you doing Papyrus?!” Wings growled and instantly Papyrus let go of the human. Mac pulled away, a look of stun and baffled fear on his tired face as Papyrus straightened his tie out nervously as Wings walked towards the two of them.

“I WAS-”

Wings stood at his full height and crossed his arms, narrowing his sockets at his youngest brother. Papyrus instantly shut his mouth.

“I told you only to use force if the human became violent.”

A look of shame crossed over Papyrus’ face. “BUT BROTHER-”

“I do believe I can handle him from now on.”

Wings tried to ignore the small bit of guilt that hit him when he saw his brother’s face fall slightly. In a quieter and more submissive voice, Papyrus spoke again.
“HE CALLED ME BOSS. YOU KNOW I HATE THAT.”

Wings glanced at the human.

“Don’t call him boss. He does not like that.”

The human quickly nodded. “I will nev-never call him boss again.”

With that statement, Wings clapped his hands once to get his brother’s glare away from Mac.

“Alright now that that’s settled, why don’t you make a list of all the things the park workers need to start on for tomorrow’s job, brother?”

Papyrus straightened up at the order. “I WILL, BROTHER,” and just before he exited the kitchen Wings felt his annoyance and impatience rise as Papyrus turned back to stare at the human one final time.

“I GOT MY EYE ON YOU.”

Then the oddest thing happened. Despite the fear in the human’s face, Mac stepped closer to Papyrus, surprising Wings and causing Papyrus to tighten his fist and take on a more defensive stance. However, the human simply smiled. It was a weak and pain-filled smile, but a genuine smile nonetheless.

“Thank you for c-cooking that spaghetti for me. I couldn’t eat a lot since I’m s-sick, bu-but it was very thoughtful of you.”

Wings was able to keep a straight face without laughing as he watched Papyrus try to hide his delight by putting on a hard and unreadable face.

“I HAVE PERFECTED THE SPAGHETTI DISH.”

Mac smile widened. “It shows.”
Wings watched in amusement as Papyrus’ hard demeanor crumbled and a small arrogant smirk began to form on his face until the youngest Gaster seemed to realize something, as shown by the way his socket widened and he pointed, a tad bit too dramatically in Wings’ opinion, at the human.

“SEE?! YOU’RE TRYING TO USE YOUR MAGIC ON ME RIGHT NOW!”

Mac took a step back, moving behind Wings for protection.

I’ll have to explain the complex idea of “kindness” and the results it has on people to Papyrus when the human isn’t present, Wings thought and cleared his throat to get Papyrus’ attention.

“He’s just being polite and thanking you, brother. There’s no magic involved there. He’s just showing respect to someone he obviously sees as great and strong.”

Mac quickly nodded. “Yep, I w-was j-just overcome with awe over...over somebody as...great as you.”

Papyrus still had his sockets narrowed.

“THAT IS MOST DEFINITELY TRUE, BUT LET ME TELL YOU THIS, HUMAN, I WILL DEDICATE MY SPARE TIME INTO RESEARCHING EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU AND YOUR RACE AND PROVE TO MY BROTHERS THAT YOU HAVE SOME KIND OF MAGIC IN YOUR BODIES.”

Yes, definitely a very long and detailed explanation of what sincere kindness is should put Papyrus’ mind to ease, Wings decided as he watched Papyrus give the human one more meaningful glare before stomping up the stairs.

Mac gave a low whistle.

“That was s-scary and very w-w-weird. Weirder than any drug-induced hal-hallucination I...I ever had-”
Wings turned around and glared down at the human, effectively shutting him up. Now that Mac was close enough to him, the skeleton monster took the opportunity to see how Mac was holding up. The poor fellow was still shaking; there were black rings under his eyes, his hands were twitching something terrible and he was sweating so badly that his hair was soaked.

“Not doing too well?” Wings asked.

Mac shook his head. “Th-the withdrawal… it’s hurting bad.”

Wings hummed thoughtfully. The withdrawals had been bad for Sans too.

What kind of harmless task can I give him until I’m able to demonstrate how the collar works? Wings thought before an idea hit him and snapped his fingers, slightly startling the human.

“Let’s get you some fresh air. I think I have a chore you can do to get your mind off your… pain until my brother comes back.”

“A dis-distraction would be nice,” Mac said, and wrapped his arms around his body, probably in an effort to reduce his shakes.

Wings gestured towards the door. “Follow me.”

Wings took him to the garage which just a day ago had been filled with the bodies of the entire “Never-Dies” gang. Since then all the bodies had been burned to a crisp, but puddles of thick blood, brain matter, chunks of bloody hair, bits of bone and teeth still littered the floor. Then there was the incinerator. After burning about twenty bodies up, that contraception needed to be cleaned out. There was so much ash in there.

Of course before Wings knew his new employee had… a problem, he had been planning to summon a few of his hands to do the job but with Mac needing a distraction and all…

“You’ll find all the cleaning supplies in here. It’s kind of a mess, so just make sure you clean it well. Don’t be afraid to use the bleach.”
Mac nodded before he let out an easy chuckle. “Yeah I know all about cleaning up Messes. When my boy was alive—Oh dear God!”

The smell of charred meat was the first thing to hit both men when Wings opened the door. Covering his nose, Mac looked into the garage and what happened next fascinated Wings to no end.

If Mac had looked bad before, he looked even worse now. Wings watched as Mac’s flushed and sweaty face turned a frighteningly pale color and his eyes widened so much, the skeleton could have sworn they were gonna pop out of his skull.

*I wonder if those physical changes happen to all humans when they get too scared,* Wings thought as he watched Mac turn away from the garage and cover his mouth.

There was an unpleasant gagging sound and a second later a spew of vomit came out the human’s mouth.

Wings tapped his chin and leaned closer to watch the scene at a better angle.

“When you told Papyrus you ate the food he cooked for you, I assumed you were just being nice to him. Interesting. You really did eat it.”

In response Mac vomited more of the noodles out of his system.

********************************************************************************************************

**Instant dislike.**

No, that wasn’t quite right. Sans didn’t instantly dislike the young man who knocked politely on the door before entering the storage unit with the skeleton’s permission. No, Sans instantly *hated* this human and he didn’t exactly know why.

A quick scan of the man’s light blue SOUL showed a *very* high level of LOVE, but Sans had met other humans with higher levels of LOVE that didn’t rub him as bad as this guy.
Sans looked the man over. He was young, maybe a few years older than his little lady and while Sans wasn’t one hundred percent sure, he would guess this fellow was probably handsome by human standards. He had clean blonde hair, a strong, healthy body, and bright blue and very alert eyes which told Sans this man dealt in drugs but wasn’t a user. Or at least not an avid user.

Over the course of his secret observations in Surface City Sans had learned the identities of MOST of Dee’s higher-up men, but he’d never seen this guy before.

The blonde-haired man smiled cheerfully as he tried to catch his breath.

“SORR-sorry it took me so long to… to get… to get… here,” the man said still gulping desperately for air. “When Tony told me you two gentlemen required my services, I rushed here as quickly as I could,” he explained before he chuckled nervously. “Sorry, I’m Jim by the way.”

Finally regaining his breath, Jim offered his hand to Sans.

The skeleton didn’t reach for it, and following his example, Aaron didn’t either. Sans narrowed his sockets at the man before he finally moved. However, instead of shaking Jim’s hand, he reached into his suit pocket for his cigar and lit it, taking a deep drag from it. After an uncomfortable minute of Jim’s hand being suspended in the air with nobody reaching for it, Jim casually lowered his hand, seemingly unbothered by Sans’ cold indifference and stuffed his hand in his pocket.

“Righto,” Jim said, his smile and easygoing tone still intact before he looked around the storage unit as opposed to the two monsters.

“Sans… I don’t like this guy. Somethin’s off ‘bout him,” Aaron whispered uneasily to the skeleton. Sans felt a little better. It wasn’t just him then.

A part of him was urging him to just pay for the fucking heroin and kick the guy out, but…

Another part of him wanted to figure out what was so… unsettling about this man. There was a part of him that really wanted to know what it was about this human that made Sans’ bones rattle uneasily, so he allowed the man to linger even though doing this prevented Sans from getting back to his brothers more quickly, which in turn would then lead to getting to Tops more quickly, which would result in him learning how to get on his little lady’s good side again.
But even knowing all that couldn’t convince him just to boot the guy out and so as the man continued to stare around the room the skeleton began to list off all the things that were so different about this human compared to the other humans he’d met.

The first thing he came up with was how odd it was to see a human seem so… unafraid or not disgusted about being in the presence of monsters. Most of the humans Sans met, though to be fair, most were Don Dee’s men, always had these nasty smirks on their faces or showed signs of blatant fear, but this guy seemed completely unbothered by the two large monsters.

Even his little lady seemed a little shocked at first about seeing monsters in Surface City, but this man… it was almost like he was used to being around monsters. However, before Sans could think harder about it, Jim finally turned back to him.

“You know when I heard that Grench was killed in that ambush I couldn’t believe my ears. I honestly thought that guy was so mean that even the Grim Reaper wouldn’t want to hang out with him,” Jim said.

Sans took another drag of his cigar.

“You part of Don Dee’s group?”

The man’s eyes widened at the question before he quickly shook his head no.

“Nah, I’m just your friendly supply man,” Jim said with a charming wink.

Sans didn’t say anything to that but it didn’t seem to upset the man, who prattled on.

“No offense to you but when Tony came down to my place and told me two monsters not only needed my services but were also Grench’s replacement I nearly had a heart attack. Never thought in my life that Don Dee would actually have monsters in his operation. The world must be progressing for the better,” Jim said brightly.

Sans finished off his cigar and threw the bud in the trash can next to the tiny desk.
“Yer awfully talkative and personal fer a drug dealer.”

Jim laughed. “I like to think of myself as a supply man. Anything you want, I can get ya,” and then the human’s easy-going face changed. The guy’s sunny smile turned a little darker and he shot Sans a sly glance. “And I mean anything. There’s nothing I can’t get.”

Aaron whined uneasily and Sans fought the urge to slap him for showing that brief sign of weakness.

“But anyways, I also heard that Mac is alive thanks to you. Thank God,” Jim said, his bright and cheery smile returning.

“He your friend or somethin’?” Sans asked.

Jim snorted at the question. “Nah, Mr….” he trailed off and waited for Sans to finish.

“Gaster… Sans Gaster.”

Jim nodded. “No, Mr. Gaster. I mean you’ve probably talked to him by now. He’s pretty pathetic,” Jim stated, that friendly smile still plastered on his face. “The guy’s a low level piece of scum, but he is one of my best customers, so I’ll pray for his health… what little he has left that is.”

*And I think it’s time for you to get the fuck out of my face*, Sans thought feeling a sort of impatience hit him all at once and it had nothing to do with seeing his little lady.

The impatience was linked to Wings’ plans. Once Wings got rid of Dee and his men, their next targets were the independent criminals that infested this city. It was going to be a case by case trial and given Jimbo’s high LOVE levels… this fucker was gonna be the first one Sans visited. And so with that in mind, it was easy to put on a friendly smile of his own as he reached for his money.

“Need to cut this short, Jimbo. I got to get goin’ so how much do I owe you?”

Jim grinned and pulled out a small baggie filled with white powder from his pocket.
“Usually Mac can only afford my nickel and dime brand, but seein’ how he’s in recovery I’ll give him the purest stuff I got.”

**And the most expensive**, Sans mentally finished. Typical drug dealer. They learn that somebody else is paying for another man’s habit so naturally they choose the “brand” that will get them the most money.

“How much?” Sans repeated, pulling out a wad of green cash.

Jim’s grin remained on his face. “No charge, my friend. Consider it a ‘welcome to the neighborhood’ gift AND-” Jim quickly added before pulling out a small piece of paper and a pen, scribbling something quickly on it. “-if you ever need anything… special, just come to me. I’ll take good care of you.”

Sans took the piece of paper from Jim’s hand and with a friendly wave Jim exited the storage.

The skeleton looked down at the paper and smiled darkly before pocketing it. Jim’s name and address were on the paper. Good. It’d be easier to find him once Dee and his men were taken care of.

“Boss, I didn’t like that guy. Not one bit,” Aaron repeated a little more loudly this time.

Sans nodded. “Yeah, me neither. He left a bad taste in my mouth, but the human in our house knows him. Maybe he can shed some light on ol’ Jimbo, but I got to get goin’. You know what to say to any of the people who come here to pay their fees?”

Aaron nodded. “All yer fees and all furthers fees have been taken care of, courtesy of Wingdings Gaster?”

Sans gave a thumbs up. “And that’s all you say. Don’t answer any more questions. That’s Mac’s job. Got it?”

Aaron nodded again. “Got it boss.”
“Good. I’ll be back later with all your things, but for now, read over that list of names and memorize all the locations in this area.”

And with that Sans vanished, eager to end his tasks for the day.

-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------
Sans mutter.

Without thinking, Mac fell to his knees and reached for the syringe again, the need to stop the pain of his withdrawals overtaking his thought process of what the hell had just happened and tried again.

Another surge of pain shot through him, causing another rough round of laughter to leave Don Gaster.

“Welcome to my rehabilitation program, Mac,” Don Gaster declared with a wide grin on his face.

At the word “rehabilitation” Mac felt himself begin to sweat. He looked up at the monster mob boss pleadingly.

“Kill me,” he begged. The pain was too much. He didn’t think he could survive...

“Yeah I remember saying that too,” the shorter skeleton said grimly before he reached down and helped Mac back up before turning to Don Gaster.

“Can I go?”

Still laughing, Don Gaster nodded. “Yes, brother. Enjoy your day.”

Mac watched as the shorter skeleton, Sans, disappeared in a puff of red smoke.

Don Gaster’s grin reminded Mac of a Halloween pumpkin.

“Now then, let’s discuss a few things about that collar: First and most importantly, it’s programmed to go off if any outside chemicals are about to be introduced into the body so… no more shooting up. Secondly, with every collar comes a leash. Here’s my leash.”

Mac watched in numb silence as Don Gaster held up his hand to reveal a ring on his middle finger. It had a golden band and purple stone right in the middle. The stone lit up and Don Gaster jerked his hand back. Almost as though there were a real leash connecting the ring to the collar, Mac felt a
force push him in the direction Don Gaster’s hand.

“How long the leash is depends on me, and right now, I think I’ll keep it short.”

Mac continued to stare up at the skeleton in a dazed sort of stupor. The pain… it was still so, so bad, he had never been this long without his fix and his cure was on the floor inches away from him. His teeth were beginning to hurt now. His hands were shaking so badly that he thought they were gonna fall off.

_I must be high ‘cause there ain’t no way this is happening_, Mac thought as he tugged on the collar in an attempt to take it off which only resulted in another painful shock.

“How you’re not very bright, human”, the tall skeleton said and maybe it was his imagination, but Mac could have sworn he heard a hint of distress in those words.

“Kill me,” he said again. He’d rather be dead than deal with the withdrawls.

Don Gaster’s smile became a little harsher.

“Unfortunately that’s not a possibility. We need a human for our plans and I’m saddened to say that it’s you. Now quit being so dramatic. My garage isn’t gonna finish cleaning itself.”

Mac stared down at the syringe, subconsciously licking his lips.

_Shit_, he thought.

******************************************************************************

“How come you’re so terrible with women, Sans?”

Sans gritted his teeth and shoved his hands into his pockets as Tops cheerfully cleaned some dirt off the side of his mobile Nice Cream stand with small rag and carelessly stuffed it in his pocket after he
Sans managed to find the blue bunny in WATERFALL near Gerson’s closed pub, which would open a little after four o’clock. It really was quite incredible that the old bastard was still able to operate his bar all by himself and the fact the place had been open since Wingdings was a kid was a feat in itself. Of course when Grillby opened his own bar in Snowdin a few years ago, Sans honestly thought the turtle’s business days were numbered, but the stubborn old man refused to kneel. Sans supposed his patience paid off. Ever since Wings had given Grillby the boot, Gerson’s business has skyrocketed, thanks largely to Grillby’s regulars now becoming Gerson’s regulars.

Tops told him that ever since Grillby left, Gerson’s pub was always hopping, which was probably why the blue bunny had set up shop a few yards away from the bar. It was just about opening and who doesn’t want a frozen treat to eat before they get shit-faced?

The blue bunny gave him a wide smile showing his buck teeth.

“I’m just picturing it: a beautiful classy lady like Frisk tells you you can come to her place in the evening, in the damn evening, for a romantic dinner of hotdogs and you sleep through it? Do you know how high your chances of having sex were?”

Tops’ face became thoughtfully as he pondered his own question. Sans had known Tops wasn’t going to pull any punches when he told him what happened but fuck, couldn’t the blue bastard not look so amused about it?

“Look, I know I fucked up-”

“Actually never mind on that. Your chances probably weren’t that great. Frisk doesn’t seem like the type of lady to… ya know…” Tops cleared his throat and wiggled his eyebrows at Sans, further infuriating the skeleton. “….end up between your sheets on the first date. You ain’t that charming or smooth, Sans.”

The skeleton growled deeply but Tops paid no mind to it.

“First off, we don’t know how that evening could have gone,” Sans puffed up his chest a little bit. “and secondly, I came to ya because I don’t know what to do, alright? I fucked up hard and I know Frisk ain’t gonna be happy when I do see her, so please can you first help me and then proceed to mock my stupidity?”
The blue bunny chuckled again but to Sans’ relief, he nodded his head and gave Sans a less teasing smile.

“Alright so what was your plan?”

Sans shrugged helplessly. “I was gonna go to her place today and apologize for being an ass.”

Sans felt slightly insulted when Tops actually looked surprised by his answer.

“Holy shit… that’s… that’s a good first step,” Tops said, sounding slightly bewildered.

Sans felt even more insulted by his words. “The fuck is that supposed to mean?”

Tops put his hands on his hips and gave Sans a coy smile.

“You don’t exactly make a lot of smart choices when it comes to women, Sans, but an apology is a good start.”

“I take it that with this situation there’s more than step.”

The bunny nodded his head and frowned when he noticed a smear of chocolate nice cream on his yellow shirt. He took out his rag again and started to wipe it off, only to smear it more into the fabric.

Sans chuckled. Sometimes never change, the skeleton thought as the bunny monster gave a sighed in annoyance throwing the rag on his stand and stared in disappointment at the stain on his uniform.

“There’s a good chance she isn’t gonna want to see you today. She might just ignore you when you come knocking.”

Sans nodded. Yeah, he’d thought of that too and he was worried that if she didn’t even give him a
chance to explain himself or apologize, he’d lose his temper. And then things would proceed to get worse from there.

“What would you recommend?”

Tops chewed on his bottom lip in deep thought.

“In case she doesn’t answer her door, she could just as easily ignore a phone call so I would push a letter underneath her door explaining what happened and then leave it as that.”

Sans stared at his friend. “That’s it?”

“Yes, that’s it for today. Don’t overdo it. Just let her know you’re sorry, give her some time to absorb that information and then try again the next day.”

“And what if she don’t answer her door or want to listen to me the next day?” Sans asked, feeling his temper raise just at the thought of not seeing or talking reasonably to his little lady for that long.

Tops’ coy smile came back on. “So here’s what you do then: She’s a bar singer right? For somebody like you, it should be easy enough to find out what bars and clubs she’s singing at. Just go to the owner at whatever bar she’s performing at, grease his palm a little bit and tell him you want Frisk to sit at your table for a little bit after she’s done signing. If you give them enough, they’ll do it. Since Frisk’s boss is tellin’ her to do it, she’ll have to do it. And since you’re in a public setting and at her place of employment she’ll have to have a calm reasonable conversation with you.”

Sans must have looked impressed because Tops winked at him and gave a small bow. “See? This ol’ rabbit still has a few good ideas.”

Sans grinned. “That ain’t a bad idea, Tops. Hell, I’ll even bring her a cooked hot dog and tell ’er we can still have that hot dog date.”

The blue bunny reached over and punched Sans in the arm.

“That ain’t a bad move, Sans. Maybe you would have charmed her in between those sheets last night, pal.”
The skeleton smirked, his ego higher than it had ever been since he woke up and pulled out his third cigar for the day and lit it.

“This whole datin’ thing really is a big headache though. Heh heh heh, you know I was actually thinkin’ it would all be so much easier if I just… heh heh heh… ya know… I moved her to an area where it would just be her and me.”

Tops laughed, pulling out his nice cream scoop and started cleaning it. “Yeah that would make things easier, say Sans, I think you dropped something.”

As soon as Sans looked down a sharp biting pain exploded on the top of his skull. He howled in agony and started to rub the aching area hoping to sooth the pain. He looked up and bared his teeth angrily at Tops, red smoke faintly coming out of socket as he watched the blue bunny expertly twirl the scoop between his fingers.

Tops’ trademark smile was gone and a nasty scowl of his own was on his face.

“TOPS! WHAT THE FUCK, MAN?! WHY THE HELL DID YOU HIT ME WITH THAT THING? SHIT’S MADE OUT OF METAL, FOR FUCK’S SAKES!”

Tops crossed his arms and for one second Sans was a little taken aback. Sure, the two of them had their arguments, but he had never seen his best friend give him such a hostile glare before.

“Take another bit of my advice. If you want some broad to give you endless amount of attention and sex without earning it, then why don’t you go pay a hooker enough money so she can be exclusively yours, because that’s how cheap you just made Frisk sound.”

Without thinking, Sans grabbed Tops by one of his suspenders and nearly dragged him over the Nice Cream Stand. Nose to nasal hole, Sans growled into Tops’ face.

“Don’t you ever compare Frisk to a hooker. She’s more than that.”

“Then start thinking of her as more than something you can take, Sans, because if you keep thinking of her even remotely like an object, you’ll lose her even if you manage to get her.”
Tops’ voice was calm and even and he never broke eye contact with Sans.

You’ll lose her…

Those three words shattered Sans’ fury and with trembling fingers he let go of Tops’ uniform. If his ego had been riding high a moment ago, it was now underneath the earth buried.

Sans felt ashamed because Tops was right. The skeleton offered a shameful smile.

“Ye-yeah… I’m sorry about… what I just did… look I know what yer sayin’ is right… it’s just that… ya know… I can’t afford to lose her.”

Tops’ face softened. “Then don’t lose her. You’re doing a good enough job when you’re trying to win her. It’s when you try to claim her that things get all fucked up, ya idiot.”

Sans thought back to that night in the ladies room. Fuck.

“I got it,” he said and let out a deep and humorless laugh. “I’ve been a dick to you, too. How are you dealin’ with yer breakup?”

The bunny’s face became pained. “I miss him and it hurts.”

Sans reached over and patted his friend. “Sorry bud. Want to hang out at my place tonight?”

Tops smirked, trying to recompose his lips into his award-winning smile and failing miserably.

“I’ll bring the dessert.”

*****************************************************************************
Jim whistled cheerfully as he entered his apartment. Today had been an interesting day to say the least. Locking the door behind him, he took off his shoes and turned on his radio, enjoying the easy music that flowed throughout his living room.

He poured himself a glass of water, gulping it down in one go before reaching for his phone, dialing his boss’ number.

Grillby picked up only after two rings.

“Did you find a new singer?”

Jim smirked. “No ‘hello, how are you doing?’ Come on, Grillby, I know you have some manners, but to answer your question, no, I haven’t found another singer just yet, but give me some time and I will.”

Jim’s smirk widened when he heard his boss’ sigh of annoyance.

“Well, what do you want? I was about to head to the park and enjoy my afternoon before opening the bar up, so hurry it up.”

Jim openly laughed. “Bringing some candy wit’ ya?”

“I’m hanging up, human. Call me when you’ve found a replacement for Frisk-”

“Didn’t you say the guy who burned your second bar down and smashed your face was a skeleton named Gaster?”

Jim started to sway with the music on his radio as Grillby let out another sigh.

“What does it matter?”

“Did you know there’s a big skeleton named Sans Gaster who’s doin’ business in Surface City?”
The silence on the other line was so satisfying that Jim could practically see his disgusting boss’ body flames expanding with excitement.

“Exactly how much information do you have about him?”

Jim playfully curled his fingers around the phone’s cord. “How much are you willing to pay me to talk?

Chapter End Notes

Jim is a lot of things and being an intelligent man is one of them. :( 

Also a big shout out to ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter! <3

Comments are always welcome!
AUTHOR'S NOTE: A CHAPTER DEDICATED TO ALL THE BEAUTIFUL ARTISTS <3

So many of you have created beautiful and amazing pieces of artwork and I felt they deserved a chapter of their own so here is it!

I am completely humbled and incredibly honored by the people who took the time to create these wonderful pieces of fanart and I thank you from the bottom of my heart for them!

I urge you all to take a gander at them when you have a chance because I can tell you with complete confidence you will NOT be disappointed! ^_^

Here are the links to all the artwork I have received and once again I thank all the fantastic artists for them!

Sans and Frisk looks so fucking cute, you'll die!

Three pieces of sexy artwork by the extremely talented and wonderful NoMoreNoodles!

https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/161997142971
https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/162649266611
https://killermonkey07.tumblr.com/image/162027372481

Plus a COMIC PAGE (yes a comic page!!! My heart is gonna explode) by them:

The beautiful mojoJujuice is turning my fic into a Freaking COMIC!!! Below is the link to their tumblr and they have already posted some doodles and art for the fic.

http://cursetale.tumblr.com/search/sooner+or+later+you%27re+gonna+be+mine

Their artwork is dark and gritty and very sexy and yes at this point I'm dead from all the love and the love is making me a zombie! <3

The lovely artist SweetTooth17 gave me two art pieces, one featuring our favorite skelly/human couple and the other one featuring our Skeleton trio:

https://cashopeia.deviantart.com/art/Persuasion-Mobfell-fanart-697277562
https://cashopeia.deviantart.com/art/The-Gaster-Brothers-Mobfell-fanart-698691663

Wings looks so freaking smooth in their artwork!

Just added! Frisk is too sexy and too cute in this newest piece of fanart I got! <3
If you like Wingdings you should definitely check out Chronicler_Enigma's amazing fanart. Their artwork shows a Wingdings Gaster you do not screw with!

https://chronsart.tumblr.com/post/164515171924/mafiafell-gaster-fanart-wip

And in their art piece, Sin-cognito asks "Do you like what you see?"
I know I did! <3

https://sin-cognito.tumblr.com/image/163045683328

**Just added!** So for those of you who think arrogant Sans who is clearly thinking that Frisk being annoyed is super cute, here's Undyingflowers' fanart showing a clearly amused Sans trying to impress a clearly annoyed and extremely adorable Frisk! <3

http://blindddetermination.tumblr.com/post/163940633184/finally-got-to-sit-down-and-work-on-these

**NEW!!!!!!**
I just received this piece of fan art from a lovely, shy and wonderful artist! <3 Behold a stunning and beautiful Frisk up on stage with the spotlight on as she sings her heart out!

http://68.media.tumblr.com/b6b634b7399864846e54915635a44f32/tumblr_ovqrmsrNIJ1qm5lr2o1_1280.png

**NEW!!**
For those of you who love seeing a smug and very sexy Sans holding his annoyed little lady close to his side, the epic BeliceKyrie just gave me this beautiful art piece! <3

http://growingupwhenhellsfrozen.tumblr.com/post/165567662184/ahhh-took-forever-to-finish-but-im-glad-i-did-i

So I just received this newest artwork by the wonderful zemikiart! Showing off her amazing skills she drew a smug Sans looking at his beautiful little lady!

https://zemikiart.tumblr.com/image/173593163573

I do believe that's everybody, but if I missed somebody I'm so sorry and PLEASE let me know so I can add you! <3

Thank you all! I love you! <3
MTT-Brand Burger Emporium

Chapter Notes

Sorry this one took so damn long. So many rewrites! :(

Now for the important bit: Thank you all for your love, support, comments, kindness and kudos!
And I'm sure all of you now know, chapter 25 is dedicated for all the wonderful art pieces I have received from so many talented artists (thank you all). I have been given a lot more since my last update and I urge you all to take a gander!

PS: The lovely and talented Juju has posted 17 comic pages of my story on her site: http://cursetale.tumblr.com/

Once again thank you all for your gifts and support! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As if the loud overbearing music that was blasting in the small kitchen of the MTT-Brand Burger Emporium wasn’t already putting a strain on Whisk’s horrifically injured ears as it was, things were about to get worse for the fidgety cat.

The grill was dirty from the lunch rush and when the feline monster shakily poured a cup of water onto the sizzling hot surface to scrape it clean (before somebody saw it and gave him a “lecture” on how he should keep his areas tidy) the liquid instantly turned to hot steam and rose into the air hitting his face full force.

Whisk sputtered, his bandaged ears twitching madly as the burning steam lightly kissed those doubly sensitive areas at the top of his head. The pain that erupted from his injury was so bad it felt like somebody had sucker-punched him right in the gut and knocked all the wind out of him. The worst part was the pain didn’t just stay in one stop. That horrid stinging feeling started at the base of his ears, where his superstar celebrity of a boss, Mettaton, had brutally twisted them in an unprovoked rage two days earlier, and traveled straight to his brain until his whole head was throbbing.

Whisk’s vision spun as he instinctively hissed and bared his fangs at nothing in a pathetic non-threatening manner that Mettaton often described as “pitifully adorable”. The feline monster gently covered his injured ears and turned his face away from the hot steam, unfallen tears stinging his eyes. He’d like to think his need to cry was from the physical pain, but he knew that small amount of steam that just smacked him was simply the straw that broke the camel's back, so to speak. He knew the heavy burning breathless feeling that was beginning to grow rapidly in his chest wasn’t from a simple injury.
Tops,

I’m sorry I can’t tell you this in person, but I think a letter would be best for both of us….

The loud music from the small glittery pink radio that was deliberately placed on a high shelf right above the grill suddenly got much more unbearable and if it weren’t for the fact that there were three additional radios in the now empty dining area of the Emporium also blasting his boss’ newest “musical hits”, Whisk might have walked in there to seek some silence until the pain simmered down.

After moving in and living with you for a while now, I don’t think we are gonna work out.

Whisk sucked in a sharp breath as another surge of pain hit him interrupting his thoughts. He was glad about that. He had no business thinking about things like that anymore and as sort of a self-punishment for thinking about his ex-lover, the cat monster pinched his right ear and gave it a sharp twist, letting out a small yelp in the process.

He hoped that enough pain would keep him from thinking about things that didn’t matter anymore.

We gave it our best try, well if we are being honest, I gave it MY best try but I just don’t feel us as SOULMATES….

It somewhat worked and luckily Whisk was used to pretending and so he just pretended he wasn’t thinking about Tops. Or about their little home at the end of WATERFALL. Or that pathetic spineless note he left.

I can’t see myself making it big as a singer when I have to deal with a broken relationship and a partner who has already settled for having a shitty life.

-Whisk

Whisk simply concentrated on the buzzing physical pain that was mercilessly filling his head and so pretending became so much easier and while Tops wasn’t exactly gone from his mind… he was
never truly gone from Whisk’s thoughts… ever… the pain thankfully took center stage.

This injury, much like his partially nerve-damaged left paw that would never grow fur again, were probably two of the worst “work-related” injuries Whisk had received ever since he had the privilege of “meeting” Fell City’s greatest radio host of all times, Mettaton.

The sad thing was in most cases, he knew he deserved the little punishments his boss dished him. For example, the more minor injuries he received throughout the years of working for Mettaton were often a result of something he did to get his boss annoyed with his work performance. A tail pull here and slap in the face there had become so routine that Whisk paid the pain in those moments no mind even if his nose started to leak dust or his tail lost the ability to move on its own for a few days. It was just the unfortunate result of being a shitty worker.

Of course Tops didn’t understand it and got angry when Whisk would come home with those little unimportant injuries. No…Tops would become enraged, and while Whisk thought it was sweet that his EX-older lover was concerned about him, it really was unfounded concern. Tops had his own business and could be his own boss and didn’t understand what it was like to work for somebody else. He didn’t understand the concept that when somebody hires you and is displeased with your work, they have a right to express that displeasure.

Whisk had tried to explain that to Tops so many times and never understood the look of baffled horror that would come over Tops’ face and the many pointless conversations they would have.

“Sweetie, just quit already. Just… find a job here. I’m sure you can talk Gerson into giving you a job.”

Whisk hated those conversations because Tops didn’t UNDERSTAND.

“You k-know I can’t do that… h-he’s the only one who can get me into show business.”

Whisk actually found it quite hilarious at one point in his sad life he even had a dream, but at least that excuse kept the bunny from confronting Mettaton about his unimportant injuries. That and Whisk’s constant reminders to Tops that Mettaton was a close friend of Don Asgore Dreemurr. Whisk knew that Tops wasn’t worried about himself should the robotic man hurt him. He was worried that “fake metal piece of shit” would hurt Whisk further.

Though the cat knew that his bunny lover… EX-bunny lover wouldn’t be so rational if he knew
what happened to Whisk’s left paw. Tops wouldn’t have understood, but Whisk knew he deserved that. He understood why Mettaton, who wasn’t even his boss at the time, held his hand right on top of the brutally hot grill five years ago when he was only fourteen. When you steal from Mettaton, things don’t go exactly in your favor, and Whisk was the living of example of that.

Luckily that injury was old and so Whisk played it off as damage he’d received during a small fire when he was just a kitten when Tops introduced himself that one night as Whisk was walking home from work.

Whisk still remembered that day. The sun had just set and the streetlight had just came on over on WATERFALL’s side.

The blue bunny had been leaning on his Nice Cream Cart.

“Hey kitty-cat, I couldn’t help but notice I live right at the edge of WATERFALL and you’re right at the edge of HOTLAND and yet we’ve never talked… I’m Tops…”

But that was ancient history. All of that was ancient history, and he should really stop thinking about it, because he really had no business thinking about any of that! He should just concentrate on the pain and nothing else.

Even if this latest injury, unlike the majority of all the other injuries he received, really was undeserved.

Two days ago Whisk had still been sweeping the dining room after the dinner rush when Mettaton had confronted him about the “filthy state of his BEAUTIFUL restaurant”. Of course, Whisk knew right away that wasn’t the reason why Mettaton was raging. Usually Mettaton patiently waited until Whisk had finished cleaning before ripping the poor feline apart.

No, what was enraging Mettaton two days ago was that he was disappointed; and he was not used to being disappointed. His metal boss had so been looking forward to seeing live human entertainment at Grillby’s and… buying a little “time” with the poor creature. It had been all he’d talked about for days on end with Whisk, either when the superstar came into the restaurant for his “surprise” inspections, or when the radio host advertised the event on his radio show, naturally leaving out his intention to “sample the little darling”.

It was a smart idea to have left that bit out. After all, nearly all the monsters who spent time at the
MTT-Resort may have been rich, but only a selected few knew about Grillby’s “special services.” Oh yes, Whisk had learned a lot when Mettaton “found” him a new home or rather a small room at Grillby’s bar after his “breakup” with Tops.

Like the sick fire monster’s twisted attractions and what really happened to Binkie, the lovely female monster bunny who supposedly up and left her entire family to move to HOTLAND or Pyre, the pretty fire monster who disappeared shortly after graduating from high school. And those children… those poor little human children…

Whisk thought that making the anonymous call to Don Gaster would end all that madness. He couldn’t save himself, he had fucked himself over all those years ago and needed to take his punishments accordingly, but if he could save all those poor SOULS under Grillby’s rule….

Don Gaster did do something, but it wasn’t what Whisk had been hoping for…

Whisk figured he really should stop hoping… it did him no good. Just look what what happened when Mettaton found out about Tops.

Whisk gritted his teeth and pinched his ear again, focusing on the pain. HE SHOULDN’T BE THINKING OF THINGS HE HAD NO BUSINESS THINKING ABOUT ANYMORE!

Living under Grillby’s roof when he wasn’t working under Mettaton’s rule gave Whisk a lot of information he wished he’d never learned. The most recent thing he had been told to him by an exhausted Binkie; the human singer Mettaton thought he would be “meeting” soon was suddenly Don Dreemurr’s newest pet. That poor little human.

And apparently learning that tidbit of information had disappointed the superstar.

And what were the results of being disappointed? Just seeing a straw wrapping underneath one of the clean tables was a good enough reason for Mettaton to grab Whisk’s ears. The action reminded the cat of a parent who was fed up with their child’s poor behavior. Of course most sane parents don’t twist their kids’ ears until they’ve nearly rip them off the child’s head. Despite the incredible pain, Whisk didn’t fight back because fighting back was a sign of disrespect in Mettaton’s eyes and more abuse would follow, (that lesson had been learned the hard way) but he did scream and beg for his boss to stop. Begging usually worked during these punishment sessions.

Mettaton loved beggars, but that time begging hadn’t worked. Mettaton was more than disappointed.
He was pissed, and Whisk honestly thought he was going to lose at least one of his ears that day, but at the very last moment, Mettaton’s ghostly cousin, who’d been observing the tantrum, nonchalantly reminded his metal relative that the restaurant was still open. If a customer happened to come in and saw what was transpiring they might start... **untrue** and **unfounded** rumors about the superstar.

That had been enough for Mettaton to stop. The thought of somebody **important** seeing him act differently than his radio persona must have scared him. After all, the monster went to great lengths on his radio shows to portray himself as a kind and charming monster and for that Whisk had to give him credit: the unknowing wealthier monsters who practically lived at the MTT Resort, who had lots of money and no idea what to do with it, ate his act up.

The majority of the wealthy and admittedly harmless monsters of the MTT resort? They saw him as nothing more than the charming radio host of Fell City, who answered call-ins to his radio shows with an excited and welcoming voice. Who was always so gracious and ecstatic to hear endless praise about himself and gave praises out just as quickly, and so dramatically that they made those unknowing fools blush with bliss.

But those weren’t the only things Mettaton was known for. To the innocent and naive monsters of the MTT Resort, Mettaton was also the visionary who was constantly adding entertainment to an otherwise cultural wasteland with his human music and the theater he had built a few years back; not to mention his name brand fashion clothing and accessories.

Of course, the poorer and more desperate monsters of HOTLAND like Whisk knew better. They knew Mettaton was more than just a radio host. Like Grillby, Mettaton had his own private services that he had been offering other monsters for years, but unlike Grillby, his services were strictly for “the unfortunate and down-on-their-luck” monsters.

To Whisk’s disgust, Mettaton was even tasteless enough to call what he did “acts of charity” and while Whisk never asked Mettaton for anything other than mercy when he was fourteen, he watched many poor and struggling monsters quietly enter the Burger Emporium on special days when they knew the celebrity would be at his office located in the back of the restaurant as opposed to being at his radio station putting on his eight-hour radio show. Mettaton called these days his “charity days.”

Whisk could’ve puked every time he’d heard Mettaton say that phrase.

Mettaton’s acts of charity were simple enough though: A monster asked for a loan and Mettaton would give it to them, no matter what the amount was and always with an understanding smile on his face. If a monster actually spent time explaining their sad situation, not only would Mettaton play the part of the generous and understanding monster, but he would also make a big deal about how happy he was that he’d created his charity to help wonderful but unfortunate monsters.
Some fell for the act and some didn’t. Most didn’t. They got their money and a timeline to pay it back in. There was no interest on the money, Mettaton was doing this “out of the kindness of his own heart.”

Whisk could have puked again every time he heard Mettaton declare that as well.

And as expected, some monsters were able to pay their loans backs, but many weren’t. Most couldn’t because a majority of the monsters who asked for a loan were monsters who had lost their jobs and needed money for their bills, or to cover Asgore’s protection fee. And when they couldn’t pay him back before their deadline, bad thing happened to those monsters. Very, very bad things. All the poor residents of HOTLAND knew what happened to those monsters, but monsters came all the time.

Desperation kept Mettaton’s charity going.

And today was a charity day and so Whisk’s boss was in his lavished office in the back of the Burger Emporium probably writing lyrics to a song that would most likely be the next musical hit as he waited for some poor monster to come his way. Fortunately these last few weeks had been a waste of time and Whisk was happy about that. There hadn’t been a monster in awhile who needed a loan and while that annoyed Mettaton, Whisk wasn’t too worried about his boss’ mood today.

Apparently after the ear twisting “accident” something must have brought Mettaton out of his angered state because the next day right after that horrible punishment Grillby had gruffly told the cat that Mettaton had given him the day off. Of course Whisk couldn’t leave his room in the small bar, but that didn’t bother the cat. Nothing seemed to bother Whisk much anymore. Except… Tops… but he really had no business thinking about the Nice Cream Salesman anymore.

No business at all. The past is the past after all and Tops was just another memory. Nothing to think about.

Instead Whisk spent his day off smoking his cigarettes, pretending he enjoyed being alone when Dogaressa took him to work the following day. The superstar had been warm and friendly with the battered employee, talking about his newest musical hit and sweetly asking Whisk if he needed anything for his new room.

If Whisk didn’t know firsthand how manipulative and downright cruel the metal bastard could be he might have actually fallen for Mettaton’s behavior as sincere kindness. Mettaton did put up a good
Whisk sighed and looked at the bright pink clock in the small, nearly claustrophobic kitchen of the MTT-Brand Burger Emporium, and felt his heart sink painfully in his chest. The fact that Whisk had nine more hours ahead of him until his shift was over and was down to only three cigarettes was making his hands begin to shake even worse than they already were.

At least during the lunch rush, Whisk was distracted. He was too busy mixing the hundreds of sparkling “Starfait” drinks to be bothered with Mettaton’s awful music. He was too busy flipping the nearly (but not quite) inedible “Glamburgers” to want a cigarette to calm his frayed nerves due in large part to the pain he was in, and he was WAY too busy layering the “Legendary Hero Sandwiches” (why humans named their sandwiches, Whisk would never know, but Mettaton, much like anything else that was human-like, latched on to the idea) to want to sob.

But now that all the business was gone, he wasn’t distracted. Now the screeching music was the only thing he could hear. Now he needed a cigarette, but his five minute break wasn’t for another two hours. Now? He *NEEDED* to cry.

“Burgerpants, darling…”

Whisk winced at the nickname and cringed at his boss’ sugary sweet tone. A fucked up paw wasn’t the only thing he’d received the day he met Mettaton. When he’d stolen all of that food he probably should have brought a small bag with him instead of shoving all of it into the pockets of his loose pants.

Another lesson learned the hard way.

Forcing a wide smile on his face, Whisk turned around to face his boss. Mettaton smiled back at Whisk, revealing a set of pearly white chompers. Despite himself, Whisk took a minute to admire his boss’ beauty knowing Mettaton wouldn’t mind in the least about his delayed response if he were marveling at his boss’ appearance.

While a majority of monsters towered over Whisk as he was classified a “dwarf monster”, Mettaton took great pains to make sure he filled a room with both his personality and body.

His whole body was *supposed* to resemble a human’s, a sign of Mettaton’s obsession for the smaller race, only with a few…minor differences. The superstar took what a human generally looked like
and “improved” the look by having the creator of his newest body, Dr. Alphys, add two more arms and two more eyes and Whisk had to admit that Mettaton achieved his goal. He really did look amazing. Not only was his body great for showing off, it also acted as the perfect armor just in case… somebody unpleasant were to plan something against one of the most beloved/hated monsters in the city. His fake but extremely realistic black hair, both in look and feel, always shined, and today was pulled back into a short ponytail, revealing all four of his beautiful bright yellow eyes that practically glowed. And one couldn’t forget his perfect smile and matching full lips that could get anybody to melt.

Oh yes, Whisk knew why so many monsters looked at this bastard as some sort of beauty and fashion expert, and speaking of fashion, the radio host’s choice of clothing was something to marvel at as well. But then again when one wears the same grease-strained uniform everyday, anything else looks amazing.

Today the superstar radio host was sporting a rather tight yet somehow perfectly tailored red pinstripe suit with a yellow button-up shirt underneath his suit coat that showed off his broad chest and how impressively long his four arms were. Two of his hands wore yellow gloves while his other two hands wore red gloves, which all matched his suit perfectly. The only thing that seemed odd were his red pants. They fit him perfectly, but they weren’t showing off his admittedly fantastic legs, a feature he ALWAYS tried to showed off no matter what he was wearing, but to be fair, this was kind of a new human style of clothing he was working with. Much like the design of his body, once Mettaton got the kinks out of what was wrong with the fashion, he’d fix it so he would look even more “fabulous”.

Money really can buy anything. Even a body as beautiful as this one, Whisk thought bitterly, but with no real jealousy. I just wish the fuckers that were ugly on the inside looked it on the outside. That’s what happened to me at least.

“How was the lunch rush, darling?” Mettaton asked and pressed his chest up to Whisk’s face as he reached up to the shelf where the radio sat and lowered the volume so they could talk without raising their voices. Whisk had to push slightly back, pressing his face even more in Mettaton’s metal chest, to avoid touching the hot grill.

Great, Whisk thought honestly. It was so busy I barely had time to think.

Whisk shrugged, feeling his smiling lips slightly twitch as Mettaton stepped back. Between putting
on this face for both Mettaton, and the endless array of customers, Whisk was always worried his face would get stuck with this smile forever. As if he weren’t a beaten pathetic sack of shit as it was, he couldn’t imagine waking up everyday with a smile like this one on his face.

“Nothing I couldn’t handle,” he said, trying to keep his voice as pleasant as possible.

Mettaton nodded and looked up at the clock before a small frown destroyed that perfect smile.

_He must be getting bored waiting in his office_, Whisk thought and couldn’t help but get a pathetic bout of bliss from the idea his boss was mildly unhappy. The only downside was that when Mettaton got bored, he wanted to talk. As if Whisk didn’t hate himself enough, Mettaton had this incredible ability to point out his biggest flaws, both his physical and internal ones, in the sweetest and most innocent of voices.

“Of course, darling. When you actually try you can be a somewhat decent worker,” Mettaton purred sweetly.

“Thanks boss,” Whisk said forcing his smile to get bigger. _You’re lucky I deserve this otherwise I would say “fuck you”_.

Sometimes it was nice to pretend that if Mettaton didn’t have complete control over his life, Whisk would actually be that brave.

“Well it is my firm belief that you must make your employees feel good about themselves if you are to run a successful business,” Mettaton explained, lightly pulling on his gloves, his smile becoming proud.

_Please leave me alone_, Whisk mentally begged his boss, but Mettaton didn’t leave and after working for him for so many years, the feline monster knew that Mettaton was about to have a long discussion with him about something.

“Darling, I’m sure you’ve heard about Mr. Asgore Dreemurr’s latest purchase, am I right?”

_You mean that poor human he bought for his bat-shit crazy wife?_
Whisk shrugged again.

“Sort of. I heard he bought a human or something.”

And for one moment, Whisk saw a look of extreme jealousy enter Mettaton’s yellow eyes. For the life of him, Whisk didn’t know why Mettaton had such a strange obsession with humans, but it was bad enough that the superstar traded his more square, and obviously stronger, body two years ago for this surreal human-like body and began creating music and clothing that was supposed to be based on the human culture. Everything now was about humans… it was… eerie...

“Yes, but a few days ago, I received a call from that dear man. You know I absolutely LOVE Asgore, but he and his enchanting wife need some serious fashion help with the human and as I am a man of fashion, I will be coming to his home tomorrow to help create a whole new look for the human. A much younger look and nobody knows how to look their best better than me!”

So that’s why he was in such a good mood. He gets to meet that poor thing anyways. As if her life is gonna be any less horrid than what the first human the Dreemurr’s had, now she’s gotta meet Mettaton Whisk realized and suddenly his heart got a little heavier at the thought of that innocent human being dressed up for those sick fucks’ entertainment.

What possessed that human to come to Fell City anyways? Haven’t they heard all those stories about us? Whisk thought and nearly jumped when he felt Mettaton lightly rest his hand on the cat’s head. He wasn’t touching the cat’s ears…yet.

“Darling,” his sweet voice now had an edge to it. “I’ve known you long enough to tell when you aren’t paying attention to me.”

Whisk gulped. I deserve whatever he does to me.

“So sorry boss.”

Mettaton sighed again but didn’t move his hand towards Whisk’s bandaged ears.

“As I was saying, I’m gonna need you to accompany me tomorrow, darling. I need assistance with showcasing all the outfits to Madame Toriel and since that’s not really dear Blooky’s… thing, I’ll
have to settle for you. Lucky for you, you have such a great boss who’s gonna give you the entire
day off!”

No, don’t get me involved. I don’t want to see that human. I can barely sleep as it is, Whisk
thought, but as always, the smile remained on his face.

“Sure thing, boss. So what are you gonna be doing to them to make them look younger? Make up?
Clothing?”

Mettaton nodded, his eyes sparkling with excitement every time fashion or humans were brought up
in conversation. He must have been ecstatic since he was going to be able to talk about the two at the
same time.

“Of course, darling! I have some of the most precious little dresses for that human to try on and my
newest line of makeup will do nicely and I’ll have to do a little hair removal...” Mettaton began to list
off only to stop and narrow his eyes at the feline.

Whisk flinched back as Mettaton bent down to his level, the smell of the too-strong flowery perfume
the radio host wore almost making the feline monster gag. However he instantly relaxed when he
realized that Mettaton was simply straightening the wrinkles out of his shirt with two of his hands
while his other two began to fix the messy fur on the top of his head, being careful not to touch his
ears. Whisk braced himself just in case though.

“Really darling, can’t you keep yourself looking somewhat attractive? I know you don’t have much
in that department, but every bit of effort helps,” Mettaton sang and didn’t notice when Whisk gritted
his teeth.

Tops always said I was cute, the feline monster wanted to growl but knew better. Besides, he had
no business thinking about something that didn’t matter anymore.

“Maybe I should add a little hat to your uniform so people can’t see how disgustingly greasy the fur
on your head gets,” Mettaton mumbled thoughtfully to himself as he completely pulled away from
Whisk, much to the cat’s relief. “Now where was I?”

Whisk continued to smile. “I think you were saying you had to leave early today to get everything
ready for tomorrow’s-”
“Surgeries!” Mettaton said, snapping his fingers, making Whisk finally jump. The sudden loud sound made Whisk’s ear twitch. “Since the human’s body is much older than what Asgore and Toriel desire there’s going to be some minor surgeries to help her body recapture its youthful look, but don’t worry, darling,” Mettaton said quickly, his smile showing great concern for his employees well-being. “It won’t be anything too serious or too gory. I just need to remove a part of her body.”

Oh dear God, Whisk thought. I don’t want to hear anymore. I don’t want to hear anymore.

Mettaton looked at the counter behind him where Whisk usually cut the lettuce and tomatoes for the sandwiches, nodded in satisfaction when he saw it was clean, and hopped onto it, crossing his legs elegantly and taking up even more room in the already tiny kitchen.

“Darling, did you know that at a certain age, female humans go through a stream of body changes?”

Please stop talking and go away.

“You know I’m not the human expert.”

Mettaton nodded, and started to rub his two sets of hands together as his voice became more excited.

“Of course I know that darling, so let me educate you: Human females and monster females are extremely different when it comes to their anatomy. And one of the differences between a monster female and a human female is that when a human girl begins to develop she goes through a process called the menstruation cycle that happens every month at around the same time. I won’t go into more details than that, it’s a little gross. One of the more disgusting traits that humans have, but it’s one of the key elements in the human culture that defines womanhood. Given this human’s age, she most likely goes through this process every month.”

Whisk frowned. Where was he going with this?

Mettaon smirked proudly. “I spent the last two days researching this process in medical books and have figured out a way to stop it. You see, the human women have something in their body called a Uterus. It’s my belief that if you remove the Uterus, you can stop the Menstruation Cycle.”
Whisk’s tail started to move nervously as he gave out an equally nervous laugh.

“But… but if that thing that… Uterus is a part of her body and it were taken out… won’t that… that kill her?”

Mettaton condescendingly giggled at the question as if the answer was obvious.

“If I were to cut off your little dick, would you survive, Burgerpants?”

Whisk fought every urge to cover his lower area as he saw his boss’ eyes flash wickedly.

“I…yes?”

Mettaton giggled again. “Oh you poor dear, you looked as though you saw the Grim Reaper! You know I LOVE you too much to hurt you THAT bad. But yes, you would survive. You see, this strange organ is basically the female reproductive system. It’s like cutting off a female dick, so to speak, and what’s better, many of the medical books I have read tell me that removal of this organ hypothetically be a safe procedure and most importantly some of those books even go into great detail about how it should be done! With a little bit of healing magic from the good doctor Alphys, that little darling human should have a fast recovery!”

“Hypothetically?! Oh Jesus Christ, the humans haven’t even tried this out…plus even if Mettaton is right…

“But… but boss, won’t that mean this human can’t have children if you take away her re-reproductive organ?”

Mettaton rolled his eyes. “I’m making her a child again and children shouldn’t have children you stupid little kitten-”

The sound of the bell that was placed at the top of the door entrance of the Burger Emporium alerted both monsters that a new customer must have entered. Mettaton gave Whisk his dazzling smile as he hopped off the counter.

“Break time's over, darling,” he sang with a wink.
Whisk nodded and eagerly raced out of the kitchen. He needed a distraction more than ever now! Anything to keep him from puking up his breakfast… anything to help him briefly forget about Tops or Binkie and Pyre or that poor little human he was gonna have to meet tomorrow.

He hoped he got a huge order. He hoped he got a crowd of picky customers whose demands on how their food was to be made were so ridiculous that it would take all of his concentration. Anything… he would take anything…

*Oh fuck no.*

He knew this kid who was standing awkwardly in the middle of the dining room. Snowdrake Jr. His father, Snowdrake Sr., used to work for Mettaton as a stand-up comedian in one of his clubs, but about six months ago the poor guy fell sick. Really sick.

Whisk felt his heart sink down in his chest as the young boy’s eyes made contact with him and with a quick step made it to the counter that Whisk stood behind. The kid was clean but his clothes had seen better days. When his father had worked for Mettaton, the small family of two had money, but now that his old man wasn’t working Whisk had heard that they had had to move out of their expensive home at the MTT-Resort and into the poorer area of HOTLAND.

Whisk also heard the kid had dropped out of school and had taken a job as a sort of construction worker or to be more accurate, a construction worker’s bitch. Whisk had seen the kid being forced to lift up heavy things while his stronger “co-workers” watched, the ice that covered a majority of the boy’s body, a sort of shield more than anything else, becoming water from the hot weather and dripping to the floor. Thank God ice monster could refreeze and recover their icy shields once they were in cold weather.

“Hey Whisk! I don’t know if you remember me, but I’m—”

Whisk straightened his body to his full height, but even then the kid was the same height as him. He glared at Junior.

“I know who you are and what you want, kid, and I’m telling you this right now: You do not want Mettaton’s help. It didn’t help any of the monsters before you and it won’t help you. Get lost.”

Despite the fact that Whisk saw that Junior knew that fact, the feline also saw the desperation in the
kid’s eyes. Desperation always won over logic.

“No, Whisk you don’t understand, I can’t afford dad’s medicine anymore! I got fired from my job and I need money,” Junior’s voice began to rise with his desperation. Whisk gritted his teeth and looked at the back door that led to the kitchen. He sighed in relief when he didn’t see his boss come through it and he turned back, he saw the kid who was on the brink of tears.

“Shut the fuck up or he’ll hear you and come out to see what the commotion is,” Whisk growled, hating how angry he sounded and how beaten and exhausted this poor kid looked.

Taking a deep breath to calm down his anxiety, Whisk softened his glare and mentioned Junior to come closer until they were only an inch apart from each other. The only thing separating them was the counter.

“Look I know you want to help your old man, but getting a loan from Mettaton is a certified ticket to death. If you die your father will die too. It’s best just to search for another job.”

Junior shook his head. “But-”

“I’ve seen it first hand, kid. He loans a monster money and gives them time to pay it. If they don’t meet his deadline, he has his bastard fuck of a cousin drag the poor SOUL back here on what he calls “collection days” and-”

“But he knows my dad!” Junior said with a delusional and desperate smile on his face. “I know he’ll cut us a break! Just let me talk to him-”

Whisk grunted, now feeling his own type of desperation hit him. This kid didn’t understand. Mettaton wasn’t merciful and didn’t even loan money out to monsters because he cared about them. He did it because he knew they couldn’t pay him back. He loved the feeling of power of having their scared trembling forms on his office floor and beg him for mercy before he killed them.

“Are you familiar with Mettaton’s radio game called Answer and Win?” Whisk asked quietly.

The kid looked shocked by the question before he nodded.
“Yeah. A listener calls in and Mettaton asks them a lot of questions about himself. If they more right answers than wrong ones, they win a prize.”

Whisk nodded, feeling his stomach turn painfully.

“That’s right. Now imagine the title being *Answer or Die* because some times just for fun, Mettaton likes to strap the monsters who owe him money to a metal chair and—”

Whisk froze as he felt that gloved hand on his head again.

*Fuck.*

“Well now! I remember you, darling. You’re Snowdrake’s boy aren’t you?” Mettaton said, his voice warm and kind.

Snowdrake Jr. swallowed and nodded. “Yeah. I’m Junior.”

Whisk watched as Mettation nodded, his smile becoming as bright as the sun.

“I knew it! My goodness, you’ve grown into such a handsome young man, too. How is your father?” Mettaton’s tone dropped a little. “I meant to call and check up on him since he was one of my favorite employees, but…” Mettaton let out a practiced laugh of shame. “I’m embarrassed to say that I haven’t found the time. No excuse…but you know how it is.”

Once again Whisk felt the powerful urge to puke. He hoped he did. Maybe if he did, it would end this meeting.

“Dad’s not doing too well and I lost my job—”

Whisk watched as all of Mettaton’s hands dramatically fluttered to his chest and dramatically sighed in what Whisk assumed was supposed to be misery. The robot needed to work on that a bit more.
“Oh my goodness! I had no idea your father and you have fallen on such hard times! Please, my
darling boy, if there’s anything I can do to help, please, I beg you, let me know!”

Aside from the three radios blasting Mettaton’s horrible “jazz music” there was a hopeful silence in
the air as Junior looked at Whisk. The kid’s eyes were still desperate but now there was just a tiny
bit of hesitation as well.

_Get out kid. You’ll die. He’ll kill you._

Junior took a deep breath. “Actually that’s why I was here, Mr. Mettaton. I have heard you...you
help monsters in my position.”

*I don’t even know why I bother hoping for anything anymore,* Whisk thought as Mettaton clapped
his hands happily.

“Of course, darling! I would be more than happy to help you, and please, call me Mettaton!
“Mister” makes me sound so old! Now follow me to my office and I’ll set you all up.”

Whisk watched as another dead monster followed Mettaton to his office.

The sounds of the radios completely filled the empty dining room. Whisk weakly looked at the
clock. He had another three hours before his dinner rush came in. Three hours of not being
distracted. Three hours to think about Binkie, Pyre, Junior, that poor little human and Tops.

Whisk reached up, grabbed his injured ear and pulled as hard as he could.

Chapter End Notes

For the next few weeks, I will be posting more chapters for Greektale and my Oneshots.
Don't worry, I haven't forgotten any of your requests my loveys. <3 ;)

And a big shout out to ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter! <3
Oh my God! I am so sorry for how delayed this update was. I redid this chapter so many times I thought I'd tear my hair out. :( 

But anyways, thank you all for your patience, love, support, comments, kindness and kudos! I love you all!

And since I've been acting more than a little flaky this month, I just want you all to know that I will get around to responding to each one of your comments, whether it's from this fic or any of them other stories. I would never forget any of you who take the time out of their day to send me love! <3

“My dear, look at our child. She seems too invested in her new toys to be interested in a bath tonight. Let’s spoil her a little more tonight and give her a bath tomorrow morning, bright and early. Chara always loved taking a bath in the morning.” Asgore gently cooed at his wife. “It always helped wake them up.”

With her stomach still screaming in pain over the excessive amount of food Toriel had spoon-fed her during their dinner, and her legs immobile, Frisk sat crossed legged near the overfilled toy chest in “her” new room and held her breath, silently pleading to whatever god who was watching over her that Toriel would agree with Asgore.

Perhaps her prayers were answered because after a silent few seconds of Toriel looking a little uncertain, the giant goat lady begrudgingly nodded, agreeing with Asgore’s plan. Of course Frisk couldn’t kid herself into thinking it wouldn’t happen tomorrow but at least it wasn’t happening tonight and as far as Frisk was concerned she had one less thing to sob about when she went to sleep for the night and she felt like she could have sobbed forever after the day she’d just had.

Up until today, Frisk hadn’t thought there could be anything as humiliating as the day ten years ago when she’d frozen up on stage in front of her classmates, her friends, her teachers, her beloved music tutor and her parents during her first solo concert, but oh had she been mistaken.

In the small amount of time since her talk with Asgore in his beautiful garden, Frisk must have done thousands of things that easily put her embarrassing stage fright memory to shame.

For starters, Frisk had to change the way she talked. When his wife left the two of them alone to
refill their drinks while they were having lunch, Asgore had quietly voiced his displeasure of Frisk’s extensive vocabulary and ordered her to dumb it down. And not only did Frisk do it, she did it without hesitation and with the biggest of smiles frozen on her face. Sure, she could limit her vocabulary.  *No problem,* she had thought.

She was surprised to find out that it was a lot harder to intentionally limit her vocabulary than she thought. Every word, every sentence, every little sound she made was studied and broken apart and revised in her mind before she even spoke. It was a mentally draining activity.

Then there was game time after lunch, or to be more specific, Toriel wanted to play hand games with Frisk and so Frisk gave every game they played her full attention and with as much concentration and determination as any child would have done. The games were simple enough, some had Toriel teaching Frisk songs and clapping patterns while another game had Toriel try to lightly slap Frisk’s hand and then Frisk would try to do the same. Frisk even made sure she got excited every time she won, proclaiming she “beat mommy” whenever she managed to slap Toriel’s soft paw.

And as Frisk played she tried her hardest not to think of her *real* mother who had played similar hand games with Frisk when she was just a child and as she thought back to her mother and her mother’s own silly expression, Frisk couldn’t help but feel like the goat lady was intentionally trying to pervert a wonderful childhood memory of her’s, and Frisk had so few good memories to begin with.

*Just keep the crazy goat lady happy,* that little voice inside her head had continually told her whenever a childhood memory popped into her head throughout the day. *Everything is okay. They haven’t taken away anything from what your mom and dad did for you so there’s no need to cry or get upset. They can NEVER take away what they did for you so just go with the flow.*

It was some good advice, but unfortunately tainting Frisk’s memories were only one form of torture. Lunch and dinner may not have been as bad as the sudden memories that attacked Frisk throughout the day, but they had been a whole other type of misery that outweighed her limited vocabulary.

Not only was Frisk spoon-fed both her lunch and dinner by an overexcited and gleeful Toriel since she was still “too ill” to do it herself, but she had also been forced to eat an excessive amount of food as well.

As much as Frisk hated to admit it, Toriel’s cooking was amazing. Everything tasted so wonderful and so perfect, and one plate would have been enough to satisfy Frisk’s hunger, but unfortunately one plate didn’t satisfy Toriel.
No… not one bit. It became apparent to Frisk that what she ate for lunch wasn’t a “real” meal to Toriel, because Frisk only ate two platefuls at goat monster’s request, but during dinner… Toriel not only prepared two platefuls of delicious food for Frisk to eat, but after those two plates were eaten, the goat lady prepared another plate of food for “her poor malnutritioned child”. And another plateful of food. And another plateful of food, and another and another for Frisk to eat and all the while Asgore sat down at the table, sipping his damn tea and silently watching, a fond smile on his face, as his wife placed spoonful after spoonful of food into Frisk’s mouth until Frisk thought she was gonna explode.

Her stomach ached, almost as bad as when she’d first woken up in the Dreemurrs’ home after being drugged, but Frisk didn’t complain. She simply willed herself to eat everything Toriel brought to her lips despite how full her belly felt or how out of breath she was becoming. Instead with every bite she took Frisk took it upon herself to compliment Toriel on how wonderful the food was, which pleased the monster to no end. Frisk only stopped when she saw that Toriel was at her highest peak of happiness, then she made her discomfort known, but not in the way she wanted to do as in screaming for the insane goat lady to stop.

Instead Frisk patted her bloated stomach, pain and nausea swirling her mind and body and said “I’m all full, mommy” in the most childish voice she could muster before letting out a big yawn.

Luckily her plan worked, because Toriel had her finish the last bite on her plate before lifting her up; Frisk almost vomited from the sudden movement, but then Toriel placed her back in that horrible wheelchair to prepare for bedtime.

And so here she was. On the soft carpeted floor, in a nightgown that was way too small for her, going through a toy chest filled with dusty toys.

Yes, it was safe to say that her concert screw-up was nothing compared to the humiliation she’d felt today and the worst part was that the day wasn’t over yet. Not by a long shot, but that didn’t matter. None of this mattered, and as far as Frisk was concerned, everything was perfectly okay; because as soon as they let their guard down, she would find a way to get out of this hellish nightmare.

“Go on, my child. You have a few minutes to play before your daddy reads you a bedtime story. Have some fun. Chara and Asriel loved those toys so much. They would spend hours upon hours playing together,” Toriel said, her eyes darkening for one second as reality began to override her delusion, but after a second the darkness went away and a bright and scary grin came over her face.

*I’m gonna get the hell out of here alright,* Frisk thought to herself as she randomly grabbed four extremely large and admittedly cuddly stuffed animals, set them up in a circle and then started a make-believe tea party with the tea set she’d found at the bottom.
“Oh my… are you having a nice little tea party?” Toriel asked to which Frisk nodded, trying to look excited and happy. The goat lady was sitting on Frisk’s bed watching her, while Asgore was searching through the bookshelves probably to find the perfect book to read for Frisk’s bedtime story. Not that he was ignoring either Frisk or Toriel completely. Every so often he would turn around to glance at Frisk.

“I can’t believe these are all my toys!” Frisk said and hugged one of the stuff dolls to her chest… it was a strange flower doll with a goofy smile on its face and the truly sad thing was that if Frisk really were a young child these toys would have been great, but she was a woman in her mid-twenties.

“Thank you so much…”Frisk began to say and mentally took a deep breath. It’s just a word, Frisky. Just pretend that Toriel’s name is actually “mommy”, that little voice encouragingly and sympathetically told Frisk for the millionth time today and after a brief pause, Frisk finished her sentence, “…mommy, these toys are…” Frisk felt the exhaustion hit her as she tried to find a cutesy word to say… “pretty and really neat.”

Toriel clasped her paws together and held them over her chest, her face practically glowing with delight.

“Of course these are all your toys! Nothing but the best for my child!” Toriel declared, her eyes shining.

Frisk winced. Her dad would have said something similar.

Nothing but the best for my girl!

The hand that was holding the tea kettle began to shake and the sudden aching in her chest was way more painful than her bloated stomach.

You got this, Frisky, that little voice cheered as Frisk took several deep breaths to calm herself down. Remember, just go along with these two lunatics and soon you’ll find a way back to Surface City.

Mentally nodding at the advice, Frisk’s hand stopped shaking and she played “tea party” which oddly enough was something she’d never even played when she was a kid. As a child she had
thought it was weird to play a game like that by yourself and when she got older and saw other little girls playing it, Frisk didn’t think it was cute. She thought it was kind of creepy to see children talking to dolls as though they were real people. So she could only imagine how she must have looked doing it as a grown adult.

Toriel, however, didn’t seem to share that opinion. While Frisk babbled mindlessly to the smiling stuffed animals, asking if they wanted more imaginary tea and providing the voices for them, Toriel watched the entire display with a deranged yet delighted smile on her face.

Frisk “played” tea party for a few minutes before a realization hit her. Aside from her voice, the whole room was completely quiet. Toriel had fallen silent and remained seated on the bed watching Frisk.

*Toriel must be having too much fun watching me,* Frisk realized. *She’s like one of those parents who watch their kids doing something adorable and doesn’t want to ruin the moment.*

As for Asgore, he was still looking through the book shelf. Frisk gave a silent half laugh. She literally had no distractions at the moment. She wasn’t being smothered by Toriel’s attention or being watched by Asgore’s constant stare. She didn’t have to think about what she was gonna say, she didn’t have to worry about what type of expressions her face was making and best of all, she didn’t have to worry about upsetting either goat monster.

After hours of acting like a child, Frisk finally had a moment where her mind was her own and she wasn’t going to waste a single second of it and so as Frisk babbled to her stuffed animals, her mind began to work on possible escape options.

*Okay, let’s start with what I don’t know,* Frisk began as she poured imaginary tea into a flower doll’s teacup. *I don’t know where I am, I don’t know if I’m even in Fell City anymore, and even if I do manage to escape I wouldn’t know where to go.*

Frisk paused in her play, frowning slightly. *Asking Toriel for any of that information could be too risky. She’s crazy, but just because she’s crazy doesn’t mean she’s stupid, and I’ve seen her when she’s “sane.” I don’t want to ask a question that might raise suspicion.*

And then there was the issue of how Frisk would get back home even if she did figure out where she was and how to get to Surface City. If Frisk had heard them correctly when they were all at Grillby’s, the Dreemurrs may have a car that she could probably find if she were able to explore more of the outside, but Frisk didn’t exactly know how to drive. Plus, she doubted she would get
far. If Asgore was telling the truth, and she honestly thought he was, his “employees”, or people, could easily stop her and drag her back “home.”

*Okay, so knowing how to get home isn’t going to help me if I don’t have a sure-fire way to get there… so let’s focus on my resources,* Frisk thought. *What do I have that these two crazy nutjobs don’t have,* and as soon as Frisk thought of that question, she had an answer: Sans Gaster.

_Sans Gaster_…

Sans did live in Fell City and if the monster city were anything like the human city, a wealthy monster like Sans might know other wealthy monsters like Toriel and Asgore.

*If I can find a phone in this place and contact one of my bosses or Mr. and Mrs. Vel or one of my neighbors, I could tell them what happened to me, give them Toriel and Asgore’s names and then have them relay the message to Papyrus or Sans.*

Of course, there was a chance that Sans might not directly know Toriel or Asgore so if Frisk had enough time, she would also mention the fact that Asgore was the monster who owned all that land at the MTT Resort… That should be enough for Sans to go on, right? That was a good, plausible plan….

_Don’t go overdo it with patting yourself on the back, Frisky, it’s a decent starter plan, better than nothing, but don’t act like it doesn’t have any holes in it,* the little voice inside cautiously warned her.

Frisk had to agree, too. There were a lot of holes in that plan. For one, the plan involved Frisk finding a phone in this house, which was already difficult for a number of reasons. For starters, she’ll have to explore the house, and with Toriel and Asgore watching her nonstop that would be hard. Even if they did turn their backs on her for a few seconds, there was a good chance that the crazy goat monsters didn’t even have a phone.

Sans and Tops had both told her that monsters weren’t that familiar with modern human conveniences.  Hell, Tops hadn’t even known what a camera was. Then again, the Dreemurrs were a wealthy family, and she already knew that they owned a car. If she could believe anything that that rat-faced fuck Jim had told her, he had mentioned that Grillby called him on the telephone every so often.
Jim… if I ever find him again, I’ll turn his pretty face into something that’ll scare even Sans, Frisk viciously swore to herself before she went back to her plotting.

It wasn’t a solid plan. It was a plan that had a lot of “ifs” in it, BUT with as many holes as it had there was one thing Frisk was sure of and that was if she were able to call Sans, she knew… she absolutely knew he would find her.

It was actually funny when she thought about it. The smug asshole mobster who’d scared the hell out of her in the ladies bathroom the first night they’d met, and who slammed her head against the wall. Who wouldn’t take no for an answer even when she slapped him upside his head. He’d tricked her into thinking he was gonna raise the fee on her neighbors and friends, sending her mentally into a downward spiral, and who’d gotten her fired from her jobs. He would come for her.

Frisk would have thought a guy like that wouldn’t care too much if somebody were calling for help, even if it were the girl he were trying to have date/have sex with, but then again, Frisk knew Sans Gaster was more than a smug asshole.

She remembered how uncomfortable he’d gotten when she’d begun crying inside his home. Or that amazing flower he’d given her just because he wanted to see her smile. Or how he pulled her back and told her to stay outside of the apartment when his brother had accidentally set her kitchen on fire.

And then there was that apology that had left her speechless. No, Sans wasn’t just a smug asshole.

A guy who does that much damage to me and then tries to repair and make up for what he damaged isn’t going to turn the other cheekbone or abandon me when I need him most, Frisk thought confidently and with her confidence came a new, uncomfortable and warm feeling blooming in her chest for the heavy-set skeleton.

That skeleton was the biggest, most confusing, and most likable jerk Frisk had ever met and yes, while Sans’ profession may have been a little shady, he and his brother hadn’t done anything unkind or unpleasant or violent to her friends or neighbors. Not like Don Dee and his men had done.

“You became so quiet all of a sudden, my child,” Toriel’s voice broke through Frisk’s thoughts and when she looked up she was startled to see Toriel kneeling down to her level. Asgore had a book in his hand and had pulled a chair up to the bed, most likely waiting for Frisk to be tucked in.
“You must be getting sleepy,” the goat monster said and with that easily picked Frisk up, briefly cuddling the wide-eyed woman to her chest in a small hug before gently placing her on the huge child bed, reminding Frisk for the thousandth time how much stronger the deranged goat lady was compared to her.

With a satisfied hum, Toriel pulled the heavy, yet soft and warm blankets over Frisk’s body and stepped back, her eyes glowing with that crazy warmth that Frisk was becoming all too familiar with. The female goat lovingly smiled down at Frisk, her paws clasped together and held to her chest.

“How about a nice cup of cocoa while daddy reads you your bedtime story, my child?” Toriel asked.

Frisk felt her full stomach grumble it’s displeasure and just as she was about to deny Toriel’s offer, she glanced at Asgore who had scooted his chair closer to the bed, book in hand, ready to read her her “bedtime story”, his eyes trained on her every move and reaction. Frisk swallowed, feeling herself get sicker from her full belly, but there was no way she was gonna tell either monster she had a stomachache.

After Toriel’s belly and chest rubs, she didn’t want the female monster to even think about doing that odd magic thing again, so instead Frisk flashed Toriel a sweet smile and gave the correct answer the two monsters had been waiting for.

“Hot cocoa in bed?! I was never allowed to do that with my old parents. I would love some, mommy.”

A cold shiver raced down Frisk’s spine as Toriel grinned almost darkly at the childish comment. Apparently the thought of being a better parent than Frisk’s own must have tickled something dark and unpleasant in the goat monster for her to smile like that. To Frisk, it had the exact opposite reaction. She felt a horrible stab go through her heart as soon as she spoke those words.

It felt like a betrayal. Much like calling Asgore and Toriel “mommy” and “daddy”, two titles that absolutely, without argument belonged to her parents, Frisk honestly felt like she had spent the entire day betraying and destroying her beloved mother and father. Her real parents had done everything they could do for her, including welcoming Frisk back into their home after the… miscarriage… and her “breakup” with Derek.

_Don’t worry none about any of that, Frisky_, that no-nonsense and strong voice whispered to her as
Toriel gave her a kiss on the forehead... most likely a reward for saying something that... wonderful. *Given the current circumstances, I think mom and dad would want you to say anything you had to to avoid being sent to Grillby's. Just keep playing along. Mom and dad would have understood and you know that so quit making it a big deal, ya dummy.*

Feeling a sudden unexplained strength bloom inside her chest, Frisk maintained her smile as Toriel pulled away.

“Of course you can have hot cocoa in bed! What a silly thing to say, my child,” she cooed before turning to attention to her husband who was now watching everything with a pleased glint in his eyes.

Frisk gritted her teeth, wanting nothing more than to rip his peepers right out.

“Asgore…” she said, her pretty eyes sparkling. Her voice changed from an adoring motherly tone to a more... flirty one. “Can you please start the story while I make her some cocoa?”

“Of course, my dear,” Asgore said, his deep voice becoming much more... deep and seductive. Frisk fought hard not to wince, now feeling extremely uncomfortable at the strange and obvious sexual undertones in their conversation, made even more disturbing since they were doing in front of her. The woman they had kidnapped.

“Anything for my sexy lady,” he growled and winked at his wife, showing off his sharp teeth which elicited a naughty giggle from Toriel.

*Well...* Frisk thought as she watched Asgore playfully grab at Toriel who quickly and just as playfully pulled away from her husband... *at least crazy people can have good sex lives too.*

“Not in front of the child, Asgore,” Toriel said reaching over and flicking him on the nose before rushing out of the room, leaving them alone together.

Instead of starting the story like Frisk had hoped that he would, Asgore looked over at her and smiled warmly at her. Frisk struggled to scoot away from the massive male goat monster, but with her legs still immobile from Toriel’s odd chest rub, Frisk couldn’t move away from him without being completely obvious about it and she didn’t even want to think about what would happen if Asgore found that action insulting. So instead she pulled her blanket more tightly around her body like a shield.
“You are doing a very wonderful job keeping your mommy so very happy, my little dear,” Asgore said, his deep voice full of nothing but sweetness and smugness and with that he reached over and patted her head, smoothing out her hair. “I’m so proud of you. I’m glad you are taking this seriously…” and with that his eyes darkened and Frisk felt her her body tightening up.

Unlike his wife, who was completely committed to this delusional fantasy world, Asgore seemed to have the ability to both enjoy this deranged illusion and break away from it the moment Frisk stepped out of line. Which wasn’t good. Not one bit.

“…because the very moment you fuck up, you get to know how it feels to be the most popular whore in the whorehouse,” he said, before his fatherly expression came over his face again. He crossed his legs and grinned joyfully at Frisk.

You stupid piece of shit, Frisk thought viciously as she fought to keep herself from snarling at him. First off, those poor people at Grillby’s aren’t whores, they’re prisoners being forced to do that and secondly I bet you wouldn’t be so cocky if somebody like Sans were standing beside you. He wouldn’t take your shit. And I’ll be sure to tell him what you and Grillby are doing to those monsters.

“Now then, my little dear one, for your bedtime story tonight, I chose an old favorite of Chara and Asriel’s. Are you familiar with the story of Hansel and Gretel ?”

Before Frisk could answer, Asgore continued. “You should be… it’s an old classic human fairy tale. Except mommy and I changed a few things in it as a way to help Chara adjust to their new life when we first adopted them”, Asgore explained with a wink. “Does that sound alright with you?”

No, you bearded bastard. Nothing about any of this sounds alright with me, Frisk thought, but nodded her head, keeping an excited smile on her face.

“Sounds perfectly alright to me,” Frisk said cheerfully. Silence greeted her and when she saw Asgore’s smile disappear, she realized her mistake and quickly tried to fix it.

“Daddy…” she said nervously, feeling her heartbeat twenty time faster than it should have been. “That sounds… that sounds… perfectly fine to me… daddy.”

When Asgore’s face didn’t lighten up her fear intensified and suddenly she wished Toriel would come back. Maybe if she acted cute with Toriel, Asgore wouldn’t… wouldn’t…
“Apologize and I’ll pretend it didn’t happen, Frisk,” Asgore said, his calm voice straining.

And for one second, Frisk suddenly felt a small bit of rebellion erupt into her chest.

Me apologize?! Fuck you. Why don’t you and your crazy wife apologize to me for everything you did to me, she thought before logic overtook her anger.

“I’m… I’m sorry… daddy…” Frisk managed to whisper, feeling her face redden with both humiliation and embarrassment.

I actually apologized, Frisk thought emptily to herself as the goat monster’s enraged face finally broke and he chuckled.

So what if you fucking apologize, Frisky, another part of her quickly told her. You didn’t mean it, so consider that a victory. You lied to him and he believed you so keep your head up and your eyes open for that phone. Do what you’ve got to do to get out of here, and if you want to feel like an adult again afterward you’re free go visit Sans… he’ll make you feel like a woman.

Frisk’s face blushed even harder, only this time for a different reason.

Why the hell does my mind go in all these different directions, Frisk wondered before Asgore broke her thoughts.

“I can’t stay mad at you, my little dear. Apology accepted, and now that that unpleasantness is out of the way, let’s read a nice story together,” he declared.

Frisk quickly nodded and despite that she knew she’d had to act like this in order to keep herself safe, she still couldn’t help but feel the events of that day hit her all at once.

Jesus Christ, I need to get the hell out of here, Frisk thought as Asgore began reading.

“Once upon a time, there were two selfish, uncaring and horrible humans who had two pretty little
children, a son named Hansel and a daughter called Gretel. They were sweet and loving children, but the cruel human parents didn’t have any desires to take care of them and so one night when the children were sleeping the parents plotted their murders. They had decided to leave the children in the woods for the animals to eat and so the next day, the two horrible ugly and ungrateful human parents took their children into the woods and left them there to die,” Asgore said and took a deep breath.

*What the hell type of story is this,* Frisk thought and before she could even ponder on the question of how a story like this could help an orphan child like Chara adjust to their new life, Asgore continued his story.

“With no food or water or any idea on how to get home, the two children wandered aimlessly into the woods for days. The poor little dears became quite thin and dirty. They became so sick and weak that when they ran into the wolf they couldn’t outrun him. So because of their pathetic human parents, the wolf tore poor Hansel to shreds-”

“What?” Frisk asked, causing Asgore to chuckle. Okay, granted; the original story wasn’t exactly rainbows and sunshine, and Frisk asked herself again: *What type of story was this to tell a small child they rescued?*

“Don’t worry, it has a happy ending, my child,” Asgore promised and continued reading.

“Knowing that he was going to die but hoping for his little sister to live, Hansel screamed for Gretel to run while the wolf was distracted-”

*I’m gonna have nightmares about a lot of things tonight,* Frisk thought and debated whether or not she should just pretend to go to sleep so Asgore could stop his horrifying story, but just as she was considering her options, Toriel came back in carrying a steaming cup of what Frisk assumed was hot cocoa.

Pulling her up in a sitting position with one hand, Toriel handed Frisk the cup and nodded expectantly at it. “Go on… give it a taste, my child.”

While it smelled almost heavenly, Frisk’s stomach gave another unpleasant grumble. But with both monsters watching her, Frisk had no choice but to take a gulp of it, and barely managed to keep it down.
“Do you like it, my child?” Toriel asked with a sly smile on her face. “It was one of Chara’s favorite things to drink before bedtime.”

“It’s… it’s really tasty,” Frisk said and when that brutal wave of exhaustion hit her she knew that there was some kind of drug in the drink. Asgore began reading again, but Frisk barely heard anything he said and she barely noticed when Toriel took the cup out of her hands.

Her eyelids got heavier and heavier and she let out a loud yawn.

_They aren’t gonna make this easy for me_, Frisk thought before she fell into a drug-induced sleep.

Asgore raised an eyebrow as he closed the book and stood up, stretching his limbs out as he watched his wife gently adjust the little dear’s body so she was lying down again.

Despite a few hiccups, today had been a success. A complete success, and while he wasn’t going to fool himself into thinking the little one was completely theirs, he was pleased that she’d followed the rules almost perfectly. This could work out quite well for everybody. Asgore, Toriel… _everybody_.

Asgore smirked at his wife and gestured towards the little dear one who was now breathing deeply.

“Our child fell asleep awfully fast, my dear,” Asgore said and when Toriel turned her head slightly away with a mischievous smirk, Asgore knew what his wife had done.

“I know I promised I wouldn’t put any flowers into our child’s drinks without telling you, but I’m worried Frisk will be just as restless as Chara was,” Toriel explained, the smirk on her face becoming slightly guilty.

Asgore nodded his head. At the beginning, Chara did have the bad habit of… wandering around during the night. It got so bad Asgore had to put high locks on the front and back doors and when that didn’t keep Chara in line, the drinks and Toriel’s chest rubs did.

Asgore sighed and rubbed his eyes tiredly. That kid had been a handful, that was for sure, but Asgore would be lying if he said he didn’t miss the little brat. Chara made Asriel happy and in turn
the family was happy.

This new little one though… she had potential to be even better than Chara had been, but time would tell. He didn’t expect their new family to be immediate in just a day.

“...never hurts to be careful, my dear,” Asgore said in an agreeable tone and gave her a wicked smile. “Mettaton will be coming in the morning. It’s been awhile since you’ve seen him and I have to warn you, he hasn’t changed.”

He expected to see a smile grace his wife’s lips, so when Toriel’s pleasant mood seemed to vanish completely into a dark frown, Asgore felt a twinge of fear.

“What is Mettaton exactly, planning on doing with Frisk?” Toriel asked, placing her hands on her hips, and when Asgore heard that icy undertone to her voice, he mentally gulped.

“He… um… he is… simply bringing us… the… um… the latest fashion in clothing and… he told me he could fix a few things that… um… upset you about our dear little one’s body.”

Toriel’s face darkened even more and before he knew what she was doing, Toriel had peeled the blankets off of the sweet little human’s body and lifted her short nightgown, revealing the very adult breasts that had first sent his wife off in a frenzy when they had first brought the little dear one home for the first time and changed her clothes.

Toriel reached a paw down and squeezed one of Frisk’s breasts lightly before glaring at Asgore who suddenly found the toys their child had been playing with earlier a lot more interesting.

“This body is unnatural and does need to be fixed, Asgore, but can we trust a monster like Mettaton not to harm Frisk? The man only knows about fashion and all that silliness. What would he know about surgeries?” Toriel declared before letting go of Frisk’s breast, readjusting her nightgown and pulling the sheets over her body again.

“He knows what he’s doing, my dear. He is the only monster in our whole city that’s spent years studying human bodies and, more importantly, Dr. Alphys will be here to assist him if he needs it. He’ll fix everything that’s wrong with our child,” Asgore declared.

Fix everything except her breasts, that is, and that was simply because if Frisk acted up and had to be
sent to Grillby, Asgore didn’t think most monsters would be interested in a disfigured human with no breasts. No, until he was sure Frisk had accepted her new life, the breasts would stay.

When he told Mettaton that, the robot had quickly agreed, saying he had just the thing to conceal them and as for everything else that was… displeasing on her body such as the hair that was growing in certain areas, her mature face, and her uterus… whatever the hell that was… Mettaton had his permission to get rid of it.

“Trust me, my dear. He knows what will happen if he messes up,” and with that statement, Asgore snarled his teeth confidently. “That fucker will be nothing but a pile of empty cans if he screws with us or with our child.”

Toriel looked him over and thankfully her icy demeanor melted and she walked over to her husband and nuzzled his nose affectionately. Asgore shuddered at the attention.

“Okay, my dear, I trust you,” and with that she placed her lips to his ear and blew into it. Asgore grunted, feeling his lower regions starts to warm up.

“But if something goes wrong like it did the last time when you told me to trust Wingdings Gaster with Chara, I won’t be as forgiving, Asgore Dreemurr.”

At the mention of his ex-right-hand man’s name, Asgore let out a deep growl.

“That fucker killed our baby, Asgore, and he still lives. He and his family are still out there and you promised me revenge.”

Asgore’s growl deepened as more of his teeth showed.

“Don’t worry, my dear. Muffet may have failed, but I have a feeling that fucker’s luck is gonna change much sooner than he thinks.”

Toriel laughed harshly. “In the meantime, don’t fuck this one up, Asgore. You have already disappointed me one too many times.”

Chapter End Notes
Also...HAPPY HALLOWEEN! ^_^ 

A big shout out to ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter! <3
Bar Talk

Chapter Notes

Here I am again! And once again, thank you all for your patience, love, support, kindness, comments and kudos! <3

Okay, so I know I said Frisk would be meeting Whisk in the next chapter, but I felt like this chapter needed to be first, so sorry, but I swear, the next chapter is when Frisk finally meets the fabulous Mettaton and his lowly assistant Whisk.

Also, this chapter is supposed to be happening at the same time the Family Time chapter is happening.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

In the well-kept office of the small but extremely popular, and at the moment, very crowded human bar, Sans felt his annoyance, impatience, and exhaustion spike. The human owner, a very tall, middle-aged and extremely heavy man named Noah, looked at the thick wad of cash Sans had just placed on his desk, but instead of swiping it up and agreeing to Sans' request like the skeleton thought he would instantly do, he tore his eyes away from the wad and turned back to Sans with a raised eyebrow.

What the fuck’s that stare fer? Just say yes and take the goddamn money so I can go home already, Sans felt like snarling at the human, but managed to keep his temper in check and his mouth closed. Losing his temper and threatening violence, though helpful in most situations Sans had found himself in throughout his younger life, wasn’t gonna fly at the moment.

However, being completely exhausted and nearly drained of his magic wasn’t exactly adding anything positive to the situation. After leaving Tops, the blue bunny’s advice still ringing in his skull, with his harsh Nice Cream scoop injury still throbbing painfully at the top of his head, Sans spent the rest of his day and most of his evening teleporting to all the bars his little lady frequently sang at, trying to figure out when her next performance was scheduled.

It had taken a while, though. When Sans had first seen her by chance on stage, after that cold rainy night all those years ago, he spent a good amount of his time, when he wasn’t casing Surface City out and building ties between Wings and Don Dee, learning all he could about his little lady. The very first thing he learned was that she lived in a real shithole. It made the tiny little shack Sans had shared with his brothers and their mother look like a fucking castle or something.

The second thing he dedicated himself to learning about her were all her places of employment, which did require time, an incredible amount of patience and a lot of his magic. During his first few
months in Surface City, he had spent many of his nights, bar hopping from one bar to the next, using excessive amount of his magic, hoping he’d get a glimpse of her onstage.

Of course, whenever she did appear on stage, all the magic and effort and sweat was worth it. Seeing her on that stage and hearing her voice and seeing her smile was worth everything. She was like a dream. Sure, he had to resist the very real urge to rip all her audience members to shreds when they either hollered some pretty vulgar things at her or were clearly undressing her with their eyes, but Sans got what he wanted. The skeleton learned his little lady was known to sing at eleven bars. Eleven fuckin’ dangerous, seedy, dirty disgustin’ bars throughout Surface City.

There was no doubt in his mind that when he fixed his latest mistake with her and got things rolling between them again and had her rolling in between his sheets, he was gonna see if he couldn’t get her some better gigs in more high-class places. It wouldn’t be too hard. One thing he learned about humans was that money talked. It always did… except now, that is. When Sans had first paid this human off to fire his lady, the fellow had had no problem instantly agreeing to it, even though there had been a sort of curious frown on his pudgy face that had somewhat annoyed Sans at the time.

But now…the bastard wasn’t even reaching for the wad and Sans had just about hit his limit for the day.

It was seven o’clock in the evening, and the skeleton had already visited eight bars before he’d gotten to this one.

After paying the muscular prick at the door who was slowly letting people in and smoothly requesting to see the owner, Noah came out and, pausing briefly when he saw who it was, greeted the skeleton in an embarrassingly explosive and cheerful manner. He did it right in front of all the people who were still waiting to be let in, (a bar owner has to put his customers at ease, Sans supposed) and immediately ushered the skeleton into his bar and right past all of his patrons. Half of them seemed horrified, while the other half were shooting Sans looks of disbelief and amazement, but because the human’s arm was hooked over his shoulder, nobody said a thing, which was more than okay with the skeleton. The crowds even parted when the two large males cut across the dance floor towards the bar.

When they entered the human’s office, shutting and locking the door behind them, the human told him that his little lady was indeed hired to sing for tomorrow night, which nearly made Sans groan in bliss. At this point he knew he must have looked a complete mess. He was sweating heavily, his suit was soaked, he felt completely drained and he had just enough of his magic left to teleport back home to Fell City. Once home, Sans planned on taking a long snooze, but at the moment all those plans were being put on hold because the big bastard still wasn’t saying yes even after hearing Sans’ request and seeing all the money!
It should have been an easy three-minute conversation where the two of them smiled, winked at each other and got on with their own business after the money and certain words and promises were exchanged, but this asshole wasn’t going with the plans.

Yet… Sans forced himself not to get angry and say something that might get this guy to be uncooperative. Money did indeed talk, but a person being disrespected can have disastrous effects. You say the wrong thing to somebody who ain’t having a good day, and suddenly money doesn’t seem as satisfying as ripping somebody’s head off. Sans knew that that was too. After all, he was the type of guy who’d take smashing a head in over money anyday, even when he was poor as dirt, but unfortunately, he didn’t have the luxury of finding out if this human were anything like him. Not if he wanted tomorrow night could go smoothly.

Sure, somebody could argue the skeleton could always find his little lady’s next performance after this one, but Sans couldn’t help the paranoia that was beginning to build in him as the thoughts of waiting too long to see her again started to dig into his mind.

One day of not seeing her was understandable and he could easily work things out. Two days was passable too. It would be harder, but Sans was sure that with the right words, such as the truth, (his lady seemed to like the truth and if it helped him, he would even bring up Tops helping him) and this human’s help, he could do it.

But three days? Standing her up was bad enough, but waiting three days to talk to her? The skeleton couldn’t deny he wasn’t an asshole, but even he felt like that went beyond his usual mannerisms and plus ...being away from her even for this long without seeing her or talking to her wasn’t making his SOUL feel too great. With every date each bar owner provided him, Sans felt his SOUL throb a little more painfully. This human had her earliest performance date and if the fat prick didn’t take the money, Sans would be better off just knocking on her door tonight and try to make amends than wait another day.

Finally after what seemed like hours, the human tilted his head slightly and gave Sans a suspicious look.

“So let me get this straight, pal. The same young lady you paid me to fire and then rehire almost the same day, you now want me to order her to sit with you after her performance tomorrow night?”

Yes, ya stupid fucker. I made it simple fer ya to understand, Sans thought viciously, feeling the lights in his sockets blink threateningly.

However, instead of saying that, Sans shrugged coolly, pulled out a cigar, lit it, and took a deep drag
from it, blowing the red smoke in the air that momentarily distracted the human. Grinning easily, the skeleton leaned one hand on the surprisingly large desk, but then again the owner was a big guy, and gave the human bar owner a cool look to match what he hoped was a cool and calm stance.

Just can’t lose my temper at the moment. If he pisses me off, I’ll deal with it at another time. Too many people saw me enter his office with him. Can’t have people fearin’ monsters and if Don Dee hears I hurt a human outside my area, there goes all of Wings’ plans. Can’t risk it when we’re right on time wit’ everything, Sans reminded himself before winking knowingly at the human bar owner.

“That’s ‘bout the gist of it, bucko. Whaddya say? Want to help a brother out?”

Despite his internal warning to himself, Sans felt his anger spike even higher as the man placed an elbow on his desk and mimicked Sans’ casual and cool demeanor by resting his chin in his hand. Sans noticed the suspicious gleam was still flashing in the man’s very alert and highly intelligent gray eyes.

“That’s quite a request, friend. Way different than makin’ somebody lose their job,” Noah explained before a cold smirk came over his face. “Ya ain’t by chance plannin’ on hurting that little singer, bud? Cause if that’s the case—” his smirk disappeared and an angry scowl replaced it, “-ya can git the fuck out of my office and out of my bar and don’t come back, cause I don’t play those type of games, mister.”

With that comment, Sans lost it. He was tired, he was hungry, his head was still in pain from where Tops had struck him, he was angry with himself, but worst of all, he was missing his little lady so badly and the fact this miserable big shit was even suggesting Sans was planning on harming her in some way finally broke the camel’s fucking back.

Sans knew he was not only fucking himself with his little lady again, but now he was also screwing with Wings’ plans to show the non-criminal humans in Surface City that monsters were peaceful beings. But Sans couldn’t help himself. He really, really couldn’t.

“The fuck ya just say to me, asshole?”

The human didn’t even blink. “I said-”
And before the big fucker could finish his sentence, Sans bit the end of the cigar between his teeth and slammed the palms of his hands so hard on the desk that not only did his fingers sting from the contact, but it it honestly felt like the wooden surface was gonna shatter into a million pieces. The pictures that decorated the desk shook, one even taking a tumble off the surface and it was then that the human finally showed some sort of fear. Only it wasn’t for the towering and powerful black-socket monster in front of him. It was for the picture that was falling to the ground.

The golden framed picture never reached the ground though. With surprising agility coming from such a big man, the human caught the picture, his teeth in a nervous snarl before he gingerly placed it back on the desk, his eyes softening at the image in the frame before glaring back up at the skeleton.

Something sparked in the man’s eyes that actually made Sans paused briefly before the man stood up and pulled himself to his full height, which actually almost reached the skeleton’s chin.

Not a lot of humans were as tall or as big as this one.

The human pointed to the picture he had saved and it was then that Sans noticed that a light blue faded ribbon was tied to the man’s thick wrist. It looked like something a little girl would tie up in her hair or something.

“I have only one picture of my niece. I don’t give a damn about your money or size or your connections to Don Dee. If something were to happen to that picture, I would have killed ya,” and with that, the human leaned forward and poked Sans in the chest with a thick finger. “Got it? Some things in this world can’t be replaced and that picture is one of them.”

Instantly Sans thought of his old trombone buried deep in a box somewhere in his closet and buried right beside that instrument was a pink umbrella that was way too small for him. Unlike the trombone that had been played every second of every day until Sans’ mother’s final breath left her, the umbrella hadn’t been used since the day it had been given to him and when he thought of those two items, he understood the human’s anger and consequently his own rage began to simmer down. If somebody damaged either of those two things, he’d brutally kill that unlucky person.

“Yeah, I got it. I know a few things ‘bout irreplaceable items,” Sans said a bit more respectfully, pulling the cigar out of his mouth.

The skeleton had no intention of apologizing, but all the same he didn’t want this human to go blabbing to anybody about this incident either and so he nodded to the money. “Keep the cash as a sign of friendship and I hope you and I can make it so this moment never happened,” Sans said, hoping that would be enough to appease the man so they could get back on track to discussing
tomorrow night’s events.

The human looked at the money and Sans watched as what appeared to be an embarrassed expression came over his chubby face, but much to his relief it did look like Noah was starting to relax.

“Look, if I weren’t in such a bind a few days ago to pay off Dee’s business fee I would have never agreed to fire that girl, but private investigators are expensive and it bled my wallet dry for the month, but I’ll tell ya, I regretted doing it as soon as I took the money,” Noah said. Sans noted that the human’s voice became a little shameful before he continued.

“I’ll admit the lady’s a bit of a cold fish when she’s ain’t on stage—” and with that the human finally gave Sans a knowing wink “—but she’s a polite and well-mannered lady. Very punctual and always on time, and more importantly she’s quite the money-maker for my business, both for her voice and her looks, and while I don’t know what happened between the two of you, I was one of the first to hire her on, so if yer ...um actions are from some past event where you think she may have disrespected ya, I can assure ya she didn’t mean it. That lady ain’t no racist. She just ain’t all that social when it comes to...”, Sans watched as Noah clicked his tongue as he carefully thought out what he was gonna say, “...gentlemen in your profession. Ya know ...the gents who carry guns for fun. She ain’t had a great history of dealin’ with those type of men.”

Even though Sans felt a sort of possessive jealousy hit him as the human casually spoke about HIS lady, he also felt himself smirk proudly as he remembered how he playfully accused her of being a racist only for her to grab at his tie and push herself against him when he had first introduced himself to her in the ladies room.

Sans never knew he liked tough girls until that moment.

“I know, she ...um she did inform me of that in a rather aggressive manner when we first met,” Sans said and couldn’t help but chuckle at the memory. Despite the tension a few seconds ago, the human smirked a bit too and nodded his head.

“Yeah, she straight up told me she didn’t have a problem with integrated places when I was considerin’ hirin’ her. Hell, I remember when I first interviewed’ her when she was just a kid and still engaged to that piece of shit—”

At the mention of her ex, Sans’ interest and curiosity got the better of him and suddenly the skeleton didn’t feel so tired anymore. Once again he leaned casually against the desk and clearing his throat, halting Noah’s words.
“Yeah, she told me about her ex ...I do believe his name was Derek, wasn’t a nice guy.”

Noa began to nod his head, his face contorting into disgust and sadness before a look of complete shock came over his face disrupting the fragile calm mood.

“She, Frisk Determ, told you that?!”

Sans cautiously nodded his head, wondering just what the hell was going on with the sudden change in this human. The guy looked like his eyes were gonna pop out of his head or somethin’.

“Yeah, I was visiting her in her apartment wit’ a friend-”

“And she invited you into her home? You? A connection of Don Dee’s circle?!” Before Sans could answer, the human gave out a low whistle. “Damn, mister, maybe you and her are something special,” he paused, laughing in disbelief, “Don’t get me wrong, whatever’s going on between the two of you is confusin’ as all hell, but for her to let you into her apartment and tell you about Derek, that’s ...that’s something alright. Everybody who hired Frisk at the time she was still with that human dumpster couldn’t get her to talk about Derek. Even now she never speaks about him.”

Well, I guess I’m just the right kind of guy for her then, Sans thought smugly, this new piece of knowledge inflating his ego, He turned back to Noah, who suddenly seemed like a great new friend to have.

“She didn’t tell me much, except she used to be engaged to him, but he got mean and so she up and left him,” Sans explained before pressing just a little bit. “There more to that story?”

Noah’s eyes dimmed and he sighed. “Oh yeah. There’s plenty more, and while Miss Determ never told anybody was was goin’ on in her life at the time, I like to classify myself as an observant man and over the years, I observed quite a few things about your girl.”

My girl? I think I just made my first human male friend, Sans thought before taking another drag from his cigar and puffing his chest out slightly.

“Yeah? So what did ya observe if ya don’t mind me asking?”
There was a brief moment as though the bar owner were considering whether or not to continue the conversation, but then his face took on a look of disgust once more. Sans could tell it wasn’t directed towards him though.

“Yeah, alright, sure. Seeing as Frisk told ya the summary, Jesus, I still can’t believe that, but since she already told you some of it, I guess don’t mind giving out some more of the details, but first, let’s get ya a seat. You look like you could use one and I’ll even get you one of my speciality made chairs for big guys like us. What do you drink?”

Sans swallowed. He could use a drink right about now.

“Mustard.”

Noah blinked. “I’m sorry, I thought you just said you drank-”

“Mustard. I did say that, and I could use some if ya got it. If not, don’t worry ‘bout it.”

Sans almost laughed at the look of disbelief Noah was giving him before the human shrugged.

“Alright,” he muttered and Sans could have sworn he heard the human mutter “monsters” or something like that as got up from his desk and waddled to the door. When he opened it, the muffled music, laughter, and the conversations the customers were having entered the room full blast and Sans watched as Noah shouted out something to somebody he couldn’t see.

A second later, another strong looking man came in, bringing in a huge chair with one hand and holding a bottle of mustard in the other. Sans nearly drooled at the sight of it. He hadn’t gotten a decent drink in since Tops had salvaged those bottles from Grillby’s destroyed bar and the skeleton was hoping this guy had some good shit, cause nothing he’d tried from the human city so far even came close to Grillby’s special sauce.

The human set the chair down on the floor and placed the mustard on the desk, shooting Sans a curious look before exiting without a word.

Noah sat back at his desk and watched as Sans took a sip from the condiment bottle as he sat down
too. The taste was okay. He took a heavier gulp from it and some of the panic that had been building throughout the day began to ease off.

“Oh hell, I thought you were just fuckin’ wit’ me, but you actually drank it.”

Sans grinned and placed the bottle back on the desk. “I don’t kid when it comes to my drinks.”

Noah grimaced. “Eww ...well to each their own, I suppose, but back to our conversation about your lady. Lemme tell ya, her ex, Derek Bell, he was a mean son of a bitch, and trust me when I say that’s the understatement of the century. Derek, that fella started off alright at the beginning, and I honestly thought he and Frisk seemed like a solid couple, but after awhile ya start to see a few things change. She’d come into work with bruises on her arms and there were days where she walked funny.”

Sans felt his marrow begin to boil at the images of a younger version of his little lady, all bruised, beaten and bloody.

“Whadda mean she walked funny?” Sans managed to ask.

Noah gave an uncomfortable and humorless laugh.

“There are some guys who don’t like showing they hit their women. I call ‘em shy guys and Derek was one of them. He never left a mark you could see unless you were really lookin’ for it and I looked for ‘em alright. Me and some of the other owners who often hired her back in those day talked about it, but no matter what me and the others tried to get her to, ya know, open up about it, she never spoke a word against him and you can’t exactly help somebody if they don’t want to help themselves, right? I think at some point Derek just destroyed everything about her.”

_I wonder if ol’ Derek is still in the city_, Sans thought feeling a lot more energetic. _Maybe my new pal Noah knows where that rat is hiding. I’ll fucking make HIM walk funny when I rip out his dick and shove it down his own throat-

“When I first hired her, she was a very lively and chatty young thing. Quite the flirt too, onstage and offstage, but throughout the years, and thousands of bruises later, the only time you saw her smile was on stage and she was always real nervous about gettin’ right home after all her performances. Didn’t want to talk to no-one and didn’t seem like the strong girl I first met. Heartbreakin’ really.”
Sans felt himself begin to shake.

“But then she got pregnant—”

Sans’ sockets widened. “Pregnant?!”

Noa shrugged. “A bit taboo, I know, having a baby out of wedlock, but it was then that Frisk began to smile again. Boy, what a smile too. She had a glow to her and she began talkin’ too. And not about work, about her future. It kind of surprised me. I honestly thought she had forgotten that she had a say in what went on her in life and here she was makin’ plans for her and the baby. Course all she talked about was the baby, but me and the others were happy for her and more than that, we were happy that she was becomin’ her old self again. In truth, we were hoping that havin’ a baby would finally make her realize she needed to get the hell away from Derek. After all, whenever she was chattin’ my ear off about what she and her kid were gonna do when they came into the world, Derek wasn’t a part of those plans. Couldn’t help but hope that she finally came to her senses.”

Sans swallowed, feeling something unpleasant and horrifically painful begin to build in his SOUL.

“How’d that go?” Sans asked, knowing his voice didn’t sound strong anymore and if Noah noticed, he gave no indication that he knew.

The human gave Sans a sad smile. “You see a kid in her place when you were visitin’ her? Guess Derek got to her before her senses did. When she came back to work after the ...accident, the other ladies in the dressin’ room told me she had some nice new bruises where the baby bump shoulda been.”

It was like somebody’d punched Sans right in the gut, that is if he had one. All the air seemed to leave him and he found himself not only hating the human who’d maimed his little lady, but also hating himself for waiting this long to find her again.

_Maybe if I had tried harder to find her sooner, I could have saved her. I could have saved the baby. I could have saved them both. Oh fuck ...just fuck._

But as the pain throbbed so achingly in him that Sans thought his SOUL would break, a new sort of admiration for his little lady developed. She had been damaged, but she wasn’t broken. Despite what happened, she didn’t break. The fucker didn’t break her because if she were broken, she wouldn’t be the tough lady she was today.
If she were broken, she would have never told him “no” that night in the ladies room and suddenly Sans was glad for that. He was glad that she’d hated him at first. He was proud to want a lady who was so hard to get because when she did smile at his jokes and his gift, it had been real.

“You okay buddy?”

Sans blinked back to reality and to find his new friend looking at him intensely.

“Sure am. Say, just for no other reason other than curiosity, does Derek still live in the city?”

Noah’s grin grew a bit more ...vicious.

“Nah. Soon after Derek beat that kid out of Frisk, she left him, and wouldn’t you know it, no more than a week later police find Derek’s body in the trash right outside his apartment, his throat slashed from ear to ear,” Noah explained, his grin growing by the inch.

Sans knew what type of smile that was and used just a tiny bit of his magic to scan Noah’s SOUL.

Dark blue. It would have been flawless if it weren’t for just a small amount of LOVE tainting the color.

And now Sans really liked this guy. The only thing he wondered about was how a big guy like him could pull it off without gettin’ caught.

“Is that what happened?”

Noah nodded. “Ain’t that the damndest thing?”

Sans made sure this guy was on the safe list for sure when it came to gettin’ rid of the undesirable humans in this city.
“Ya know, I thought most bar owners in this city were sleazy and corrupt with no interest in helpin’ others.”

Noah laughed. “I am all those things, and if you ask Frisk, she’ll tell you I am cause that’s how I usually roll but sometimes even people like me can say “enough is fuckin’ enough.”

Sans thought of Wings before taking another gulp of his mustard. *Now that’s the real understatement of the century.*

Noah sighed and slowly stood up. Sans followed.

“I want to say this has been a great, but it’s been depressing as all hell and I’ve already dealt with enough sadness this year so if you don’t mind, I’d like to end this conversation and get back to my customers. You’re welcome to stay and have as many mustard bottles on the house as you want though.”

Sans chuckled. “Temptin’, but I do believe I have a bed that’s callin’ my name, but ‘bout tomorrow night-”

Noah sighed again. “Yeah, fine. I’ll do it, but I warn ya, I’m gonna come up and check on the two of yas and if she ain’t happy or if you’re doin’ something ya shouldn’t be, out ya go and out ya stay. I don’t mind diversity in my bar, but I do mind my employees being harmed and that poor lady had already been attacked once in my place.”

Sans froze. “Attacked?”

Noah nodded and began waddling to the door once more.

“Yeah, some asshole years ago attacked her in the bathroom, and this was when she was first starting out,” that vicious grin reappeared on Noah’s face. “Had my boys drag that fucker out and beat him within an inch of his life. Can you believe the perverts in this world?”

Sans suddenly felt the exhaustion hit him again, along with a great amount of self-hatred and regret.
“Yeah. It’s ...it’s fuckin’ unbelievable.”

Instead of teleporting to their living room where he was sure the human, Papyrus, and Wings were getting ready for dinner, Sans teleported to his room and once there he let out a painful groan as he felt the last of his magic leave him from his final teleportation for the night and flung himself on the bed.

Everything was set for tomorrow night, but he didn’t feel happy. He didn’t feel proud of himself. He felt like shit. Like a pile of useless shit.

He knew the most painful thing he’d ever experienced was watching his mother slowly turn to dust. Her beautiful face dissolving, her sockets never leaving her sons’ faces, her loving smile shining on until she was nothing but dust.

Sans had his brothers in that moment, but for his little lady, she’d had nobody with her when she felt her child drain from her body. Nobody but the man who’d just killed her child.

The thought made Sans’ SOUL clutch so harshly that it suddenly became harder to breathe. She’d been alone the moment she needed somebody’s help. And then he thought of something even worse. That had only been one moment in her life when she needed somebody’s help. How many times had she been in trouble and was never saved? How many times did she need help and nobody came? One time? Three times? Four thousand times? Every time?

Sans pressed a hand harshly to his chest and closed his eyes, gritting his teeth.

“That ain’t gonna happen again, Frisk,” Sans whispered as he stared up his dark ceiling. “Even if it kills me, I won’t let something like that happen again. I won’t let you get hurt again. I swear it.”

Chapter End Notes

A big shout out to ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter! <3

And also for those of you who read my Sooner or Later Oneshots, it looked as though "happy ending" steamed rolled over all the other choices. <3
"Human?"

The gruff female voice seemed distant and sounded so very faint, but Frisk instantly woke up.

Apparently whatever dose of sleeping drugs Toriel had cheerfully given her in that cup of cocoa the night before was nowhere near as strong as the stuff the goat monstress had slipped into her pie when they first met at Grillby’s. As consciousness quickly began to overtake her sleepiness, Frisk was relieved to find that she woke up with a very clear and alert mind without any traces of grogginess or confusion. That was good sign.

Reciting a silent prayer in her mind, Frisk tried wiggling her legs and nearly gave a shout of joy when she felt her limbs respond. Yes! Clear mind and working legs. In order to escape or at least plan her escape for today, she was gonna need both her brain to be functioning at its highest level and a somewhat useful body.

After all, if Toriel’s insanity were at the same levels as they’d been yesterday, Frisk knew some parts of her body were gonna be her worst enemies if the crazy goat lady planned to stuff the same amount of food down her throat today.

Yesterday, she fed me so much I nearly exploded, Frisk thought, wincing at the memory. I’m lucky that I didn’t wake up with all that food coming back to… haunt… me… Frisk frowned as something dawned on her. Wait a minute …after all that food I ate… I DON’T have any pain? Frisk’s frown deepened as she looked down at her stomach. I don’t need to use the bathroom …what the hell?

In fact, if Frisk were to ignore everything else about her current situation, she would dare say her body had never felt better in her whole adult life. From what she could feel, her stomach had flattened out as though she hadn’t gorged herself on plate after plate of food and she felt so energized
that if given the chance, Frisk gambled that she could run at least five miles without breaking a sweat.

_This isn’t normal. My body shouldn’t be feeling like this_, Frisk thought and then as if to clarify that something really was wrong with her body, her stomach gave out a slight rumble.

Frisk’s eyes widened in disbelief.

_I’m hungry. How in the hell can I be hungry?! After eating that much, I should be good on food for at least two months, lying in bed, or on the toilet, gripping my stomach and screaming in agony, begging for Toriel’s belly rubs._

At the thought of that particular memory, Frisk inwardly shuddered. Even though she knew it was the painful and mind-clouding effects of that first drug Toriel gave her at _Grillby’s_ that made Frisk more than okay with Toriel’s belly rubs, it still was embarrassing and degrading to think about. She hoped Toriel NEVER used that drug again.

She hadn’t even realized how truly insane that whole situation was until those drugs wore off.

“Punk? Seriously, get up.”

_Nevermind any of that, Frisky. Forget the food, the drugs and the weird shit your body is doing for the moment. Just be happy you can walk again_, she thought, narrowing her eyes as opposed to answering or letting the impatient voice know she was awake.

_But speaking of belly rubs and those drugs, we’d be smart to play it better safe than sorry, Frisky. Let’s give you a small pop-quiz to make sure your mind is as clear as you think it is_, that small, strong but cautious part of her mind suggested.

Frisk inwardly nodded.

_Where are you?_
In a nuthouse.

How’d you get there?

I was kidnapped by two very big and incredibly strong lunatics.

Whatcha gonna do about it?

As that part of her mind asked her that question, Frisk felt herself stiffen as she tightened her hands into fists.

I’m gonna escape. Gonna find that damn phone, call Andy, get him to tell Sans what the hell is going on and that big bag of bones is gonna save me. And then afterwards… Frisk trailed off until that annoying and thankfully very sane part of her mind answered. It almost sounded sly.

...and then you gonna give your big bone man a “hero’s reward”?

Frisk felt herself blush, wondering for the billionth time why the hell her mind tended to go to some places especially in situations that didn’t need or call for it. She’d always had that problem, but it seemed to have worsened the very moment she met Sans.

Just need to escape first, Frisk told herself. Once I escape then I’ll think about how to thank that grinning idiot. She smirked as she thought about her skeleton friend. Stupid grinning creep, Frisk thought without any real viciousness or hatred towards the skeletal monster. My life was simple until that big bastard of a mobster came strolling into the ladies room. Frisk smiled meanly. Yeah, I’ll give him a reward alright. Gonna slap him right across his face for making my life so damn complicated.

And with that final thought Frisk smiled to herself, knowing full well that when she saw Sans, she’d more likely kiss him than slap him just out of pure happiness from getting away from lunatic one and two, but it was nice to pretend she still had the ability to give Sans the cold shoulder.

But first things first: escape. Once the day began she would be able to scope the entire layout of the Dreemurr’s house and get the specifics on how to plan her escape… and she was gonna escape. That much she knew. She’d bet everything she had on th-
“PUNK! Get up. Now!”

Frisk had nearly forgotten about the gruff female voice and ALMOST jumped as it broke through her mind. She frowned but didn’t answer or shift around to show the voice she was awake though. If the angry female voice was gonna hurt her, it would have already done so, so Frisk wasn’t too worried about not answering. At least not yet.

“Get up before I get you up, punk” the voice growled. Frisk still didn’t move, gambling the option of still not answering.

Who’s that? Frisk thought and as she asked herself that question, she instantly knew the answer. That voice is nasty, mean, impatient and confrontational. Not to mention that lovely nickname...it’s that one-eyed muscular piranha lady with the water tank strapped to her back that came into Grillby’s bar, Frisk thought as the memory assaulted her brain and she tried hard but couldn’t remember the fish lady’s name.

The only thing she could remember was the snarky smile on the monster’s face when she had leaned down to growl at Frisk when they first met. That and the smell of sushi, but now the fish’s scent was stronger and when it hit Frisk’s nostrils full force in the small enclosed area they were both sharing, Frisk nearly gagged.

Almost instinctively, she took the covers and pulled them over her head to avoid the smell.

What’s she doing here, Frisk thought but before her mind could give her any worst case scenarios, the piranha lady unintentionally answered her question for her.

“Can’t believe he ordered me to watch her this morning,” she heard the monster muttered.

Frisk’s frown deepened into an angry scowl. I don’t like it anymore than you do, lady, she thought. If I had my way, I wouldn’t even be sharing the same air as you.

Frisk heard the fish lady take a deep breath.
Frisk got up all right. Or rather shot up in a sitting position in the bed and perhaps she got up a little too quickly and suddenly for the fish lady. All Frisk saw was the fiery redhead’s single eye widen as the monster let out a short rough shout of surprise before she found herself on the receiving end of a glowing black spear with a very sharp red tip that was currently digging itself into her throat. Now it was her turn for her eyes to widen.

Oh God, Frisk thought and tried her best to edge backwards, far away from the red point but she was already pressed to the headboard. Oh God, did I do something to piss Asgore off? Is Toriel tired of me already? Jesus Christ-

“Oh, fuck my life. Look what you made me do, ya stupid little human,” the fish lady growled and it was then that Frisk took another good look at her “attacker”. She was just as big and strong as Frisk remembered her, but the water tank that had been strapped to her back and all the tubes that were going into her body were gone, as was the formal suit she had been wearing at Grillby’s.

At the current moment she wore a red shirt with black suspenders. However, the clothes and the tank weren’t the only things that had changed since the last time Frisk saw her. There wasn’t a gruesome smile, malice, or murderous intentions in the powerful redhead’s face. If Frisk didn’t know any better, she could have sworn this big beast of a monster woman was...scared.

She’s so scared she’s shaking, Frisk thought the slightest bit of amusement hitting her. She’s more terrified than I am.

Frisk watched as the monster stiffened up and jerked the arm that was holding the spear sideways. Just as quickly as it appeared it disappeared, leaving no trace that the damn thing was ever pressed to Frisk’s throat. It reminded Frisk of the night Papyrus burnt her kitchen up. He was able to make his bony cooking knives appear and disappear out of air too. She had been impressed when she saw the tall skeleton do it, and even now, in her fear stunned mind, Frisk couldn’t help but feel a small amount of wonder when the female monster did it as well.

“I didn’t cut ya did I?”

Not waiting for a response, the fish lady rushed over to the side of the bed and grabbed Frisk’s chin with one of her slimy, cold webbed hands, eliciting a small squeal of surprise from Frisk, which went ignored by the monster. Frisk watched as the redhead raised her other hand and delicately rubbed
two fingers on her throat where the spear had been, leaving more slimy residue on her skin. The fishy smell was much stronger now, so Frisk held her breath as the fish took another few seconds to fully inspect the area before letting out a shaky sigh of relief and letting go of Frisk’s chin.

“Oh thank the stars,” she gasped, “Not even a red mark. Toriel would fuckin’ kill me if she saw her precious child injured,” the fish lady muttered, her tone losing it’s shakiness while her face lost its panicked look. However, her cocky and challenging look wasn’t back on her face either.

Instead Frisk watched in awe and terror as the monster looked down at her and stretched her lips wide apart, showing off what seemed to be hundreds of tiny sharp yellow teeth.

*Is she … is she smiling at me?* Frisk thought and once again her mind went back to Sans and his own chilling smile that had quickly lost its horror quality the more she got to know him. After that he’d become a somewhat likeable asshole who happened to have sharp teeth.

“Look pun …um …pal, we don’t need to be tellin’ Toriel or Asgore ‘bout this little incident, right?” she cooed, well tried to coo as best she could with her gruff voice but it ended up sounding like she was in the middle of fighting a violent fit of coughs. “I mean ya weren’t hurt and it was an accident so …we cool right?”

*Oh, so NOW she’s my pal, huh?* Instead of answering Frisk reached up and wiped the glob of slime the monster left behind off her skin. She grimaced at gooey substance, smeared it on her blanket before glaring up at the fish monster whose smile was now starting to twitch.

*You pressed a medieval weapon to my throat. No, we are not cool, you nutcase,* Frisk began to spit out but as the first word was leaving her mouth to tell the monster just that, the fish lady spoke again.

“To be honest, I thought you was gonna attack my face or something…fuhuhu …couldn’t blame ya if ya did though,” the monster muttered that last part so quietly that Frisk almost didn’t hear her. *Almost.*

Straightening up, the fish monster crossed her arms and glanced around the room. Frisk quietly followed the monster’s eye, that tiny little comment pumping through her mind like a prayer.

*She wouldn’t blame me if I attacked? Why would she say that …unless …unless she knows this whole thing is insane, sickening and disturbing,* Frisk thought, a massive amount of hope building in her chest as she excitedly watched the fish monster’s expressions carefully as the redhead looked
around the room. And what the fish did next only fueled Frisk’s hope that perhaps this monster might be a possible friend or at least somebody who might give her a few hints about where a phone might be.

The fish’s good eye became wider when she caught sight of the small group of dolls Frisk had used for her “tea party” the night before. They were in the exact same position she had left them, tea cups and all.

**Guess Toriel thought I might want to continue my game later today.** Frisk thought and nearly froze when she saw an uneasy look come over the monster’s face and to Frisk’s astonishment, the monster, perhaps unknowingly, slightly shuddered, her lips clearly mouthing the words “holy fuck” out.

If it were any other situation, Frisk would have felt completely disgusted with herself for relishing in another person’s discomfort and unease but she couldn’t help herself. She was relieved to finally meet somebody in this house that wasn’t completely crazy, even if said person was this trigger-happy woman, who worked for the couple that were keeping Frisk a prisoner here. At the moment Frisk was desperate enough to take anything she could get. How sane this monster was, she wasn’t certain. How helpful, she couldn’t say, but she’d found somebody that knew this wasn’t normal and, not only that, was also creeped out by it. That was something.

Frisk inwardly nodded. **Okay, I gotta be careful. This red headed demon-looking monster still works for those two kooks and I can’t risk my escape plans.** Frisk paused and placed her hand on her throat. **I could blackmail her.**

The thought was so sudden and swift and felt so sharp, almost as though a knife had sliced through Frisk’s head. **I could threaten to tell Asgore and Toriel what happened with the spear if she doesn’t take me to a damn phone this instant. And if she tries some stupid shit with me and tells they would never believe me, I can ask her how she’s gonna explain away how I knew what her spear looked like.**

Just as soon as Frisk thought of that plan, she instantly felt the need to throw up.

Dangling somebody’s own life over their head? Frisk inwardly shuddered. If there were even the slightest chance that Toriel and Asgore would kill this monster (who had meant her no real harm) if they found out what happened, then Frisk wouldn’t be any better than all the mobsters who threatened people’s lives for a living. Right? She’d be just as disgusting as the people she spent most of her life hating.
No, Frisk thought and narrowed her eyes. *I’m never gonna be like them. I’ll find another way to see if she’ll help me and if she’s like her crazy bosses, then I don’t need her anyways. I’ll escape with or without her help.*

With self-hatred and disgust burning in her chest Frisk stared up at the fish monster.

“So what’s the dealio here? Am I supposed to act like a baby when I’m around you too?” Frisk asked dryly, watching the fish’s expressions carefully and to her delight the monster’s face went from uncomfortable to outright cringing.

It was strange to feel excited and relieved from somebody’s discomfort but Frisk couldn’t deny the instant gratification she felt seeing the slimy fish lady shudder again as if her skin were actually crawling. The monster looked towards the door once more, almost as though she expected to see one of the two goats come barging through the door. When nothing happened, she leaned closer to Frisk until their cheeks were almost touching.

“Let’s keep our voices down when we talk about stuff like this, alright?” The fish suggested, her breath hitting Frisk full force but this time the need to gag wasn’t as strong.

In fact, now that Frisk was getting used to it, the fish had a strange, almost pleasant, salty smell to her… For one brief moment a memory flash in Frisk’s mind: she saw the fourteen year old version of herself running down a sand-covered beach in the bathing suit, flirting with a couple of beach boys while her parents sunbathed. Well, her mother did. Her father was sitting up, keeping a close eye on the “beach rats” who were flirting back with his daughter. The smell of salt was so strong in the air that day.

A small smile crossed over Frisk’s face at the memory, earning a baffled, wary and an extremely suspicious glare from the fish lady.

“What the hell is that smile fer, punk? Cut me a break, this is already really disturbing for me and seeing a grown woman in a dead kid’s nightgown in that same dead kid’s room, smilin’ at me ain’t helping me cope with this morning’s babysittin’ job,” the fish lady explained sourly.

Frisk chuckled at the memory, almost losing herself to it, causing the monster to raise her eyebrow. She never would understand why her mind went to certain places during the oddest times, but in this case she was okay with it. Remembering that made her feel stronger. It made her more excited for the day to begin. It filled her with **determination**. Maybe when she escaped, she’d go back to the beach. It’s been years since she went.
Hell, she might even drag Papyrus and Sans along if they wanted to go. Those two could use a good tan.

Now feeling slightly insane, Frisk chuckled again only this time imagining if Sans would laugh at the idea of skeletons tanning. Probably not. Maybe she needed to add a dick somewhere in there.

“Um ...human? Punk? Pal?”

Frisk finally snapped out of it, unable to stop grinning as she looked up at the fish.

“Sorry ‘bout that, but you kind of smell like the ocean,” Frisk said without even thinking about what she was saying or how random it was, but the response she received from the fish was equally as strange. The same huge sharp smile the fish lady gave her moment ago reappeared, only this time the expression seemed more genuine and it made the monster look absolutely beautiful.

A smile for the ages, Frisk thought and once again saw Sans’ smile enter her mind.

“The ocean, huh?” The fish lady asked. “Never been there, but I’ve heard it’s real pretty.”

Perfect place for a fish to go, Frisk thought absently, before catching herself almost getting lost in quiet normalcy of the conversation. Don’t get too distracted. Just make yourself relatable to her. Keep it going, Frisky. Make her understand that you are a person like her and maybe she’ll help you.

Yeah maybe.

“You should go sometimes,” Frisk gave the fish a wink that seemed to surprise the monster. “Plenty of cute boys too,” she added only to have the fish monster make a sound of annoyance.

“I’ve never been to the beach because those areas are surrounded by humans and plus…” the fish shrugged. “I’d be more interested in the cute girls if ya know what I’m saying.”
It took Frisk a second to get what she was saying and when she did, she couldn’t help but feel just a little bit envious that while humans may be more savvy when it came to phones, cameras, and technology in general, monsters like Tops and this lady could at least say what they really were without fear they would be ridiculed, or worse, be killed.

“So go to the beach and show off that sexy body off to the ladies-” Frisk almost laughed when she saw a dark blue blush hit the muscular monster’s face, but she managed to continue “- and if humans in general don’t get your engine going-” the fish’s face got even bluer, “-you are a fish monster. Might find a beautiful mermaid to make pretty music with if you know what I’m saying.”

Now completely dark blue with what Frisk imagined was embarrassment, fish began to sputter as she spoke.

“I ...um ...kinda already in ...ya know ...a semi-relationship with...” the fish paused, her embarrassed face quickly hardening. Frisk felt the small amount of confidence she had been building quickly leave her.

_Uh-oh, maybe sexually harassing the monster wasn’t a good idea-

“Half-human-half fish bitches don’t exist and even if they did, I don’t want nothing to do with them! I’ve read Yeats’ poems. I’m thinking it’s the human halves of those beasts that make them so horrible, cause our water monsters are nothing like them, but mermaids are a vicious lot!” the fish monster explained and crossed her arms smugly as though Frisk had been trying to trick her.

Frisk raised an eyebrow. _Yeats?_ The name sounded familiar, maybe somebody important she learned in a class years ago, but most of that had faded from her memory. She had been so caught up in her relationship with Derek during that last year of school before she dropped out that she barely could remember the names of her teachers, let along what they taught.

The fish saw her puzzled look and grunted.

“You’re a human and you don’t even know your own writers? Okay stupid, in Yeats’ poem, this mermaid falls for a human male and grabs him, taking him underwater to …” the fish paused for a second in thought as though she were trying to find the right words to say

Frisk smirked. “Have sex with him?”
The fish blushed again. “Thank you. Yes, have sex with him, but lo and behold, before she gets her chance to do anything, he drowns,” the fish monster explained, before seating herself down at the edge of the bed. “What do you think? Ya think she knew she was gonna kill him?”

Frisk blinked at the sudden question. “What?”

“Alphys and I argued about this. She thinks the mermaid didn’t know what was gonna happen, but I’ve read lots of other works involvin’ them bitch mermaids and they aren’t real nice. They lure men to their deaths all the time. My opinion is that she wanted to fuck him real quick and then let him drown, but she wasn’t fast enough. What do you think?”

**This is really happening**, Frisk thought to herself as she stared directly at the monster’s one eye, everything suddenly becoming so surreal. She was currently having a conversation about poetry with a monster who had pushed a spear to her throat no more than five minutes ago as she was being held against her will by two monsters that wanted her to act as their child or else she faced the threat of becoming a prostitute.

It felt so unreal that for one second Frisk honestly thought she was having a dream. Having a normal conversation in a nuthouse about literature? Five minutes ago she would have given anything to engage in an intelligent conversation after yesterday’s events, but of all things, why did it have to be about poetry?

Frisk hadn’t read poetry since Derek ...killed …

When her belly started to bulge she remembered spending long nights softly whispering little nursery rhymes and singing lullabies to her tummy. In the afternoons when she was sure her baby was asleep, she’d silently read the good stuff to herself. Of course after she lost her little angel, she threw all those stupid books away.

“Human?”

Frisk blinked back into reality unaware she was holding her hand to her stomach.

She tried to come up with something to say. Something intelligent, something that would make the fish lady happy, but given the small bits the monster told her about the poem...a mermaid trying to rape another person ... Asgore’s threats flashed in her mind causing an angry scowl to come over her
I need to get out of here and fast.

“I think ...I would have to read it to make a guess. The poem sounds kind of ugly and unpleasant though. Murder and ...rape,” she finally answered, knowing her response was disappointing.

However, to her amazement, instead of looking unimpressed, the fish looked panicked again and quickly shook her head.

“Nah, don’t think that about Yeats. He’s one of my favorite poets. I just ain’t no good with summarizin’ is all. I hear you’re a singer, so you know how there are songs that are sad but can still be real beautiful at the same time? Yeats is kind of like that and yeah, I’ll admit, there’s really terrible things in his poems sometimes, but that really tells ya somethin’ about the guy’s work if he’s able to take things like rape and death and make them sound pretty.”

Frisk found herself nodding her head. That made sense. There had been plenty of songs she’d sung that had moved her to tears. Even if the songs ended with lovers who were never meant to be, there was no denying the love and pain the musicians must have felt when they were writing the lyrics.

“Yeah, I understand you,” Frisk said quietly, feeling like shit that it took her this long to even give any thought about how intelligent this woman could be.

“What’s your name anyways?”

This fish monster quickly stood up and patted her chest proudly.

“Undyne, but lucky for you, you won’t see much of me. I’m more of an employee of Mr. Dreemurr than Mrs. Dreemurr,” she explained and stood up a little straighter. “And speaking of my boss, Mr. Dreemurr asked me to give you a bath because…” Undyne paused and looked at the door again before she spoke again only in a lower voice, “...because he believes that ...that if Mrs. Dreemurr sees you naked… she’ll…” she trailed off again and shrugged helplessly.

Okay Frisky, here’s your chance to see if she’ll be a help to you.

“They’re both crazy, you know,” Frisk said and held her breath.

Undyne silently looked around the room again, that uneasy expression coming over her face once
more and when she finally looked back, she offered Frisk a sad smile.

“I…I… just work for them.”

Desperation clawed at Frisk as she tried one last time to gain an ally. That apologetic look spoke volumes. Undyne KNEW this was sick and twisted and disturbing. Maybe she just needed more of a push.

“You don’t have to work for them.”

When guilt mixed with the uneasiness in the fish’s face, Frisk knew she wasn’t going to help her.

The monster reached up and touched her black eyepatch.

“Burned way too many bridges when I was younger, pal. I’m stuck here,” she explained before she shook her head and when she looked back at Frisk, all traces of guilt and unease were gone. That was okay with Frisk, though. Even though it was disappointing, it didn’t matter. Frisk already decided she was gonna escape with or without Undyne’s help.

But all the same, despite Undyne’s quiet rejections, Frisk couldn’t help but feel bad for the monster though. Being stuck in a place you don’t want to be in? There was no fate worse than that as far as Frisk was concerned.

“Do you have to be in that bathroom with me?”

Undyne nodded. “Yeah, boss’ orders, but I’ll turn my back,” there was an awkward pause, “We should hurry. Mr. Dreemurr will be finished with his morning gardening, Mrs. Dreemurr will be waking up soon and then Mettaton will be over in a few hours-”

**Mettaton? Oh damn, that’s right! I’m supposed to be getting a makeover today. That’s gonna interfere with my planning for a few hours. Damn it. Shit! Fuck-**

“Come on, let’s get going,” Undyne said. Frisk jumped down off the high bed and stood beside the tall monster.
“We’re cool. That little spear incident never happened,” Frisk muttered quickly and quietly.

“Neither did you calling my fucking insane bosses crazy either, pal,” Undyne muttered just as quickly and just as quietly.

Frisk looked up at her while Undyne looked down to meet her eyes. They both gave each a knowing and sad smile.

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They didn’t talk as Undyne led them down the hall to huge bathroom with an equally huge bathtub that could’ve easily been classified as a small swimming pool, and was already about a third filled with hot water. Two bottles were floating in the water. Oddly, the bathroom held a small sink, but no toilet. Frisk silently wondered if some rich people had separate rooms for that.

Frisk also wondered how she was gonna climb into the tub but Undyne pointed to a small set of stairs that led up to the edge. There were stairs on the inside of tub leading up and out as well.

“Toriel had them built into the tub when they still had Chara,” Undyne explained, her face becoming uneasy again.

That was all that was said. The fish lady kept her word and turned her back as Frisk undressed and got in. The two bottles floating in the water were a shampoo and soap bottle.

The soap smelled like an orange while the shampoo had a watermelon scent to it. Frisk already missed her lemon scented soap, but didn’t complain as she roughly scrubbed her skin clean.

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“Hey mommy, why can’t I go to the bathroom-”

“Not at the table, my child! Really, such poor manners this morning. You better behave yourself when daddy’s friend comes over,” Toriel tsked sternly before giving Frisk another helping of pancakes. This was gonna be her fourth stack.

Frisk’s stomach grumbled, now with the unpleasant sensation of being overfed again. Luckily, Toriel wasn’t spoon-feeding her, but there was something equally insulting at being given plastic utensils with happy faces imprinted on them to use.
Sitting across from her was Asgore, only this time he didn’t seem as focused on her as he’d been the previous day. He seemed a bit preoccupied reading the morning paper, but when he heard Toriel’s voice he lowered the paper and raised an eyebrow at Frisk.

“Sorry mommy,” Frisk muttered softly and forced herself to eat the pancakes, seething on the inside. I just wanted to know why I don’t need to take a shit after eating so much food, but okay, let’s practice our manners over inhuman bodily responses.

Frisk didn’t look up as she heard Toriel’s soft sigh of despair and gritted her teeth inside her closed lips as she felt Toriel’s soft large paw tuck a thick lock of her hair behind her ear.

“There’s nothing to apologize for, my child, but you have to learn when the right times are to ask certain questions,” Toriel explained. “Now then, after Mettaton leaves, why don’t we have a nice family night out and—”

Asgore grunted, getting Toriel’s attention. “I’m sorry my dear, but we’ll have to do that tomorrow evening. Grillby called me this morning—”

Frisk perked up. So you do have a phone, huh?

“—and told me to stop by the club after hours tonight. He has some important information to share with me.”

Frisk felt the excitement pound into her chest at his words. He won’t be here to watch me. This could be my chance to do some scooping around all the rooms ...hide and seek! Frisk began to tremble. Once he’s gone, I can talk Toriel into playing a game of hide and seek and I’ll use that time to check all the rooms—

A loud car horn blasted outside making Toriel and her jump, and causing Frisk to drop her fork.

“He’s here,” Asgore said, a tired smile coming over his face. A second later the doorbell rang and Toriel got up.
“Still as loud as ever,” she mumbled before shooting a concerned look Asgore’s way. “I hope he doesn’t frighten the child. You know how excitable he can become when he does his little fashion projects.”

Asgore nodded. “I already spoke to him. He’s promised to behave himself.”

Still looking unconvinced, Toriel turned around and walked out of the kitchen.

Asgore reached over and ruffled Frisk’s hair, messing up the bit the Toriel had fixed.

“Don’t worry about him, my little dear. Mettaton is just excited about meeting you. You’ll be the first human he’s ever me-”

“Darling! It’s so good to see you again and may I say you still look absolutely stunning!”

The voice was so loud and so unexpected that Frisk jumped once again. Asgore laughed and got up and before Frisk could follow his lead and jump off her chair to greet this newest monster Asgore had grabbed her under the arms and set her gently to her feet, grinning at her before they both looked towards the kitchen door.

A second later, Mettaton came into the kitchen, his arms linked with Toriel’s and all Frisk could do was stare at him in shocked awe.

Metal. He was all metal. A robot. Currently for the past year, Frisk had seen a number of tabloid articles that featured human engineers trying to create the first ever fully functional “robot”, a concept so utterly ridiculous that Frisk had simply snorted in laughter when she first heard about it. When she’d seen photos of the half-built robot that looked more like an adult wearing pots and pans over their head, Frisk had completely dismissed the idea all together.

However, what was now shaking hands with Asgore and exchanging pleasantries with the goat monster was not clunky or stupid looking. The metal that made up his skin was smooth and flawless, while his black hair looked soft to the touch. His four eyes blinked and moved around as he surveyed the kitchen and when he smiled, his white teeth looked so real. His four arms moved around, each one making its own gesture and his voice seemed to get higher or lower depending on how excited he became.
Is this a real monster? Robots are just supposed to be programmed to say and do certain things, at least that’s what the article I read said, Frisk thought. Of course that was a human article and she’d already met two skeleton monsters, a fish and lizard monster, a guy made out of fire, and two goats. Who’s to say that there couldn’t be any metal monsters? Not Frisk, that was for sure.

Whatever he was though, he certainly had a… interesting fashion sense. He wore a not quite feminine, but close to it fur white coat and beneath that was a sparkling pink suit that was so ugly that Frisk couldn’t tear her eyes away from it.

This is the guy that’s supposed to make me over? Frisk thought and nearly shuddered as she could only imagine what she would look like after he was done with her. Well at least he matches his buildings in HOTLAND.

“How have you been, old friend?” Asgore asked as he pulled his hand back, his gray fur now decorated with pink glitter, much like Toriel’s purple house dress was.

Mettaton threw his arms up in the air. “Drowning darling. Literally drowning. Between my theater, my radio show, and my adoring fans, I’ve simply have no time for myself. It’s quite draining, but one must please the masses,” he declared.

You poor dear, Frisk thought sarcastically but flashed up a quick smile as the robot finally turned his four eyes on her. His lips curved up and Frisk had to admit, the smile he gave her was ... friendly. And sweet. Despite herself, Frisk felt her own smile become a little more sincere.

“Well well well, so this is the glamorous little darling that has just recently joined your family?” he purred.

Toriel nodded her head proudly. “Yes, isn’t she just precious?”

“Of yes, precious. I can see why you fell in love with her instantly,” Mettaton said and bent down to Frisk’s level, dramatically holding a white gloved out for her to take.

Frisk slowly grabbed hold of it, and to her surprise, it felt soft. He gave her hand a little squeeze and tilted his head, his smile becoming a bit more ...sad? Frisk felt herself frown.
“And what is your name, beautiful?” he asked sweetly, his smile becoming kind again.

“Frisk De ...um Frisk Dreemurr,” she answered. Toriel squealed with delight at the answer. Once again the robot’s smile grew sadder. He squeezed her hand again and he winked two eyes at her.

“Where’s your assistant?” Asgore asked.

Mettaton sighed a little too loudly and finally let go of Frisk’s hand to push his hair out of his face, only for it to fall back in the same spot. “At the moment the slow little darling is getting my things out of the trunk. I simply don’t know why I keep him around. I think I’m too soft for my own good,” he declared, holding two hands over his heart.

Frisk raised an eyebrow. This is gonna be a few interesting hours, but the sooner he gets done with putting pancake mix on my face and dressing me up, the sooner he and Asgore leave and I can get my plan going.

Toriel chuckled. “If my memory serves me right, he’s that little fellow who tried to steal from you years ago?”

Mettaton sighed again. “Yes, he was quite a rough little teenager, but he’s improved a bit since I took him under my wing.”

Asgore grunted good-naturedly. “How many boxes did you bring with you?”

Just a few. Please say you brought maybe one or two boxes of stupid dresses for Asgore and Toriel to choose from and for me to try on.

While still kneeling on the ground, Mettaton placed his other set of hands on his hips and posed almost defiantly.

“More than you told me to bring, but after learning that you were using clothes from years ago, I simply couldn’t allow that. She must have a brand new wardrobe from today’s latest fashion. Out with the old and in with the new, I always say,” he declared loudly. Toriel nodded in agreement. Asgore grunted again, while Frisk held in an annoyed groan.
“Well, I better have Undyne help that poor fellow out,” he said and left the room to do just that.

Mettaton turned to look at Toriel and gave her a smile.

“How about some tea before we begin, darling?”

Toriel smiled. “Of course, Mettaton. Thank you for doing this for us,” and turned around to get the kettle going.

“Anything for you,” he said and when her back was turn his face lost its smile. He looked quickly at Toriel, saw she was occupied, before leaning close until his chin rested on Frisk’s shoulder.

“You poor darling. I’ve heard what they’re doing to you, but don’t you worry, I’ll help you out. We just need to get in a room where we can be alone to discuss how I can help you.”

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“Nah, I got it punk. Just keep piling them up and I’ll carry them inside,” Undyne growled and carried the five heaviest boxes in the cozy looking cottage without breaking a sweat.

Whisk watched her go, and felt the first of the tears begin to sting his eyes.

I don’t want to do this, I don’t want to do this, I don’t want to do this, he thought as he began piling boxes on top of each other but stopped when he saw a familiar leather black bag at the very back of the trunk all by itself.

Whisk frowned as he reached in and delicately plucked the heavy bag out of the trunk, knowing his boss would absolutely murder him if anything in it were damaged. After all, Mettaton did pay Grillby good money for this human invention and as far as Whisk knew, the robotic superstar was the only monster in the whole city to own one of these odd devices, which made it the most valuable thing Mettaton owned.

“What’s that?”

At the unexpected sound of Don Dreemurr’s top bodyguard, Whisk jumped, nearly dropping the heavy bag, but at the very last moment tightened his grip on it, holding it close to his chest as he
looked up at the tall fish monster.

“A camera,” he answered.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I'm giving myself a deadline. If everything works out, I should have another chapter posted by NEXT Monday. <3 thank you all for your patience once more!

A big shout out to ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter! If you spotted some grammar mistakes, that would be my fault. I only had ShiningWings read through it once before I fixed those first mistakes and posted it.

Also, the talented and lovey PiscesVick has written a oneshot based on my fic. It's a lovely piece, and I strongly suggest you all check it out when you have the chance. It's called "Invisible".
Music and Clothes

Chapter Notes

So after reading all your comments I honestly thought my heart was gonna explode out of my chest from all the loving, wonderful and supportive things so many of you sent me. So from the very bottom of my SOUL I want to thank you all for your encouragement, patience and understanding, and I want to tell you all it gave me such a boost I could have touched the stars, that's how high I was flying. <3

So thank you all. Hugs and kisses for everybody!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As Undyne grabbed the last of the boxes, Whisk pressed the heavy black camera bag closer to his chest and slowly followed the fish monster up to the Dreemurrs’ home. His footsteps were heavy, his eyes were stinging, his bandaged ears were still throbbing, and the urge to vomit was getting much stronger with every step he took towards the deceivingly cozy and cute-looking little cottage home.

It was almost kind of funny in a really deranged way. Whisk honestly thought the Dreemurrs' home would be similar to a castle-like mansion. It would be the type of home that would not only show off their unlimited wealth, but also give any passerby the impression that there could very well be a torture room in the basement.

However, to see something as delightful and as simple as this? If there were ever a time the phrase “don’t judge a book by its cover” could apply, it would be now. This little home could very well be the most charming piece of property Whisk had ever seen. The house was painted a soft welcoming lavender color with Don Dreemurr’s signature Golden Flowers decorating the sides of the walkway, which meant his huge legendary garden must be at the back of the house.

As far as Whisk was concerned, having a cute little home like this was an ingenious way to keep the infamous goat couple’s enemies from knowing where they lived. Nobody would look at this house and suspect it of hiding the insanity, cruelty and violence that many associated with Don and Lady Dreemurr.

It made Whisk briefly wonder how many unwitting people were lured into a false sense of security when they saw this home. Did they see the flowers and the well manicured lawn and refuse to believe that this elderly couple was dangerous? Of course, the Dreemurrs weren’t the only ones who hid themselves behind such loveliness.

Whisk thought of Grillby. Quiet and reserved Grillby. The small-time bar owner who dressed nicely
and provided all his customers with such wonderful service. There was also Mettaton. The charming and energetic fashion expert/radio host that so many wealthy monsters relied on for their entertainment.

*And then there’s me*, Whisk thought, tightening his good paw into a fist. *Here I am to help humiliate and mutilate a woman who did me no harm*, he thought miserably, freezing in mid-step to let out a choked up laugh filled with despair, self-hatred and self-disgust as the realization hit him.

When Mettaton told him they were gonna tear out pieces of that human’s body and doll her up for the Dreemurr’s amusement, Whisk absolutely knew his robotic superstar of a boss was telling the truth, but being the disgusting little maggot he knew he was, Whisk had actually managed to keep those particular facts out of his mind for the entire day yesterday.

It was easy too. All he had to do was concentrate on working at the Burger Emporium. Just focus on his job. Smile. Make the customers feel good. Listen to their orders carefully. Tell them lies about how great it is to work for Mettaton. Mess up their orders so he’d be forced to make it again, and if all that fails, just reach up and tug on one of his injured ears and focus on the pain.

So very very ...easy and it was just as easy this morning not to think of that human. As Mettaton brushed the feline’s fur until it shined and dressed him up in a very expensive pink dress shirt and black pants, so he wouldn’t “insult the lovely Dreemurr’s by entering their house in his usual mangy fashion”, Whisk convinced himself that he and Mettaton were simply fulfilling a perfectly normal request to “glamorize” a wealthy person. It was something Mettaton did on occasion for other monsters if the price was right.

But here he was, and now he couldn’t pretend any longer. In a few seconds when he regained his composure, he was gonna enter this cozy little home filled to the brim with unspeakable horrors and help further torment that poor little human.

*I’m gonna hurt her because I can’t do anything to help her*, Whisk thought and winced when he realized just how pathetic that sounded. He truly was as pathetic as Mettaton always told him he was, but at least in this scenario, his cowardice was justified.

*Even if I could somehow move around the room until I was close to the human, who would no doubt be under the watchful eye of Lady Dreemurr, what would I say?* Whisk thought. *All I could do is tell her what they were planning on doing to her, and what good would that do her? What could SHE do? Fight back? Run? If those were realistic options, she would have already fucking done that, and Don Dreemurr’s mutts would be tearing apart HOTLAND to find her.*
Whisk shoved his fist in his pocket and paused as he felt the keys of Mettaton’s sparkling white Roll Royce dig into his flesh. The feline had learned to drive shortly after Mettaton “took him in” five years ago when he was just fourteen. Having Napstablook teach him how to drive was probably one of the most terrifying experiences of his life. Mettaton wasn’t all that thrilled either about having Whisk drive his “beloved” Rolls, but Blooky had said he was tired of driving his metal cousin around, and Mettaton had instantly bowed to his cousin’s wishes.

Maybe when nobody’s watching I can grab her and drive her away from all of this, Whisk thought, and nearly broke into a sobbing fit of depraved laughter at his plan. Yeah, I can be the hero! Who the fuck would think it? NOBODY! Nobody would ever think for even one moment that miserable little piece of shit Burgerpants would ever do something like that, so my plan would be perfect!

Whisk’s grip on the camera loosened as he lost himself in his wonderful fantasy. It was something he rarely allowed himself to do these days, but for the past day and a half that was all he could do. That was all he wanted to do; pretend until he absolutely couldn’t anymore.

I could drive her all the way to WATERFALL so she can receive Don Gaster’s protection until she’s sent back to the human city.

“Waiting for an invitation to come in, my boy?”

Whisk stumbled backwards, nearly losing his footing at the soft and gentle female voice and when he looked up, his eyes widened and his entire body began to shake as the giant goat monster took a step towards him, her shadow completely engulfing his much smaller frame.

Lady Toriel Dreemurr.

While he had seen Don Dreemurr a handful of times either entering or leaving Grillby’s, he had never seen Lady Dreemurr before. He’d heard the old goat had lost her mind after her children died and locked herself away, barely leaving the house, even when the turf war started between the Gaster brothers and the Dreemurrs. Apparently Lady Dreemurr had been the ruthless brains behind Asgore’s strength, so when she left Asgore to run things by himself, that’s when they lost WATERFALL and SNOWDIN. Asgore and his gang of mutts were strong, but without his wife he didn’t stand a chance against Don Gaster’s strategic intellect.

It always made Whisk wonder... What if Lady Dreemurr had been able to cope with her children’s deaths? Could she and Asgore have stomped the Gaster brothers into the ground? He was glad he
didn’t know the answer to that. If the Dreemurrs killed the Gasters, there was no doubt that Lady Dreemurr would have destroyed all the Gasters’ closest allies, which included Tops.

*Tops…*

If Lady Dreemurr weren’t standing right in front of him, he would have reached up and tugged on his ear for thinking about things he had *no business* thinking about.

“Oh, my goodness! If my husband saw you staring at me like that he might become a little jealous,” Lady Dreemurr said, her face breaking into a playful smile as she closed the door behind her and leaned against it, crossing her arms.

*Look down at the ground, you idiot*, he screamed at himself, and even though there was a good possibility he could very well insult the crazy and violent wife of Don Dreemurr for openly staring at her, Whisk couldn’t tear his eyes away from the lady.

She was both wide and tall, and while most monsters towered over Whisk, it was monsters like her, Mettaton and Don Dreemurr that reminded him of his dwarfism and just how weak he was compared to them. She looked like she could crush him into dust with a fist, but at the moment she was smiling, showing off her sharp white teeth, but there was no malice or aggression to the look. In fact, much like the house, Whisk would never believe in a million years that this beautiful silver-furred elderly goat lady with the purple house dress and the butterfly apron was the same monster was known to burn folks alive who had been foolish enough to cross her. At the moment she looked motherly and warm.

Whisk thought of the human again. Was this how Lady Dreemurr presented herself to the human when they first met? As a harmless happy homemaker? Was that how it happened? Did the human take one look at this pretty and well-spoken woman and let her guard down?

“I...um…” he began, finally looking down, feeling himself shake even more. He hadn’t prepared anything to say to her. He didn’t think he would need to considering… why in the fuck would two powerful monsters want to talk to the burger-flipper? But here he was; talking to her. So he used the only weapon he’d learned as a five year employee of Mettaton: flattery.

“Sorry...Madame Dreemurr,” Whisk said quietly and submissively, making sure to keep his head down. “I was just admiring your pretty home,” he said and forced himself to look up at her and grin, hoping his smile wasn’t too big to be real. “It matches you a lot.”
Whisk almost fainted as she made a loud gasping sound that quickly turned into a pleased bleat. She pressed a hand to her chest, her smile becoming much warmer and sweeter.

“Oh, what a nice thing to say, but you do know I’m an old happily married lady, right, young man?” she giggled. Whisk forced his smile to stay on his face even though he could feel his SOUL squirming unpleasantly.

*Oh fuck my life, I shouldn’t have said that. Her husband is gonna think I was flirting with her and he’s gonna crush me into a pile of dust-*

“I have to admit when my husband told me Mettaton was bringing someone that was not his cousin to my house, I was a little worried. I’m sure you understand why of course. I can’t risk having my new child around unwanted elements—”

*You are so crazy lady,* Whisk thought and once again felt a sort of self-hatred hit him. *And I’m a fucking coward so I guess we’re both horrible.*

“And while I did hear that… um… unfortunately funny story about your short-lived life as a criminal,” Lady Dreemurr paused to giggle, causing Whisk to blush before she continued “to my surprise and delight my husband also mentioned you are a musician of sorts before you were employed by Mettaton. He said he would often see you outside either playing a harmonica or saxophone. Is that true?”

Whisk blinked at the question and when he looked back up at the goat monster, her smile was still warm and motherly, but her eyes were now slightly narrowed, glittering with something Whisk didn’t like.

“A… musician?” Whisk sputtered before his eyes immediately went down to stare at his permanently damaged paw. He hadn’t thought about his instruments or that stupid fucking dream of his in years. “I… would hardly call myself a musician, Madame Dreemurr. Before I was…em-employed by Mr. Mettaton, I was what you would call a …street performer.”

*Beggar*, Whisk mentally corrected himself, and expected Lady Dreemurr to correct him herself, but all she did was wave the information away impatiently.

“Yes, yes, yes, of course my husband told me that, but I’m curious, do you still play?”
There was just a tiny surge of unjustified anger that swelled up in the small feline monster as he held up his damaged paw with a little apologetic smile.

“I-I can’t anymore, Madame. A ...a work related incident destroyed one of my paws. It was around the time I started to work for Mr. Mettaton, so I haven’t played for about five years.”

Whisk felt his SOUL ache. He had been just five years old when he found that harmonica at the dump, while searching for something to eat. As soon as he blew into it, he thought it was the greatest treasure somebody could find. It was better than finding gold or food and when he blew on it for a second time he was amazed that somebody as ugly as himself could make such pretty sounds. And he wanted to make more of those pretty sounds. He wanted to make the sounds that his father used to sing to him before he passed away and left Whisk on the streets. So he found two street performers that seemed to breathe music: Lemon and Shyren Ailette.

They not only taught him how to play the harmonica, but they also taught him how play the saxophone, an instrument they already owned, but neither one was fond of playing. They chose singing over anything else and so when they taught him to play, they allowed him to perform with them, letting him have a cut of their stash. Shortly after that, they allowed him to live in their small dingy home in WATERFALL, and every second was filled with music.

He remembered how much they praised him. How talented they told him he was and being the young dumb kid he was, he honestly started to dream about becoming a famous musician and taking care of the his two guardians when he got older.

Of course, those were only dreams. Once the gang wars happened, the sisters went out one day to do some shopping and never came back. Just in the wrong place at the wrong time. The only thing he had left was their home and his instruments and once he realized he couldn’t stand the silence he sold the small property to Gerson. The only things he took were his saxophone and harmonica.

Of course after he “got” his job working at the Burger Emporium, the robotic superstar saw those instruments and destroyed them in his metal hands, telling Whisk that somebody as talentless as he shouldn’t be wasting his time daydreaming about the impossible.

“Also darling, how are you supposed to play when your poor little paw is crippled? Really now, think a little bit,” Mettaton had told him cheerfully before handing the twisted metal that was once his instruments back to him and ordering him to take those pieces of garbage out.
At the time Whisk had been heartbroken and enraged, but now he realized Mettaton had not only been correct, but he had also justified. He did steal from the man so it was only right that Mettaton punish him in whatever way he saw fit.

Lady Dreemurr’s eyes dimmed for a second, her disappointment as clear as day and Whisk felt relieved. Maybe she’d lose interest and they could stop talking about things that Whisk had *no business* thinking about.

However, Lady Dreemurr brightened up once again. “But you do remember how to play, correct? Knowledge like that doesn’t suddenly leave a person.”

Despite wanting nothing more than to end the conversation, Whisk found himself nodding. Lady Dreemurr’s smile widened and she clapped her hands together.

“Oh that’s wonderful to hear, my boy. You see, my child is very fond of music and singing, but unfortunately I haven’t been able to find a singing coach to help nurture her talent just yet so in the meantime, between her education and family time, I would like her to have an extracurricular activity that fits in with her interests. From what my husband tells me and knowing you are a trusted employee of Mettaton’s, I would like to hire you as my child’s personal music tutor. What do you say, my boy?”

*NO! HELL NO! FUCK NO! I was just supposed to be here one time. One fucking time and NEVER see that human again!*

Trembling Whisk smiled. “I ...I ...I no longer own my harmonica or saxophone-”

“Instruments will be provided for both you and my child,” Donna Dreemurr said, her voice now becoming bored.

*Come on you stupid little fuck-up*, Whisk desperately thought. *Think of something!*

“I don’t think Mr. Mettaton would allow me to-”

“He WILL allow you.”
And with that cold and decisive tone, Whisk knew it was a done deal.

He looked up at Lady Dreemurr and offered her a sunny smile.

“There would be happy to try and teach her how to play,” Whisk said.

You fucking pathetic little prick, he thought to himself as Lady Dreemurr let out another pleased bleat. You are the most spineless creature that has ever been created and you were actually daydreaming about saving that human just a minute ago.

“Thank you, my boy. I’m sure that will brighten up my child’s mood,” and with that, Lady Dreemurr’s smile faded slightly. “I can tell she’s having trouble adapting to her new home.”

Yeah, no shit ya crazy bitch, Whisk thought but nodded his head sympathetically.

“But she’s been trying so hard to be good and I’m sure this will put a smile on her face,” Lady Dreemurr declared with the confident air.

Maybe you should tell her that great piece of news after Mettaton mutilates her body. She’s gonna need something to smile about after that, Whisk thought but simply watched as the goat monster straightened herself up.

“Now, I’m sure my husband is wondering what’s taking us so long,” and with that statement a sly smile came over Lady Dreemurr’s face. “Just between you and I, from the few boxes of clothing Mettaton’s already opened, I do believe your boss’s taste in clothing might be a little too …much for me and judging my child’s expressions, she thinks the same thing. Please tell me he actually brought some clothing that isn’t covered with glitter.”

Whisk nodded.

“There are quite a few boxes filled with more simple dresses. Looking modest is …is always fashionable.”

The goat monster let out a sigh of relief. “Thank goodness.”
Whisk nodded, feeling the self-hatred hit him hard. “Yeah, thank ...thank goodness.”

Frisk tried to hold in a frown as Mettaton leaned down to reach two of his four arms over her head to press the tacky, puffy, puke-pink princess dress to her body and used his spare hands to smooth any possible wrinkles out. Asgore sat in his cushioned easy chair to judge each piece of clothing, a task both he and Toriel had been sharing until she’d gone outside to “check on” Mettaton’s assistant.

If there hadn’t been a million other things going through Frisk’s mind at the moment and causing her heart to pump a mile a minute, she would have felt oddly amused by this whole situation.

Before Toriel had gone outside to check on Mettaton’s employee, she had been the one deciding which dress stayed and which dress should be packed up, while Asgore had simply nodded his head in agreement, but as soon as Toriel left the room, every dress Mettaton held up to Frisk’s body had been met with a blank helpless stare by the male goat. For once Asgore seemed out of his comfort zone and while it was satisfying to see the bastard so unsure of himself, there was a part of Frisk that wondered if she would have reacted the same way if she were choosing from this ...particular collection herself.

Despite the fact Mettaton had declared that these carefully packed boxes contained the latest childrens’ fashion in his line of clothing, Frisk couldn’t imagine any human parent actually allowing their children to wear one of these dresses in public. They looked more like Halloween costumes than anything else. Toriel must have agreed because there had been a few instances with a number of dresses where a look of baffled amazement had clearly shown on her furry face. While Frisk hated to admit it, many of the goat lady’s outspoken criticisms for a lot of the dresses were the exact same ones that were going through Frisk’s head.

“That one is too flashy. Come now, Mettaton, she’s a child, not a whor ...um showgirl.”

“Why are all these dresses so bright and colorful? Most of these colors do not flatter the child at all.”

“Do so many of your dresses have to have puffy sleeves? They are so ugly.”
“Why do dresses need more than one sash? Just one around the waist will do just fine.”

“Only a few bows are needed to decorate a dress, Mettaton. We don’t need them decorating every inch of the thing.”

“Ugh ….I know you love glitter, but just look at my floor, Mettaton. Maybe we should have put newspapers down before we started… anyways, don’t you have any simple dresses for my child? The clothing should enhance the child’s natural beauty, not take attention away from her. Really now, Mettaton, as a man of fashion you should know this.”

Frisk had watched, feeling a mixture of sympathy (these were his name brand clothing after all) and guilt (because she did agree with Toriel) as Mettaton tried his hardest to defend his clothing, telling Toriel that many of the RESORT’s children wear his name brand clothing, and a lot of the dresses he had already shown her were his highest sellers.

Frisk had internally winced when Toriel had widened her eyes, whether sarcastically or not, Frisk hadn’t been sure, and asked a one word question in the sweetest voice imaginable:

“Really?”

To Mettaton’s credit he had taken all of of Toriel’s criticism in stride as best he could, but at that one word question, Frisk watched as his smile got a little bit tighter, his four eyes narrowed just the tiniest bit, and his body stiffened up slightly. Suddenly, after seeing that reaction… Frisk hadn’t been so sure about her new “ally”.

Yes, these were his name brand clothing and from what he’d told her, he had proudly designed each dress, so it was understandable that his ego might be a little bruised, but in the end, he understood she was NOT a child, and Toriel was completely crazy, so why would he get that offended? If he knew this was all just pretend, something to appease Toriel and Asgore, why get that angry?

And when that thought entered her head, another realization hit her that she hadn’t bothered to put much thought into since she’d had been too excited about a possible new ally.

From the very moment Mettaton opened the first box of clothing, he seemed a little too excited and way too eager to have Frisk model his dresses. He had to be aware that this whole thing was humiliating for her so why would he hold up one dress to her body for five minutes at a time and jerk her from side to side so the goat couple could see the dress from every possible angle? Then after
Toriel’s rejection, why would he spend another two minutes arguing with the goat monster on how the dress works? Why not just move onto the next dress?

However as soon as Frisk wondered about that, a somewhat logical answer entered her mind. She did remember seeing Mettaton’s theater in HOTLAND, so there was a very good chance he was acting. From what Asgore had told Frisk, the goat family seemed to have a lot of connections in Fell City and Mettaton wanted to make sure nothing went wrong in his attempt to help her so he was really selling this bit and that look of annoyance and displeasure was just a slip-up. After all that look only lasted on his face for a second before he broke into laughter, and had started to argue with Toriel before she got up to go outside, leaving Frisk alone with the two men.

*Hmmm ...that could be it Frisky*, *he is risking his own life to save you, so he can’t afford to put on a bad performance*, that cautious part of her mind agreed and Frisk felt the slightest bit relieved to hear that. Her paranoia must have been getting the better of her. Of course he would put on an act to trick the powerful goat couple.

*Of course*, the cautious part of her mind continued, instantly causing Frisk’s relief to evaporate, *the goat bastard DID tell you he and Mettaton were good friends and went way back. This could very well be a test from dear ol’ goat daddy to see what you would do if given the chance to escape. I wouldn’t put it past that bearded asshole. Be careful with this guy, Frisky.*

Frisk froze up at the thought, but before she think any further on it, Mettaton grabbed her shoulders and jerked her a bit so Asgore could have a better view of her in the puke pink princess dress.

“Now, I don’t like to brag Asgore, but as soon as I displayed this lovely dress in my boutiques for only just one hour, they were all sold out and I personally think the color and style really brings out her sweetness. What do you think?”

Asgore stared silently at both Frisk and the dress before finally allowing an almost stern smile to come over his face.

“I’m gonna be straight with you Mettaton, I tried to be helpful, but this really isn’t my... forte, so instead of holding up those dresses for me to see, I need to discuss something with you,” the goat monster’s voice became much tighter and more serious. Frisk instantly tensed up. He used the same tone when she had sat down across from him in his garden. Apparently his tone must have struck a chord with Mettaton too because the monster let the pink dress fall to the floor at Frisk’s feet. He quickly straighten up to his full height and adjusted his pink tie.
“Of course, old friend. What do you need from me?” His flamboyant and energetic voice was gone and in its place was the tone of a sincere man. His voice was warm and encouraging, almost as though he really were talking to a dear friend of his. Asgore’s stern face softened some.

*Man, this guy really knows how to act*, Frisk thought, feeling more unease and distrust creep in her mind. *He’s so good that if I didn’t know any better, I could swear those two might actually be good friends.*

The cautious and now very suspicious part of her brain didn’t even wait to respond. *That’s the problem, Frisky. You don’t know any better when it comes to this guy. You know he’s acting, but you don’t know who the hell his audience is. Yeah, he’s the first monster aside from Undyne to show a bit of compassion for your situation, and while this is gonna be frustrating, don’t take the risk and trust this guy. You just saw that deep, warm exchange between the two of them. With Undyne you had something over her head if she threatened to tell Asgore you asked for her help, but you got nothing on him. Nothing to defend yourself with. Nothing to-*

“As I’ve already told you, my wife cannot be in the bathroom with you when you do your ...um makeover to the child. She hasn’t reacted well to seeing the child’s...” Asgore coughed, gesturing towards Frisk’s body with a massive paw going up and down. Frisk blushed and covered her chest by crossing her arms before looking up to carefully watch the robot’s reaction.

Despite everything, there was a tiny bit of hope still brewing in her mind that this monster would help her. While she didn’t know what she was looking for when she stared up at him, she couldn’t help wanting to see something, even the slightest little expression change on his face that would show her he was on her side.

Mettaton nodded his head, his face never losing its sincerity.

“Of course, Asgore. I understand completely,” and with that, he gently patted Frisk’s head and with that gesture any hope that Frisk had for his help went out the window.

Not only was being patted on the head one of the most condescending things that had ever happened to Frisk, and she was INCLUDING being spoon fed, but the gesture was completely unnecessary and utterly humiliating. He PATTED her on the head like she were a dog. He didn’t ruffled her hair like Asgore and Toriel always did. He actually PATTED HER ON THE HEAD LIKE SHE WERE A FUCKING ANIMAL!

“Good,” Asgore gruffed as Frisk seethed, barely able to focus on the conversation. “And Alphys will
be waiting on hand if you need her assistance for anything, but I can’t have her standing by the bathroom door. That little project of mine needs her constant attention.”

Mettaton nodded and smiled kindly at Frisk. “I think me and my assistant will be okay. You have faith in me, right darling?”

 Fuck you, she thought feeling her eyes burn hotly, the rage she felt threatening to boil over.

“Hello again everybody!”

Toriel came bouncing back in, a pleased and excited smile on her face and following slowly behind her was a feline monster. Frisk blinked, her rage simmering as she stared at the newest monster who came shuffling in, hugging a heavy looking black leather bag with him.

He was small. Very small. The smallest monster Frisk had seen so far, maybe just a few inches taller than she was with light orange fur and a long tail that was swishing back and forth very quickly. His sharp ears were bandaged and each time they twitched they seemed to cause him a great deal of pain because he would grit his teeth. His head was down but from what she could see of his bright green, almond-shaped eyes, they were shifting all around the floor. It was as though he were trying to avoid making eye contact with anybody in the room.

And I thought I was the only one who didn’t want to be here, Frisk thought and looked towards Asgore and Mettaton. Asgore seemed relieved to have Toriel back, most likely happy to no longer be burdened by the task of looking at clothes by himself and paid the pussycat no mind, but Mettaton…

Frisk felt a chill run down her spine as she watched a mean and cruel smile curve up on the robot’s face. Gone was his sincere demeanor, and Frisk suddenly had the unpleasant feeling that perhaps this was what the robot looked like when he wasn’t acting.

“Well darling, it took you long enough. What was the holdup?” Mettaton asked, his voice sharp and mocking, yet laced with a sugary surface coating that made Frisk’s teeth ache. The feline monster openly flinched at the tone almost as though he were bracing himself to be hit.

He’s scared and he’s acting like he’s gonna get hit. People don’t act like that unless they’ve been hit before.
Frisk stared at the cat monster’s bandaged ears again, feeling her eyes narrow.

*Does he remind YOU of anybody, Frisky?*

The dislike and distrust Frisk had for Mettaton a second ago intensified.

“I’m s-s-sorry-” the pussycat monster began, his voice low and meek, now hugging the black bag to his chest as though it were a source of comfort but before he could finish apologizing, Mettaton started again, clearly not interested in whatever the pussycat had to say.

*Yeah, guys like him never really want answers when they ask those types of questions, right Frisky? Remember Derek?*

“Undyne did your whole job for you, darling. You should have been here fifteen minutes ago, repacking all these dresses,” with every sharp word Mettaton spat at him, the cat’s shoulders seemed to sink until Frisk thought he would melt into the ground.

*Oh yeah, Frisky. You remember doing that when Derek would yell at you. Guess some things are universal no matter what species you are.*

“And quit clinging to that bag, darling. That equipment is worth more than your life and if one piece is broken…” Mettaton trialed off, his unspoken threat having its desired effect. The pussycat immediately loosened his hold on the bag, placing it down on the ground and Frisk felt sick as a pleased smile came over Mettaton’s face.

With a dramatic “woe is me” sigh, the robot turned towards Toriel and Asgore and offered them a sad and tired smile.

“I’m sorry for my assistant’s pathetic lack of manners,” Mettaton nearly sang, his smile now arrogant as well. The pussycat’s ears drooped in submission. Frisk’s blood wasn’t just boiling now. She felt that steam was running through her veins and at any moment it would come rushing out her ears.

*Berating a poor scared employee in front of his rich friends? Definitely the sign of a man who feels for others. Look at that pots-and-pans asshole. Every horrible thing he’s saying is coming out so smooth, it’s fucking second nature to him.*
“This is exactly the reason why I keep him behind the grill of my Burger Emporium—”

“Don’t be mean to the cute kitty, Mettaton. He said he was sorry!” Frisk blurted out and watched Mettaton’s four eyes widen in shock, her sudden outburst causing him to shut his stupid loud mouth.

To be honest, she didn’t mean to say that. She meant to say “Knock it off you stupid glittery asshole” but her self-preservation kicked in at the last moment and she forced herself to say something that wasn’t even remotely satisfying in the least, but at least the robot had finally shut his trap.

Turning away from Mettaton, Frisk turned back to the pussycat monster and saw that his head was finally up and if Mettaton looked shocked, then the kitty looked absolutely bewildered. His green eyes were as big as saucers and he was staring at Frisk with a wide open mouth, revealing a pair of small fangs.

The silence didn’t last long and Frisk winced when she heard Asgore get up from his seat.

“Young lady, may I have a word with you in—” he started, to say his voice stern and angry, but before he could finish, Toriel cheerfully jumped in, kneeling down to Frisk’s level and placing a paw on her shoulder.

“Now, my child, I don’t have to tell you that was rude, do I?” She said, her voice light and sweet, but her eyes dark and full of maternal warning. Frisk quickly found herself nodding. Between the two, she’d rather deal with Toriel in front of everybody acting like a little girl than talking to Asgore in private as an adult.

“Sorry mommy,” Frisk said and when Toriel motioned her head over to Mettaton, Frisk mentally took a deep breath and turned towards the still shell-shocked robot and offered him a bright cherry smile.

“I’m sorry Mr. Mettaton,” she said and was relieved to see that Asgore’s face, while still stern, didn’t look as angry as before.

It took the robot a few silent seconds to recover, and when he did, Frisk had to fight to keep herself from rolling her eyes as his energetic facade came back.
YOU are definitely his audience, Frisky.

“That’s quite alright, my little darling! And if I may say, Burgerpants -and yes, darling, that really is his name - and I have a very good relationship. We joke with each other all the time, isn’t that right, Burgerpants?” The robot purred, his happy and sweet smile turning on the shivering cat.

“Of course!” the feline monster nearly screeched out before giving Frisk a less than convincing smile that seem to shake his whole head. His eyes started to water. Not a lot, but enough for Frisk to notice. “He just kids with me, Miss! I’ve known him since I was just a kid when he took me in! That’s how we…” he trailed off when Frisk remained expressionless before he swallowed and continued, “…how we...we get along. Jokes and… playfully insulting each other.”

Mettaton raised his hands in the air victoriously. “See darling? There’s no need to be upset—”

“Just the same, Mettaton, try not to joke in a way that undermines this young man in front of my child anymore as it seems to upset her.” Toriel stated calmly and coolly.

“What?” Burgerpants, Mettaton, and Asgore asked all at once, now all three looking bewildered and shocked, yet neither Asgore or Mettaton dared argue with the goat lady. They simply stared at her.

Winking at Frisk and shooting her a wicked smile, Toriel got back up and placed her paws on her hips. “I would like to discuss something with the two of you in private.”

Frisk watched as Mettaton and Asgore exchanged uncertain looks before both giving the goat lady easy smiles. Frisk couldn’t help but smirk.

Looks like Asgore isn’t the real head of this household, Frsky. Keep that in mind for the future.

“Of course, my dear,” Asgore cooed and grabbed Mettaton’s shoulder to lead him into the kitchen. Toriel lingered in the living room and placed her paw on Frisk’s shoulder again. She smiled at the two small beings.

“You be nice to Mr-” Toriel giggled, “Burgerpants,” while mommy talks to daddy and Mr. Mettaton,” Toriel said. Frisk nodded.
“As for you, young man,” she said turning her attention to the quivering cat. “If anything happens to my child while I’m gone, I don’t know what I’ll do, but it won’t be very pleasant,” she said softly and sweetly. Frisk gritted her teeth as she watched as panic wash over the poor monster. He quickly nodded.

“Y-yes madam,’ he managed to spit out, once again giving out that wide and fearful smile that rattled his head.

_Goddamn it, I don’t want to be the cause of anybody dying you bitch, so don’t use me in a threat!_

“Wonderful!” Toriel bleated and gently pushed Frisk a bit towards the cat monster. Frisk’s eyes met his tearful green ones for the briefest second before the small monster looked down.

“Go on and get to know each other a bit while I tell daddy about the surprise I’m planning for you,” Toriel said, her words ringing with excitement.

_Oh goodie, another surprise_, Frisk thought sourly but swallowed and tried to look eager and excited herself.

“A surprise? What is it mommy?”

Out of the corner of her eye, Frisk watched the cat monster stiffen.

_Oh buddy, if it that made you uncomfortable you are not gonna like the next few hours_, Frisk thought while Toriel laughed.

“You’ll have to wait just a bit longer, my child,” Toriel said teasingly and reached down to poke her in the nose and Frisk had to fight the urge to snap at her finger with her teeth.

“Awww… alrighty mommy,” Frisk said as Toriel gave “Burgerpants” one more pleasant and terrifying smile before walking into the kitchen.
Frisk made sure to wait until she heard the low voice of Toriel begin to talk in the other room before she wrapped her arms around the cat’s shaking shoulders, causing him to jump and look back up, but he didn’t pull away.

“So…” she began, giving him a flirty smirk that seemed to further bewilder the poor monster, “Aside from having the most-self centered, horrible and demeaning boss in the entire world… what’s new, pussycat?”

The bewildered monster’s eyes widened in distress to the point Frisk thought they were gonna pop out of his head. He sputtered and tried to spit something out but stopped himself as he turned his head towards the kitchen door, Asgore’s deep voice now talking and when he turned back, the terrible and miserable smile was back on his face.

“I’m ...um ...I’m not ...Mettaton ...he’s planning on ripping out your u-der-us !”

As soon as Whisk blurted the words out, the human released the soft hold on his shoulders and pulled back, staring at him, not comprehending what he said.

“My what? Do you just say he’s gonna take out my uterus ?” she asked, her voice still calm but Whisk detected a faint trace of panic beginning to enter her final words and he watched as she placed a hand over her stomach.

He didn’t mean to say it like that. Oh, fuck his life , he didn’t mean to just blurt it out like that, but this was the only chance he had to tell her, and maybe she could come up with something to save herself now that she had that knowledge… She had called him cute, the same thing Tops had told him countless times, and her soft arm felt so nice and her voice was so soft and sweet like Tops’ and he just ...he just couldn’t think. And now she was gonna lose her shit and start panicking and then they were gonna come back into the room to see what was going on and and and and and…

“I’m sorry,” he said, feeling the first tear slip down his face, as breathing became more difficult for him. He felt like he was hyperventilating and without thinking he reached up and began to tug on his ear, but just as he was about to pull, that soft hand grabbed his paw and gently, but firmly, pulled it away.

The human’s face was stoic, her eyes burning with something that Whisk would have backed away
from, but she still had a firm grip on his paw and with her other hand, she reached up and cupped his cheek to make sure he was facing her.

“Don’t lose it on me, pussycat. If you lose it, I’m gonna lose it, and we both lose, get me? So just calm down and tell me what’s going on. Come on, deep breaths, relax,” the human said softly, her voice almost becoming melodious, and amazingly, Whisk found himself becoming calmer at her urging. She had a pretty voice. A kind voice. A voice like Tops’.

“I know what you’re going through. I once had a boyfriend who was as overbearing and as abusive as Mettaton, so I know how hard it is to be brave, but I’m counting on you, so you can’t let me down, alright?”

_That’s right you piece of shit. Let the woman who was kidnapped and forced to act like a child be the one to comfort you. You pathetic little worm,_ he thought to himself but all the time he nearly melted at her touch and her soft cooing.

“Take it easy, pussycat. First off, I did hear you correctly, right? That asshole of a boss of yours is gonna tear out my uterus right?”

Whisk nodded his head. There was a flash of fear and terror that momentarily clouded the human’s eyes as she looked down to stare at her stomach again, but just as quick as it had come, it was gone.

“Why?”

Whisk swallowed and was just about to answer but stopped as he heard Mettaton’s voice coming from the kitchen and he didn’t sound happy. Toriel must have told him about his new job. The car ride home was not gonna be a fun one.

“C-Cause, you have a _mena-stray-shin_ cycle and that’s something only older human females get and so-”

“They are literally trying to make me as childlike as possible,” the human finished. Whisk once again nodded his head.

Still holding his hand, the human suddenly frowned and looked around the room at the many boxes.
“Where’s all the medical equipment?”

Whisk pointed to a rather long and skinny sparkling pink box. “The medical knives he’s gonna …gonna use to …to…” he couldn’t finish the sentence.

“That’s it? That’s all he brought?”

Whisk blinked. “Mettaton said that would be enough.”

Now it was the human’s turn to blink and suddenly a small smile came over her face and for the first time in a long while Whisk began to feel hopeful.

*Is she coming up with a plan?*

“Okay, let’s start over. How much does your boss know about humans?”

“He knows their fashion-”

The human scoffed. “No he doesn’t. No human would ever be caught dead wearing one of these tacky dresses. Even circus clowns wouldn’t be caught dead in one of these getups.”

Despite the tense situation, Whisk laughed, imagining his boss’s face at that statement. And to be told that by a human? It would shatter Mettaton. Utterly shatter the celebrity.

The human smiled. “You’re pretty cute when I can see your real smile. Enough to make a girl fall in love with.”

Whisk’s laughter instantly stopped and once again, his thoughts turned to Tops.

“Is he some kind of surgeon for monsters?” the human asked breaking him out of his thoughts.
“No. He’s a radio host.”

The human paused again, clearly in deep thought before her smile got even wider. Whisk felt his hope bloom even more.

“Asgore did say I was the first human he was gonna meet too, so he knows nothing about the human body.”

“He brought a book with him to help him with the surgery. The plan was that after you tried on the clothes, he was gonna give you your makeover which included that,” Whisk eagerly offered, now completely calm and briefly wondered how somebody he just met could have the same effect that Tops had on him.

The human nodded her head, confidently. “Okay, I know what to do. I honestly think I have a plan.”

Whisk’s tail began to sway back and forth quickly in excitement. The human sounded so confident that he couldn’t help but believe that she had something up her sleeve that would stop Mettaton and just before he could ask her what it was, the human leaned over and kissed him on the cheek, instantly freezing him up.

She smiled at him. “You’re a good guy, pussycat. I know you don’t think you’re worth anything because once upon a time I was in your shoes, but let me tell you something, you’re the fucking hero today and I won’t forget that or you.”

_Hero? Yeah, she wouldn’t be saying that if she knew I had the keys to the car_, Whisk thought as the warmth her lips lingered on his cheek. _Tops…_

The sound of all three monsters reentering the living room caught both of their ears and the human pulled away but not before giving his paw a gentle squeeze and flashing him a soft smile that made his SOUL sing. If he weren’t gay and already in love with another man, Whisk was sure that he’d be falling head over heels in love with this human.

Whisk watched as Lady Dreemurr came in first with a little hop in her step. Next Don Dreemurr followed with more of a puzzled look on his face and lastly Mettaton came in, and while his face showed a sugary happy smile, Whisk inwardly shuddered knowing that even though it was Lady Dreemurr who wanted him to teach the human music, it was still gonna be a horrible night when they got back to _Grillby’s_.

“Well now, are you ready to get back to trying on dresses, my child?”

Whisk watched as Frisk winked at him again before turning to Lady Dreemurr, crossing her arms, and pouting. If the situation wasn’t so… nightmarish, Whisk would have been impressed with the human’s ability to transform from a highly intelligent adult into a spoiled little girl. Whisk had watched Mettaton act in his theater many nights, and she put him to shame.

“Mommy, this is getting boring. Can Mr. Mettaton give me my makeover now while you and daddy look at the clothes? Please?”

She’s rushing it? Whisk felt himself frown.

Lady Dreemurr’s smile faded, but before she could respond, Don Dreemurr stepped in.

“I think that’s a fine idea,” he said and turned towards his wife with a pleading smile on his face. “Have mercy on the child and myself and let’s cut this whole process in half.”

“I agree, darling,” Mettaton declared as well. “My makeovers usually take a long time and I’m sure you don’t want your child to get cranky and unpleasant from having to stand up and sit down for long periods of time.”

Lady Dreemurr looked at the human once more who clasped her hands together.

“Please?” she begged, offering the goat monster a huge childlike smile.

“Alright,” Lady Dreemurr sighed and looked at Mettaton. “Do your magic.”

With a wild and strange smile that set off alarm bells in Whisk’s head, Mettaton grabbed the human by the hand and grabbed the camera bag with the other before he used one of his free hands to gesture towards the “makeup” boxes.

“Gather everything up, darling, and meet me in the bathroom. It’s just down this hallway,” Mettaton
instructed.

Whisk scrambled to do so, picking up the boxes that contained the makeup and the chest compression wraps and finally lifted the heavy box filled with knives. He looked over at the Dreemurrs and saw they were already looking through the dresses once more, his existence not an interest to them.

He struggled as he carried the boxes to the bathroom and as he opened the door he heard the human’s voice. He quickly closed the door.

“...offer to help wasn’t real, huh?”

Placing the boxes down, Whisk saw that Mettaton had his back turned to the human and was busy opening the camera bag while the human was leaning against the huge tub, her arms crossed. She looked over at the feline and winked. Whisk offered her a small smile of support.

“Of course not, darling. I simply wanted to see if my brilliant acting skills could fool even a human, and it looks like they are just as wonderful as I suspected,” he said, turning around and opening the camera-stand up, placing it in front of the human before turning back around to open the actual camera.

The human’s eyes widened slightly and when she turned back to Whisk with a questioning look, the cat could only shrug helplessly.

*What the hell is he doing,* Whisk thought as Mettaton placed the camera on the stand.

“Darling, I’m willing to make you a proposition,” he began before letting out a smug chuckle and brushing his bangs out of his eyes. “Well, to be honest, you should feel honored, most monsters would give up their own SOULS to be in your position; after all, I am the most popular celebrity in Fell City, but here’s what I’m offering to do for you: Asgore and Toriel want you to be a child in both mind AND body and so they are wanting me to preform a little surgery that will make part of your body that way,” Mettaton explained.

Whisk felt his ears drop as he looked at the camera again. The anxiety and disgust hit him all at once. Mettaton had told him he wanted to be the first one to “sample” Grillby’s human “entertainment.”
“You like the idea of having sex and babies, right?”

Whisk watched in helpless self-hatred as the human’s eyes darkened. Her hand coming up to her stomach again.

“Well this surgery is gonna take those two things away from you, and won’t it be such a tragedy should you actually escape, darling?”

The human didn’t say anything. Her glare became icier and more vicious and if Mettaton saw her expression, he wasn’t turned off by it.

“Well, I am a man who absolutely loves humans and you are quite beautiful.”

Oh please, human, have a good plan, Whisk begged. The thought of having to be the photographer was more than he could bear and if Mettaton saw her expression, he wasn’t turned off by it.

“So let me get this straight: if I fuck you and let you take pictures of us fucking, you won’t operate on me?”

Whisk watched as Mettaton cringed at the vulgar words before pulling himself up to his full height and leaning over the human to show just how much larger he was compared to her. It was a trick he often used with Whisk, but the human only lifted her head to meet his gaze.

“Like I said, most monsters would give up anything for this chance, darling, and this is a one-chance offer, plus” and with that, Mettaton smiled seductively down at the human and ran a gloved hand down her cheek and under her chin, “I’m quite the lover. I’ll make you feel things you’ve never felt before.”

Whisk could only watch in numb horror as the human finally smiled up at the robot.

“Hmmm…” she said, purring, “Well since you put it that way…”, her sexy expression dropped and
a mocking sneer came over her face. “Do it. Tear it out.”

_Wait, what?! Oh human, please don’t tell me that was your plan,_ Whisk thought as he watched his boss’s face become enraged.

Chapter End Notes

A big shout out to the wonderful and sarcastic ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter and putting up with me! <3
Bathrooms and Basements

Chapter Notes

I am still alive!!!! Hehehehe! Thank you all for your love, patience, comments and support! So for those of you who are either writers or artists, I had one of the most horrible things happen to me: my google account got, for a lack of better word, "hacked" and all my doc files are gone despite the best efforts of the people at Google who tried to recover my work! And what do I mean by gone? I mean deleted. As in no longer with us. My next few chapters of Greektale? Gone without a trace. My half finished Sooner or Later oneshots? Bye bye Birdie. A fanfic gift to my good friend Mr.War!? Didn't make it.

Oh yes, my heart was broken for a bit, I cried hard and even now as I try to make this slightly humorous it still hurts. I got to start from scartch once again, but I'm gonna do it! These stories will live on! ^_^

Also on a completely different note, the talented PiscesVick wrote a oneshot for me featuring our favorite massive skeleton and his thoughts about a certain little lady, called "Invisible" https://archiveofourown.org/works/12897831
I suggest you read it if you have time. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Dr. Alphys sat in her tiny room, taking her fourth shot of Fire Whiskey in the past ten minutes. It was a new type of alcoholic drink Grillby started producing and selling by the bottle shortly after he began selling human liquid in his HOTLAND bar. Alphys imagined that that disgusting pig didn’t really “create” this special brand drink. He probably just regurgitated a human drink, and called it his own by adding the word “fire” at the beginning. Regardless the drink was fairly popular among the wealthy monsters of HOTLAND but Alphys couldn’t have cared less about the name brand or about how it was created. She liked it because it burned painfully as it went down her throat and got her relaxed more quickly than any other brand did.

Taking a deep breath, Alphys put the bottle away and stumbled off her bed and to her record player, knocking over one of the dozens of book piles that covered her floor. She grabbed a random record, jerkily put it in the player and blared the music as loud as she could, knowing the sound would be muffled a great deal before it reached the upstairs.

With a groan, she stumbled to the door located at the very back of her room and flung it open, keeping it open to allow the loud music to flow through the room.

The room once resembled a hospital room, but after everything she did to and for that ...that little beast, it looked more like a small garden that got way out of control. Thick green vines had pushed themselves out of the once white walls and covered almost every inch of the room, some of them
even sprouting those horrible Golden Flowers. As she walked deeper into the room, she nearly tripped over the smaller thin vines that were growing out of the tiles of the floor, but even as drunk as she was, she was still able to navigate herself to her operating table where that beautiful yellow SOUL was, along with a box of gloves and a clear IV tube.

She stared numbly at it. How many times had she performed this procedure. Five or six times? She couldn’t remember in her drunken state, but even if it were just one time, that would have been one time too many. Luckily boozed helped  Booze made it not so bad. Booze helped control her breathing. Booze steadied her hands during the operation and booze made the beautiful SOUL inside the glass jar not look so alive anymore.

Would anybody believe a doctor performed an operation better piss drunk than stone cold sober? If somebody were to ask that question ten years ago to Dr. Alphys, she would have looked at them in disbelief. Nowadays, if somebody asked her that, she would simply shrug and say “bottoms up.”

Of course if Don Dreemurr saw her in this condition right before operating, he would no doubt bring his wrath upon her, but she was safe. He never came down unless that beast was conscious. The same could be said for his crazy wife. Apparently they couldn’t stand to see him weak and unresponsive. So they didn’t.

Concentrating on the music, Alphys grabbed a pair of gloves and the jar, ignoring the small vibrations the SOUL was giving off from within and walked to her patient’s bed where the plants had first begun to grow all those years ago.

Still unconscious but very much alive, the patient’s entire body was covered all the way up to his chin with both a white comforter and Golden Flowers that had grown there since the last time he was conscious. Nearly two months ago.

Right beside the bed was a metal stand and an empty but new IV bag.

Her scaly hand wasn’t trembling as she put on a pair of white latex gloves. She’d learned her lesson that first time. If you touch a human SOUL without gloves, you see things you can’t unsee, and you get nightmares that won’t stop. She opened the jar and pulled the SOUL out, quickly opening the IV bag at top, placing the SOUL inside and quickly sealing it back up.

Okay, the easy part was done with. Concentrating on the loud music with all her might, Alphys stumbled back to the operating table and grabbed the clear and hollow IV tube, the only difference between this one and a regular one was there were needles on both ends.
It can’t even feel it. It’s just a SOUL. Just a big ball of energy and nothing else, Alphys told herself, pressing the needle into the IV bag. She paused for a second as the needle began to poke through the plastic. It’s not even a real person anymore and even if it were, it’s just a human, and with that resolution, Alphys took a sharp breath and jabbed the needle through the bag and dug it deep into the SOUL’s surface.

Even with the music blaring, she heard that childish scream that came from the SOUL, piercing into her own SOUL. Gritting her sharp teeth together, Alphys quickly grabbed the other end of the cord, pulling the blanket off the patient in the process, ignoring how freakish the otherwise strong silver-furred body looked with all those vines and flowers growing out of it, and jabbed the needle in his chest where his SOUL was.

Instantly the shrill frightened screams of the SOUL stopped and Dr. Alphys watched as a red fluid began to fill the clear tube, leaving the yellow SOUL and entering the patient’s SOUL.

It always amazed Dr. Alphys that no matter what color SOUL Asgore gave her, each SOUL had a healthy supply of DETERMINATION in it and as more DETERMINATION entered the patient’s body, the weaker the little human’s yellow SOUL became.

The vines and flowers growing out of the body began to wither quickly letting the lizard monster know the patient’s SOUL was accepting it, which meant it would only be a matter of time before he woke up.

Alphys shuddered at the thought. He woke up violent last time, so much so that not even Toriel could soothe him. He kept screaming for Chara, which was shocking to both Asgore and Toriel. They honestly thought he had accepted their death. Guess some old scars don’t heal.

Alphys’ thoughts went to the new little human and despite the fact she told herself she didn’t know her and therefore shouldn’t even care about her, Alphys still felt her SOUL go out to her.

“You ...better either...h-h-hope he d-d-dies or you can... escape... be-before he wakes ...up, ’cause you ...l-look a w-whole l-lot like C-Chara,” Alphys whispered staring up at the ceiling.

Don’t lose eye contact with him, Frisky. Keep your knees from shaking. Don’t stutter. Stand up to your full height and whatever you do don’t look scared. Remember what dad told you: if you
show fear, they'll eat you alive, that cautious part of her mind told her and even though her beating heart was threatening to explode in her chest, she managed to keep her face cool and nonchalant as she looked up at him.

However, despite her calm outward appearance, she couldn’t lie to herself: he was a pretty damn terrifying sight.

He looked absolutely vicious. His perfect white teeth were set in an angry snarl and were displaying a pair of fangs that hadn’t been there before. Or maybe they were and he had been doing a fantastic job of hiding them up until now. Maybe he knew how ugly he looked when they were showing. His back and knees were slightly bent in an aggressive stand, while his four pairs of hands were flexing into fists and his eyes ...all four pink eyes were no longer sparkling with artificial charm and false kindness. They were *sparking*. Frisk could literally feel the heat from his rage and maybe it was her imagination, but she could have sworn she saw steam coming off of him. Was he gonna ...short circuit?

She chanced a tiny look at the kitty cat. He looked just as terrified as she felt. His injured ears were down, his fur was bristling and his tail was wagging back and forth in agitated stress.

*You’re not making me feel good about this move, Pussycat. Come on, give me something positive, I have my fun box on the line here and I need a boost of confidence,* Frisk mentally begged him before flicking her eyes back to the robot.

*Stay calm. You’ve got the upper hand, but it’s all about how you play it off, Frisky,* she told herself. With that in mind, she gave the robot a smirk and twirled a lock of her hair carelessly around her finger. The action seemed to further infuriate the robot and as he spoke, his words came out through clenched teeth.

“Darling-”

Frisk almost laughed. *You kind of lost that charming persona awhile ago, buddy. Might as well call me a bitch. I know you want to.*

It occurred to her that this bastard calling her a bitch would actually be an upgrade from “darling”. At least then she knew she had done enough to make it on the list of people he hated because she sure as hell didn’t want to be on the list of people he liked. She mentally shuddered when she thought of all the potential horrible people this abusive sicko would respect and enjoy being around. It was no surprise Asgore was on that list though.
“-let me rephrase my offer and remind you what will happen if you decide not to play nice-”

Frisk held up a finger, silencing the robotic monster instantly. From the corner of her eye she saw the feline’s ears perk up in interest and surprise. Was that a good or bad sign?

“And let me REPEAT myself and I really want you to absorb what I’m saying,” Frisk said slowly, never losing eye contact with the robot, hoping her disgusted glare and words were coming through loud and clear.

_That’s right, Frisky. Keep that poker face._

“I would rather you tear pieces of my body _out of me_ than have sex with you,” Frisk said and just to add insult to injury let out a snobbish little laugh, hoping it had the desired effect on him.

It did. The robot flinched, pulling himself back almost as though she had slapped him. It was a quick response though, in fact she would have missed it if she hadn’t been looking at him, but he recovered with a little smirk of his own, straightening up his body in a relaxed manner, and raising all four of his hands in the air in a helpless shrug.

“Oh my!” he said, trying to recapture his cheery and pleasant tone of voice, but Frisk could still hear large traces of rage in it. “Well now, don’t I feel rejected. Oh dear, I hate to say this, but this is the last time I try to do a favor for anyone,” he declared and snapped his fingers to the cat who jumped at the sound. Mettaton then used said hand to point at the glittery bag that held the knives in it.

Frisk’s heart skipped a beat at the gesture and the cat monster closed his eyes for a second, the pain and guilt on his face as clear as day before he moved slowly towards the bag.

_It’s okay, Pussycat. Just do what you have to do,_ Frisk wanted to say, but kept those words to herself. She doubted anything good would happen to her newest pal if Mettaton even suspected something had happened between the two of them when he wasn’t looking.

“You know, darling,” he said, the smirk on his face growing as he took a step towards her, two hands reaching for her, while the other pair were behind his back. Frisk stiffened up ever so slightly and mentally winced when she realized Mettaton must have seen it because his smile grew even more. “Most monsters would have jumped at the chance to have me touch them, no conditions
whatsoever. I would have made you feel so good. Your loss” he sang.

*No, you abusive freak,* Frisk thought, holding back a small gag and looking towards the feline who was slowly picking up the glittery bag. The cat looked at her, and she saw his tear-filled eyes and beaten face, and then her eyes moved to his bandaged ears. The injury his egotistical and cruel boss probably gave him.

The anger started at the base of her stomach.

_Bastards. Him and Derek both. Hurting people just because they could. Two peas in a pod who would have probably gotten along just swell if they had ever met._

The burning rage intensified and shot up to her beating heart as she heard Mettaton’s soft chuckle, and when she looked back at him, all traces of anger were gone and he was completely back to his happy and cheerful self. Frisk’s anger reached her mind and was causing her head to throb harshly.

*I hope you meet somebody someday that teaches you the same lesson they taught Derek: you aren’t untouchable._

She was surprised and a little concerned that she didn’t feel more guilt or horror with that thought, but one more glance at the kitty’s eyes and miserable face reminded her why.

“Okay, call me a softie. I’ll excuse your lack of manners, gratitude and misunderstanding of the situation for the stress Toriel has clearly put you through, darling,” the robot said before bowing down and offering one of his four hands to her. Frisk stared at the offered hand.

_Maybe he does have the ability to act just a little bit,* Frisk thought as he gave her a sweet and unassuming smile that doubled as a look of pure seduction. _Somebody could very well mistake him for a gentleman._

“We don’t have to have the camera or this little fool here,” Mettaton said lowly as though that was the problem. “Memories of making love to a pretty human will be enough for-”

The pink eyes widened as Frisk slapped his hand away.
“Just because some monsters with low self-esteem closed their eyes, gritted their teeth and allowed you to press your disgusting body on theirs, letting that cheap perfume of yours stain their skin or fur or bones or scales or gills, doesn’t mean I’m desperate enough to let you do the same thing,” Frisk snarled at him and finally she got the desired reaction out of him.

There was no anger or amusement on his face this time around. His mouth opened in pure shock, his pink eyes filled with confusion as he stared silently at her. From behind him, the feline had the same expression on his face.

Not used to that, huh? Frisk thought smugly before putting her hands on her hips.

Go for the kill, Frisky. Let him know who’s in control ... at least in this situation.

“By the way, before we do this thing, I have to ask... you know what you’re doing, right?”

Mettaton’s still shell-shocked look was his only response. A bit of fear mixed with her anger. Even though he didn’t answer it, based on what the kitty had told her, the thought that he not only didn’t know what the hell he was doing, but he also was still gonna do it sent a cold chill down her spine and a shot of self-hatred to her heart. It was almost funny. Yes, she was saving her goods, but in a weird way she was helping this metal piece of shit too and that hurt.

Nevermind all that, Frisky. Keep it going. You’re doing great.

“Cause, I gotta say, what you’re gonna be doing is real tricky, superstar. I know this is gonna be hard for you to do ’cause clearly you’re more into your looks and clothing style than your brain, but just think for a moment: I mean, if you do know what you’re doing, you should know that a human can bleed to death with one wrong slice of the knife,” Frisk said, keeping her voice even, her eyes never leaving him.

When he didn’t respond, Frisk continued, her voice coming out easily, eerily almost conversational.

“I could bleed to death, I could get an infection that might very well kill me, so many things can happen to a fragile human like me,” Frisk said, hoping he really didn’t know a lot about the human body. If it came down to it or if he could explain some of her concerns away, she would have to resort to making things up. “Hey, this is a nice little tidbit to roll around in that empty head of yours:
human doctors who have dedicated many years of their lives to their profession still make fatal mistakes to their patients. Interesting, right?”

Finally an uncomfortable and uncertain look came over the metal monster’s face.

“I… I…” he sputtered helplessly for a second, the words dying on his tongue. He looked lost. Completely and utterly lost, and for one second Frisk honestly thought everything was settled between them before his mouth tightened in a cruel smile.

“You don’t need to worry about that, my lovely darling. The good doctor Alphys has quite an impressive ability to heal people right on the spot… And on a side note,” he said, flicking his black bangs easily back in place, “Let’s say you do die. So what? How many humans will miss you when you’re gone? How many of them do you think actually noticed you’ve been missing for a few days? Poor little human,” he cooed at her. “Being so unlikable really puts you in a tight bind, but not all is lost,” he said with a mad giggle. “You do pull off a child very nicely. Do you think acting like a five year old will come naturally after a month of being here?”

Frisk kept her own smile on her face even though she was fuming on the inside. “Hmmm… Dr. Alphys isn’t around at the moment and sometimes all it takes is a fatal mistake and a few seconds for everything to go to hell. That poor lizard lady looks like she can’t take a few steps without losing her breath,” Frisk explained, her tone condescending as though she were talking to a child.

One of Mettaton’s eyes twitched and his smile got a little tighter. She looked down at her nails causally.

“Not many would miss me,” she declared.

“What?”

Frisk didn’t bother lifting her eyes up from her nails.

“I’m answering your question. I’m telling you that not a lot of people would miss me. I’ll admit I can come off as being a bit cold, but as fate would have it there’s somebody very important that would miss me if something were to happen to me. Somebody you don’t want to be on the bad side of.”
From behind Mettaton, Frisk watched as the feline’s eyes finally lit up with realization and a small happy smile exploded on his face. Apparently Mettaton was still in the dark and Frisk was more than happy to put the lights on for him.

She pointed the door. “Goat mama will KILL you if something happens to me and don’t think for one second your friend Asgore is gonna keep her from doing it. He may be the big man around town, but I saw the way you and him both jumped at her commands. This is her home and Asgore just lives in it, and guess what?”

Once again Mettaton just stared at her, but she saw the change in him. He took a tiny step back, his confidence leaving his body and face so quickly that what now stood before her was a metal monster who seemed to be coming to terms with his situation.

Frisk almost sighed in relief, her body almost relaxing, but she stopped herself at the last minute. She knew the moment she relaxed, she would sink to the ground in a trembling mess and that was the last thing she wanted Mettaton to see.

“W-what?” he asked stupidly, and suddenly his eyes were everywhere but hers. It wasn’t necessary to continue, she was no longer in any threat of his knives, but she did continue. For Whisk and for her past self. Derek may have been dead, but this jerk was still alive and that was good enough for her.

“I’m her precious child in all of this insanity so I’m technically the big man around in this bathroom and so here’s how things are gonna go: we are gonna pretend your disgusting offer never happened and you’re gonna make me over in a way that makes Toriel happy. You are gonna fix up my hair in a cute style, you’re gonna put makeup on my face to make me look younger, you’re gonna teach me how to do it so I can do it myself to make crazy goat lady happy and when we get out of this bathroom, we can go back to trying on some more of your tacky ugly dresses,” Frisk finished.

A flash of anger entered Mettaton’s eyes. “Tacky? Did you just call my brand tacky?”

Frisk looked at the cat monster again. Those ears …Frisk tightened her hands into balls.

“Yeah, I’m calling them tacky, and I’m calling you tacky, you metal asshole. And not only am I calling you tacky, I’m also calling you an fake, egotistical, cocky, overprivilege, talentless creep. You may look pretty on the outside, you pots and pan prick, but you’re real ugly on the inside-ahhhh!”
In one quick motion, Frisk found herself lifted up in the air by the collar of her dress, Mettaton raising her up to his level. Her air supply was effectively being cut off as he twisted the material tightly around his fist. She choked out a surprised gasp as the smaller monster behind Mettaton let out a hiss.

“Listen you little bitch-” he growled.

Frisk smirked at the word, feeling accomplished and proud of herself.

“Nobody insults m-”

“Boss, think of Toriel!” The cat pleaded and despite the lack oxygen and fear pumping through her heart and mind, Frisk managed a wheezing laugh that made Mettaton’s eyes narrow.

“That… right, asshole,” Frisk gasped. “Leave …br-bruises!”

He kept her up in the air for a few more seconds until Frisk felt her face begin to turn purple, but Frisk knew that like everything else about this monster, this was only for show. She’d only known Mettaton for an hour or so, but she knew one thing about him: he loved himself too much to die and so she didn’t struggle or plead with him to let her go. She simply waited as her lungs burned and begged for oxygen. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, Mettaton’s happy-go-lucky face returned and he gently put her down.

She gasped as her airflow returned to normal, taking in deep breaths as she felt his four hands fix her dress and hair as he tsked softly.

“Oh goodness gracious! I do apologize, darling. I must be overworked to allow myself to lose my temper like that,” he said, stroking her hair before straightening himself up, fixing his suit a bit, and grinning down at her. “Now then, let’s get started… oh dear!” he declared as he quickly looked around the room, his eyes not really looking at anything specifically. “Burgerpants, darling, I think you forgot one of my boxes of makeup!”

He turned around to give his employee a brilliant and stunning smile. Frisk’s mouth curled in disgust.

Unbelievable.
“No worries, darling. You just keep the little girl out of trouble and I’ll get it!” he sang as he turned to leave the room and just as he reached the doorknob, a new fear entered Frisk’s mind and before Mettaton left she called out to him.

“Hey diva, just so you know, if you say anything to Asgore, I’ll tell Toriel you touched me in a ‘no-no’ place,” she threatened.

The robot’s face turned murderous. “Let’s hope you never see me outside this house, darling,” and with that he was gone.

As soon as the door closed, Frisk let out a shaky sigh of relief and sank down to the floor, pressing her back to the porcelain tub. She closed her eyes, trying to calm her now frayed nerves and heard her friend gasp, suddenly feeling his presence beside her. His soft warm fur pressing against her arm.

“Miss! Are you o-”

“Frisk. Please call me Frisk,” she said, opening her eyes again and smiling at him. “And speaking of names, yours can’t be Burgerpants. What is it really?”

The cat hesitated. “Whisk.”

Frisk paused at the name. Whisk? Have I heard that name before? She searched her brain, but was unable to come up with anything. I’m probably just remembering a kid’s story where the cat’s name was Whiskers or something.

She let out a nervous laugh dismissing the thought entirely. “I can’t believe that worked,” she said.

The cat laughed and she felt a beautiful warmth travel to her chest when she saw the look of complete relief on his face.

He really was worried about me, Frisk thought, feeling her eyes begin to water from that small act of kindness. What a nice fellow. What a poor, abused, frightened fellow.
As the tension in the air began to dissolve being replaced with a feeling of overall warmth between the two of them, the cat spoke again.

“He’s not really looking for a box in the car. He’s just really pissed and needs to get away from you,” the cat explained before letting out another laugh only this time it was filled with admiration. “Man, I ain’t never heard ANYBODY tell Mettaton off like that! It was great! But...” he shuddered, losing his relaxed posture. “I thought he was gonna kill you when he grabbed at you like that. You were brave though.”

Frisk shrugged with a grin. “At this point, I’m kind of used to being assaulted in bathrooms, but, I can tell he’s used to getting his way. Everybody needs a reality check,” Frisk said with a smile as she pulled her knees up to her chest and rested her chin on the top of them. “And don’t let that scene fool you, I really am a nice lady,” Frisk explained before reaching up and petting the cat between the ears gently, hoping to soothe his nerves.

The cat tensed for just one second before relaxing again, a low purr escaping him.

I guess he’s more catlike than I thought.

“And you’re a nice guy too, which begs the question why in the hell are you with working for that lunatic?”

The calm smile that had spread over the cat’s face disappeared, his ears twitching nervously.

“I stole something from him when I was a kid and I’ve been paying for it ever since. So I kind of owe him-”

“You don’t owe him your ears and you don’t deserve his nasty words,” Frisk snapped harshly causing the cat to flinch back away from her hand and while Frisk felt bad for scaring her friend she couldn’t stop herself. “I was like you at one time, ya know, so I know what you’re going through.”

Frisk took a deep breath, thinking about her own past. About Derek. “You’re making what he’s doing to you seem normal even though there’s a tiny little voice in your head that keeps fighting to be heard. It tells you that things aren’t normal, but you’ll stomp it out by reminding yourself you deserve anything that asshole does to you, right?”
The cat started to shake his head frantically. “No that’s…” he trailed off, biting his lip before he slowly nodded his head. “Yeah. Yeah, you got it, but it ain’t no use fighting it. Not when you’re somebody like me.”

Frisk felt her heart beat painfully at his words. “I’ve said that before too…” she said before she brightened up. “Say, when I escape this mess I’ll bring you along with me, pussycat. I live in a place where you’ll be accepted and I’ll get you a job… there’s this boss I have, his name is Noah, he’s kind of a prick, but he’ll hire you on the spot, he does with most minorities who have trouble finding jobs in my city. What do you say?”

Frisk was surprised when the cat actually began laughing heartily.

“Want to know something, Frisk? You remind me of my ex-boyfriend. Tops, he used to tell me-”

“Did you just say your ex was named Tops?!”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know I told you my next chapter would focus on Sans, but then I realized this was the chapter where that basement scene NEEDED to happy. ;)

A big shout out to the wonderful and sarcastic ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter and for those of you who want to see the comments she leaves me as she edits my stories, she has left you all a little treat she thought you would enjoy. And yes, I am making grammar mistakes in the editorial notes by my beta reader.

**ShiningWings**

Comment[NS1]: With any other monster I’d figure they just appeared. But this is Mettaton. He’s **Fabulous** at pretending, darling.

**Staringback**

Comment[J21]: He's the most fashionable two
Comment[NS3]: Frisk is fully aware that the surgery is impossible with what he brought and that he’s more likely to kill her, right?

Still. Fun box? Seriously? I’m gonna crack up.

Comment[J4]: Humor makes any situation less tense. Frisk is trying to calm her mind down by giving her lady parts silly nicknames ;)

Comment[NS5]: Frisk just called Mettaton a SHE. Fixing...

Comment[NS6]: I probably should have pointed this out to you before, but equally important as knives to a surgery is exactly how the surgeon plans to close the patient back up. In this era, it was exclusively via stitches. We KNOW Mettaton can sew, but... Fuck, has he even sterilized this shit? He could kill her from infection even if he did EVERYTHING right.

Comment[J7]: Well technically he would have Dr. Alphys "close her up" so stitches aren’t a problem.
Comment[NS8]: Frisk has no reason to know for certain that Mettaton caused this. Insert the word “Probably”? Since Frisk is speculating.

Staringback

Comment[J9]: True, but it’s kind of easy to tell. Whisk flinches every time Mettaton’s around him and the asshole does demean him, but I see you’re point.

ShiningWings

Comment[NS10]: YOUR!!!

ShiningWings

Comment[NS11]: Pretty sure peas do not grow in ponds. :P Hehehe, yeah I already fixed it, but this one made me laugh, since I have grown peas before.

Hey that should be a magical plant in Waterfall. Swamp peas. Peas normally climb walls like ivy, you need a fence to grow them, but what if they climbed cattails instead? Or water sausages? :3

Sans: Get your hot cats with a side of swamp peas!

Staringback

Comment[J12]: ^_^
Guess who's back? ^_^ Hello everybody and sorry about the delay with this one! I wanted to get it out sooner, but I'm terrible with time management. Also I want to apologize deeply to anybody who left me a comment that I didn't respond to. I'm usually pretty good with responding, but this month has been crazy, so I'm sorry if I hurt anybody's feelings. I read all my comments and love every one! <3 ^_^ 

More importantly, thank you all for your love, comment, and kudos, but most of all thank you for your patience and support.

“Look, Frisky, whatever you do or say to them lunatics out there, don’t mention Sans or the Gaster name. There is some serious bad dust between those two families, and if they think you are connected, they might not kill you, but they’ll sure as hell put ya through some torture to get you to tell them what you know, so keep your mouth shut about them, alright? Please?”

The look of confusion on Frisky’s face had made Whisk feel instantly guilty about using such a rough tone with her, but as soon as she mentioned her outside ally was Sans Gaster, he thought his SOUL would shatter ...but in a good way. No... in a great way.

He couldn’t believe it, but at that moment, Whisk was happy. Incredibly happy, and so relieved he could weep. Sans Gaster… if you had to have an ally to help you escape, there was no better monster to help you in that situation than the teleporating skeletal monster, Sans Gaster. If Sans Gaster was as serious about pursuing a relationship with Frisky as she said he was, then she might have a chance of escaping. Unlike poor Pyre and Binkie, Whisk might actually be able to help this lady. The thought of at least helping somebody like Frisk, who was so much like Tops, escape the madness of the Dreemurrs, was so overwhelming to him that he nearly lost his mind in a rare moment of complete bliss.

I may have fucked my own life up, but she can still be saved , Whisk had thought, but before he could explain what happened between the Dreemurrs and the Gasters all those years ago, Mettaton had come back into the bathroom, all smiles and giggles as though nothing had happened between him and Frisky, which sent a nervous chill down the smaller monster’s spine. Well ...it would if he had one.

He had thought the robotic superstar would do something horrible during the time he had left. In fact, he had half expected Asgore to come stomping into the bathroom, completely enraged, ready to harm Frisky, but nothing happened. The robot simply began talking about how his styles were based
on the most popular human trends only to have Frisky stare silently at him, but that didn’t deter the robot from talking. Yes, Whisk could tell that Mettaton was becoming more angry with every second Frisky didn’t pay him any attention, but the robot kept talking pleasantly as if everything were peachy keen and he hadn’t tried to blackmail her for sex only minutes ago. Still, even with all that rage building in Mettaton, nothing happened to Frisky.

Well ...nothing happened to Frisky if Whisk didn’t include complete and utter humiliation, and he was including that. The first thing Mettaton did when he came back was give Frisky a “cleansing bath.”

She had been forced to undress in front of both monsters, quickly doing so before covering herself with a towel, her hard set face red as Mettaton watched her with a pleased and smug smirk, while Whisk had turned his head away, his furry cheeks becoming just as red as Frisky’s skin.

As far as Whisk knew, the term “cleansing bath” was something Mettaton had made up on the spot. The robot had simply filled the bathtub with hot water and his famous MTT brand hair remover, a concoction specially made for furred monsters that wanted to remove hair in special areas for “special reasons”. Frisky had stayed three minutes in but during that time Whisk heard her breathing begin to get heavier and the splashing of water indicated she was squirming around. It was only when Mettaton ordered him to help her out that Whisk saw why Frisky was making those strange movements. When he took her trembling, gooey, soaked hand in his and finally looked at her naked form, he almost screamed in horror at what he saw.

Yes, her body hair was indeed gone, but her skin from the shoulder down was bloody raw. Mettaton hadn’t taken into account that the product was created for monsters with thick fur, but instead of being apologetic or worried, Mettaton had simply giggled, called her an adorable little “apple” and rubbed his MTT name brand soothing cream on every inch of her body, only stopping when Frisk had slapped his hand away to apply the rest to the more ...intimate parts of her body herself.

She took another quick bath to wash the cream off and when she stepped out a second time, the redness and the pain on her face was gone. As if it didn’t happen.

Since her hair was so short, Mettaton simply styled it by parting it and putting it up in two unimpressive pigtails, which would have looked cute if she were an actual kid, but since she was an adult it looked very unnatural. Unsettling even, but Mettaton had only smiled wider, putting about five bows in each pigtail to “make up for the short hair” as he hummed his latest song to himself. The worst part was that when Mettaton wasn’t looking, Frisky would sneak little smiles at him, making Whisk feel horrible that he couldn’t help her at this moment. All he could do was aid in her humiliation, but not once did she look at him with hatred or disgust, and maybe that’s why Whisk couldn’t stand it.

*It’s okay if you hate me, I’ll still help you*, Whisk had mentally told her, but the smiles wouldn’t
Then there was the actual makeup part… that horrid makeup, the metal monster must have applied about two pounds of makeup to her face, making her eyes look bigger and her pale cheeks more rosy, actually succeeding in making her look much younger than she was.

“This is my most popular brand, darling. Most makeup will fade throughout the day, but this newest brand of makeup I’m applying to you will…” Mettaton had paused to laugh “…it will stay on your face for a long time.”

“You need to teach me how to apply this makeup,” Frisky had simply said, staring at him blankly. “I’m no good at doing this kind of stuff.”

Whisk had gritted his teeth while Mettaton laughed again. “My silly little darling, didn’t you hear me? I said this will last a long time,” that’s all he had said, and Frisky went silent again.

What he meant was the makeup wouldn’t come off unless the user applied a special solution to their skin that would eat the makeup away. No doubt Mettaton thought that keeping the information from her would cause her grief when she did figure it out.

There were so many things Whisk wanted to tell her, but he remained silent, and those horrible little smiles of understanding and love continued.

Whisk watched as Mettaton brought her one of Toriel’s approved dresses and placed the tacky thing over her head, stopping only briefly to fix her hair before he dragged her out for Asgore and Toriel to see as though she were some kind of doll. Toriel squealed with delight while Asgore smiled pleasantly and as Whisk watched them all fawn over Frisk, a stupid childish smile on her face, the urge to scream was uncontrollable. That was until Frisky looked Whisk straight in the eye while Toriel and Asgore were thanking a beaming Mettaton that Frisky stuck out her tongue and made a hanging man’s gesture with her fist.

*Kill me*, she had mouthed to him with that goofy look on her face.

Whisk had almost laughed. *Almost*.

**This is crazy, how the hell has she not lost her mind yet,** Whisk had thought as he pointed to
himself and mouthed: **me first.** Frisk’s sharp and smart smile widened on her face and it was then, after seeing that smile, that Whisk made his commitment known to her. He was already planning on helping her, but now he needed ...no, he **wanted** to let her know he was gonna help her. So right there in front of both his boss and the Dreemurrs, Whisk nodded his head at her and mouthed: **I’ll do it.**

Frisk had blinked before he saw the beginnings of a few tears begin to form in her eyes as a warm and thankful smile came over her face.

It was then that an emotion came into his SOUL that was so rare that he almost didn’t know what it was. It was something he’d felt years ago when Shyren and Lemon first applauded him when he finally mastered his first song on the harmonica, a simple little human melody that shouldn’t have taken him more than two weeks to learn, but the way the two sisters acted, anybody would have thought Whisk had performed an entire symphony for them.

And that warm feeling stuck with him as he opened the car door for Mettaton and got into the driver’s seat and began to drive home.

Now, as he drove them back to the MTT resort, he couldn’t help but bask in that warmth.

**Everything’s gonna be okay for her,** Whisk allowed himself to think as he stared absentmindedly at the road ahead of them. *If Sans won’t help her, then I’ll give that Andy guy a call and let the humans know what happened to her. Somebody like her ...she’s got to be loved by a lot of people—*

“Can you believe that miserable little ungrateful *bitch*?” Mettaton seethed in the backseat. Whisk flinched as he felt Mettaton’s heavy shoes hit the back of his seat in rage, pushing him forward and making his chest hit the steering wheel. Incredibly, he was so lost in his thoughts that he’d forgotten about his passenger.

Whisk didn’t answer, wasn’t sure how to answer, and in all honesty didn’t **want** to answer. Yes, he was a miserable little shit, yes he deserved everything Mettaton dished out to him despite what Frisky told him, and yes, in every situation where Mettaton had berated **him**, insulting **him** mercilessly, Whisk had simply nodded his head mindlessly, agreeing wholeheartedly with the robotic superstar, but this time he couldn’t do it, and he hated both himself and Frisky in that moment.

It wasn’t supposed to be any of his business. He had no real reason to warn her about what Mettaton was planning on doing. He didn’t know her, she wasn’t part of his race, therefore he shouldn’t have cared about her. Who the hell cares about somebody they just met? That ain’t fucking natural, not
I guess I’m not normal, Whisk thought, but as the statement reached his mind, he was surprised that he didn’t feel the usual self-hatred that was attached to that specific belief about himself. In fact, that same feeling of pride filled the feline monster up.

“Are you deaf, darling?” he heard Mettaton screech before feeling a surge of bone-shattering pain erupt into his right shoulder as Mettaton lifted his leg up in the air and slammed it down on him. The feline monster cried out as he felt something in his shoulder give way, but even while tears of pain filled his eyes as his shoulder screamed, he managed to drive the car without swerving even a little bit.

“I asked you a question!” Mettaton barked and as Whisk peeked at his rearview mirror he saw the ugly snarl on Mettaton’s face. “That little ugly bitch had some fucking nerve throwing her weight around like she was somebody who mattered,” he said and twisted the heel of his shoe into Whisk’s damaged shoulder, causing the smaller monster to grit his teeth together. “She is a spoiled little pet. That’s all. Something that can easily be replaced.”

“She…” Whisk began before stopping. Mettaton’s heavy heel began to dig into his shoulder mercilessly because he wasn’t saying or doing what the metal monster wanted him to do. He knew what he should be saying. He should’ve been saying something along the lines of: ‘She’s a stupid little human girl who doesn’t know shit from gold, so of course she wouldn’t see ya as the best thing that could have happened to her.’

A sentence like that would have appeased Mettaton’s ego enough to put the superstar in a somewhat less violent mood, but as Whisk began to say it, his SOUL twitched achingly.

He would have laughed in despair if he wasn’t in such a great amount of pain. He couldn’t do it. Even though he had met and known her for only a few hours, and even though he was hurting so badly it was making the tears fall down and soak his fur, he couldn’t get himself to say something like that, because she wasn’t fuckin’ normal either. Not one fucking bit, and somebody like that don’t deserve what the hell is happening to her.

No fuckin’ way. And neither do I-

Whisk felt panic hit him as that sentence almost completed itself in his mind. No no no no, I stole from Mettaton. That was my fuckup. I owe him. The fuck was I thinking just a second ago?! No, Frisky did nothing to deserve this shit. She deserves to get out and I’ll help her.
“Darling-”

Whisk clenched the steering wheel tightly, feeling himself sit up a little straighter in his chair.

“Darling, keep-”

“Look, if you don’t want to get involved, or you’re too scared, I understand. These people are nuts. I’ll find my own way back and then I’ll come back for you, too. I promise, pussycat.”

That’s what she’d whispered in his ear after she convinced Lady Dreemurr to let her “hug the kitty goodbye.” Her words and her hug were sincere enough that for one wonderful second Whisk thought Tops was hugging him. Her arms felt like his ex-lover’s. Warm and soft, but strong at the same time, and when reality sank in that it was Frisk and not Top who was hugging him, Whisk didn’t feel bitterness. He had accepted that he and Tops weren’t meant to be, even if there were times when he thought and hoped about things he had no business hoping for, but she thought he was worth saving. It made him feel even worse.

“LOOK OUT!”

Whisk snapped out of his thoughts at the sound of his boss’s shrill voice and nearly screamed himself when he realized he had driven off the road and was heading straight for a large, thick tree at a very alarming speed!

Feeling his heart thump wildly, Whisk slammed on the brakes, jerking himself and Mettaton forward as the car came only inches from making impact.

Breathing heavily, the adrenaline pumping through him, Whisk stiffened and let out a small unintentional laugh of bewilderment and waited for Mettaton’s rage to come at him full force. It didn’t take long.

“WHAT THE HELL IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?!?” and with that, Mettaton slapped the back of Whisk’s head.

“YOU ALMOST KILLED ME YOU MISERABLE-” Slap . “- PATHETIC-” Slap . “-
“UNWORTHY-” Slap “- UNGRATEFUL-” Slap “-FREAKISH-” Slap “-LOSER!”

Slap. Slap. SLAP. SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!! SLAP!!!

As his vision began to spin and the slaps became much more wild and hard, the feline’s flight mode kicked in and without thinking, only knowing he needed to get away from the pain, Whisk tried to cover his head and move away from the metal hand, but as soon as he inched toward the passenger seat, Mettaton let out a growl, so unlike the monster who welcomed his listeners on his radio show, grabbed one of Whisk’s bandaged ears, and pulled. Whisk felt the thin skin that attached his ear to his head tear slightly and let out a yowl, spittle coming out of his mouth and hitting the steering wheel.

“And don’t you dare run away from me, darling! Nobody runs away from me, and I’ll not let some sniveling little thief I should have killed years ago even flinch away from me!” Mettaton sneered, his mouth curling up in a pleased and disgusted grin and gave Whisk’s ear one last tug before letting go.

He braced himself for more, and despite being so badly beaten that he could barely think, the cat knew there was something different about this particular beating. During the many, many other violent, brutal beatings he had received, there were moments when he had silently begged for Mettaton to keep beating him until the cat was nothing more than a pile of dust and a shattered SOUL on the ground. Lately, ever since he had broken up with Tops, that hope had gotten stronger, but ... but this time that hope wasn’t there.

He can kill me afterwards, Whisk thought and gritted his teeth, forcing himself to stay conscious despite his dizzying vision and his body begging him for that sweet black sleep. If he lost consciousness, he knew Mettaton would become more enraged. That was a lesson he'd learned the hard way years ago when he was only fourteen. He couldn’t afford to anger Mettaton any more than he already had.

He received two more slaps, though thankfully they weren’t nearly as severe as the other ones had been. Mettaton must be tiring himself out, and the robotic superstar soon stopped himself completely, huffing and puffing from his violent rage.

“You, my ugly little creature, are no better than that horrible, disgusting little human-”

And with that comment, Whisk felt his dizziness and the need to pass out vanish. He turned around so quickly that Mettaton snapped his lips shut in mid-sentence, his four pink eyes widening in shock as Whisk made eye contact with him, something the feline hardly ever did, and never during or after a beating.
Mettaton could say whatever the fuck he wanted about him, but how fucking dare he compare Frisky to Whisk. Frisky was nothing like him. Frisky was better than him. Better than Mettaton by a million and a half miles! Something exploded in Whisk. Something that killed all his thoughts of self-preservation, and with a loud half hiss, half strangled meow that came from the cat monster’s belly and out of his mouth, Whisk slammed his paws into the soft leather, not realizing his claws had come out. It was something that hadn’t happened in years, not even when Mettaton had held his paw down on that grill, permanently injuring it. But then he heard the soft ripping sound of the seat’s material.

He was still pissed, his fury making the fur on his tail stand straight up, but as soon he looked at the damage he’d inflicted on Mettaton’s car, common sense, yes, beautiful, cowardly common sense starting to reappear in his mind.

Fuck… Whisk looked down at the leather he’d destroyed. Oh I fucked up! He really is gonna kill me now! I just fucked Frisky so hard. GODDAMNIT! Why the fuck did I do that? I’m sorry, Frisky-

“D-darling?” Mettaton’s voice was no longer wrathful or disgusted, and he was no longer shouting, either.

Whisk’s eyes flickered back to his boss’s face and what he saw caused all the rage to completely leave his body.

The feline watched as his robotic boss slowly inched away from him, his pink eyes even wider than they’d been before, and the sneer was gone from his pretty face. There was a silent pause between the two before Mettaton offered him a shaky smile. It was a smile completely devoid of confidence. It was the type of smile Whisk always gave his boss when he knew he’d fucked up, and seeing it on Mettaton’s beautiful face made him feel …strange.

Strange, uncomfortable and the smallest dash of…something he couldn’t put his finger on. All he knew was that he couldn’t stop staring at his boss’ unusually worried face. And for one second, one brief insane second Whisk wanted to smile, but just as quick as the urge came it vanished, leaving the cat monster wondering if maybe he was starting to suffer from what could be insanity.

“Oh m-my…” Mettaton stuttered, his voice losing its wrathful tone as well, and if Whisk didn’t know no any better, he could have sworn there was a mixture of fear and caution lacing every one of Mettaon’s words. “It se-seems l-like my precious little darling must be upset b-by a-almost killing us both. There there, darling, mistakes happen. There’s no need to… overreact and tear my car apart.”
It wasn’t his imagination.

_Is he ...afraid of me?_

The thought was so ridiculous, so laughable, so unbelievable to the cat monster that he almost dismissed it, but then he saw it. When he didn’t answer Mettaton right away, his boss slowly reached for the door handle as if he were ready to bolt from the car if need be.

Oh, fuck. _He IS afraid of me right now._

“D-darling?”

_He’s so much bigger than me_, Whisk thought as he stared at his boss, still not answering Mettaton. _He can crush me if he wants to. I can’t hurt him._

As he thought that, a new realization came in his mind.

Does he think I can? Is that why he’s afraid right now? Can I hurt hi-What the fuck am I doing?! I’m fucking things up for Frisky, that’s what I’m doing!

Feeling his normal anxiety, fear, and panic return to him, his claws quickly retreating back into his paws, Whisk slouched away from his boss and held his injured paw with his good paw.

“I’m sorry, boss!” he blurted out. “I didn’t mean to rip your seat ...it was an accident, ya know? I was...” Whisk trailed off as he watched his boss’s posture straighten slightly as a small and cautious cocky smile returned to Mettaton’s face. The cat monster felt something like disappointment hit him as he and his boss’s roles return to normal again, but Frisky was counting on him, and he couldn’t let that rare feeling of smugness he experienced a few seconds ago fuck anything up. He’d already fucked up so many things in his life, he couldn’t afford to fuck this one up too.

Plus, what had just happened a moment ago wasn’t anything but a strange, once in a lifetime phenomenon that would never happen again. After five years of working for Mettaton, never so much as making a mean face towards him, Whisk knew that it was more the shock of seeing his employee act in such a hostile way, and not Whisk himself, that initiated that moment of fear in Mettaton. That was it. Wow… and how stupid was Whisk to actually think he, personally, could
scare somebody as strong and powerful as the robotic superstar?

*I’m such a fucking idiot,* Whisk thought as he felt himself begin to tremble in real terror as Mettaton came closer to him, his boss’s smirk growing by the second as Whisk began to tremble.

“You were what, darling? What possible excuse could you have for almost killing me and then tearing my precious leather which, by the way, is worth more than your life?” Mettaton cooed, his voice sweet and cold as the robotic reached up and gently rubbed Whisk’s throbbing ear between his index finger and thumb.

Yep, everything was back to normal. The shock must have completely worn off now.

“I…” Whisk trailed and silently apologized to Frisky. “I was just ...just ...I couldn’t think straight. That human ...she was just ...I was just so angry at the way she treated you!” he nearly yelled. “That’s why I wasn’t paying attention. I was just ...so ...so angry with her.”

’Cause she should have treated you fucking worse! Why she didn’t scream for Toriel’s help and tell on you, I’ll never fucking know, but she should have!

Mettaton huffed and Whisk nearly cried when he saw a look of pleasure come over Mettaton’s face. Everything that had happened prior to this moment was nothing more than an unhappy memory to his boss.

“I know, right?!” Mettaton said, his tone outraged as he sat down in a more relaxed position, propping his feet up on the back of Whisk’s seat and reaching into his pocket to pull out a small piece of wrapped candy that Whisk recognized as a sort of medicine richer monsters bought as a pain reliever. Granted, it only healed minor injuries, but it did dull the pain just enough to make it tolerable.

Mettaton opened the wrapper and cheerfully handed it to Whisk. It wasn’t often that Mettaton gave him one, but there had been a few times that Whisk’s punishment had been a little too severe and if Mettaton wanted a cook for his popular little burger stand he had to be even more merciful than he already was.

In this case, Whisk supposed his boss needed somebody to drive him back to the MTT resort. With a thousand thank-yous and hundreds of compliments about how wonderful Mettaton was leaving Whisk’s mouth, the cat monster popped the candy in and instantly felt the stinging pain in his
shoulder and head decrease. His ear was still hurting like hell, but after years of Mettaton pulling on
them, that pain was something he could handle.

“I hope all humans aren’t like her,” Mettaton said sourly, crossing his arms as Whisk started the car
again, backed up onto the road and started driving again.

Whisk nodded his head, looking at his rearview mirror to see a cold and lustful smile come over
Mettaton’s face.

“You know, darling, Asgore told me that if his little darling Frisk misbehaved, he’d have her shipped
to Grillby for… lessons in manners.”

Whisk’s SOUL jumped as he thought of Binkie and Pyre. Binkie, the cute purple rabbit, was still
hopeful that somebody would save her. She had a sister and niece who she talked about constantly
when she wasn’t “busy” with Grillby’s special customers. She never fought Grillby, never lashed out
at her “buyers”, but Whisk knew she wasn’t giving in. She had people waiting for her.

Pyre, on the other hand, had no family and nobody who would miss her. She spent two weeks
fighting Grillby’s collar before she simply gave up and stopped talking altogether. From what Binkie
told him, when the two of them had a rare moment or two alone with each other, Pyre didn’t even
seem to care much about anything anymore.

He really had tried to save them. He really thought Don Wingdings Gaster would save them when he
made that anonymous call to the skeleton, but all he did was get rid of the sick filth peddler who’d set
up shop in his part of the city.

When they first began “working” at Grillby’s, Whisk knew the two ladies were getting seven to
eight customers nightly …but now, he wasn’t too sure, but he wasn’t hopeful their nights or lives had
gotten any better.

He’d try again. When he made that call to Sans he’d bring it up again. He’d even tell a little lie. He’d
tell Sans that Frisk wants them to go free and if Sans Gaster really was as crazy about Frisky as she
claimed he was, he’d help in some way.

“Is that right, boss?” Whisk asked before swallowing. He needed to get to a phone as soon as
possible and the only one he had access to was the one at the BURGER EMPORIUM. “Say, boss,
how about instead of having the day off, I go to work to—”
“Oh, don’t worry, darling. I told you I’d give you the day off. Besides,” Mettaton shot him a sly and terrible smile. “You have your whole life to pay me for what you did to my car.”

Mettaton’s words were final and Whisk knew better than to argue, especially after what he’d just gotten away with. Tomorrow then.

“I hope I see her at Grillby’s soon. I’ll be her number one fan.”

Whisk shuddered as a small perverted giggle came out of Mettaton.

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“What’cha mean I can’t be with my girls tonight? Ya didn’t sell them off to anybody else, did ya? I paid good money fer them!”

Grillby tried not to cringe as the monster’s odor reached his nose.

There was no sugar-coating it; Jerry was disgusting, plain and simple, and almost every monster in FELL CITY would agree. The slimy, oblong monster smelled like rotten meat, his teeth were yellow and crooked, and he had horrible onion and garlic breathe to match. His pants, the only type of clothing his wide and unattractive body allowed him to wear, were often stained with questionable wet spots on the crotch area. Snot constantly leaked from his nose and he had the tendency to spit yellow globs of saliva when he talked and that was on a good day when he was trying to impress somebody.

Grillby held his breath as Jerry leaned closer to him, the fire monster trying his hardest not to inhale the stale and putrid air surrounding the oblong monster.

Truth be told, if it weren’t for the fact that Jerry was incredibly wealthy, Grillby wouldn’t have even allowed him into his bar.

Unfortunately for the bartender, not only was Jerry extremely rich, but Grillby knew for a fact that his wealth easily surpassed Mettaton’s and was quite possibly in the same realm as Don Dreemurr and Lady Toriel.
It was hard to believe, but disgusting and ugly Jerry was FELL CITY’S best painter. Unlike the mediocre paintings Mettaton made and tried to pass off as art, Jerry had established himself as a legitimate artist, and despite his disgusting appearance and unbearable odor, many wealthy monsters had given him large amounts of gold to have him paint their family portraits or individual portraits and in some cases dead relatives who never had a portrait drawn of them while they were alive.

While Grillby had never seen Jerry’s work, he had heard many monsters who paid Jerry’s high price for his work that the gold they spent was well worth it. From what Grillby could tell, monsters would keep paying his high price.

Of course when it wasn’t about business, other monsters would go out of their way to avoid him, or do anything to ditch him if they found themselves in his presence for more than five minutes; he was that revolting.

Grillby envied those monsters. He would have given anything to run away from the slimy monster, but he couldn’t. Ever since Jerry had started coming to his bar about two weeks ago, boldly walking up to the fiery bartender on that first day and asking about the “special services” Grillby offered to his private customers, while slamming an impressive amount of gold on the bar counter, the disgusting slob had spent so much money there that Grillby couldn’t say no to him.

Jerry spent a lot of money drinking. Jerry spent a lot of money buying the whole bar drinks. Jerry spent a lot of money on food, and on buying other monsters food, but most importantly Jerry spent thousands of gold coins for Pyre and Binkie’s services.

For the past two weeks Jerry had paid to have them at his beck and call, which meant Grillby had to decline his other special customers purchasing a night with the two whores. His other customers voiced their complaints, but Grillby couldn’t disrupt what he had going with Jerry. Jerry paid good money to make sure he was the only one to touch those two, and in the long run, Grillby would make more money off of the stupid disgusting pervert than he would selling the two girls nightly to a number of different monsters.

“I’m sorry, but the bar is closed tonight, Mr. Jerry,” Grillby said quietly and calmly and felt his stomach turn as Jerry cupped his palmless hands over his nose and blew into them. When he drew them back, green snot coated his claws.

“Closing the bar? Why? Ya doing some repairs or somethin’?” Jerry asked and wiped the snot on his gray pants, leaving traces of green smears on the already stained material.
“Don Dreemurr will be visiting,” Grillby stated, hoping that would be enough of an answer for Jerry to get the hell out of his bar before he stank up the whole place. At night, when the bar was packed, it was easier to ignore him. Booze, cigars and vomit from over-served bar patrons was enough to overpower his scent, but in the daytime, with a clean bar, Grillby could smell Jerry a mile away.

Jerry’s eyes widened in shock. “Oh… well. I suppose one night away from the girls will be okay, then,” he said. “I hope they are okay wit’ that though,” Jerry chuckled. “They do love being with ol’ Jerry, ya know. Those private rooms are where magic happens, my friend.”

*Buying them is the only way anybody will have sex with you, you odious slimeball,* Grillby thought before nodding his head, agreeing with Jerry.

“Well, Mr. Jerry, if you’ll excuse me, I have to-”

“Have you found a human for your bar yet?” Jerry asked casually, showing no sign of interest in leaving. “Was kind of disappointed you had to delay it.”

Grillby felt his annoyance grow. “No, I have not-”

“When you do, let me know. I want to reserve them too,” Jerry interrupted, now licking his fingers.

Grillby nodded, feeling his stomach turn more violently now. “...Of course. Now if you’ll excuse me-”

“The little fellow ...ya know ...the little kitty that works for Mettaton in the BURGER EMPORIUM ...I always liked him, you know. Real cute. He for sale too?”

*You making up for all the years when nobody would even touch you with a stick?* Grillby thought before shaking his head.

“No, Mr. Jerry. He simply lives here. Mettaton pays to-”

“I’ll give you five hundred gold pieces for one night with him,” Jerry offered, absentmindedly rubbing his crotch with his saliva and snot soaked hand.
Grillby blinked at the offer. *Five hundred gold coins for just one night with ...Burgertens?! That amount of gold is worth more than his life!* The fire monster’s fingers began to twitch with excitement as they always did when an obscene amount of gold was involved. Or if a small child was in his presence.

“I… I’m afraid that won’t be possible,” Grillby said after a moment of hard silence. Mettaton abused that pathetic little shit night and day, but he still belonged to Mettaton, and Mettaton was not known to be too friendly when somebody took something from him without his permission. The last thing he wanted was still deal with an angry Mettaton and his demented cousin Napstablook. Yes, Grillby was safe at the moment because of the human children SOULS, but Mettaton was one of Asgore’s closest friend too.

Jerry gave him a sick smile. “Come on ...how about a thousand gold coins for an hour with him?”

Grillby almost gasped. *A thousand pieces of gold for being with that little half-dead slave?! He’s just as pathetic as you are, Jerry.*

“I…”

He began to say yes, but then thought of Mettaton again. *Damn it.*

“I will have... to talk to Mettaton about it, but if he tells me yes, I will be more than happy to give you one hour with him for one thousand gold pieces ,” Grillby offered, making sure that Jerry understood that the price was set to his second offer and not his first one.

Jerry huffed, not pleased, but accepted the answer. “Let me know what Mettaton says. Also, let me know when you get that human in, alright?”

Grillby nodded silently before his curiosity got the better of him. “You know, after seeing you spend so much time with Binkie and Pyre, two very pretty ladies, I would have thought you were somebody who only chased after girls. Why the sudden interest in Mettaton’s ugly little employee? You do know that…” Grillby trailed off before a cold smirk came over his face. “…he only has one working hand.”

Jerry smiled, revealing his yellow, unbrushed teeth. “Well I ain’t interested in what he can do with his
hands. As far as I’m concerned a hole is a hole and technically “cat” is just another word for pussy if ya know what I mean.”

“How you doin’, buddy?” Sans said, fixing his tie as he sat down at the dinner table beside Mac. The human sat with his arms crossed and his head resting on them and didn’t respond. Wings sat on the opposite side of the table, unaware that Sans even had come into the room, being too distracted writing something down to notice anything around him.

Leaning sideways, Sans took a peek at his brother’s notepad and saw it was a design for a new weapon. Usually Wings kept his work in his office, but there were times when an idea was so great that the eldest skeleton had to stop what he was doing and jot it down before he lost the thought completely. It was the reason why he always kept a small notepad and pencil with him. Until he was finished writing everything he deemed important down, Wings wouldn’t even acknowledge his surroundings, let alone give his beloved and very nervous younger brother a friendly greeting.

Truth be told, Sans was so stressed about meeting his little lady after standing her up that he almost hadn’t slept that night. He spent half his night rehearsing what he was gonna say to her, only to change his speech halfway through and restart it, only to change it again, and so on, and so on. Even now, he knew that once he saw her walking towards him at Noah’s club he would forget everything he was gonna tell her… he hadn’t seen her in two days, and he needed to see her so badly. Needed to hear her voice. Even if it were full of angry words about how stupid he was for not even calling, he didn’t care. As long as her attention was on him and only him, he’d be in heaven. A strange heaven, but a heaven nonetheless.

Frowning at the lack of attention from both parties, Sans tapped the human sharply on the head three times.

“Hey, am I invisible or somethin’? I just asked you a question, human. Let’s not be so fuckin’ rude-”

Mac turned his head slightly, glaring at Sans with one hostile eye, though the attempt to look threatening wasn’t too successful.

“I been fed nothing but spaghetti for the past two days and have thrown up nothing but spaghetti for the past two days. My head was bashed in, my kneecap is nothing but shattered bits of bone, and I’ve been stabbed in the side by you lunatics. I’m going through withdrawals and your brother is making me wear a collar that shocks me every single time he thinks I deserve it. How do you think I’m doing?”
Once again, the human tried to sound tough, angry and vicious, but his voice started to become high pitched halfway through his sentence and he ended up sounding more whiny than anything else.

**Poor guy, he can't even sound tough**, Sans thought, letting that disrespectful little statement slide. Not only did the guy have a SOUL that was on par with a newborn baby in the LOVE department, but Sans also understood what ol’ Mac was going through. Based on the way he was acting when Sans and Papyrus had first met him, the guy probably never talked to anybody the way he'd just talked to Sans, so the middle skeleton brushed it off as the lack of drugs and the pain he was going through that was making him blurt those things out.

He remembered how hard it was dealing that fuckin’ collar when Wings had put it around his neck. The pain he'd gone through during his rehabilitation, both from the collar and his SOUL, made him even more of a prick than he already was. Those had been the most miserable months of his life, and if this human were going through the same pain, he felt for the guy. Of course, if those comments were made by healthy human with a bit of LOVE in their SOUL, Sans would have bashed their head in without thinking.

“Sorry about the whole brutally injuring your body thing,” Sans said unconvincingly. “But we thought—”

“Yeah yeah, I know. Ya wanted me to think you saved my life and I owed ya my loyalty… creeps,” Mac spat out angrily. Sans smirked.

“Creeps? Come on, little human brother. After what we did to ya, I think we deserve the title of assholes if ya gonna call us somethin’,” Sans taunted before giving Mac a meaner smile. “And let’s be real, you’re a junkie, so there’s probably been a lot more worse weeks than this one. I’d gamble there’s been another day that fucked you harder than this”

He expected another horrible attempt to look hateful from the human, but Mac’s face softened as a strained but genuine smile faintly formed on his lips.

“The sad things is that’s true. I have so much worse days than this,” Mac said, giving Sans a long and surprisingly focused look from his tired and pain-filled eyes, before letting out an almost flirty whistle. “You lookin’ pretty spiffy today, boss. What’s the occasion?”

Sans felt himself pull back unintentionally, feeling slightly uncomfortable with Mac’s friendly smile. He was right, though. Sans wasn’t sure what the hell he was gonna say to his little lady, but he knew what he was gonna wear: his very best clothes. A pure black suit with golden cuffs and buttons, and a red dress shirt underneath with a matching red and black tie to match. Finally, to top it off, he wore
a black fedora hat with a red sash around it.

Before Sans could answer another voice spoke up.

“THE HUMAN IS RIGHT, BROTHER! WHY ARE YOU WEARING YOUR GOOD SUIT?” Papyrus said, stomping from the kitchen and slamming a plate of spaghetti in front of the human. Mac looked in dismay at the plate of food and his lack of movement toward it must have angered Papyrus because the youngest skeleton gave Mac a little swat on the head. “GO ON AND EAT, HUMAN! IF YOU ARE GONNA BE ANY USE TO US, YOU HAVE TO GET YOUR STRENGTH UP! YEARS OF DOING ALL THOSE NASTY DRUGS DESTROYED YOUR BODY AND YOU HAVE TO MAKE UP FOR IT NOW. GO ON! THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS EVEN BOUGHT THE EXPENSIVE BRAND FROM THE HUMAN GROCERY STORE FOR YOU, SO YOU SHOULD BE THANKFUL!!”

If Papyrus had talked to him as though he were a toddler like he had with Mac just now, Sans would have lost it. However, since it was Mac, who was apparently one of the most submissive and passive humans Sans had ever met, he merely frowned at the food, almost turning green before he picked up his fork, inserting it in his noodles and swirling it around.

*Don’t worry buddy. Once your body starts to accept food fully, you’ll be back in SURFACE CITY eating whatever the hell you want to eat,* Sans thought, trying his hardest not to laugh at Mac’s dejected face.

“You shouldn’t bother wasting your money. I’m gonna throw it up,” he muttered, still playing with it. “Besides, if it’s more expensive in SURFACE CITY, why don’t you just buy it cheap here?”

Papyrus huffed and crossed his arms, rolling the single red light in his socket as though the answer were obvious.

“HUMANS SHOULDN’T EAT LARGE QUANTITIES OF MONSTER FOOD! IT’S VERY BAD FOR YOUR BODY, RIGHT BROTHER?” Papyrus asked Wings, but unfortunately the eldest brother was still too engrossed in his drawing to answer. Papyrus frowned; Sans could tell he was embarrassed about being ignored by Wings in front of the human, but he made up for it by glaring at him, almost murderously. “IF YOU EAT ONLY MONSTER FOOD, YOU WON’T GET ANY NUTRIENTS HUMANS NEED TO KEEP THEIR BODIES FUNCTIONING CORRECTLY!”

*Yeah, just ask that little asshole Chara,* Sans thought. Toriel may have been a fuckin’ fantastic cook, but by the end of Chara’s life, they were nothing but skin and bones, needing a wheelchair to
get around, barely able to move, but never quite dying because while the monster food didn’t offer a lot, it offered just enough of what Chara needed to keep them alive and alert.

The worst part was that it wasn’t as though the goat bastards didn’t know what was happening to Chara or anything like that. When Wings was still the right hand man for the Dreemurr family, he figured out why Chara was losing weight pretty quickly, but instead of doing anything about it or getting human food for them, Toriel continued to feed the human kid her food. Like she liked the idea of Chara being that weak. She knew Asriel loved pushing them around in their wheelchair.

“Really? Monster food and human food is that different?” Mac said looking at his food with an almost guilty expression on his face.

Sans chuckled as Papyrus puffed up his chest proudly. It wasn’t too often that his little brother was explaining something to another person in their home.

“OF COURSE IT IS! THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WOULDN’T SAY ANYTHING IF IT WEREN’T TRUE!”

Sans watched as Mac licked his lips, a tiny glint of something playful entering his eyes. Sans tilted his head, curious.

“You lied to Don Dee when you said you were gonna be loyal.”

“THAT DOES NOT COUNT HUMAN!” Papyrus quickly said before taking the seat right next to the human. “THAT HUMAN LIES ALL THE TIME SO IT’S OKAY TO LIE TO HIM!”

Sans watched as Mac shrugged, his tired eyes becoming a tad bit animated. “Fair enough. Course I ain’t one to talk…” he said giving Wings a sideways glance. “In fact somebody could buy my loyalty if they were to give me just a tiny bit of her-”

“No,” Wings said coolly before looking up from his notepad and giving Papyrus a lopsided grin. “Very well done explaining that to the human, Papyrus. I didn’t even need to correct you at all.”

Guess he was listening, Sans thought as a slight red blush tinted Papyrus’ cheekbones.
“NYEH HEH HEH! THANK YOU-”

“Come on, Don Gaster,” Mac interrupted, his voice cracking. “Look at me! I ain’t got much in this world ‘cept that. You at least owe me for the busted kneecap. I’m old. It ain’t gonna heal right.”

Despite himself, Sans chuckled again. Okay, maybe this human was a bit more gutsy than he first thought. Of course, he was still wimpy as hell and probably couldn’t say boo to a goose if his life depended on it, but there weren’t a lot of people who would say something like that to Don Wingdings Gaster.

“You’ll be fine,” Wings said dismissively, using a tone Sans was very familiar with. A tone that pretty much said “this conversation is now over.”

Mac must have gotten the hint because he fell silent, clasping his hands together and fiddling with his thumbs, staring at his untouched food before giving Papyrus a small smile.

“Thanks for spending the extra dough on me, pal,” he said. “Don’t know why you’re so worried about my body. I kind of destroyed it beyond repair as it is, but thanks for thinking of me.”

Another pleased smile found its way onto Papyrus’ red face.

“NYEH HEH HEH THAT’S-HEY WAIT A MINUTE!” Papyrus growled, pointing a single long, bony digit at Mac, whose eyes widened with fear. Scooting his chair away from the taller skeleton, almost crashing into a smirking Sans, he turn his head to look at Wings, making sure the eldest brother saw what was happening.

“I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING, HUMAN!” he declared and stood up, towering over the frightened human, “I WILL NOT BE TAKEN IN BY YOUR HUMAN MAGIC! I DON’T CARE WHAT MY BROTHERS TELL ME! YOU HUMANS ARE MAGICAL! I KNOW IT! YOU’RE JUST TRYING TO GET INSIDE MY HEAD JUST LIKE THE OTHER HUMANS IN SURFACE CITY ARE TRYING TO DO AND I WILL NOT FALL FOR IT!”

With that statement, Papyrus walked out of the dining room and into the kitchen, leaving a trembling Mac, an amused Sans, and a somewhat displeased Wings behind, filling the air with an unpleasant silence.
Sans reached into his pocket, grabbed a cigar, lit it, and took a drag from it, blowing the red smoke towards the ceiling. Now that that bit of entertainment was gone, his original anxiety came back in full force. Thankfully, smoking did seem to take the edge off.

“...Well... that was fun and terrifying,” Mac finally managed to wheeze out before turning back to Sans. “But seriously, nice threads, my man.”

“Suckin’ up to me ain’t gonna convince me to get ya what ya want, bucko.”

Mac smiled sheepishly. “Wasn’t really goin’ for that. I’m just talkin’ to keep my mind off the withdrawals. Don Gaster hasn’t told me shut up yet, so I think it’s alright. Empty conversation ain’t a bother to you, is it, boss?”

Sans took another inhale of his cigar. “Nah, keep talkin’ if ya want. Doesn’t bother me none, and it’s better than sittin’ in complete silence being ignored by my brother,” Sans gestured to Wings.

“So why are you wearing your best suit? Meeting a girl or something?”

Sans narrowed his sockets for one brief second, Papyrus’ belief about humans and magic flashing into his mind. “What makes ya say that?”

“Cause a man only wears his best for a girl. He wears his third best when he meets somebody like Don Dee, he wears his second best when he meets his girls’ parents and he wears his very best when he wants to introduce himself to the object of his desires or if he needs to apologize to the object of his desires,” Mac winked, revealing his oddly perfect teeth that didn’t match the rest of damaged body.

Is this human fucking wit’ me? Sans thought before he heard Wings let out a croaky laugh, and when Sans turned to glare at him, he saw that Wings was completely finished with whatever he had been drawing, having placed the notepad back in his pocket.

“Right on the money, human,” Wings said. Sans gave him an annoyed look, but Wings ignored him. “If I ask you something, would you be so kind as to give your honest opinion?”

Sans watched as fearful uncertainty formed on Mac’s face.
“He’ll give ya the answer he thinks ya want to hear, Wings,” Sans said, stating the obvious.

Wings gave the human a friendly smile that was not really friendly in the least. Wings could be a terrible actor at times, and Mac must have known that, too, because his uncertain smile remained on his face. “Don’t worry, there’s no right or wrong answer. I’m just curious about something.”

Still not convinced, and Sans not blaming him in the least, Mac nodded again.

“Sure, Don Gaster. No problem.”

“Very good. Now then, my brother is pursuing a relationship with a human bar singer,” Wings said evenly.

It was instant. Biting the end of the cigar and nearly chomping it off, Sans felt an intense rush of jealousy, rage and possessiveness hit him all at once. Wings had found out about his little lady by accident. *Fucking accident*. If the eldest skeleton hadn’t found her bill, he wouldn’t have known she existed, and now here he was tell some fuckin’ little druggie about HIS little lady.

However, because it was Wings who was talking about her to Mac, Sans couldn’t say anything. So instead of flying into a horrible rage like he wanted to, Sans sat down, feeling his anger grow and fester in him, only allowing himself to give Wings a particularly nasty look. Wings took one look at his face, grinned wolfishly, and continued.

*He’d better have a good reason for even mentionin’ my business to this fuckin’ drughead,* Sans thought angrily.

Wings laced his fingers together and stared blankly at Mac. Sans knew that look. Wings’ “poker face”. Good thing that expression was better than his attempt of a friendly smile. “It’s a little strange, don’t you think? I’ve been telling my brother it’s unnatural to want to date outside the monster race, but he won’t listen.”

*What the fuck are you talkin’ about,* Sans thought, his anger halting slightly from the odd lie Wings'd just told. *Wait a minute ...is Wings ...testing him? Is he trying to see how Mac would view something like Monsters and Humans comin’ together?*
Mac, on the other hand, seemed less uncomfortable and more surprised when he glanced towards Sans. “You want a human girl?”

“Somethin’ wrong with that?” Sans growled, feeling the red lights leave his sockets. *Say some bullshit against it, and maybe you goin’ through withdrawals won’t keep me from beating yer head it.*

Mac shook his head. “Not at all,” he declared before confidently turning back to Wings, the fear and caution gone from his face for once. “I wouldn’t want to overstep my boundaries by contradicting Don Gaster, but I see where Mr. Sans is comin’ from. In my younger days when I was still a stud—”

“I find myself having trouble envisioning that,” Wings said, smirking, and despite his black mood, Sans found himself smiling at the thought as well, only to receive a good natured grin from the human.

“Hey now, don’t laugh. I was quite the catch back in the day. I had a great body, was a very popular boxer, granted I was an illegal boxer, but I think the ladies liked that even more if ya know what I mean.”

Wings stared blankly at him. Mac coughed.

“Ya know, ’cause girls like a bit of danger—”

“I know, I am trying to envision you making a fist, but that is just as hard as trying to see you as a “stud” with the ladies as you put it.”

Mac took a look at his nearly withered body and cracked hands before snapping his head back at the two.

“Heroine is a hell of a body killer, ain’t it? Sometimes I scare myself in the mirror,” Mac said, eerily casual before he continued. “But anyways, like most of my race, I was raised believing white people were the cream of the crop, so to speak, so I was racist,” Mac admitted, a little shame-faced. “I never even met a non-white until I was a young man and yet I thought that ‘cause my skin was lighter I was better. Pretty messed up, huh?”

“People are a product of their environment,” Wings said.
Mac shrugged. “I know, but sometimes I feel like that answer ain’t good enough, ya know? Especially when there’s so much evidence against those beliefs, but it’s hard for people to admit they’re wrong. It ain’t impossible, but it’s hard…” Mac paused, frowning thoughtfully. “Now, where was I? Oh yeah, so anyways, I was a real sexy boxer—”

“You was talkin’ about how you was a racist,” Sans corrected.

Mac sighed. “Fine. I was a sexy racist—”

“Oh my God,” Sans grumbled, rubbing his face, mostly to hide his growing grin.

“Still can’t see it,” Wings declared.

“Cause you’re both straight guys, that’s why.”

“Yeah, that’s why,” Sans said, feeling more of his anger leave him. Listening to Mac was oddly calming both his possessive rage and his anxiety over seeing his little lady later. Maybe Papyrus was onto something about humans. They weren’t magical, but there was something, at least with a few of them, his little lady included, that was...different. Sans couldn’t put finger on it, since a majority of monsters didn’t have this special quality either, but he liked those different humans. A lot.

“But anyways, since I was young, out on my own, and poorer than dirt, I moved to a part of the city that wasn’t too nice, and most of my neighbors were...not white, and you know what the first thing I noticed was?”

“They were just like you?” Wings said, looking bored now. Sans had to agree. How corny and cliche.

Mac snorted with laughter, causing the confident, bored, and somewhat arrogant look to leave Wings’ and Sans’ faces.

“Hell no. Remember, I was a stud. A ladies’ man,” he said, popping the collar of his shirt, almost smoothly, with a slick smile on his face, and for one second, Sans could see a younger and somewhat charming version of this man being a success with the ladies.
“The very first thing I noticed was that there were tons of smokin’ hot women in every race. You know how hard it hit me when I finally realized that whites weren’t the only ones to have beautiful women?”

Sans looked at Wings, who seemed as perplexed as Sans felt. It was rare that Wings looked confused about anything, and it looked like this little drughead accomplished this goal without even meaning to.

“What does that have to do with my brother and a human dating?”

Amazingly Mac waved Wings’ question away, and Sans knew the only reason he got away with that rude gesture without having his SOUL zapped was because Wings’ curiosity was getting the better of him.

“I’m getting to that, don’t ya worry. So anyways, with this new knowledge I come to the conclusion that it’s stupid as all hell to be racist. I mean, I see this gorgeous dark-skinned woman walking down the street and I’m not supposed to be attracted to her cause she’s a different color than me?” He asked them, his speech become faster, no doubt a side effect from the withdrawals. Sans remembered he did the same thing himself when he wore the collar.

“What kind of bullshit is that? So I’m not supposed to pursue a relationship with a beautiful lady of different color because I’m white? Give me a break. Back in them days my dick worked just fine—”

“Let’s keep the more vulgar language outside, Mac,” Wings said, but Sans saw his lipless mouth twitch upward.

“Sorry, Don Gaster—”

“And call me Wings,” Wings said gruffly. “I do so hate formalities.”

You should feel honored, human. You just earned this tightass’ respect, Sans thought, feeling his own fondness for Mac increase. Yep, he’s got something that sets him apart, just like my little lady does. Just like Tops does, and just like mom did.
Mac nodded. “I’ll try to remember that, but keep in mind respect for powerful people is completely hardwired in my mind, so it might take a bit before I actually start callin’ you by your first name. Now, where was I?”

“I think you just got finished saying you had a functioning dick.”

“Sans! I just told the human no vulgarities at the table. That includes you, too!” Wings croaked.

“Sorry, bro,” Sans muttered before turning back to Mac. “Go on, buddy.”

“Righto. So anyways, I guess what I’m saying that I get why Mr. Sans-”

“Just Sans, buddy,” Sans said, slapping a rough hand on Mac’s shoulder. Mac jerked forward from the unintentional force of the blow. After regaining his posture, he smiled shakily.

“Right… Sans. But I get why Sans is pursuing a human. I’m attracted to beauty, but I’m a bit shallow. I don’t know why Sans is attracted to this bar singer, but he is, and as long as she is a consenting adult that can say “yes” or “no” to him, I think it would be unnatural for him to try and suppress his urge to pursue her, just cause he’s a monster and she’s a human. That’s why I think racist people are actually the unnatural ones,” Mac gave out a little laugh of despair. “It don’t have to be romantic at all, ya know. There’s so many different things other races offer that are so wonderful: music, food, beautiful women, handsome men, somethin’ for everybody to enjoy and yet some people got to suppress those urges and still cling to the idea they are the best. Can’t be good being in that mindset.”

Taking a deep breath after that long-winded explanation, Mac gave Wings an exhausted, but proud look. “Does that make sen-” Mac stopped talking, a very strange look coming over his face.

Sans looked at Wings, who shrugged.

“Hey buddy, you okay?”

Instead of answering, Mac took two deep breaths and violently vomited out the noodles he had for breakfast onto the fresh noodles Papyrus just made him.
“Oh, goddamnit human! You just about had us convinced that ya weren’t just some fuckin’ mindless druggie, and you pull this?!” Sans said, looking away from the mess.

“I still can’t see how you were a “stud”,” Wings repeated, getting up from the table, stopping behind the weakened Mac to pat him lightly on the back.

Looks like you passed his test with flying colors, human, Sans thought, Mac’s simple and yet powerful words replaying in his mind as he watched his brother start to walk out of the room, pausing once he reached the exit.

“Good luck with your lady, brother,” Wings stated and grinned playfully at Sans. “Remember: don’t lose your temper if she’s angry at you, and don’t be so nervous.” Wings croaked out a chuckle as Sans gave him an annoyed look. “-it’s only an apology,” he finished before turning his sockets to Mac. “I’ll be taking a nap in my room if you need me ...so do me a favor and don’t need me, stud.”

Mac nodded, wiping the vomit off his mouth with his napkin. “Yes, Don-”

Wings cleared his throat, his sockets narrowing slightly.

“-Wings,” Mac corrected himself.

Pleased, Wings gave a wink to Sans. “Please update me on what happens between you and your lady. I need some entertainment.”

Sans crossed his arms. “That ain’t funny, Wings.”

The eldest skeleton’s grin widened. “That joke was mostly for me, brother. Be safe, and remember: I need you bright and early tomorrow morning.”

Sans rolled the lights in his sockets. “Yeah, yeah, I’ll be there.”

With that, Wings turned around and headed up the stairs. Sans looked at the mess and cringed.
“That’s pretty disgusting, human.”

Mac gave him a helpless look. “I can’t help it.”

“I know you can’t, and I’ll give you a fair warning, when Papyrus sees that, he ain’t gonna be happy.”

Mac chuckled. “I don’t think he’s ever happy ...at least not with me. Don ...um ...Wings wants him to give me a tour of Snowdin tomorrow. Ya think I’ll be okay?”

Getting up from the table to get away from the smell, hoping none of it soaked into his suit, Sans nodded. “Yeah, you’ll be fine. Paps is usually too excited to show off his knowledge to remember to distrust ya,” Sans explained. “And ...look ...Papyrus ...he-”

“Yeah I know,” Mac said sincerely. “He’s being cautious. In this world, you gotta be cautious.”

Sans smirked. **Yeah, this human is alright.**

“And if I may, I can offer you a bit of advice if you’re nervous about meeting up and apologizing to your lady …after all, I had to do it quite a few times,” Mac said. “I was a bit of a heartbreaker, ya know.”

Sans let out a chuckle. “Buddy, I get it. I believe ya. What is it?”

“Go earlier than later to do it. If you wait till the last minute you’ll let the nervousness build until you’re nothing but a ball of nerves when you see her and you *will* mess up,” Mac explained. “Better to get it over and done with sooner than later.”

Sans blinked. “That’s what I was going for, but I thought she would avoid me, so I’m visiting her at her job so she won’t give me the cold shoulder. The owner’s gonna have her sit with me after her performance.”

Mac winced. “Okay, I get that first part is so you don’t get brushed off, but ya don’t want her to accuse you of putting her on the spot in front of all her boss’s customers. Also, imagine if she ain’t
too reserved with her harsh opinion if your apology isn't accepted. She’ll yell at you in front of all those people and that’s not good, especially for your brother, who seems hellbent on giving the humans a good impression of monsters.”

_I didn’t even think about that, and I bet if Tops knew what Wings was plannin’ he would have told me to do the same thing_, Sans thought, feeling a little guilty leaving his best friend in the dark about what was gonna happen to him and everybody else in WATERFALL and SNOWDIN in the next few months, but Wings wouldn’t allow it.

‘Course I don’t think the little lady would lose her cool, but she might not like to be put on the spot. This Mac guy is smarter than I thought. Might have to watch him more closely when he does get completely sober.

“Alright, smart guy, what should I do?”

“Do what you were gonna do, that part of the plan is real good, but do it before the bar opens to the public when your lady is just getting there,” Mac offered.

“But won’t she be stressed out from getting ready to sing?”

Mac smirked. “You’re a little hard to miss in a crowd, buddy. She’s gonna notice you before, during, and after her performance. Best to just get it done with before crowds of people come in, and trust me, no matter how dark the club is or even if you choose the table in the very back, people are gonna stare at you the entire time. No offense, but you do have a certain... look to you. And gettin’ stared at doesn’t help the nerves at all.”

_Huh …that makes sense_, Sans thought and frowned at the idea of people openly staring at him while he tried to apologize to his little lady. Chances were if he caught somebody staring at him, he’d most likely snap or growl at them and further piss of not only his little lady, but Noah as well.

Sans looked at the clock.

“Shit, the bar is gonna open up in two hours,” he grumbled.

Mac nodded. “You best scaddle-“
“HUMAN!” Papyrus said, stomping back into the dining room. “WOULD YOU LIKE SECONDS-OH! YOU GOT SICK AT THE TABLE?!"

Sans grinned viciously at Mac. “Whelp, I’ll take off now. See ya later, buddy,” he looked at his enraged and disgusted younger brother. “Take care, bro. See ya!”

Papyrus smiled briefly. “TELL THE TINY HUMAN WOMAN I SAID HI!”

Sans nodded. “Will do,” he looked down at the terrified Mac. “Good luck, Mac.”

Mac tried to grab onto Sans’ sleeve. “No, please, don’t leave me with-”

With a chuckle, Sans vanished out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

A big shout out to the wonderful and sarcastic ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter and for those of you who want to see the comments she leaves me as she edits my stories, she has left you all a little treat we both thought you would enjoy.

**ShiningWings**: Is this a joke about Whisk being “Spineless” as in a coward, or is he literally missing a skeletal structure somehow?

Undyne and MK both mention having hearts in-game, so even if they don’t bleed, those hearts are pumping something and they must have a body structure that at least makes
body structure that at least makes sense. More sense than Sans and Pap anyway.

**Staringback:** just a joke on him being spineless!

**ShiningWings:** Recent events considering... Is he talking about being better than Mettaton, or better than fucking Mettaton? Possibly rephrase to “Fucking better than Mettaton” I would like to think ANYTHING would be better than fucking Mettaton. :P He’s a robot possessed by a ghost, right? Does he have a metal dick or a ghostly one? Or both?

**ShiningWings:** Whisk’s mind is in the gutter ever since Mettaton’s attempt to blackmail Frisk into sex, isn’t it?

**Staringback:** No, this is him going into full on panic mode because he thinks he just screwed Frisk over.

**ShiningWings:** Alright, you told me I was gonna LOVE Jerry. So. Where’s the twist where he actually works with the Gasters and is just keeping them occupied until they can be rescued?
Staringback: I was being sarcastic! ^_^

ShiningWings: I’m gonna assume that you meant the “Level of Violence” kinda LOVE, then.

ShiningWings: He thought she WOULD avoid him? Doesn’t he think she IS avoiding him, what with not answering the phone and all that?

Staringback: he hadn't tried that because Tops told him to give her some space.

ShiningWings: This should be “can’t”, hahahaha

Staringback: I know, I just like the way it sounds! :)

ShiningWings: Yes. Wingdings is hellbent on giving the **humans** a good impression of **humans**. What? Yeah, I already fixed it.

Staringback: ....shuddup.
Chapter Notes

So I guess this is the chapter everybody's been waiting for, huh? I'm a little nervous, I spent so much time on this one and I hope I delivered it alright! Sorry it took so long, and I hope you enjoy! Oh man, I'm actually shaking! ^_^

So just as a heads up, there's gonna be a few French sentences in this chapter, but I will have translations at the end, so don't worry ^_^!

As always, I want to thank you all for your encouragement, patience and understanding.

A big shout out to the wonderful and sarcastic ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter. <3 <3 <3

Also a big shout out to my beautiful friend who helped me with my newest character. <3 <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Music lessons from Mr. Kitty?”

Frisk watched as Toriel nodded, a happy smile on her face as Asgore leaned toward his wife and kissed her on the side of her head.

“That was a good idea, my dear. Look at the little one’s face,” Asgore murmured lovingly, before giving Frisk a serious look behind his wife’s back. “She’s about over the moon and back.”

Almost on cue, Frisk exploded into a celebration of happiness, clapping her hands and jumping up and down, causing an even bigger smile to come over Toriel’s face and a warmer expression to come over Asgore’s.

*It's just a waiting game at this point*, Frisk told herself as she rushed over to Toriel and wrapped her arms around the goat lady’s waist. “Mommy is the best!”

Toriel bleated in delight while Asgore crossed his arms, looking at his wife, completely satisfied. He leaned down and ruffled Frisk’s hair. “Who knows, maybe you’ll become a star like Mettaton.”
Yeah, because who wouldn’t want to be like that metal asshole? Frisk thought, but once again nodded her head. “You really think I could be, daddy?”

Before he opened his mouth, Toriel’s smile dimmed a little bit. “We’ll see, my child, but don’t forget that getting a full education is a very important thing as well. Music is a very lovely thing, and having hobbies centered around that is very fine too, but you need to push your mind even further than that and learn more subjects like science, literature, and math, because when you get older you won’t be limited in what you can do,” Toriel explained, and for one second, one brief and calming second, Frisk saw the insanity that brightened her eyes fade a bit.

Frisk wanted to disagree with her, but she found herself agreeing with the goat monster. That was something her own mother had told her when Frisk’s grades started to slip because she’d begun focusing all her energy on her singing and her relationship with Derek. She wished she had listened to her mother back then. Maybe if she learned something more or had an interest in one of those subjects, she could have stayed in school, finished high school so that years later her parents wouldn’t be working in that stupid factory to earn money so she could go to that finishing school and-

“Oh! My child ...please don’t look so sad. You can be a musician, but I was only saying-”

Frisk shook her head. “No, I’m fine! I’m just really tired. Can I take a nap, please?”

Toriel grinned, relieved. “Of course you may. I’ll tuck you in in a minute.”

Frisk watched as she turned to Asgore. “So you won’t know when you’ll be back?”

Asgore shook his head. “Might be there for thirty minutes or three hours. Depends on what the human knows.”

Toriel nodded, her eyes narrowing as a flash of something dark passed over her face and Frisk found herself taking a tiny step away from the monster. “Call me as soon as you’re done.”

“Of course,” he grinned as he turned his attention towards Frisk. “Be good.”

Fuck you, Frisk thought as she smiled brightly at him. “Yes, daddy. Bye-bye!”
“See my two favorite girls later,” the male goat said with a smile, gave Toriel a kiss goodbye, and left, leaving Toriel and Frisk alone.

“Well, let’s get you to bed then for a nap, shall we?”

The female goat grabbed her hand and led her to her room, tucked her in, and kissed her on the forehead. “I’ll be back in a little while to wake you up, my child.” She said warmly.

Frisk nodded and closed her eyes, not opening them again until she heard Toriel close and lock the door. With a snarl, Frisk pulled the blankets off and groaned.

*It’s just a waiting game now, I just have to keep this up until Whisk lets Sans know where I’m at,* Frisk thought before taking a look around the room, realizing for the first time since she’d arrived that she was finally alone. Her body was working and her mind wasn’t being clouded with those weird drugs, and so she hopped out of the bed and began exploring the room. Her first stop was the bookcase.

*Come on,* she begged as she began to look at all the titles. *Give me something that isn’t for kids. Something that will keep me from going insane. Something that doesn’t involve bright colors or huge smiles. Something ...anything!*

However, nearly all the books on the shelves were most definitely for kids. Just as Frisk was about to give up, she spotted a book that didn’t have a title. The spine was white with little purple flowers on it, and when Frisk pulled it out, she was surprised at how heavy and thick it was.

It looked like a journal of some kind. Not knowing what to expect, she opened the book and the first page made her blink. Somebody had poorly sketched a flower at the top of the page and underneath the drawing was a small paragraph written in crude childish handwriting that read:

**ECHO FLOWER**

Frisk looked at the drawing again. Well, now that she knew what it was, she guessed the sketch kind of resembled the flower. Frisk continued reading.

*Able to copy and repeat the last thing it hears from random animal sounds to melodies to full sentences. Unable to stay alive in dry conditions and will die without at least three cups of water a day. No side effects when ingested.*
Frisk frowned and turned to the next page. Just like the first page, a horribly drawn flower was found at the top, and below it was a small paragraph describing the plant.

**SWEETHEART’S BREATH**

*Used in most perfumes. No side effects when ingested.*

*What the hell is this?* Frisk thought and was just about to turn to the third page when she heard somebody coming towards her door. She didn’t know if the person was walking in or past, but she didn’t want to take any chance and so she shoved the book back in its place and jumped into the bed, closing her eyes.

*It’s just a waiting game, Frisky. Just a waiting game, so don’t worry about that book and don’t get in trouble.*

With that thought, Frisk closed her eyes and really did fall asleep.

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“Couldn’t resist coming earlier to see her, huh?” Noah chuckled as he led Sans to a table close to the stage. Aside from the few men on the stage who were most likely getting it ready for the performers and a slightly muscular woman behind the bar, the entire place was empty and eerily quiet, the only sounds being the humans’ movements.

“Hey, how’s about a couple of chairs, Duke? Ya know, the good ones?” Noah called out to one of the men on stage. “Duke” instantly jumped down the stage, raced to the bar, and hopped over it, earning an look of disapproval from the woman, and went into the back room.

*Man, this human’s got these guys trained good if he can just get them to do anythin’ with a snap of his fingers,* Sans thought with admiration as he gave Noah a friendly grin.

“This ain’t a problem is it? Ya know, me coming earlier than what I told ya? I ain’t botherin’ yer workers, am I?” Sans asked, trying to keep his voice light and easygoing even though he knew he
must have sounded and looked haggard as shit. Getting from FELL CITY to SURFACE CITY was easy enough, but getting to Noah’s bar was a fuckin’ nightmare and a half.

The moment he made it to Noah’s place, the very moment he touched the doorknob to come in, he realized he’d already made his first fuckup of the evening. He had forgotten to make the damn hot dogs, and since there wasn’t any time to cook them in his special way, out of desperation, Sans had restored to an old cliche. Chocolates. Yep, fuckin’ chocolates. Real fuckin’ original.

Granted, from what he saw of his little lady’s eating habits when Tops was fixing her kitchen, she did appear to have a little bit of a sweet tooth, but when he got to the candy store and, of course, scared the hell out of the human woman at the counter until she realized who he was ...Sans found out at that moment that he really hated being associated as one of the “Don’s boys”, but after she was told by her equally terrified husband that’s who he was, the lady’s terrified face turned into a terrified but polite smile. Not that he could blame her for her fear, but still... he couldn’t wait until all the humans were saying “that’s Sans Gaster!” That had a much better ring to it. Of course, what sounded even better than that was people taking a look at his little lady and saying “that’s Sans Gaster’s lady.” Now, that had a magical ring to it.

However, dealing with two terrified, but now overly polite humans, and be given that degrading title, were not the only annoying things that had happened at that tiny place of business. The candy store ...fuck almighty, the overly sweet smelling store had aisles and aisles of different candies, from dark and white chocolates, to hard candies to fucking fruits covered in chocolate and sprinkles, to candies in elaborately decorated boxes and the more he looked through the store, the more he sweated, knowing he was wasting a lot of time there, but he couldn’t just choose any sort of candy, so he stayed longer there, not knowing what he was looking for and the more time he wasted, the more his anxiety began spiking, and he sweated even more until...

His sockets landed on an attractive red and gold rectangular box near the back of the store and when he had lifted the heavy box up to examine it, his anxiety had decreased a tiny bit.

*Chocolate covered pretzels.*

Forty-eight chocolate covered pretzels, to be precise, and if Sans’ memory served him right, his little lady had offered pretzels to him and Tops that day at her apartment. Which meant that she liked them already. Which meant he found the fucking candy he was gonna give her.

He paid for them, even wasting a small second to wish the two humans a good day (they didn’t have to look so fucking surprised about that either) before heading back to Noah’s. However, as he held the box of chocolates in his hand, he wondered if he had made the right decision, and with that, his anxiety grew even more ...so bad, in fact, that his hands began to shake.
What if she liked pretzels but didn’t like them covered in fucking chocolate? It wasn’t a far-fetched idea the more he thought about it. Sans liked spaghetti just fine, but he couldn’t imagine himself liking chocolate poured over the noodles. That sounds fuckin’ disgusting ...fuck. Would my little lady think the same thing about pretzels?

Sans found himself glaring at the shiny box.

The store’s still open, Sans thought as he stared at the stupid gold and red box, almost crushing the cardboard in his hands, now more focused on it than the human bar owner. Maybe I’ll ask that lady what types of chocolates guys buy for their women-FUCK! He mentally punched himself That’s what I should have done! Goddamnit! Why the fuck didn’t I think of that before?! Fuck fuck fuc-

“Hey, don’t mean to interrupt yer staring contest with that box of now dusted chocolate pretzels, but to answer yer questions for the second time” Noah said loudly, ripping Sans from his thoughts. The skeleton hastily loosened his grip on the innocent chocolate treats “- yeah, that’s no problem, brother,” Noah said with a simple shrug. “If fact, if Frisk doesn’t give ya the cold shoulder or humiliate you with a very harsh rejection” he paused to give Sans a mocking smile, much to the skeleton’s anger “- yer welcome to stay and enjoy the club and watch Frisk perform if ya want after you two have yer little heart to heart or whatever the hell goes on between the two of you.”

Instead of answering, Sans looked at the crushed box with a defeated frown. Damn that woman! This shouldn’t be this fuckin’ hard. My SOUL shouldn’t be pounding a mile a second, I shouldn’t be sweating and ruining my good suit and I shouldn’t be so goddamn upset over a box of fuckin’ 48 pieces of chocolate pretzel... You better not reject me, dollface, Sans thought, chucking the down bent box on the table Noah led them to. You’re making me fuckin’ panic over a cardboard box. I shouldn’t even be apologizin’ for missing our date. This should make us fuckin’ even-

“Sans?! Anybody in that empty skull of yours?” Noah said, annoyance now lacing his words. Sans finally turned his entire attention towards the large human and for one moment he almost lashed out at Noah, but thankfully he stopped himself before he could even utter one offensive thing to the human.

“Sorry, it’s been a long and stressful day,” Sans said, and in truth it was. He couldn’t recall having a more maddening day than today, and he was including killing an entire human gang, dealing with Asgore and Toriel all those years ago, and having Wings find out about his… impulsive decision to take his little lady’s jobs away. At least good fucking things came out of all that shit, but if things didn’t go well tonight…
Sans clenched his hands into tight fists.  \textit{No, things will go FINE tonight. I ain’t fuckin’ this one up and if I do I’ll take her-}

“If you want some broad to give you endless amount of attention and sex without earning it, then why don’t you go pay a hooker enough money so she can be exclusively yours, because that’s how cheap you just made Frisk sound.”

Sans stopped all thoughts as Tops’ angry, disgusted words echoed in his skull. Then, for one second, a vision of a very pretty and much younger Frisk with a baby bump flashed in his mind.

“She had some nice new bruises where the baby bump shoulda been.”

Sans closed his sockets, feeling deeply ashamed. \textit{Tops was right ...if I keep making her this cheap in my mind, I really ain’t no better than Bell.}

He rubbed his hand over the top of his head, noticing and hating Noah’s irked expression vanishing and being replaced with a look of concern.

...I’ll try again tomorrow. \textit{That’s what I’ll do if my little lady rejects me. I’ll try again tomorrow and the next day and the next day until I can win her over.} And with that final thought, Sans narrowed his sockets. \textit{There ain’t gonna be no “if’s” either. Even if it takes me another ten years, I’ll make her mine.}

Noah hummed, looking over the bigger man with a critical eye as a small frown came over the fat human’s pudgy face. Sans mentally groaned.

“Look, my man, I don’t think you got…” Noah began only to stop as he and Sans watched the man who had hopped the bar seconds earlier came back, only this time carrying two oversized chairs, this time using the side entrance to the bar to exit. The dirty look reappeared on the face of the woman at the bar and her eyes followed the man until he reach Sans and Noah. It was then that Sans saw her eyes land on him.

Now that she was looking right at him, Sans could see the lady was indeed very attractive, with smart dark eyes, short brown hair and an impressive muscular body that still held a lot of femininity to it. Strong and beautiful, but ...Sans gave her a mean smirk… she didn’t have nothing on his little lady.
Noah nodded to the man who simply went back on stage to continue his work as both heavy men sat down. Sans, however, couldn’t stop staring at the woman behind the counter, who was now openly staring at him without shame.

Her face was hard, but as soon as Sans made full socket contact with her, her expression softened and a sweet and somewhat sultry smile came over her face. With one single, graceful move, the barmaid leaned over the counter, her large breasts resting on the surface as she placed her chin in her hand and gave him a wink, her pink tongue coming out and daintily licking her top lip.

Sans felt his sockets widen with embarrassment as a feeling of faint disgust started to brew in him. He quickly looked back at Noah, who was watching the exchange with more amusement than Sans cared for.

If the skeleton were ...more experienced with women flirting with him, Sans might have known a very straightforward, but polite method (Noah was sitting right beside him, after all) to show the woman he wasn’t interested in the least, but he wasn’t, and so he just... sat there, trying his best not to engage with her in any way.

Ignoring her and not flirting back was a clear enough sign, wasn’t it? Sans hoped so. The last fuckin’ thing he needed was his little lady comin’ in and seeing this woman’s advances and if that happened... Sans felt his nerves fray completely at the thought.

“Oxo seems to have taken a shine to you, Sans,” Noah said.

“I ain’t interested in her,” Sans muttered only for Noah to pat his back.

“Don’t worry, I got this,” Noah said with a wink. “YO, FRENCHIE!” He called out, standing up as his voice echoing in the bar making the men working on the stage and Sans jump at the sudden loud noise. The barmaid looked at Noah, her pretty face hardening again, only this time with annoyance. “This fellow ain’t on the menu, so don’t be looking at him like he’s a fine cut of meat and you haven’t eaten in days!”

Sans felt his cheekbones burn as the men on stage began to chuckle.

“Thanks, human,” Sans growled, only for Noah to grin at him.
“However, if you’re tryin’ to make a good impression with Frisk, you ain’t gonna achieve it the way you are now. Nervousness causes short tempers and short tempers cause things to be said that can’t be unsaid. Trust me on that one. Seen it too many times to count, but don’t worry, I know a cure for easing a bit of the discomfort you must be feelin’. What about a drink on the house?” Noah offered and gestured towards the bar “Takes that edge right off if ya do it right.”

“yah, that’s probably a good idea, but human alcohol… well, there’s a reason ya find my drinkin habits weird. I’ll just leave it at that.”

Noah looked at Sans as though he’d just put two and two together. “No problem. We big beautiful men need to watch out for each other, otherwise we’ll be eaten alive by women, and speaking of watching out for each other…” Noah’s amused grin turned back into that sincere frown, and with that he waddled quickly to the bar and muttered a few words to the lady. Sans watched as the lady’s face turned confused before she shrugged, ducked down under the bar for a few seconds and handed Noah a yellow bottle.

Noah waddled back to the table, the single yellow bottle still in his hand, and placed it in front of Sans.

“As I was saying, ya look a little on edge and I ain’t gonna ask you why. I have a few guesses, and most of them would involve your record with women, so I ain’t gonna bring that up, especially when I have no advice to give. All joking aside, I ain’t much of a lady-pleaser myself,” Noah said with a look of understanding in his eyes.

Sans should have been insulted, should have been pissed off beyond reason that somebody was pointing out one of his biggest failures (as in not having his arm around his little lady already) but much like with Mac, the genuine look on Noah’s face was oddly kind of relaxing, and Sans found he couldn’t really get all that angry with the human. Annoyed? Fuck yes. Pissed? Unfortunately, no.

“However, you came a bit early,” Noah pointed to the clock on the wall right behind the bar. “Frisk ain’t coming in for another half hour and I’m guessing by then you might be worse than what you are now. No shame in that, of course. Kind of charming and cute that guys still get that nervous around girls.”

“I ain’t nervous-” Sans began unconvincingly, only for the bar owner to wave his explanation away.

“Yeah, ya are. Ya was lookin’ at them pretzels like they killed yer best pal or something,” Noah
said, looking at the crushed box. “Don’t worry, you did good. Those are real popular.”

Sans felt even more embarrassed at being that obvious, but the human’s comment did allow a small bit of relief to grow as well.

Sans started to shake his head, but stopped halfway as Noah’s advise did seem ...logical. It made sense. ONE drink would help calm his nerves. The massive skeleton nodded. “Maybe just one might help.”

He swiped the bottle and took a hearty sip from it. Like the night before, Noah’s mustard, while not as good as Grillby’s homemade brew, wasn’t bad. It was a little bit stronger than Sans was used to drinking, Noah probably used more vinegar, and the bottle itself was maybe a half a size bigger than Grillby’s bottles. Thankfully, it was still something he could at least stomach and enjoy, so he took another gulp, and drained half the bottle in one sitting.

The human grimaced. “So weird, and I ain’t being racist, either. I’d be staring with disgust if you was a human, too.”

Sans chuckled, feeling just a bit of his unease slip away as he finished the bottle in one more swallow, forming his red tongue to swipe up the remaining mustard that clung to his teeth, and watched as Noah’s eyes widened.

“Holy shit, that fuckin’ thing glows ,” Noah said before he smirked. “Ya don’t need a lamp to read at night. All you need is to open that mouth and you’re good to go!”

“Never thought about doing that, to be honest,” Sans said, laughing a little bit and staring at his empty bottle as a new concern came over him, erasing his short-lived good mood.

_I may feel okay now, but I don’t want to look like a fuckin’ stiff in front of my little lady. I think I need to loosen up just a little bit more. Maybe…_

“Say, brother, can you give me one more of these things?”

Noah frowned. “Maybe ya shouldn’t overdo it. I don’t understand how mustard works for ya exactly, but you seem a little bit calmer now than you were a second ago, so maybe you should wait until after ya talk to Frisk. The last thing you’d want is to get drunk and make yourself look like an
ass in front of your girl. Trust me on that one too, I’ve seen that sort of thing happen all the time and the girls never like being seated next to a babbling drunk. Granted, it’s funny as all hell but—"

“Boss!” Both large beings looked up to see a human coming from Noah’s office. He looked nervous and Sans watched as Noah’s relaxed state instantly stiffened, which made Sans stiffen as well.

“Yeah?”

“You got a phone call from Detective—”

No sooner had the word “detective” come out of his mouth when Noah got up and waddled towards his office. Sans tilted his head. He did mention hiring a private detective, didn’t he? Never asked him what it was for, either, did I?

“Sorry to leave ya like this, but I need to take this call urgently,” Noah explained, his voice becoming a little strained as he looked back at Sans. The skeleton was surprised to find that Noah was now sweating. He wasn’t sweating a second ago.

What the hell is wrong with him? Sans thought and looked around at all the men and the barmaid who all shared similar expressions of sadness and hope. Something was definitely ... off… that was for sure.

“Take yer time,” Sans said. I’ll ask one of the workers what’s going on. If it’s an issue with money, then that’s something that can be easily solved.

Noah didn’t respond, only quickened his walk to get to his phone, and after he entered his office, the woman... “Oxo” was it? ...then again, Noah did call her Frenchie... well, it didn’t matter what her name was. All that mattered was, now that Noah was gone, the tall lady was giving Sans another hungry smile.

Sans stared back at her, feeling the small effect of the mustard become quickly overridden by his nerves.

Alright… ya just stay there and mind yer own fucking business, Sans silently told the lady. Just stay the fuck away from me. The little lady is gonna be here in less than thirty minutes and the last fucking thing I want is-NO! NO! NO! GODDAMNIT! FUCK! GET THE HELL AWAY
FROM ME! His mind screeched as she began to walk over to him, another yellow bottle in her hands.

She made it a point to sway her hips as she moved and even in his panicked state, Sans had to admit she truly was a lovely woman, with long, strong legs, an impressively tight ass that swung back and forth, and while her stomach wasn’t completely flat, being a little pudgy in the middle, it only added to her full figure.

All the men on stage stopped to watch her walk, lewd smiles coming over their faces. Sans could guess what they were thinking.

He also hoped the woman could guess what he was thinking: *Don’t fuckin’ try anything weird, lady.*

As every step made her one more step closer to him, Sans felt his unease start to build again and he thanked the stars Tops wasn’t here. If the blue bunny saw Sans getting nervous over the very idea of a woman making unwanted sexual advances towards him, the jokes and torment would never end. Never mind how uncomfortable he was, Tops, being the best pal he was, would relish in Sans’ inexperience with women, and rightly so. Sans did the same thing to Tops when it came to …the Gaster family business.

“Bonjour caïd*” the human said as she made it to his table, her voice low, seductive, and deep with a tint of an accent giving Sans the impression she may not have been born in Surface City.

During his time in the human city, Sans had met a few humans from Don Dee’s gang with different types of accents and almost all of them claimed to have been born outside of SURFACE CITY, but unlike their accents, her’s was a lot more than just *different,* and it was a type of accent Sans had never heard before. It was much more ...dark and thick, if he had to use two words to describe it. It was the sort of voice Sans might have found sexy if he had never met his little lady, but fortunately he had, and so, accent or not, he found this lady’s voice kind of annoying.

However, she was an employee of Noah’s, and he didn’t want to offend his host, so he offered her a polite grin.

“Um… hey to you too, if that’s what you were saying to me,” he said, trying to be as formal and sound as bored as possible. “Look, I don’t mean to be rude, but I kind of want to be alone-”
His words died as the woman suddenly sat on the table directly in front of him, her legs crossed at the ankles, as she leaned forward, took off Sans’ bowler hat with her free hand, placed it on the table behind her and gently ran her dark purple nails over his skull. Her actions were all done in complete silence, quickly, and in such a graceful manner, that all Sans could do was sit there in motionless shock as the woman’s smile got more intense.

What the …FUCK is this?  Sans thought, wanting to swat her hand away, but finding himself still too shocked to do anything even though the feel of her nails were on his skull was …disgusting. Maybe her touch was alluring and all that shit to other guys, but to Sans it was creepy, unpleasant, and slimy, and the more she touched him, the more angry and uneasy he became.

I don’t know how to fucking handle this, the massive skeleton thought even though that was kind of a lie. He had one idea on how to get her the fuck off of him. He could shove her off the fucking table but that might not go over to well with Noah. Maybe he should. He really, really should. Wait, no, that’s a bad idea. What was wrong with him?

Was this how my little lady felt when I did this to her?  Sans thought and tried to scoot away from the woman in his chair, making his opinion of her very clear, but unfortunately she didn’t seem bothered by it. She wrapped her leg around one of his chair’s leg and halted his movements. Sans felt his SOUL thump fearfully at the quick action. Holy shit, I …I feel … violated! The thought was so outrageous and Sans couldn’t believe, for as big as he was compared to her, he wanted to hide under the table or run away from her, but here he was, wishing for some kind of help. He even looked over at the humans on stage, hoping one of them would see his distress and step in, but it seemed that since she was no longer walking, nor was she directing herself at them, they were no longer interested in watching her, which left Sans with an even bigger need to get away from her.

"Je pourrais t’offrir a boire, mais tu as l’air plus intéressé par la serveuse. Sucre d’os."  She said lowly, and even though Sans didn’t know what she said, he had to admit, her voice was incredibly enticing …well, it would have been if she weren’t up against his little lady, but she was, and so to Sans it may as well have been a foghorn going off. She moved her hand down and grabbed his tie, pulling Sans’ head up so they were eye level with each other. “J’aime l’exotisme bébé et rien ne l’est plus qu’un monstre,” she said, moving her face closer to his. Sans pulled back as far as he could… or as far as the tie would allow.

I’m so sorry, dollface,  Sans thought as he pulled his tie away from the woman. I really was more of an asshole than I thought.

“Um… no thanks… on any of that, lady,” Sans said, hoping she’d get the hint that she was not
filling him with any emotion but unpleasantness. More dread filled him as the woman’s smile only grew.

“Now, now, no need to by shy bébé”, she purred and Sans didn’t know whether it was a good thing or not that he could finally understand her. “Tu sais, there’s a room behind the bar that Noah keeps for his more… intoxiqués customers to use when they can’t make it home. Tu te joins a moi?”

Sans’ sockets widened in shock. There had been two times in his entire life when women had actually flirted with Sans first but there was NEVER a time when a woman had offered herself to him and for her to do it so quickly, Sans wasn’t prepared to respond. He really wanted to just shove this bitch off the table. Badly. well, now I know why Frisk slapped me. but all that did was piss me off… i need these humans not to be pissed off… ok, middle ground. It was better than the alternative option of shoving her off the table. He still really, really wanted to, though.

“No. That doesn’t sound good at all,” Sans said, allowing his displeasure and disgust to show in full as he waved a hand, dismissing her. “Plus, I have a girl I’m waiting for so if you’d be so kind as to fuck off before I vomit, I would appreciate it.”

As a look of pure disbelief came over her face as Sans felt a smug look of satisfaction come over his face. Problem solved. Now get the fuck away from me-

“Yeah, j’ai su and I’m actually a little disappointed. Frisk Determ? T’as un truc pour cette nana? She’s barely a meuf,” the human said, staring coldly at her nails.

Sans froze. Like before, he had no fuckin’ idea what the fuck she’d said, but there were some universal clues to show that whatever she was saying about HIS little lady wasn’t flattering, especially with that fucking snotty look on her face and that equally arrogant tone.

“Look bitch,” Sans began, standing up to his full height and towering over her, not giving a shit if the men onstage were watching him or not. The woman crossed her legs and looked up at him, her pretty face still arrogant in her confidence that she was indeed the better of the two ladies and to Sans’ growing rage he didn’t see one ounce of fear in her eyes. Maybe it was time somebody put this snobby bitch in her place.

“You may be some hot piece of ass to a bunch of these drunks, but you ain’t nowhere near the same level as Frisk Determ, so I suggest you get off my table and get as far away from me as possible before I turn you into a garbage heap. Not that that would take a lot of effort. Yer already halfway there. Get me?” Sans growled, his sockets going black as very very very faint red smoke started to pour out of the left hole.
The lady gave him a once over almost as though she were sizing him up, her face now unreadable before a bright and happy smile came over her face suddenly, lighting up her dark eyes. She hopped off the table, her chest pressed up to his and reached up to pat his skull. It was a stretch but she managed it, this time the touch nowhere as ...violating at her previous stroking of his skull had been.

“Good. Very good. Maintenant laisse moi t'éclairer bébé. That was a test,” her voice lost its sensual edge and became a lot more friendly and light, much like her eyes.

Sans stared at her and her big, stupid, not even remotely sexy smile now.

“A test?”

The lady nodded and handed him his mustard. “Oui. Now then, Noah was telling me you drink moutarde?” She frowned and stuck her tongue out, reminding Sans of a child. “Brut, but to each their own, right?” She said cheerfully and pressed her back to the table to give their bodies more room as she scooted away from him, allowing him his personal space again as she began to head back to the bar.

Sans allowed her to go three steps before he snapped out of his confusion and grabbed her by the arm.

“The fuck was that? What’cha mean it was a test?!”

The lady turned back, unbothered by his hold on her and frowned curiously. “Am I saying that right? Uhh… a trial that puts your morale-“

Feeling the plastic bottle tremble violently in his hand, Sans slammed it down on the table. Little yellow droplets sprayed out, but thankfully none of it hit his suit. Mustard was so fucking hard to get out of clothing, and one of the last things he wanted his little lady think was that he was not only an asshole that stood her up, but also a sloppy asshole. The faint red smoke had vanished, and his initial rage for the woman had now become puzzled anger. He didn’t know what she was getting at, all Sans knew was that the bitch better be sayin’ something smart in the next few seconds such as a fucking apology for calling his little lady a ...whatever the fuck she said in her own language or else he really was gonna put his hand down her throat and turn her inside out.

“I know what a fuckin’ test is, lady, what I’m asking is why the fuck you was putting me through it!”

The woman brightened again, showing all her lovely teeth in a very playful and charming smile. Unfortunately at the current moment, the way he was feeling, Sans was doing everything to try and not let his fist smash all those teeth into little bits. My little lady could have come in and saw that,
and then what? What the fuck then? What the fuck was all that for? What kind of fucked up test is that?

“Oxo.”

Sans felt more anger and confusion hit him. “What?”

“J’appelle Oxo, not “lady”, Monsieur Gaster,” the human, Oxo, corrected, completely ignoring Sans’ question.

Sans blinked. Monsieur Gaster?! How the fuck does this bitch know my last name unless … Sans felt his sockets narrow. …unless she’s part of Don Dee’s gang-

”Ms. Determ-”

Saying his little lady’s name snapped him back to attention and as the woman spoke, Sans watched as she placed a hand over her heart, her tone becoming one of endearment. Despite his trembling, rage, and confusion, Sans felt himself relax just the tiniest bit. The gesture she’d just made was kind of pretty and delicate and… she was doing it while speaking about his little lady, so…

“-is one of my neighbors-”

Well, I guess that’s one way she could know my name. She must have been there for Papyrus’ fucking speech. Sans felt himself relax a little more, but his SOUL was still thumping hard against his ribcage. He stared down at the new bottle of mustard before sitting down on the actual table, the very spot Oxo had sat down when she’d first come over, and took a heavy chug of the new mustard. The taste itself was becoming pretty damn good, but it wasn’t doing shit for his shakes. Sans looked at the clock and felt a new wave of apprehension hit him. Fuck, his little lady was gonna be here fairly soon, and if she saw him like this….

I need to fuckin’ calm down before she comes, Sans thought as he drank a little bit more and turned his attention back to Oxo.

“-and un angel. She did me a favor a few months back and I can't repay her, so all I can do is make sure her new man isn't un PUTAIN de sac a merde like her first man, Derek Bell…” she hissed, her
eyes narrowing for just one second, her teeth in a little snarl, reminding Sans of a vicious wolf, but it only lasted a second before the woman smiled again.

Despite the way Oxo spoke about him, just hearing that fucker’s name sent Sans into a deep black mood and he crushed (well, squeezed would be more accurate) the plastic bottle in his hand, forcing the last of the mustard into his mouth and swallowing it. He didn’t feel anywhere near as calm as he wanted to, which wasn’t good. In fact, he was feeling even worse now, thanks to his woman and her test.

“I ain’t no fucking Derek, lady...um... Oxo, you better nod ever compare me to dat sick fuck again. I ain’t even close to him” Sans snarled, his sockets darkening again. It seemed VERY IMPORTANT all of a sudden that this complete stranger understand how good he was for Frisk, that he was NOT LIKE Derek, and she had NO RIGHT to think he was. But once again, his reaction did not produce any fear in the barmaid’s face. It only seemed to please Oxo more.

“Oui, I can see that. Good. I had a feeling you might be plus gentil than most men who come to Frisk. Fixing up a park and no protection fee required anymore. You’re making a lot of children and adults tres content, Monsieur Gaster.”

Sans blinked, feeling another heat tint his cheekbones red before he waved her comment away, feeling something ...running down his spine that didn’t feel too good. He wished Papyrus was here. The park was PAPYRUS’ idea, not his. His brother deserved praise for that, not Sans. It would have been different if his little lady were the one saying it, but hearing a complete stranger say he was kind was... irritating. And it wasn’t like he was doing all that shit because he was a nice guy. It was all part of Wings’ plan. He really, REALLY wished he could tell her how much he and his brothers wanted humans to like them, and all the why and shit, but he knew better. Sans currently thought it was a brilliant idea, but Wings would kill him. So he changed the subject.

“Yeah well, just ouda curiosity, what would you a done if I ‘ad gone to that backroom wit’ ya?”

I would have told Frisk on you.

I would have told Noah to kick you out.

I would have yelled at you and told you Frisk deserved better.

I honestly don’t know what I would do.
Those were some of the answers Sans was expecting to hear, so he was completely taken aback with her actual answer.

“I’d have cut your dick off,” Oxo answered.

The only thing Sans could do was stare at her. It wasn’t so much the words themselves that had the effect on him, he had been threatened with much worse, but it was her face and the tone she was using that made him freeze. There was no malice or anger in her words, nor was there a threatening look on her face. She spoke that simple threat in a calm and confident tone with a straight and honest face, her dark eyes never blinking away as she stared directly into his sockets.

_She absolutely means what she said,_ Sans thought, feeling a mixture of amusement and admiration hit him. _Chopping off my little lady’s horrible suitors’ dicks?_ Sans laughed a little in his head. _That’s fucking hysterical. I like this dame okay. She needs to hang out with Frisk more. She can cut dicks offa guys who hit on her. That’s awesome. Hehehehe. She can cut dicks offa anybody who LOOKS at my little lady funny…_

She leaned towards him.

“I’m being very serious,” she said, her eyes still unblinking. Sans noticed that as she spoke, her words came out very slowly and it seemed as though she was trying to mask her heavy accent to make sure he understood every word. “I would have let you undress and then I would cut your dick off. Don’t know what I would do after that, you are one of Don Dee’s men, but thinking ahead is not my strong suit.”

This time Sans actually did chuckle. “Good, do me a favor and extend dat test for all guys who show an interest in Frisk Determ, and I’m sorry about the whole… calling you a garbage heap, earlier, it’s just that…” Sans wasn’t up for being polite at the moment, and nothing seemed to bother this human anyway. “It’s just tha, well, ya seen Frisk Determ. I hate to say this, buh ya ain’t not Frisk Determ.”

Oxo shrugged, unoffended. “Different strokes for different folks, as they say, but if I may, you have excellent taste in femmes, monsieur.”

_Yeah, this lady ain’t so bad,_ Sans thought before settling down, crossing his arms, now curious about this woman.
“So let me in on this: what was dis favor Frisk did to make you act’n like a fool just a few minutes ago with all that tryina to be seductive’n shit?” Even though he asked the question, he already knew the answer, he just wanted to hear her say it just for confirmation. When he had first found his little lady again, he had decided to watch her for a bit before initially introducing himself, and during that time he noticed that his little lady always went back to her apartment after collecting everybody’s protection fee for the month, and Sans knew from experience with Asgore that there was no way that every human in that fucking complex could come up with Dee’s ridiculous protection fee each month.

Oxo frowned. “Fool? La plupart des hommes m'adorent, Monsieur Gaster. You are just very étrange and already in love with another lovely lady.”

_Etrange? Sounds like she calling me strange in her own language,_ Sans thought, but surprisingly the accusation made him feel ...proud. He finally offered a true grin. “Thanks,”

Oxo bowed her head slightly in response. “De rien.”

“Now what’s this story about my lady doin’ you a favor?”

Instead of answering, Oxo reached behind Sans and grabbed the two empty mustard bottles.

“Do you want another bottle of moutarde?”

_Fuck yeah, I need another bottle,_ Sans thought, looking at the clock and was surprised to find that it was only gonna be fifteen more minutes before his little lady would show up and he wasn’t as loose or as happy as he wanted to be thanks to this human. Yes, her heart was in the right place, but she didn’t help his stress levels at all. One more bottle should do the trick.

_Yeah, just one more bottle,_ Sans thought to himself with a nod before looking at Oxo.

“Yeah, after what you pumme through, I need something to calm myshelf down before Frisk gets here,” Sans said.

The human female giggled. “Don’t get drunk off the stuff now.”
Sans chuckled with her. “Don’ be stupid. I know when da stop.”

Oxo giggled harder. “Monster humor is just as etrange. Give me a moment.”

Sans rolled the lights in his sockets once again as he watched all the men onstage look at her as she walked towards the bar but once she reached the massive skeleton again with a new bottle of mustard, the men turned back to their work.

“Now, lem’m in on dis whole favor thing, Oxo,” Sans said, taking a huge gulp from the bottle. The sooner he finished it, the sooner he could feel nice and relaxed, so when his little lady did come in, she’d see a smiling, calm skeleton waiting for her with a box of chocolates. She couldn’t say no to that, could she? And his plan seemed to be working too. Now there was no taste difference between this stuff and Grillby’s, and a sort of pleasant warmth flowed through him as he poured more of the yellow liquid down his throat. Sans began to feel ...good. His body began to loosen up.

Yeah, that’s what I’m fuckin’ talking ‘bout. I should ...make this my new bar , Sans thought, grinning at the barmaid. “Come on. Be nice to your new landlord. I ...I want to know all ‘bout my lady.”

The human’s eyes narrowed, tapping her chin. “This stays between us, comprendre?”

Chuckling madly, Sans took a finger and crossed his heart, almost dropping the half-filled bottle in the process. “Not word will leave dis lipless mouth, Oxo.”

Oxo seemed to consider his words before she nodded.

“Alright. A few mois ago my little sister fell very ill and I had to take her to the hospital. L’hôpital coûte du fric et les médicaments encore plus de fric, and by the end of the month, I was down to my pennies and when Frisk came knocking at my apartment for Don Dee’s monthly protection fee, j’pouvais rien lui donner,” Oxo explained her face becoming pained at the memory.

Sans winced. “Yeah, I know how ya feel, lady.”

Closing his sockets, Sans downed more of his drink. Years ago, before Wings became Asgore’s
right hand man and they were struggling every day with getting food on the table. Papyrus, only a baby bones at the time, fell sick and Wings had to pawn their mother’s gold jewelry to pay to get him to a doctor and pay for Papyrus’ medicine. Sans remembered his less than sober self at that time taking all his anger and hurt out of his baby bones of a brother, screaming “why the fuck ya get sick for?” until Papyrus was just a sobbing mess on the floor. It took Wings giving him harsh slap on the top of his head to shut him up. It was right after that that Wings also created his shock collar to “help” with the middle skeleton’s addiction.

Thinking about it now, Sans felt a deep shame hit him. It was one of his most shameful memories and he didn’t want to think of it, but it was hard, and so Sans took another swallow of his drink, listening, but kind of wishing he hadn’t asked because now that memory kept replaying over and over in his mind, and with it came the regret and self-hatred.

“J’ai cru qu’on était mortes, ma soeur et moi. It’s kind of funny, before I came to SURFACE CITY I thought living was a right all people had, but now that I live in Dee’s world, c’est un droit que je dois payer. I have to pay to make it to the next month and that day j’ai crus que mon heure était venue.”

Sans felt like complete shit now. For thinking about himself when Oxo was tellin’ her story and for what he did back then. That memory… how was he such a fuckin’ prick to Papyrus back then. He groaned, remembering Papyrus, little baby bones Papyrus, reaching up towards Sans for a hug. It was Papyrus nonverbal way of apologizing and Sans had been so pissed off he had refused. Thankfully, Papyrus was too young to remember, and Sans would give anything to forget.

“The right to live? If it makes ya feel better, my city was the same way at one point. It ain’t just SURFACE CITY. It ain’t a human thing. The people in power takin’ and takin’ until all you have left is …is your fear,” Sans said bitterly, drinking more as he thought of Asgore’s reign, and his own actions.

He thought about what he had threatened to do to his little lady’s neighbors if she didn’t go along with what he wanted. Granted, it was an empty threat, but looming death was and is still very real for people like Oxo and his little lady, and he’d used that frightening reality against her.

“What happened after that?” Sans asked, finishing up the other half of his bottle, glad that Oxo had no idea what a skeleton looks like when they’re halfway to tears.

When the skeleton shifted his body to get more comfortable, he almost lost his balance, but caught himself just in time. Thankfully, the human didn’t seem to notice since she had been staring at her feet the entire time. A raw feeling of sadness and pain hit Sans when he saw Oxo’s face.
It’ll be okay, lady. You’ll make it out alive now that we’re here, he thought, and wanted to say, but even in his new state of mind, he knew better. I shouldn’t drink so much, Sans thought. I always get this way. I get way to emotional. He stared at his empty bottle with a deep concentration. Maybe I should get another drink to cheer up, ‘fore the little lady comes. Nobody likes a sad skeleton.

“Frisk, she smiles like it’s nothing. Comme si j’disais une connerie and tells me not to worry. Quelle en parlerait à Nick. You know what it’s like to wait to find out if you will live or die?” Oxo wrapped her arms around her chest and shuddered. “And knowing you can’t run because that bastard owns everything? Being that helpless ...and so I wait, and after thirty minutes Frisk comes knocking on my door and tells me it’s all been taken care of.”

Sans chuckled, and despite his drunken state and the self-loathing that was running through his body, he felt his deep love grow for his little lady if that were possible. Even after all these years and everything that happened to her, his little lady hadn’t changed one bit. From being a teenager helping some big asshole stranger in the pouring rain, to saving the life of an insane, but kind barmaid, his little lady was still the same girl he’d met all those years ago.

“Yeah, wha-what’cha- what’cha do after that?” Sans asked, beginning to realize he was starting to slur his speech a little bit.

Can’t have her see me like this, messing up my words. I’ll look stupid. Gonna need that other drink to ...to even me out.

Oxo scoffed. “I tried to ask her what that meant, but she won’t say anything else, and when I talk to my other neighbors in the complex, they all have des histoires similaires about her… We all know she uses her own money to pay our debts. Don Dee and his men have no mercy. Frisk, she knows we can’t pay her back so she pretends and acts like all she did was talk those bastards out of killing us so we can believe we owe her nothing, même pas un Merci. “That’s one of the hardest things to do; ne pas dire merci à quelqu’un qui le mérite.”

“Ya’ll knew?!” Sans snorted with laughter, earning a strange look from Oxo. His little lady would be so upset if she figured out all her sneaky efforts to be as discreet as possible with covering her neighbors’ fees didn’t work at all. That’s why Oxo didn’t want word to get back to Frisk. Sans had guessed at what the favor was, that Oxo had deduced what Frisk had been doing, but he didn’t think the whole apartment was in on it! “Must be reeel hard for ya ta-ta-to live right next to her and not be able to re-re-re-repay her.”

I know all about ...that feeling, lady. Least you didn’t ...fall-fall-fall in love with her, Sans thought.
Oxo didn’t respond for a second, opting to stare at the skeleton with a raised eyebrow before Sans clapped his hands, startling her. “Co-come on! Why so-so quy-et?”

“Um...” she muttered before reaching out and grabbing the empty mustard bottle out of Sans’ hands. “We try to repay her, you know, in our own ways, and to be honest the only things we can afford to do is l’inviter chez nous pour un bon repas. C’est peu, but it’s all we can do, but she always said no and that’s what annoys me about her. Elle ne nous laisse pas la rembourser avec nos petits moyens.”

A small, sweet smile came over Oxo’s face despite how dark her eyes had become. “She’s weird. Elle est amicale mais sans amis. She’s sociable, but not social. There are times she doesn’t come out of her home for days on end. She’s kind, but she seems uncomfortable of others showing kindness towards her.”

Sans frowned at the words. “Why would she be uncom-front-able ‘bout that? She dee-serves it, right, Oxo? My little lady dee-serves everythin’ good, but she don’t seem impressed with anything I can give her. Not ta brag, but~”Sans gestured towards himself, suddenly finding it hard to move his now very heavy arms, “but look at me. I can giver ‘er the finer the-ings in life!”

Sans watched as the human leaned closer to him, almost until her nose was touching his nasal ridge, and he laughed again, putting a hand to her face and playfully pushing her away.

“I aced da test, ‘member? You ain’t cutting my dick off. You can’ts anyway. Only time I can get it ta sta-and is when Frisk is around. Ain’t that fucked up?”

He watched as Oxo’s eyes widened. “Uh-oh. Tu ne plaisantes pas a propos de la moutarde . You really are drunk.”

Sans chuckled at her statement. “I’m drunk...” he blinked. “Um.. ain’t d-drunk...heheheh....sorry, slip of da tongue. C-can’t be drunk. M-meeting my little lady, re-remember? Spe-speaking ah dat-”

Sans looked at the clock. “H-hey! S-she’s late! Noah ta-hold me sh-she ain’t never late.”

“...shit,” Oxo groaned.
“I couldn’t find anything. It was like she vanished into thin air. I’m sorry.”

Noah looked at the picture that always sat on his desk, feeling the heaviness of those words hit him before he directed his blank stare to the faded ribbon he always wore on his wrist now. It wasn’t her favorite ribbon, but it had been the first one Noah tied in his niece’s hair and back then after it faded and he bought her newer and brighter ones, he couldn’t find it in himself to throw it away. Now he couldn’t even untie it from his fat wrist.

The phone call had been devastating, and it shouldn’t have been. Noah should have seen the results coming a mile away. He’d lived in SURFACE CITY his whole life. Had seen the city at it’s finest and at its worst. He had seen good people raise to the top only to be brought down in the most horrific ways by the people that ran this shithole down. He also knew that the innocent were the first to get picked off. He knew that when somebody went missing they stayed missing, but still he hoped.

Yeah, it was fuckin’ stupid of him to hope that after a month of her being missing, Emmi would turn up somewhere safe and sound, but ….but-

He had only turned his back for a second. He was takin’ her to school and he had forgotten his keys of all things! So he had gone back into his bar, and she had waited so patiently for him, as she always did, but when he came back outside, she was gone.

Panic. He always thought he knew what it meant to feel panicked but when he called her name, he learned that what he’d felt before didn’t compare to the panic and fear he was feeling when she didn’t answer. He searched for her and then he called up all his employees to search for her, closing his bar down for days, but when nothing came up, he called up the best private eye in the city, reopening his bar just to pay him.

Couldn’t find a thing. Not one Goddamn thing …well, that wasn’t true. The detective did find one thing out: Emmi wasn’t the only kid to go missing the last six months. Five more children had disappeared.

How? How can six children go missin’ without a single trace? Noah thought, but even as he asked the question he knew the answer: because a lot people go missing without a trace that are never heard from again in this God forsaken city.

Like everybody else that vanishes into thin air, he knew why six children could easily go missing: because the people with enough power to make a difference just didn’t give a flying fuck about anything but themselves. The bar owner knew how it went for most of these poorer families that
have a family member suddenly go missing. If you’re poor, the only resource you have besides yourself is the police and that group of useless fucks might as well be made of bribe money and slime. The investigations hardly, if ever, go anywhere and once a new murder or missing person comes up, the cops simply move on leaving the family to search for their loved ones. It seemed kind of stupid to think there should be some unspoken exception when it came to children.

Noah stared at the picture again. It was just a stupid, corny school picture of his six year old niece, showing off her teeth in a huge smile, a pink ribbon in her hair.

The fat man lifted the picture and smiled. Most days after Emmi came back from school, Noah almost always had to have her in his office as he managed his business. While he hated doing that, Emmi, sweet and patient Emmi, never seemed to mind as long as she had something to do Then again, there had been times when he came in during a slow business day to spend more time with her. He would see her sitting in his oversized chair, patiently waiting for him to come back.

Noah took a look around his office. He missed seeing toys and crayons on his floor. Now it looked too clean and bland. He missed having her show him crude and unrecognizable drawings of doggies, kitties, people and himself. He now wished he hadn’t so thoughtlessly thrown them out after each day thinking she would make more later. He missed how she lectured him about eating healthier in that childish voice that always tried to sound more mature than it really was. Now he ate more than ever. Sometimes he couldn’t stop eating.

He missed her. But now she was gone. What else could he do? Pay for a radio host to mention his missing niece on their station? Put up more posters showing her face for all to see? Spend more money on that fucking detective?

Yes. Noah knew that’s what he was gonna do, even though deep down, he knew she was gone forever. He wasn’t gonna stop. He couldn’t. And even though this was a pipe dream, if he ever saw the fucker responsible for making his niece disappear, he’d make what he did to Derek Bell seem like a fucking dream vacation.

An urgent knock on the door broke him out of his bleak thoughts, and before he could tell whoever it was “not now”, Oxo let herself in and when Noah saw her, he immediately stood up. She looked uncharacteristically agitated.

“What’s wrong, Frenchie?” he said, already reaching towards his desk for his handgun.

“I think I did something bad,” she said, her face racked with guilt, embarrassment and shame.
Noah raised an eyebrow. “It couldn’t be as bad as that time you told one of Dee’s men you’d cut his dick off and I had to pay him off-”

“Non, I think I may have overserved Monsieur Gaster! He’s completely bourré and now he’s trying to leave to check on Frisk. I have Vinny and Duke watching him, but he’s getting kind of angry. He looked at that clock and now he’s freaking out!”

“What?!” Noah yelled, taking time to look at his clock and to his surprise he did find Frisk was indeed ten minutes late. A flair of unease hit him as his eyes glanced over his niece’s picture, before he shook it off, regaining his composure. He’d call her up after he dealt with Sans.

“You idiot, what were you thinking?” he growled, getting up quickly and walking towards the door, earning an even more shameful but angry look as well.

“M’engueule pas! I thought he was just messing around when he started to slur his speech! How the hell was I supposed to know it was gonna lui bourrer la gueule! It’s moutarde, for God’s sake!”

She had a point. Who the hell would think mustard could get somebody drunk, but ….

*Nevermind, she didn’t mean no harm so it does no good to yell at Frenchie,* Noah thought as he walked out of his office. *Let’s just deal with Big Bones and then call up Frisk to make sure she’s okay. If she don’t answer I’ll send some of the boys-

“NOAH He’s fucking gone!” Duke said.

“Go get him then! That big fucker couldn’t have gotten-”

“No, boss. He just was gone. One moment he was just standing here, the next he was gone.”

It was then that the big bar owner noticed the faint red smoke in the air.
Shifting the box of chocolates under his arm, Sans knocked loudly on his little lady’s door, every knock getting louder, and every second she didn’t answer, the more angry and agitated he got.

“DOLL-FACE!” he said loudly hoping she heard him, too drunk and too distracted with his task to notice the doors of the other apartments opening to see what the commotion about.

“It’s meee! Sans da Skeleton!” he said, his knocking becoming so hard, the wood began to crack. “Surry ‘bout da other day when I sthoodya up, but look-see I gots you choco-lates! Prurtzels wit’ choco-lates! We can git somethin’ else if ya don’t like ‘em dough.”

When the door wasn’t answered, Sans started to feel more worried. That one human at the bar told him she may be oversleepin’ but maybe it wasn’t the case. Maybe she was hurt and couldn’t get up. Maybe somethin’ bad happened to her and she didn’t want to see anybody. Or maybe… Sans narrowed his sockets. Maybe she heard he was gonna be waiting for her at the bar and decided not to show up.

And so with that thought in his mind, he ignored Frisk’s neighbors that were now trying to talk to him (why was everybody trying to bother him?!?) and teleported into her apartment.

He looked around her living room, didn’t see his little lady, and so started to move towards the bedroom when something on her coffee table caught his socket. He took a step, almost tripping, but caught himself just in time. The chocolates slipped from his arm and fell to the floor, but Sans didn’t even notice. Not when he saw the ECHO PLANT on the table, only it looked like shit. The glowing blue color had faded and two of the petals had already fallen off.

“Doll-face?” He called out, stumbling towards the table. “Da Eeko Plant, remember I told yas ya were suppose to water it lots!” When he didn’t get an answer, he growled. “I’ll doo it fer yas!”

He picked up the pot and started to walk to the kitchen, only for his shaky hands to drop the plant. It shattered on the floor, leaving a bad mess behind.

“Fuck!” he cussed, before turning to his original task of finding his little lady and explaining why he stood her up and why she shouldn’t be mad and if she wanted, he’d get her a new plant and tons more flowers if it made her happy.

Oxo’s words kept haunting him. Why wasn’t she happy? She wasn’t like him or the rest of the
world. She should be happy, but why wasn’t she?

“Doll-face? Come on! I’m surry, ya know?”

He stumbled into the bedroom and took a look around, frowning. It looked so plain, but then again he recalled his own bedroom being that way when he was younger too, but that bed though ...Sans grimaced when he saw how old and worn down it was. It looked like it could barely support one body, let alone two.

“Doll-face! Wat’s wit’ dis bed?” he asked, walking towards it. He wanted to see if it felt as shitty as it looked but halfway through his second step, his left foot met his right one and he went crashing onto the soft carpet with a dulled thump.

“Fuck ...shit ...Frisk! Where are yas?” he groaned and started to get up only for something under her bed to catch his socket. It was some kind of piece of paper, and even from this distance and even though it was under the bed, partly covered in shadows, Sans recognized the very familiar flame designs that decorating the edges of paper.

_That looks like Grillby’s designs_ , Sans thought as he reached for the paper and held it close to his face.

He squinted his sockets, his vision getting blurry, but after focusing harder, he saw it was indeed a flyer for Grillby’s. Only, this flyer was an advertisement for his bar in HOTLAND. If it were for his bar in SNOWDIN (when he had his business there) he used blue flames on his flyers to advertise his upcoming events. If it were for his bar in HOTLAND, he used purple.

“How’da fuck she git one of dese?” Sans mumbled and read the flyer.

**Grillby’s is proud to present for the first time ever live human entertainment!**

Sans frowned. “Live human entertainment?”

Sans’ eyes widened. **Human Entertainment?! IN HOTLAND?! MY LITTLE LADY IS IN HOTLAND??!!**
NO! NO! NO! Sans stuffed the now crumpled flyer in his pocket quickly as he clumsily stood back up, his SOUL throbbing so harshly he thought it would explode.  SHE’S IN HOTLAND!  ASGORE’S IN HOTLAND!  HE’LL KNOW SHE’S THERE!

Sans stumbled out of her room back into the living room, the panic and fear nearly taking over his mind, but he forced himself to the phone and picked up the receiver.

_Gotta know if she’s there_,  Sans thought to himself shoving his finger into the small hole on the rotary only to mess up the number on the first try.  With a grunt he hung up, tried again and messed up again. In a blind fit of rage and fear, he grabbed the phone and slammed in on the ground, the plastic shattered into a million pieces.

*If she is there, I need to git ‘er myself. Be too late if I call ‘im and ask. I’ll go myself and see if she’s there,*  Sans thought, ignoring the frantic knocks of the neighbors on the outside apartment. _Grillby, he’s my bud. Best customer he’s ever had. He won’t tell Asgore I’m there and I’ll be back before Wings can ever find out._

Humming tunelessly, Grillby started to get everything ready for his visitors.

Jim should be there any minute with new information about what he found about the Gasters being in the human city.  Still humming, Grillby started to bring out the teapots and teacups and brought them to the sink in his little kitchen.  The last thing he wanted was for a spec of dust to still be on the barely used porcelain set when-

A sudden noise from above caused Grillby to pause.  The fire monster frowned and looked up at the ceiling.  If the didn’t know any better, he would have sworn he was hearing very very heavy footsteps coming from the...the fucking roof!

_Thump. Thump. Thump._

Grillby cautiously began following the sounds from the kitchen to his bar area.

_Is ...is somebody on my roof?_  Grillby thought, but the idea was so ridiculous that he instantly
dismissed the thought even though it definitely sounded like heavy footsteps were raining on his ceiling. There was one moment were Grillby heard a loud creaking sound almost as though the wood that made up the roof was caving, causing Grillby to back away from the spot, but after that ominous noise, nothing else was heard.

Grillby continued to look up at his ceiling though, waiting for the noise to return.

**What the hell was that-**

“Wazz up, Grillbz?”

He froze for a second, before snapping his head down again, his white eyes widening almost to the point of popping when he saw who it was.

Standing in front of him was Sans the fucking skeleton. And he was drunk. Grillby had seen this fat loser drunk more than enough times to know that’s exactly what he was as the skeleton swayed left and right. That may be at least one reason why he could have been standing in FUCKING HOTLAND!

“S-Sans,” Grillby said, trying to maintain his calm and cool composure, even though the shock. “What brings you to my ...my fine establishment in ...in HOTLAND?”

Sans chuckled, reaching up to brush off some of the pink glitter that most likely fallen from Mettaton’s business signs.

“Dis place sure has changed a lot. Mettaton’s really pop-u-lur now, huh? Had tr-trouble f-finding yer ...yer place. Surry ‘bout the roof. Weak wo-ud. Should reealy g-get dat fix. Co-cohood have breroke my fucking neck when I was dere.”

Grillby nodded again. “Yes. Um ...Sans-”

The skeleton took a step forward, almost tripping over his feet. “Looks ya gots to forgive my bro. He can be an asshole, but ya know how it is …look, there’s dis la.”
Grillby was focused on Sans, and Sans was too drunk to realize that somebody else had come into the bar. So when Asgore delivered a very powerful blow to Sans’ skull, rendering him unconscious, neither monster saw it coming.

Grillby simply watched as Asgore grabbed the unconscious monster. “Get me a collar, Grillby.”

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Sans woke up feeling a heavy pain in his skull and a familiar sensation around his neck, but he was still too dazed to figure out what it was. He tried to move but found that his arms and legs had been restrained. It felt like he’d been tied to a chair. With a deep groan, still in a complete daze, Sans forced his sockets open.

What greeted him was a face he had been seeing in his nightmares for years.

Asgore Dreemur grinned widely at him. “Howdy, Sans. Long time no see.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay here are a majority of the French sentences translated:

“Bonjour caïd”
Hello boss

"Je pourrais t'offrir a boire, mais tu as l'air plus intéressé par la serveuse, sucre d'os.
-I could offer you a drink, but you seem more interested in the waitress, Sugar bones.

“J'aime l'exotisme bébé et rien ne l'est plus qu'un monstre.”
-I love exoticism, baby and nothing is more exotic than a monster.

“T'as un truc pour cette nana ? She’s barely a meuf.”
-So you have something for this chick? She’s barely a girl.

“Maintenant laisse moi t'éclairer, bébé.”
-Now let me enlighten you, baby.

“La plupart des hommes m'adorent, Monsieur Gaster.”
-Most men adore me, Mister Gaster.
“L'hôpital coûte du fric et les médicaments encore plus de fric, and by the end of the month, I was down to my pennies and when Frisk came knocking at my apartment for Don Dee's monthly protection fee, j'pouvais rien lui donner.”

-The hospital costs money and the drugs even more money, and by the end of the month, I was down to my pennies and when Frisk came knocking at my apartment for Don Dee's monthly protection fee, I could not give him anything.

“J’ai cru qu’on était mortes, ma soeur et moi. It’s kind of funny, before I came to SURFACE CITY I thought living was a right all people had, but now that I live in Dee’s world, c’est un droit que je dois payer. I have to pay to make it to the next month and that day j’ai crus que mon heure était venue.”

-I thought I was dead. I thought my sister was dead. It’s kind of funny, before I came to SURFACE CITY I thought living was a right all people had, but now that I live in Dee’s world, it’s something I have to pay for. I have to pay to make it to the next month and that day I thought my time was finally up.

“Comme si j’dissais une connerie and tells me not to worry. Quelle en parlerait à Nick.”

-Like I’m being silly or something and tells me not to worry. That she’ll talk to Nick about it.

“That’s one of the hardest things to do; ne pas dire merci à quelqu’un qui le mérite.”

-That’s one of the hardest things to do; not saying thank you to somebody who deserves it.

“We try to repay her, you know, in our own ways, and to be honest the only things we can afford to do is l’inviter chez nous pour un bon repas. C’est peu, but it’s all we can do, but she always said no and that’s what annoys me about her. Elle ne nous laisse pas la rembourser avec nos petits moyens…”

-We try to repay her, you know, in our own ways and to be honest the only things we can afford to do is invite her to our homes for lunch and dinner. It’s not much, but it’s all we can do, but she always said no and that’s what annoys me about her. She won’t let us repay her even in our simple ways.”

“Tu ne plaisantes pas a propos de la moutarde”

-You're not kidding about mustard

Ahem ....I think I'll be leaving now. Thank you for reading and I hope you enjoyed this chapter. *Runs for the exit*
Hello Hello Hello! Thank you all for your love, comment, and kudos, but most of all thank you for your patience and support and for those of you who have sent me comments I couldn't get back to, I'm so sorry! Work is always draining me of my energy, but the time you take out of your day to send me your love and support or funny comments always means so much to me. More than you know.

“-and then it looked like he was going to attack me!” Mettaton finished, his voice rising dramatically, almost cracking with emotion as he took an uncharacteristically large gulp from his very pink drink before daintily putting it back.

Grillby raised an eyebrow but didn’t say anything as Mettaton moaned loudly and covered his eyes with one of his hands, almost as though the very experience had traumatized and continued to haunt the popular radio host. He tried not to roll his eyes at the robot’s overdramatic performance.

“It was simply… one of the worst moments of my life. Seeing somebody look at me with such disdain and hatred, especially when I took that particular somebody in after they stole from me. The very nerve!” With that statement, Mettaton’s phony overplayed look of despair turn to one of haughty annoyance and he crossed both sets up arms and looked up towards the ceiling with his nose in the air.

“All I can say that my employee is very, very, very lucky he works for somebody as forgiving as me and not a hard boss like Asgore. OH-,” Mettaton shuddered, but he did it with a twisted smile on his face. “-darling Burgerpants would be nothing but a pile of ashes even before his claws came out if he tried that with Asgore.”

At the mention of the don, Grillby turned slightly to peek at the door behind his bar. It had been an hour since Grillby had slipped that magic restraint collar on Sans’ neck and left him tied up with the Don and his smelly fish lackey. Since then, nobody had come up to the first level of the bar.

If he didn’t find Sans Gaster to be just as pathetic as that feline (well maybe not THAT pathetic) he might have felt sorry for his best customer from SNOWDIN, but… three thousand gold coins to keep Sans in the basement of his bar, collared and gag until his eventual death, was a nice compensation for what his brutish brother had done to him.
The whole situation was pretty humorous if Grillby said so himself. The Don had been sending his little spies to his SNOWDIN bar for years to find out anything they could about the bastard Gaster family and none of them could get anything out of Sans in his worst drunken state. And Grillby watched the Don’s spies try hard too. Most of them tried to be best buddies with him, and Grillby recalled an incident where Sans had nearly destroyed a fellow’s face with his ringed hand as the guy had tried to put his arm around Sans’ shoulders.

Oh yes, all of the Don’s spies came back empty-handed...well, all except for Muffet, who hadn’t returned at all. Before that bastard nearly killed him and destroyed his bar, and after so many failed attempts to cozy up to Sans, Muffet had told him she was gonna try to kill the head asshole and get that huge gold reward that she knew the Don would give her. Grillby didn’t have to wonder too hard to know how that plan had gone.

Who would have known that after years of failed attempts, that fuckup Sans would be the one stumbling into their territory as the easiest target in the world? Definitely not Don Dreemurr, that was for sure.

Now, the question was why in hell would Sans venture into HOTLAND? Granted he was drunk out of his mind, but Grillby had seen him in much worse states than he’d been tonight, and never once during any of those times did he try anything as dangerous or stupid as this stunt.

Oh well... the Don would figure that answer out soon enough along with why Wingdings Gaster had set up shop in SURFACE CITY. Of course, Don Dreemurr still wanted Jim asking questions in the human city. Jim had connections to people who worked for the human Don (or so he claimed) and after finding out he wasn’t gonna be needed for the night, Grillby’d sent the human home right after Asgore gruffly ordered him to “find out what part of city Gasters had a hold of and why.”

It was finally happening, though it took a lot longer than Grillby had thought. The Gaster Brothers’ little kingdom would soon be crumbling and they would become dust along with the rubble. The thought made him smile. Wingdings Gaster thought he was so untouchable. Watching everything he owned or gained in that gang war all those years ago burn was gonna be a treat for Grillby.

“Darling? Are you even listening to me?!”

At the sound of Mettaton’s offended voice, Grillby snapped out of his thoughts and turned back to the wealthy radio host.

While Don Dreemurr had said absolutely nobody was to come into the bar while he was “dealing with Mr. Gaster”, Grillby knew with complete confidence that the Don wouldn’t mind if he saw
Mettaton sitting at the bar. As far as Grillby knew, those two went way back. They were friends even before the Don had made the mistake of hiring Gaster as his weapons maker, and besides, that dirty mangy feline needed to be locked away for the night.

It was a pretty tense walk to that feline’s room for both Grillby and Burgerpants since they had to pass the Don’s new “Interrogation room”, but he managed to push the little cretin into his room and lock it without incident.

Truth be told, Grillby was surprised it was Mettaton who’d brought him back. Normally the robot used the Don’s mutts to deal with Burgerpants, but now, as he heard what exactly had happened between that half-dead little insect and Mettaton, he understood why.

“What happened after that?”

Mettaton’s displeased expression disappeared as a more ...emotional one replaced it. “Well, I was surprised. To say the least. No... I was terrified for my life. After all these years of taking care of him and making sure he was safe and well-care for, he actually had the nerve to show his claws to me and that that... face he made,” Mettaton shuddered, but Grillby noticed the faint blush that appeared on the robot’s face.

Interesting... perhaps there was more than just fear going through the robot’s mind right now.

The bartender decided to press the issue further. “What type of face did he make, Mr. Mettaton?”

Almost on cue, as though he were reading from a poorly written script, Mettaton answered in a deeply hurt voice.

“Oh it was simply the most dangerous and unpleasant face you’d ever seen, darling! His eyes were narrowed into tiny slits, he was actually baring his teeth at me, and his fur... bristled ...ugh... it was simply the most dreadful thing I’ve ever seen, BUT-” Mettaton stated loudly before a small smile came over his face. “-but then the little fellow nearly melted my heart,” Mettaton purred, placing his hands over where Grillby assumed his heart would be if he had one.

“Oh?”

“He wasn’t angry at me at all. Oh no! And let me tell you something right now, I certainly felt stupid for even thinking he could ever lash out at me. The very idea is laughable now; Burgerpants can’t even say ‘boo’ to his own reflection, but in that moment…” Mettaton shuddered again; the blush was
still on his face and getter pinker by the second. “But anyways, I find out that the reason that dear little fellow, my darling employee, almost killed me and showed me that... dangerously violent face, is because he-” Mettaton lowered his voice and looked towards the door that stood behind the bar that Don Dreemurr could come out of at any minute. “-he was upset with the way Asgore’s newest little pet treated me!”

With that Mettaton squealed a little more high-pitched than Grillby cared for. It wasn’t cute when an adult was making those squeaky sounds. “Isn’t that the most precious thing you’ve ever heard in your whole life, darling?”

Grillby hummed, his mind working. Jerry’s high offer of spending a little time with that pathetic cripple was still fresh in his mind and seeing his opportunity, he leaned closer to the robot.

“If you can believe him, that is.” Grillby stated quietly, making sure his words sank in before reaching for a clean wash rag from underneath the bar. He began cleaning some invisible dirt off his already sparkling clean bar, watching the robot through the corner of his eye.

Grillby kept his facial expression completely neutral as the sadistically pleased look on Mettaton’s face began to fade into a more… interesting expression.

Doubt.

Uncertainty.

Fear.

Anger.

Grillby could already feel Jerry’s money in his fingers.

“And just what do you mean by that, darling?”

Grillby chose not to answer for a second, stalling for time to allow his words to affect Mettaton more deeply. He finished up his unnecessary cleaning before he looked up at Mettaton and shrugged.
“Well... it’s not my place to say, Mr. Mettaton, he is YOUR employee after all, but that could have very well been a lie to save his own fur. From what you told me, you were giving him the punishment he deserved and he might have snapped,” Grillby explained, watching as Mettaton’s lips became a straight line, but he didn’t look altogether convinced.

The radio host took a small sip of his drink.

“What makes you think my timid little kitty-cat would snap at me?” Mettaton’s voice was unusually low, dark and thoughtful. Nothing like his usual bright and overly cheerful tone. Grillby briefly wondered if the people Mettaton loaned gold to heard that tone when payday came around and they couldn’t give him back what he gave them.

“Well, if I may be so bold to say, Mr. Mettaton, from what I’ve observed of him, Burgerpants has the qualities of being ungrateful. Remember when you found out he was seeing Mr. Tops~”

And with the mention of the blue bunny monster, Grillby smugly watched as Mettaton gripped his glass and squeezed it. A loud shattering sound filled the quiet bar as the small cup shattered into a million little pieces, the drink dripping off of Mettaton’s gray face and black hair, but for once the radio host seemed ...oblivious to his appearance.

“That’s right,” Mettaton said calmly, placing what was left of the glass back on the table. “I forgot how horribly ungrateful he is.”

Grillby nodded. He didn’t exactly know why Mettaton had such a problem with the blue bunny, but when he heard that Burgerpants had not only been seeing the Nice Cream Man, but living with him and most assuredly fucking him too, it sent the radio host into a deep rage. A horrible rage.

It was actually pretty amusing to watch, and in the end the whole ridiculous incident benefitted Grillby. Now he was getting paid rent to keep Burgerpants in his bar at night.

“Yes, Mr. Mettaton. If I were to guess, I think he realized he ...made a mistake when he snapped back at you and quickly covered it up with that lie... and you believed him,” Grillby quickly added at the end before he walked over to Mettaton’s area and silently began to clean up the real mess.

Mettaton didn’t say anything, but Grillby could feel the rage begin to build in the robot as Mettaton’s face became completely pink.  **Good.**
“He pulled one over on you, Mr. Mettaton,” Grillby said gravely. He heard Mettaton’s metal teeth start to grind behind his pouting lips. “You have to show your dominance again, and if I may, Mr. Mettaton, I have a good solution to your problem.”

Despite the cold black stare the robot gave him, Grillby saw a hint of interest in Mettaton’s pink eyes.

“Go on, Grillby. I always love hearing new ideas on how to retrain my employees. As a businessman yourself, I’m sure you can enlighten me.”

Grillby finally smiled. “Let him become an employee of mine for a night. You know... one of my special employees for the night. I already have a customer lined up for -”

The front door to the bar slammed open. Grillby mentally cursed himself for forgetting to lock it up again after letting Mettaton and Burgerpants in.

“I’m sorry but we’re …oh hell... it’s fucking Jerry ,” Grillby muttered the last part as Jerry waved enthusiastically at the pair.

“HEYA!” The gooey monster screamed cheerfully. Grillby winced and looked towards the door behind the bar, praying the Don wouldn’t come barging in wondering what the hell was going on and sighed in relief when it remained shut.

Mettaton, on the other hand, scoffed in disgust, getting up. He reached into his pocket, pulled out an excessive amount of gold coins and placed them on the counter. “I do believe this is where I bid you adieu , darling.”

Grillby nodded, feeling a deep hatred for the extremely wealthy man who was still strolling their way eagerly.

“Tell Asgore I said hello AND …” Mettaton trailed off and gave Grillby a wickedly cold smile. “I think I know what I’m gonna do with my darling little rebellious employee. I’ll let you know later. Ciao.”
With that confusing, but somewhat promising statement, Grillby watched as Mettaton quickly walked towards the back exit just as Jerry made it to him. As always, the first thing Grillby noticed about the gooey monster was the disgusting smell coming off his body. It had only been a few hours, but it seemed as though Jerry’s odor had worsened.

“Mr. Jerry, as I have already told you once, Mr. Dreemurr has requested the building to himself tonight—”

With a smug smile, Jerry leaned his elbow on the counter and gave Grillby a wink as though the two were best buddies. “I was ordered to come here by the big guy himself. Doggo gave me the invitation, but when I asked him what it was for, he told me he had someplace to go in a hurry.”

_Everybody’s always in a hurry to get away from you, you slob_ , Grillby thought as he watched Jerry sit himself in the same spot Mettaton had been and look around.

“Pretty strange when it’s empty, Grillby,” Jerry said cheerfully before placing his feet on the bar’s counter. Grillby felt his eye twitch, but refrained from saying anything.

“Yes ...well I enjoy the peace and…” Grillby began to say, but stopped and stared in horror as Jerry lifted one of his pant legs up, revealing a scabbed up leg and began to scratch it in a furious manner. Grillby nearly gagged as he saw little bits of dried up gooey skin fly from Jerry’s leg and land on the once clean counter.

The gooey monster sighed in relief. “That feels better. Dry skin is the worse, don’t ya know? But anyways, enough about me, how are you doin’, Grillby, ol’ pal?”

Grillby swallowed. That was a mistake. He tasted the foul stench coming from Jerry. “...good.”

Jerry’s smile grew as he gave his leg one more vicious scratch, leaving another pile of dead dusty skin behind before pulling his pant leg back down. “Great, that’s great. Great to hear!”

Grillby wished that he could say he needed to do some work in the back, but with the Don doing his business, he didn’t want to risk the chance of running into the mob boss just in case Sans wasn’t being cooperative and was putting the goat monster in a foul mood.

So instead, Grillby took the same rag he had seconds earlier and went to the other side of the bar,
pretending to clean it, hoping the distance between them would make Jerry’s odor more bearable.

It did not.

“Hey, how come Mettaton left?” Jerry asked but before Grillby could lie, Jerry continued. “Did ya tell him about my offer?”

“...Kind of, but he was in a hurry.”

Jerry groaned. “Yeah, it seems everybody is in a hurry these days. Rushing this way and that way…” Jerry rolled his eyes, making a sound of disgust. “That’s why when I see somebody like you at the park, enjoying his day before he has to get to work… well, it makes me happy.”

Grillby paused slightly. “Oh, you’ve seen me at the park?”

He tried to keep his voice as casual as possible. Of course, a lot of people saw Grillby at the park during his free time and nobody said anything about it. After all, there was nothing wrong about a man enjoying the outdoors, but the only person who knew about his ...more intimate desires was Jim, and he knew that if his personal life got out, Don Dreemurr couldn’t even help him. Lady Toriel would lose her mind. Well, more of her mind. She loved kids just as much as Grillby did. Only not in the same way.

Almost as though sensing the bartender’s unspoken nervousness, Jerry looked up from scratching his... lower region… and grinned knowingly. “Yeah, sometimes when I need a spark of inspiration for my art, ya know, actual art, not the stuff I do for my customers, I go to the park. There’s a lot of times I see ya there... sitting on that bench close to the playground ...watching the kids and giving them candy... it’s cute.”

Grillby silently stared at Jerry. Jerry stared back at him with his usual dumb look on his face.

“What?” Jerry asked after a few seconds cold silence. “I got somethin’ on my face?”

Grillby shook his head, almost laughing. For one minute he was actually worried that Jerry was calling him out. Thank goodness for stupid cretins like fucking Jerry, but all the same, he wanted to change the subject and so he turned to the one thing that Jerry loved talking about no matter who was sitting beside him: fucking. It was a mindless enough subject, but if it kept Jerry from talking about
his activities at the park, then he was willing to engage in a conversation with him.

“Mind if you ask you a question?” Grillby said.

Jerry held his arms out wide. “Go on. I’m an open book for all.”

Always taking what you can get, huh Jerry? Grillby thought but continued.

“Not that I’m complaining, but you spend an awful lot of money at my bar for my special services. At some point wouldn’t it be cheaper and lighter on your wallet to just marry?”

That was something Grillby always wondered. Despite how grotesque he was, Grillby knew that there were plenty of ladies that would put up with him for his immense wealth, and yet never once had Grillby ever seen Jerry with a woman by his side or hear any rumors of the painter dating. It was a little strange. Even rich monsters who slept around usually had a steady partner that would put up with their unfaithfulness for a nice home and money in their pockets.

Almost instantly after the question was asked, Jerry snorted into laugh er, spittle coming from his mouth, flying onto the bar and mixing with the dead skin dust.

“Marry? Me? Come on, Grillby, I know ya gots to treat your female customers just as good as your male customers, but come on… ya know their worth in dis world. Ya got two women collared in your basement,” and with that Jerry started to laugh loudly, slamming his hands on the bar, the piles of dead skin flying up and scattering in the air.

Grillby felt his eye twitch again. He’d have to burn this place down to properly clean it if Jerry kept this up.

“Why marry the thing that keeps the cunt warm and pulsing when I can easily afford to just buy the cunt itself and use it anytime I want?” Jerry managed to say through his laughter.

Grillby raised an eyebrow, but he wasn’t overly shocked.

“No thank you on that one. I have a good system going here. I pay, I fuck ‘em, or my paintbrush
fucks ‘em or I make them fuck each other and then I go home to a nice quiet house. Marriage…” Jerry snorted again. “Holy shit, what a nightmare that would be.”

Grillby shrugged. “Fair enough.”

Jerry wiped his mouth and gave Grillby a sly look.

“What ‘bout you, fire man? You into the whole wifey thing yerself? Got a nice young pretty thing that lives wit’ ya that you ain’t telling anybody about?”

Grillby picked up a bottle of Jerry’s favorite liquor and placed it on the table in front of the slime monster. He didn’t bother to get a glass out for Jerry. Jerry didn’t use glasses when he drank. Another characteristic that showed just how putrid Jerry was.

“Well…” Grillby began to say as Jerry opened the bottle and began to chug the liquid down, some of the liquor dripping out of his mouth and onto his chin and then hitting his chest.

“Unlike yourself, I find the prospect-”

“What, are we in school? Speak normal words, Grillby,” Jerry ordered, gurgling his drink as he spoke.

Grillby sighed and tried again. “I like the idea of having somebody to come home to. The only problem is I don’t have enough time to find the right somebody, but luckily I have a friend that is keeping an eye out for me.”

Jim hadn’t been able to find a young human child with red hair yet, and truth be told, Grillby was starting to get more than a little impatient. Going to the park had almost become a torture, and there had been a few times when Grillby had seen a small monster child by themselves and felt the urge to… make them disappear, but the gamble had been too great all those times. What if somebody saw?

If he didn’t know Jerry had been watching him all those times, who else noticed him?
“So nobody yet, huh?”

Grillby shook his head.

“Too bad. I feel fer ya, man. How long has it been since… ya know…” Jerry made a circle with two of his fingers and shoved another finger through that hole.

Grillby straightened up at the crass and vulgar hand gesture.

“....”

Jerry shrugged. “Fair enough, and there ain’t no shame in being picky. Me, I ain’t that way, but I’m entitled to that, just like yer entitled to. We paid our dues, made our fortunes and if we want to fuck twenty times a day with some random whore in the basement of a bar or wait until we find the perfect hole to shove our dicks in, we are allowed to do that. ‘Course, we’re entitled to a lot of things, but that is number one, right?”

For once, Grilby found himself agreeing with Jerry. He nodded.

Grillby watched as a slimy smile came over Jerry’s face. “If yer working girls didn’t want to be where they are now, they’d been smarter and stronger and would have made somethin’ of themselves to avoid the positions they are in now, right? And take a look at cute little feline. If he were smarter and stronger, he’d be somewhere else. Not flipping patties and takin’ orders from Mettaton, but hey, the world rewards guys like us and puts people like Prye, Binkie and Whi ...er… Burgerpants in their place.”

Despite the odor and Jerry’s revolting mannerisms, Grillby laughed.

“‘I must say, Jerry, you can be quite the intellectual.”

Jerry puffed up his chest. “Can be? Come on, only a certain class of men thinks like us, Grillby ol’ pal-”

The door behind the bar opened and Don Dreemurr stomped out and Grillby watched as Jerry’s
scent hit the large goat monster’s nostrils.

“Oh goodness, what is that awful sme-oh,” the Don paused when he noticed Jerry sitting at the end of the bar, happily sucking on his bottle of booze. He waved happily at the much bigger monster.

“Hello Jerry,” Don Dreemurr muttered, not bothering to hide his annoyed and disgusted look. “I have to discuss hiring you for a family portrait, wait here.”

Jerry gave him a thumbs up.

Grillby jumped as Don Dreemurr grabbed his arm and dragged him through the door. On the way in, he passed Undyne who seemed to be just as annoyed as Asgore.

Once the two were a good distance away from her, the Don crossed his arms and glared at the room they were keeping Sans in.

“He is too intoxicated to fully wake up. He opened his sockets once and passed out again. It’s useless to try and get any information out of him,” Don Dreemurr explained.

“He is pretty incoherent when he’s been drinking,” Grillby agreed.

Don Dreemurr smirked cruelly. “I want him to wake up feeling terrified and confused. Turn off the lights and leave him locked in that room until I come back tomorrow night. Toriel is probably worried about me and I... um ...I don’t want to leave her alone for this long, anyways.”

*Crazy people need to be watched at all times,* Grillby silently thought, but didn’t DARE say that out loud.

The Don of FELL CITY smiled. “Toriel will be pleased about this. In a way I’m happy Sans didn’t wake up tonight. I’m sure she would be disappointed and very angry with me if she found out she didn’t make the first blow to his ugly face.”

“Happy wife, happy life,” Grillby said.
“Truer words were never spoken, my good man,” the don said before he looked towards the door that lead to the bar and shuddered. “And speaking of that, Toriel wanted me to hire Jerry to paint a new family portrait, so I deeply apologize for Jerry.”

Grillby chuckled. “I feel more sorry for you.”

“Yeah, me too. I was just being polite,” Don Dreemurr said as he started to walk away, only to pause, a small frown on his face. “You know what’s gonna bother me, though… why now? What brought Sans Gaster to HOTLAND after all these years?”

“You didn’t find anything on him?”

The Don shook his head. “Undyne searched him and came up with nothing.”

Undyne waited until the boss and the bartender passed her, leaving her alone in the basement of the bar before she reached into her pocket, feeling the flyer that Gaster had had in his pocket when she searched him.

_**Live human entertainment.**_

That was what the flyer advertised.

Now what were the odds that Sans Gaster had come here because of that flyer? Sure, it was the only thing he had on him when she searched him, and sure, it looked like it had been crumpled in a moment of fury, and sure, he had a spot somewhere in the human city, and sure, it just so happened that Frisk was a human from that particular city that came here wanting the exact same job that the flyer advertised…

But _**what**_ were the fucking odds that Sans Gaster befriended the very human that her boss had in his home right now, noticed she had been missing for a few days, and while in a drunken state searched her home and found this flyer?
Seriously. It was a one in a billion chance the little stupid and… sweet… human… and Sans Gaster knew each other.

And Undyne found that those odds were far too high. If that were the case…

Undyne found herself worried. For a human, of all things. A human she’d only spoken to for thirty minutes at the most.

So what if they spoke about poetry? So what if the little human didn’t use Undyne’s near assault as a weapon against her? So what if the little human told her she smelled like the ocean with the kindest smile Undyne had ever received? So what if, despite everything Undyne helped do to her, the little human treated her with the kind of respect Undyne would never show her if they were to cross paths on the streets as strangers?

But Undyne found herself shaking, feeling a dark sense of despair grow at the thought of what the boss would do if he found out the little human and Gaster knew each other, and it didn’t make sense.

Thirty minutes! How much loyalty can thirty minutes buy? It shouldn’t even compare to the twenty years she’d worked for the boss. She only spoke to the human for thirty minutes, and yet…

Undyne took the flyer out of her pocket and looked at it.

She knew she couldn’t give it to the boss. She didn’t know what would happen to the little human if she did. There was a chance that the little human might not even be harmed, but…

There was a chance she would be.

With a grimace, Undyne crumpled the paper into a tight ball and shoved it in her mouth, chewing it, and as she did she reached up and touched her eye.

And for the billionth time in her life, she wondered what she would be doing if she had taken Wingdings Gaster up on his offer all those years ago to join him instead of fighting him.
Well, she knew for a fact she’d have both her eyes and wouldn’t be eating a piece of fucking paper to help a fucking human out.

“He was making such a ruckus at Miss Determ’s door. I mean, he was hitting that door so hard that the damn wood was starting to crack!”

“What?! Our new landlord was doin’ that?”

“Yeah! I didn’t exactly see what happened, I was too scared to come out of my apartment, but I heard the whole damn thing.”

“Hmm….well I simply don’t believe it! It’s probably just a nasty rumor some kid-”

“It’s true! I was there! He was making such a scene my wife woke me up from my nap and when I went to see what was going on, I saw him banging on Frisk’s door!”

“Really?”

“Take a look at her door if you don’t believe me. You can see where the wood is beginning to split. That big fellow is strong as hell.”

“Mr. Papyrus? I wonder what he wants with Frisk-”

“No, not the tall one with the scar. The shorter one who doesn’t talk much.”

“Oh! HIM? Oh ...err… I don’t see much of him, but as long as he doesn’t mean her harm-”

“Well, listen to this then and make sure to lock yer fuckin’ doors at night- **pardon my language to the ladies present** -but- **and I swear to God this happened** -I was tryin’ to talk to him, tryin’ to figure out what the hell he was doin’ makin’ an ass -**sorry ladies** -at Frisk’s door, but he completely ignores
me and then he fuckin’- *sorry again ladies* -vanished without a trace!”

“Get outta of here. Ya must be drunk-”

“I swear to Christ, dat’s the truth! Only red smoke! Ask Benny. He was there.”

“Danny’s right. He just up and is gone. Damndest thing!”

“It must be a monster’s thing-”

“Maybe, but the story ain’t over yet. So just as we are questionin’ our own senses and our sobriety, we hear him from the inside of Frisk’s apartment callin’ for her.”

“What? How is the hell-”

“Benny, back me up here.”

“I don’t say this often, but Danny’s right. Hand to God. I don’t know how our landlord managed it, but I could actually hear him moving around inside her apartment.”

“Jesus!”

“Yeah, I know.”

“So what happened after that, Danny?”

“Me and Benny broke down her fucking- *sorry* - door.”

“What did ya see?”

“Tell them Benny, I’m still a little shaken up by it.”
“It looked like a struggle went on there—”

“NO!”

“Fuckin’ yes. A vase was destroyed, dirt was everywhere and her phone was in little bits!”

“Oh God no…”

“And when we looked around, we couldn’t find either big bones or Frisk.”

“Only red smoke.”

“You don’t think he took her do you?”

“What else could have happened?”

“All I know is that he pissed off Fat Noah pretty bad cause that French lady that works for him—”

“Oxo? The one that lives here?”

“Yep, and a few of Noah’s boys are waiting for him or his brother to return to their home in the park to figure out just what type of game Sans is pulling.”

“Fat Noah? “

“Yeah.”

“....”
“I hope Noah has them fucking killed.”

“If he took Frisk, yeah, I hope so too.”

“That woman helped me.”

“And helped me too.”

“She helped all of us out.”

“Well ...until we know for sure, we shouldn’t be wishing anything so horrible on anybody, folks.”

“What else could have happened, Maggie?”

“....”
“Look, until Frisk shows up, I think the safest thing we can do is just avoid the monsters. Keep the children away from the park, don’t talk to any of them and just let them do their own thing. Got it?”

“Yes.”

“Yep.”

“Gotcha.”

“No problem.”

“Yeah.”

“I can’t believe this shit. I honestly thought ...well, never mind. It’s stupid to hope for something better, ain’t it?”

“This is so terrifying. If they took Frisk that way, it could be any one of us next!”

“That’s why we gotta avoid them now. Don’t make yourself known.”

“Yeah, at this moment the safest thing we can do is keep ourselves at a distance from the monsters.”

“I’ll spread the word.”

Chapter End Notes

A big shout out to the wonderful and sarcastic ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter!
Alrighty, Staringback speaking ^_^ 

What is happening, my loveys? Hoped you enjoyed my latest chapter! God 34 chapters already! Crazy... o_o So for those of you who may not know, I'm working alongside an extremely talented artist by the name Mojo, who somehow found my twisted tale and decided to waste her brilliant talent to create a comic of my crazy story and instead of questioning it and looking a gifted horse in the mouth, I eagerly accepted it and am watching as my story is coming to life through her illustrations!

So I urge you all, (if you haven't already) to take a gander at her tumblr page: http://cursetale.tumblr.com/ if you have the time!

It is amazing!

Now then I'll let the artist speak for herself!

" I first found SoL through a link on tumblr.
I messaged Staringback and a comic adaptation quickly followed!
The internet is so awesome, isn't it?!
I hope the comic is enjoyable; This project is helping me grow as an artist!

XOXOXOXOXOXO "

Staringback again! ^_^ 

And if you want to see more amazing pieces of artwork for this story, chapter 25 is dedicated to all the talented and amazing artists who read my story and just like Mojo, decided for some crazy reason, to dedicate their time and energy to create something based on my story as well. All of them are so amazing and talented and I urge you, if you have time, to look at them all and send a bit of love their way as well. <3 <3 <3 <3 <3

And to the artists who have sent me their creations I just want to thank you again for all your hard work! It means so much to me <3 <3 <3

Staringback out!
Turned Tables

Chapter Notes

Oh my god, it's been awhile hasn't it? :( I want to apologize right down to my core for how slow this chapter came and let me tell you, this one almost drove me to the brink of insanity and yes I still have some sanity left to be lost. Not much, but there's still some swirling in this noggin . So many rewrites, so many pages that were revised only to be deleted later and urgh! This one tormented me!

Ahem ...now then. Hello everybody and a big welcome all my new readers as well! ^_^ Whether you came here because of Mojo's brilliant and gritty comic, or found me because of Vade's amazing and sexy youtube narration of Mojo's comic or simply found me, I just want to say, "hello and welcome aboard the crazy train, my loveys".

Now normally I try to respond to all the comments you all were so thoughtful and loving and supportive to leave, and while I absolutely loved reading all of them , I am ashamed to say that my work schedule didn't allow me a chance to have that wonderful pleasure of thanking people who take time out of their day to comment on my story.

So to all of you that left me comments and I couldn't respond, I'm so truly and very sorry, but from how it's looking my work schedule should be better so I won't neglect my beautiful readers! <3

As always, thank you all for your comments, and kudos, but most of all and most importantly thank you all for your patience and support. You have all been so loving and wonderful putting up with me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans awoke with a grunt, keeping his sockets closed for a second or so, knowing that as soon as he opened them, the light from his living room would painfully pierce his sockets. He must have drunk harder than usual last night. Normally his hangovers were irritating, but today his skull was killing him, and not only that, his neck felt heavy and his good ol’ reliable chair wasn’t even offering any comfort to his sore body. Maybe Papyrus had thrown him in it after scraping him up from Grillby’s and his body was laying in it in a weird way . It had happened more than once.

At that thought of his brother, Sans nearly groaned. God, Papyrus . The last thing he wanted or needed at the moment was Papyrus’ booming, high pitched voice drilling in his head with a hangover this bad. Worse still, he also didn’t want to have to do Wings’ never ending list of chores either. At it stood, thinking or moving weren’t on his “to-do” list .

“Good morning, Sans.” A pleasantly soft crackling voice said, breaking the blissful silence in the room.
That didn’t sound like Papyrus. Or Wings.

Sans opened his sockets, more pain erupting into his skull as the harsh light from the room entered his sockets, but it was nowhere near as bad as it he thought it was. He couldn’t properly focus on the pain, when something much more problematic was distracting him.

Grillby.

Sitting across from him, at the very end of the small room, legs crossed, drinking what Sans assumed was a glass of red wine with a book in his lap, was Grillby. Sans stared silently. His mind was a jumbled, confused mess as he watched the fire bartender’s emotionless face change from indifferent to the pleasant bartender smile that Sans had seen so many times whenever Grillby passed him a bottle of mustard while his bar in SNOWDIN was still there.

Even though his mind still a cloudy mess, Sans knew there was something wrong here. He...he...he should be home, not...Sans squinted in his exhaustion... this wasn’t Grillby’s main bar area either...where the fuck was he? Some room Grillby gave to his drunk patrons who had nowhere else to go?

...No, this was just a barren room with a concrete floor.

Nope, something definitely wasn’t right. Never once had he passed out and was still at Grillby’s when he woke up. Papyrus always came during last call to make sure he got home. He should be waking up to his brother’s loud voice and angry scowl, not to Grillby’s soft tone and welcoming smile. He tried to get up, only to find that his wrists and ankles had been tied to the armrests and legs of his wooden chair.

Sans opened his mouth to ask just what the fuck was going on, but when he did, he felt the drool-soaked rag that had been stuffed in his mouth and wrapped around his skull, turning his confused words into soundless muffles.

What the ...fuck ...is...

“Looks like somebody is starting to get some logical thoughts in their empty skull,” the quiet bartender laughed as his smile grew into an amused sneer as he stood up, carefully placing his glass on a small table right beside the chair before standing up. He stretched his body out, raising his arms high above his head, giving Sans the impression he may have been sitting there for some time.
It was a blur, a fucking messy drunken blur, and even though it was pure agony to push his mind to think at the moment, Sans found himself remembering what had happened. He remembered Noah, that bartender girl with the strange accent, the flyer… Asgore….

Howdy, Sans. Long time no see.

Asgore was here …at Grillby’s bar.

Frisk.

FRISK!

Feeling the rage and panic hit his SOUL with such force, Sans pulled on his restraints, but as soon as he did a surge of pain ripped through him and he let out a strained, muffled scream of pain, more drool soaking the rag in his mouth, all fight leaving him as he gasped, breathing heavily from the sudden and unexpected shot. His SOUL. Almost instantly, he felt all his remaining magic vanish, bringing an immense physical exhaustion to his already tired body. Sans slumped in his chair trying to regain his posture as more red drool came out his mouth and soaked the already wet rag around his teeth. If it weren’t for the restraints keeping him tied to this fucking uncomfortable chair, Sans was absolutely certain he’d be lying on the floor in a heap of bones.

It was a very familiar pain, though. Oh yes, he had felt this surge plenty of times as the memories began to flood back to when he had been an asshole kid that had pushed an already tired and stressed-out Wings one too many times. It was the sort of pain that didn’t leave any real outward scarring behind. No, the surge he’d felt a second ago had hit something much deeper and personal inside his body. However, much like the pain from all those years ago that he remembered so vividly, as soon as the agony came, it left, leaving no lingering effects for him to try and fight off. Only a deep exhaustion and a weakened body.

But it couldn’t be coming from the same source. That particular pain was from before Wings had worked for Asgore. How could it be the same? Wings was the only one who knew how to create the collar. Right?

He moved his neck slightly, hoping it felt heavy because of the way he had been tied to this hard chair, but he felt something shift. The first bead of red sweat began to form on the top of his skull. It ...it was ...he was still hungover! There wasn’t a collar around his neck! No, there wouldn’t be. His throbbing head and panicked mind was just fucking with him, making him think the worst possible
thing was happening to him. How could Grillby even know about the collar, let alone gain access to it? What a fucking stupid and ridiculous thought.

Looking up weakly, Sans watched as Grillby lightly flipped something in the air before catching it and holding it up for him to see. Sans narrowed his sockets at the small item, his head now pounding from the strain of trying to make his mind more alert to his surroundings, but he couldn’t make out what Grillby was holding out to him. Sighing, the fire monster walked towards him, the light from his body becoming so unbearable to the immobile and hungover skeleton that Sans had to close his sockets.

“Does this look familiar?”

Reopening his sockets, Sans saw what appeared to be a small, round, white piece of plastic in Grillby’s hand with a red button.

Sans had no idea what the fuck that thing was. He had no idea where the fuck he was tied up at. All he knew was that he was in HOTLAND, one of the three areas owned by that fucking lunatic, Asgore, tied up by who he thought was once a decent guy and worst of all, the very fucking worst thing was? He had no idea where Frisk was. He only knew that the flyer he’d found in her home told him she was here somewhere, and that “right here” was the worst place she could be at.

Oh fuck ...

He had hoped in his drunken state he somehow fucked up. He hoped she really had been late getting to Noah’s. He hoped she was nowhere near here because at the moment, the only guy that could have protected her didn’t seem to be as neutral as he appeared to the brothers when he had first set up shop in SNOWDIN. Right now, Sans would rather she was at one of those seedy, trashy bars, being eyed by the lowest human scum, than being stuck here with the lowest monster scum. At least in her city, she had friends. In HOTLAND…

She don’t have a fucking hand to help her up if she were to trip , Sans thought, feeling his ribcage becoming smaller. He needed to find his little lady. He needed to see her. He needed to make sure she was alright, that she wasn’t tied up somewhere like he was or hurt somewhere or anywhere near Asgore or his fucking mutts or the fish bitch. He needed to ... he needed her . Just that. He needed her. And he was gonna get her. Just as soon as he regained his strength and magic back, he was gonna dust this dead man and FIND his little lady.

He snarled viciously as Grillby touched his neck, the bartender’s warm, dry finger lightly touching the bone before tapping something on Sans’ body. Sans felt himself freeze.
There was something wrapped around his neck.

A cold feeling of despair filled Sans. His mind felt blank but yet, at the same time, filled to the brim with billions of thoughts. All for one person.

*Please don’t let her be here. Whoever the fuck runs this universe, please, please, please, I’m begging ya, don’t let her be anywhere where I’m at. Let her be in SURFACE CITY. Let her be at a bar singing. Let her be at home cooking. Let her be cleaning my mess. Let her be talkin’ to Papyrus.*

At the thought of his brothers, the sweat that had formed began to creep down his skull. *They...they don’t even know where I am. I didn’t call...didn’t tell them about Frisk and the flyer. If she is here, they won’t know to help her.*

“You can thank your brother for this collar,” Grillby said pleasantly.

*I fucked up,* Sans thought feeling his hands begin to shake slightly. *I should have called Wings first. Should have told him what was going on. He would have known what to do. He always knows what to do. Fuck...*

“It’s not as sophisticated as his ring and collar invention, Alphys, bless her SOUL, tried her hardest, but the best she could do was come up with this.”

*Alphys?*

At the mention of her name, Sans thought back to the wheezing lizard monster. Before Asgore had hired Wings on, Alphys was the goat fuck’s main weapon maker. However, once Wings made it known that he was intellectually superior to her, Asgore demoted her to the lowest position in his gang. The errand girl for Wings. Wings told her to get him something; a tool, a piece of equipment, pencils, coffee...it didn’t matter what it was, really, she got it for him. While Sans was almost certain the lizard resented him, probably hated his brother for stealing her position from her, Wings never seemed too worried about it. Not that Sans really blamed her.

Alphys was smart, but not that smart when compared to Wings. She was weak too. Always
wheezing no matter if she were running around like a chicken with her head cut off or standing still trying to hold a conversation with somebody.

The bitch ...the fucking talentless, brainless waste of fucking dust STOLE Wings’ inventions. Somehow, before Sans, Papyrus, Wings and their gang attacked Asgore and his people, she must have seen some of his blueprints.

Wings should have fucking killed her, just like he should have killed Grillby. Merciful asshole, Sans thought, but there was a sharp pain that cut into him as he knew he probably would never see his brothers again. However, there was a tiny hope… Alphys was not a smart woman… there was a good chance she could have somehow fucked the collar up. Gave it some kind of weakness that Sans could find.

I can still get out of this, Sans thought, but almost as though reading his thoughts, Grillby smirked.

“Unlike your brother’s collar that lets the ring wearer decide on how much magic the collar wearer is allowed to have, Alphys’ collar drains all your magic instantly, but unfortunately I have to do this-” and with that he pressed the red button again, causing Sans’ body to jerk back violently, almost tipping over his chair. “-instead of just having it happen automatically when you disobey my orders, I have to manually give you the shock. It’s really quite inconvenient, but I supposed it is effective,” Grillby said with a cold grin as Sans shook off his latest shock.

The skeleton growled deeply in his throat, trying to push himself back up, but with one press of the button, another surge went through his body, forcing the skeleton to become limp again. Grillby’s laughter filled the silent room.

This could be a fucking bluff, Sans thought as he regained his thoughts. He ...he’s just talking this collar up. There has to be a weakness.

The same thought had come to him years ago when Wings had first put his collar on Sans, but Wings was a genius. Alphys was a brain-dead fucking loser.

“Normally I use it for the whores, but it works just as well on a fat greasy drunken mobster, too.”

“Whores?” Sans tried to say. Apparently Grillby understood because he nodded.
“Oh yes. Didn’t you ever wonder what happened to sweet dear Miss Binkie that used to run the little store up in SNOWDIN?” Grillby asked, crossing his arms. The bartender didn’t wait for an answer.

“While it is true she has her sister and her niece, as one man to another, we both know that those type of women wouldn’t very well be missed if they just disappeared…”Grillby trailed off. Sans felt something …crawling in his non-existent stomach. He …he thought something similar hadn’t he? That’s right ..he had told Tops if would be easier if he just …took his little lady somewhere nice and quiet.

Whether it was the rag that was covering Sans’ mouth or Grillby was too busy gloating to notice, Sans’ face became quite similar to Mac’s, right before the human had thrown up.

Now he wanted more than ever to see his little lady. Now he needed to see her. To apologize again. And again. And again until this sickly feeling left.

Entertainment. That’s was the reason why Wings kicked Grillby out of SNOWDIN. Sans felt his fingers dig into the armrest of his chair, leaving small but deep markings on the chair. Binkie never left … Sans never thought. Popper really didn’t know what happened to her sister…

“I told her I liked her. I told her I wanted to see her after the bar closed up and she came. Women can be really stupid when they’re lonely.”

He remembered that look of despair on her face when Papyrus and he had questioned her about her sister’s whereabouts, but he only assumed Popper was upset that Binkie left without saying a word. It didn’t occur to him that Popper might have been more than just upset. She was as close to her sister as Sans was to his brothers, so maybe she knew it was something more than her sister just leaving. She never said though, and Sans, Papyrus, and Wings never pushed the issue.

They should have, though. They should have wondered harder why a woman who loved her younger sister and niece so dearly would just up and leave. But they didn’t.

Deep shame filled Sans as well as an intense hatred for the fire man he’d once called his friend, but he didn’t make any sounds to interrupt Grillby.

If he had skin, Sans knew it would be crawling. Never mind the odd device in the fucker’s hand or the collar around his neck or the insults. All that mattered to him was Frisk and the thought of his
little lady seeing and meeting this ...fucker sent cold chills down his spine.

*Please let it have been my fuckup. Please let me be the only one to have come here.*

“I told something similar to this girl that lived in HOTLAND. Now she was somebody that really
didn’t have anybody to help her. A pretty young thing, too, from what my customers tell me,”
Grillby shrugged. “I can't tell, to be honest. A whore is a whore, after all. They are all pretty nasty to
me.”

**THEY AIN'T FUCKING WHORES, DEAD MAN,** his mind screamed even though he tried to
keep his face as unreadable as possible. As his need to kill Grillby grew, so did his own self-hatred.
He’d sat in the fucker’s bar almost every night after Grillby opened his shop and while he wasn’t
“friends” so to speak with the bartender, the fact that he kept going back to the bar after Binkie
disappeared was …

*Sickening.*

Yes, that was the right word to describe this fucker: *Sickening*.

“I know a lot of people would say that what I’m doing is horrible, but now they are so much more
than what they were. They have purpose in their lives. They have fans. They are celebrities. They
are loved… all my rich special customers know their names. Before me, they didn’t even matter to
anybody.”

*You sick fuck,* Sans thought, feeling not only his hands but his whole body shake from rage. The
red lights in his sockets went out and he made sure to stare directly into Grillby’s white eyes and for
one second, one wonderful second, Sans saw a hint of fear and uncertainty enter them.

He watched the bartender’s finger quickly find its way to the red button on the remote, but after a
moment, the bartender shook his head and smirked.

“You don’t look so good in that collar, but you know who would have?” There’s was a slight pause
as Grillby placed the remote in his pocket and leaned down, pressing his hands on top of Sans, his
burning face close to Sans’. “Frisk.”
Time stood still. Sans knew that Grillby was intentionally making his hands hotter, and while he felt the heat, he didn’t feel the pain. All he felt was a sort of numbness come over his SOUL as he stared at Grillby.

“Goodness ...look at that shocked face,” Grillby chuckled softly and gently. “You really don’t have the best poker face when you need it the most, do you, Sans?”

Grillby straightened up, putting his hands behind his back, his creepy and slimy smile growing by the second.

“Much like your egotistical brother, I have my own connections to SURFACE CITY and my source very recently found out that you seemed rather obsessed with the young lady. What was exactly was your plan when you paid all those bar owners to fire her from all her singing jobs?” Grillby clicked his tongue. “Well, I shouldn’t look a gift horse in the mouth, as humans would say. Because of your actions, I do believe she became desperate enough to enter FELL CITY. Thank you for that, Sans,” Grillby said, his voice full of warmth. “She’s worth her weight in gold.”

Worth her weight in gold?

What ...what did he do to her?!

Sans started to breathe heavily. He couldn’t feel anything aside from the sickening feeling in his stomach that was beginning to boil over, and his SOUL ...it wasn’t breaking. It almost felt like it was shaking. It was terrified. He was terrified. Yes. For the first time in a long while, Sans was truly terrified. And none of the terror was for him.

Frisk...

“I must admit, you have excellent taste. Lovely creature, a fine specimen of her race, and a beautiful singing voice to match,” Grillby said, sighing almost dreamily, but the cruel smirk remained on his face. “Can you imagine it, Sans? She’d sing and then I’d give her to the highest bidder for the night. Or maybe two. Hell, how about three? I once sold Binkie off to eight different men in one night,” Grillby leaned down and laughed right in Sans’ face, boiling hot spit laughing on Sans’ trembling skull. “Can you imagine your girl taking one up the pussy, one up the ass and one in the mou-”

With a muffled roar, his black sockets never leaving Grillby’s eyes, Sans leaned back and headbutted the fire bartender as hard as he could, his thick skull instantly shattering Grillby’s glasses. He hoped
he broke the fucker’s head. He wanted to see Grillby dust slowly. He wanted to see this fucker DIE, but all he got was a weak, strangled cry of pain from the bartender as Grillby stumbled back, clearly dazed and slightly injured, but not the type of fucking injured Sans wanted.

Gritting his teeth, Sans pulled on his restraints with all his remaining strength, but just as the ropes were beginning to loosen, a slight ripping sound filled Sans’ skull, another bolt of pain hit him, and he fell back, this time tipping his chair back and slamming himself and the chair on the ground.

Sans desperately shifted around to see if the chair had broken at all, but it was still in one piece.

Fuck ...Frisk ...oh God ...

“That’s the second time a Gaster has broken my glasses,” He heard Grillby growl before he felt the bartender’s hard shoe pressed against his face, pressing his skull into the hard concrete.

“How does it feel, Sans? To be completely helpless? To know that you aren’t gonna be the hero? You thought you could waltz in here, save the girl, and live happily ever after? You aren’t Wingdings Gaster, you’re just the fuck-up of the family. You’re the guy whose mother was a silver-piece-a-night whore. You’re the guy who has to be carried home after a night of drinking by your younger brother. You’re the guy who clings to the success of his older brother. You’re the guy who is gonna die alone. And once I tell Don Dreemurr who Frisk Determ is to you, you’re gonna be the guy that killed his girl.”

Sans felt Grillby add more weight to the foot that was crushing his head.

“You fucked up big time, Sans. Don Dreemurr planned on keeping you alive long enough to find out why you were here, but now that my source has figured that out, your time here is limited. He and Lady Dreemurr are gonna be here tonight and you’ll be nothing but a pile of dust that your own brothers wouldn’t wa-”

Sans heard the loud banging sound coming from a distance, but he didn’t pay it any mind. He didn’t even feel any sort of relief when he heard Grillby swear heavily, the heavy shoe lifting from his face. He didn’t move even when he heard Grillby opening the door and slamming it shut, leaving the skeleton alone in the room.

Snapping out of his black thoughts, Sans finally tried to break the ropes that bound him to his chair, but he was far too weak. Those horrible surges of pain had completely ripped all his strength from
him. He tried teleporting, but true to Grillby’s words, all his magic was gone.

_Fuck._

Grillby was right. He was a fuck-up.

*I fucked up. Frisk… I… I’m sorry,* Sans thought, and felt all his rage and hatred leave him. All he felt was despair. They knew who his little lady was, and of course they’d kill her because of him, and soon they were gonna figure out that Wings was dealing with Don Dee and destroy all of his plans, too.

The skeleton curled in on himself as much as he could and closed his sockets. He felt something stinging the inside of his sockets, but for once he didn’t care if somebody saw him this weak, because in a few minutes Asgore would find out about Frisk and have her killed and when that happened nothing would matter.

*I waited ten years for her,* Sans thought as the tears began to slide down his closed sockets. He thought of that rainy day where he’d met a girl who was running away from a brightly-lit school, but for once the memory that always brought him such joy only caused him more grief as he let out a shuddering sob.

*Why didn’t she leave me alone that night? Why did she have to make me fall in love with her?*

Finally, he let out a deep sob, his whole chest rattling. Failure. Failure. That’s what he was. Grillby...he was always such a quiet and observant man. He could easily read people like a book. That’s what he saw whenever he looked at Sans passed out at his bar. A failure. A fucking loser. He was right, too.

He’d failed and destroyed Wings’ years of planning in a few drunken hours. He failed the citizens of SNOWDIN and WATERFALL who were counting on the brothers for a new home. And his little lady …

*Even if it kills me, I won’t let something like that happen again. I won’t let you get hurt again. I swear it.*
More hot stinging tears fell from his sockets as his own words echoed in his mind. His ribcage felt like it was gonna shatter into pieces.

I promised her that didn’t I? ...If I had met Frisk when she was still with Derek with her kid ...I would have failed her then too. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.

*****************************************************************************

No answer. Again.

Wings gritted his teeth, slamming the phone down and lighting up his seventh cigarette for the morning as thirteen empty coffee cups littered his desk. He reached for his freshest cup that Mac had gotten him no more than five minutes ago only to find that he had drained that one as well.

_Damnit._

Gently placing it back on his desk, as opposed to doing what he really wanted to do, which was hurling the porcelain cup against the wall, Wings turned towards his closed door and cleared his throat, his mouth already dry.

“STUD!” He croaked loudly trying to keep the nervousness out of his voice. Showing anything other than annoyance and anger would be bad. Papyrus was already showing signs of high stress from this unpleasant morning and Wings didn’t want to add to his youngest brother’s growing anxiety. Especially if this turned out to be nothing.

If...

Wings shook the thought away.

This was _probably_ nothing.
No ...it was nothing.

Wings felt his uneasiness grow.

Three and a half hours. That’s how late Sans was, and what made it so much worse was that for the first of those three hours, Wings didn’t even notice is brother’s tardiness. Something important had came up. His spy in HOTLAND had called very early this morning to tell him some very interesting news ...news that took Wings’ complete attention. However after the phone call had ended and Wings finally looked at his clock, the question of why Asgore Dreemurr wanted something so obscure and pointless faded from his mind.

By the second hour this bit of news seemed petite and after the third hour had passed with no sign of Sans, Wings had nearly forgotten what his spy had told him.

Wings cracked his knuckles as his sockets were drawn to the clock again.

Sans just overslept like he sometimes does. That was it. Nothing to worry about. OR maybe he really did have a “good” time with his little songbird and was sleeping it off. Or maybe she did end up rejecting him and he needed to drink, which would more likely have ended with him drinking a little too much.

Yeah, that sounded reasonable enough. Sure, his younger brother hadn’t pulled being this late in years, but Sans also had never shown interest in a woman like this human before, so it would make sense if that fact altered Sans’ otherwise normally expected behavior ...right?

If Sans were with the lady, sleeping off a night of intimate love making, it wouldn’t be so bad, but the idea of him getting completely sloshed due to rejection in an unknown territory was something Wings had not even thought of ...well, the thought had entered Wings’ mind, but he always assumed that Papyrus would be there to keep Sans sober while they were in SURFACE CITY. Of course the one day Papyrus wasn’t with him was the day he went missing-

No, Wings thought, staring at the phone. Not missing. Just late. And when he gets back and he’s not hurt or hungover, I’ll kill him.

If he did end up drinking too much, Sans would have gone home. Maybe not to their home In FELL CITY, but there was a good chance that’s where he’d be if the songbird told him to get lost.
The problem with that theory was that Wings couldn’t see Frisk Determ acting that coldly or that aggressively to his brother. It had been a three minute conversation to be sure, but Ms. Determ had been so… so kind on the phone with him. Pleasant, sweet, and a little flirty, which never hurt if Wings said so himself. She didn’t seem like the type to push Sans away if he were waiting for her at her job site. Then again, Sans could have been making a complete ass of himself to her.

Wings let out a deep, nervous sigh, fighting the urge to wring his hands like he used to do when he was younger and would sit and wonder if his brother was alive or dusted in some alleyway. He remembered those days quite clearly. He had yet to be hired by Asgore, and going out during certain times was like a death sentence. Of course, Sans couldn’t have cared less because of his unique and rare ability to teleport; it all became a game to him, and no matter how many times Wings yelled, begged and eventually took to beating him out of sheer frustration, Sans wouldn’t STOP and no matter how many times Wings yelled, begged and eventually took to beating Sans out of sheer frustration, Sans STILL wouldn’t STO. And so he MADE him stop.

He’d always felt helpless during those days, but then, through only a few hours of research, he’d found a solution. A very easy solution that would end all his problems and cure Sans of his nasty habits: the collar and ring.

However, this morning that old feeling of helplessness had resurfaced. He called their house in SURFACE CITY. Nothing. He called the songbird. Nothing. He called Aaron to see if Sans had visited him at all at any time yesterday or this morning. Nothing. How many times did he call those three numbers? He lost count.

Now he wished he had asked what bar Sans was gonna visit the lady at, but he didn’t think he’d be sitting at his desk, lighting up his seventh …actually, eighth cigarette now. He felt stupid and he hated feeling stupid, but worse, he hated feeling this …helpless.

The good thing was that there weren’t a lot of options on why Sans was almost four hours late:

Sleeping it off with a lady.

Or sleeping off a hangover alone.

Those really were the only possible two solutions right?
No, there’s a third option.

That small traitorous thought caused Wings to dig the tips of his phalanges into the palm of his other gloved hand. He had been too relaxed yesterday. Enjoying his day too much, and because of that, he had forgotten to ask the most basic of questions on Sans’ whereabouts.

The door opened and he spun around, hoping it was his brother, but when he saw the human, he made his disappointment known. The human stood quietly by the door, tightly holding the cane Papyrus had gotten for him, looking at his shoes, trying to make himself as small as possible. Other than that, the eldest skeleton took note that the man looked a just a little better than he had looked when he was first brought into the house. He still looked exhausted and twitched every so often, but there was a slight color to his cheeks. His withdrawal symptoms had decreased, or so it seemed. Not by a lot, but enough to make Wings feel confident that the collar was doing its job.

Wings was sure Papyrus had already updated him on what was happening, and based solely on the way he was standing, Mac probably was assuming that doing or saying anything more than what was required of him would be bad idea. Wings would have liked to think he was a more controlled man, and taking his anger out on somebody who hadn’t done anything to warrant it was above him, but today ...he wasn’t too sure, and that didn’t make him feel any better.

“Ya called boss?”

For the past three hours Mac had been playing fetch for the oldest Gaster. Under normal circumstances, Wings would have never taken advantage of a fragile and frightened human ...very much, but he didn’t want to be away from the phone just in case.

The skeleton held up his coffee cup.

“Can you please get me another…” Wings started to say before an idea popped in his head. An idea that would end all this unnecessary worrying once and for all and get Wings’ mind were it needed to be: Driving Don Dee out of SURFACE CITY. “You were a driver for Don Dee.”

It wasn’t a question, but Mac nodded quickly anyways. “Yes sir.”

“During your employment did you have a car of your own to use or was one provided by Don Dee?”
Wings made a mental note to get his own vehicle as soon as he figured out where the hell Sans was. It wasn’t until this morning Wings had truly realized just how much he relied on his brother for transportation.

Being unprepared for ANY situation threw him off, as well.

“He gave me one to use, but I have my own, too, if ya need it.”

Wings mentally sighed in relief.

“So is there a way you can have somebody drive your vehicle here? If so, I want you to drive my brother to our home in SURFACE CITY.”

Mac nodded again.

“There’s this kid I know that lives next to me, he’s always trying to make a few bucks for his family, but I’ll need to borrow some cash to-”

“Tell him you’ll pay him two hundred dollars.–” Wings began dismissively but halted as another thought occurred to him. “-He’s not a druggie like you, is he?”

The human smiled good-naturedly and shook his head. Even in his panicked state, Wings was still slightly impressed to see that this particular human didn’t seem to be bothered by a lot of things he and his brothers said to him when it came to his addiction. Of course, Mac made it clear he would rather not be alone with Papyrus after that whole “interrogation” scene, but other than that, the human seemed completely unfazed by almost anything that was spat at him.

“Nah, he’s a good boy. Used to be pals with my boy, but for that amount of cash he’ll probably do the job.”

Wings’ sockets narrowed. “Probably?”

Mac grabbed the phone. “Yeah, no offense, boss, but FELL CITY is kinda scary to a lot of humans. Giant monsters, sharp teeth and fangs, razor sharp claws, some of ya have that really rough fur, some of ya have just bones, some of ya-”
“I get it, stud,” Wings said, feeling just a little offended. “Just so you know, some of you humans aren’t blue ribbons either.”

Mac looked down at himself before he nodded. “Don’t have to tell me twice. I didn’t age well.”

Wings almost smiled before the stress got to him again.

Even dialing seemed to take forever. As Mac waited for the person on the other end of the phone to pick up, Wings looked at his clock again. Sans was officially four hours late.

“Hey, Andy, how’s it going? I know you hate when people use the bar’s number as a personal call but this is kinda an emergency. Is Decker in?”

There was a pause and Mac gave Wings a smile that told the skeleton that “Decker” was indeed in.

“Can you tell him Mac wants to talk to him real quick?”

There was a pause before Mac’s smile faded. Wings felt his nervousness increase. Fuck, he hated this feeling of not knowing.

“Yeah, I’m the one ya nicknamed Cracky,” Mac muttered. “Yeah, I’ll hold.”

He gave Wings a thumbs up, a smile lighting up his exhausted face.

Wings heard the full five minute conversation between himself and this Decker boy and it seemed as though Mac may not have been able to convince him until he mentioned that money. After that, Mac hung up the phone with a satisfied smile.

“Done, boss.”

“Good. You and Papyrus-”
The human’s eyes widened with horror. “B-boss … Mr. Papyrus? I can’t—”

Wings stared grimly at the human, holding up a gloved hand to show Mac the ring. Mac instantly shut his mouth.

“Don’t be stupid, stud.” Wings grumbled, feeling slightly guilty at using the threat of violence on the elderly human, but given the circumstances …

Sans … where are you …

Wings pushed that thought away.

“If Papyrus wanted to hurt you that day, he would have torn your arm off. Just do what you do best, and be nice and respectful to him.”

“He thinks that I’m messing with him, though. He thinks I’m using magic or something to screw with his mind,” Mac said meekly.

Wings gave him a lopsided smirk. “Yeah, but he would be more angry and insulted if you didn’t act that way towards him.”

“But he…”

“You’re fine. Trust me,” Wings grumbled before turning his back on the human.

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The truck pulled up to the brothers’ house and all the excitement that Papyrus had for getting to ride in his first ever car faded.

The truck … maybe it had once started off green, but now it was a faded ugly greenish-brown color,
with scratch marks all over it, almost as though somebody had purposely keyed it. One of the
headlights had been bashed in and there was rust everywhere. Worst of all, it was small. Way too
small for somebody like Papyrus to fit inside the cabin. He knew how he was gonna get to their
house in SURFACE CITY, he just didn’t want to think about it. It was humiliating.

Under normal circumstances, the GREAT PAPYRUS would refuse to have this …rusted piece of
junk be his first actual car ride, but one look at Wings and those twitching gloved hands of his, and
Papyrus wisely kept his mouth shut, even though he wanted to ask the human if his truck was also
addicted to heroin as well.

The GREAT PAPYRUS was a man of standards, but he was also a man who knew when to open
his mouth and let his standards be known, and right now was NOT the time. It wasn’t just his
brother’s agitated stress that kept Papyrus’ lipless mouth shut. He was nervous too.

Sans wasn’t home yet. Sans was always home. He was always the first one to fall asleep after eating
and was always the last person to wake up. Papyrus constantly grumbled and complained about the
task, always stating that his older brother should be more responsible than him, since he was the
youngest of them, but when he went up to Sans’ room and saw Sans’ neatly made bed, another task
the GREAT PAPYRUS took it upon himself to do, he felt something unpleasant stir in his SOUL.

It was a feeling that rendered him speechless as he stared at Sans’ empty bed, which was something
that rarely happened. The GREAT PAPYRUS was a man of many thoughts and words after all, but
Wings had told him that Sans was probably sleeping in his room in SURFACE CITY after his date
with the tiny human woman (the poor creature …she really couldn’t get over he, THE GREAT
PAPYRUS, so it didn’t surprise him to hear she went on to date his brother… a rather poor substitute
for himself, but a good suitor with his own wonderful set of standards when Sans did apply himself)
and while he wanted to believe Wings, there was something off about how his eldest brother had
said that. When Wings kept himself locked in his room all morning, only ordering the old human to
give him an alarming amount of coffee, Papyrus’ anxiety spiked even harder.

Wings normally came down to eat. He always did, and he expected Sans and Papyrus to do the
same thing. Family time. That’s what Wings always called it, and continued to call it that even
though Sans always snorted at the title. Unless Wings needed them to do something, breakfast and
dinner were the two times he expected Sans and Papyrus to be home.

...This morning there was nothing but silence in the dining room as Papyrus and the sickly human ate
their meal together. It didn’t feel right. Even the human must have felt the vibe, because he was
silent too.

Papyrus gave the older human a side glance and like always, the little sickly human was shivering,
but whether it was from the cold of SNOWDIN or the lack of disgusting drugs in his system,
“You’ll have to ride in the back, Mr. Papyrus,” the sickly human said, offering an apologetic smile to the skeleton who tried his hardest not to frown. He knew that if Wings saw it, he’d mistake it for a pout, and the GREAT PAPYRUS would never pout ...at least not until they figured out where Sans was. Not that he would pout, of course.

Once they did, Papyrus was gonna junk this horrible excuse of a truck and buy a new vehicle for Mac to drive. Human cars were so small, so maybe he should buy a car with a retractable hood. A nice eye catching color, too. Red, maybe? Yes, red would do just fine and match his tie as well. Did they even make cars like that? If they didn’t, would it be possible to have one custom-made?

He’d ask the sickly human later about it. Perhaps he could also demand the human teach him how to drive once they got their own car. The thought sent Papyrus into a lighter mood as he turned his attention from the truck to the driver, a very young boy, probably fifteen or sixteen at most, who seemed to be clutching the steering wheel for dear life, despite the car’s engine being turned off. Papyrus couldn’t help but feel ...annoyed, his somewhat decent mood disappearing when the kid and he made eye contact, only for the kid to look visibly distressed before swinging his head toward the sickly human standing beside Wings and Papyrus.

I WASN’T EVEN DOING ANYTHING WRONG, Papyrus thought, sending the boy a mean and nasty scowl behind his back before turning his attention to the sickly human who was giving the human kid a reassuring smile before looking up at Papyrus.

“Don’t worry ‘bout him none, Mr. Papyrus-”

“I’M NOT BOTHERED BY THAT RUDE LITTLE HUMAN!” Papyrus snarled, the red lights in his sockets lighting up, but to his surprise the human held up his hands, an easy smile on his face.

“No, ya should know, just in case you feel insulted, that boy is always a bit skittish like that. Can’t blame him though with the world we live in” the human said, before hobbling over to the window and tapping on the glass, startling the boy who had taken it upon himself not to make eye contact with the Gasters or the monsters who were now coming out of their homes or looking out their windows to see what that strange sound was from earlier.

That was another thing… the human’s truck was very loud, and while the citizens in SNOWDIN and WATERFALL had seen some cars go through their areas, it was namely only the RIVER PERSON’S CAR SERVICE. Well, that was until Wings blocked all his exits and entrances. The RIVER PERSON’s business was from HOTLAND, and Wings had banned people from coming
It made it all the more embarrassing to know people were gonna be watching the GREAT PAPYRUS crawl into the bed of a truck, but one more look at Wings’ expressionless face kept the youngest skeleton from voicing his concerns.

“Here… take this,” Wings said, slipping the golden ring with the purple gem off his finger and handing it to Papyrus. Mac’s leash for his collar. Papyrus looked at it uncertainly...he wasn’t a huge fan of rings like Sans was, and rarely ever wore them, but he slipped it on his finger nonetheless and felt something...pull at his SOUL.

He blinked at the odd sensation.

“His SOUL is now connected to your SOUL, Papyrus,” Wings explained, putting his hands behind his back. “That ring makes you the boss. Gives you dominance over his SOUL,” He said smirking a little bit. Seeing that smirk filled Papyrus’ SOUL with a bit of ease. He didn’t even mind being called “boss” this time.

“How, though?” Papyrus asked, looking at the ring before staring at the sickly human who seemed to be talking to the scared boy in a quiet voice. Papyrus couldn’t hear what he was saying to the boy, but it seemed to be calming him down. After a few moments of talking, the boy was reaching over his seat and opening the glove compartment, looking for something.

“Magic,” Wings said, smiling a bit more, pulling a groan out of Papyrus.

“Brother-” Papyrus whined.

“Why are you so interested in learning how it works now?” Wings teased. “You weren’t too interested when that collar was around Sans’ neck and I wore the ring.”

“Because…” Papyrus but stopped. He was gonna say “BECAUSE I’M THE ONE WEARING IT NOW”, but that sounded so petty and the GREAT PAPYRUS was not a petty man.

Wings shrugged. “I’ll tell you about it when there’s more time. Just know that when you wear this specific ring; whatever you want Stud over there to do and not do, the ring will understand your
“desires and project them unto his SOUL,” and with that he patted Papyrus’ back, feeling the younger skeleton with a deep warmth in his troubled SOUL. “Make sure you know that Sans is gonna have a bad time when he gets here,” Wings muttered.

“NYEH HEH HEH! I WILL NOT LET YOU DOWN, BROTHER!”

Both brothers watched as the sickly human returned with two sets of bungee cords. One was a newer hot pink color, it looked like it just came out of the package, while the other set was disgusting, dusty and ripped.

“What ARE THOSE?” Papyrus asked.

The sickly human smiled sheepishly. “Seatbelts,” He explained before nodding his head to the bed of the truck. “We gotta strap ourselves in when we ride in the back in so we don’t go flying all over the place.”

“WE?”

The human nodded as he started to make his way over to the bed of the truck. He carelessly threw his cane in before hopping in after it with a sort of grace most people would not associate with a crippled old druggie. Wings and Papyrus’ sockets widened in surprise. The guy might be more agile than they gave him credit for.

“Of course, Mr. Papyrus,” the human said cheerfully. “If you ride in the back, so do I.”

Papyrus grumbled, trying not to look as pleased as he felt as he made his way to the bed and looked down, almost certain he was gonna find the back to be just as filthy as the rest of the car, but to his shock, the back was ...clean. Yes, it had a dullness to it, but there was also a clear attempt to bring a little shine to that dullness.

“YOU ...MAYBE YOU’RE NOT AS MUCH OF A SLOB-”

Before he could finish his sentence, the human got what Wings was beginning to call his “vomit face” and Papyrus watched as the human leaned over the side of the truck and puked out his breakfast.
“YOU WEREN’T EVEN THAT SICK TODAY!” Papyrus growled, hopping into the truck bed as well before snatching the pink cord out of the human’s hands. Papyrus’ suit was much better than the human’s clothing so it was only natural he get the newer cord.

“I c-c-can’t he-help it,” the human said, pulling out one of the many handkerchiefs Papyrus gave him and wiped his mouth. “It comes and goes.”

Papyrus rolled the light in his sockets as he attached the hooks of the cord to the truck’s corners. The human followed his example. “JUST TELL THE BOY TO DRIVE.”

The human slammed his hand twice on the top of the truck and a second later the truck started to move, startling Papyrus for a few seconds.

As the truck started to pick up speed, Papyrus placed his hand over his hat to keep it from flying off and looked towards the shrinking figure of his brother. A part of him wanted to wave goodbye. The other part reminded him that he was too old to be doing childish things like that.

“You okay? The car ain’t moving too fast, is it?”

“NO HUMAN, OF COURSE NOT! I UM …” he trailed off suddenly feeling very uncomfortable as Wings vanished from his sockets’ line of vision. This would be the first time he’d gone to the human city without Sans. He was gonna be alone. All by himself-

“You want to hear about how I lost my first boxing match?”

Papyrus looked towards the human. “WHAT?”

“Just to pass the time by…” the human offered, but there was something else to his tone that Papyrus didn’t understand… and why were the human’s eyes so focused on him? It was eerie.

Papyrus decided not to let that emotion show and instead scolded him. “OF COURSE NOT! I NEED TIME TO THINK AND I DON’T HAVE ANY INTEREST IN YOUR STORIES, HUMAN!”
The sickly human shrugged, an odd smile on his face. “Okay, thought you might like to hear it.”

The drive was silent and after a few minutes, Papyrus looked at the human who was now staring at all the scenery passing by. His eyes glazed over as though he wasn’t really looking at anything at all. Papyrus tried to copy his human companion’s example, but as they exited FELL CITY, Papyrus felt something... almost like... well it couldn’t be fear, right? He had been to SURFACE CITY enough times with Sans. Why would he be scared to go without his brother? He was the GREAT PAPYRUS. He wasn’t scared of something that ridiculous. It was silly. It was just as silly as thinking something actually happened to Sans-

“HUMAN, IF IT TAKES YOUR MIND OFF YOUR SICKNESS, YOU MAY TELL YOUR STORY!” Papyrus gruffed, turning to face him.

A second didn’t pass before the human began talking. It was a stupid story, and the human had to begin by explaining what exactly “boxing” was, and when he did, Papyrus knew he was just lying to look tough. Papyrus honestly doubted a sport like boxing could exist... wearing puffy gloves when you punch your opponent?! That wasn’t a fight. That was a pillow fight! And Papyrus eagerly told him that, hoping the human would admit his lie, but instead the human laughed long and hard.

“Nah, I ain’t explaining it right to ya. I’ll have to take you by the gym later and show you a practice match if you want.”

“DON’T BE STUPID, HUMAN!” Papyrus retorted. “OF COURSE I WANT TO SEE WHAT ALL THIS BOXING IS ABOUT!”

While the boxing sport sounded utterly ridiculous, he was curious to see it in action and hear more about it, something the human was willing to talk about during the whole car ride.

Papyrus almost felt disappointed when the truck finally made it to its destination. Just outside the park. As Papyrus hopped off the truck and helped Mac off, the tall skeleton looked around and frowned. The workers weren’t scheduled today, not that they could with Sans not showing up, but almost every day since they’d first begun rebuilding the park, it had been filled with human children playing silly little games.

It was deserted now. Papyrus looked around, but there was no one. No humans aside from the sickly human and the boy who’d driven the truck. There were at least a few humans who would greet him every time he walked through the park examining how well the workers were doing, but it
was so silent, Papyrus could swear he could hear the wind.

It was eerie. Trying not to show his nervous, Papyrus tapped the human’s shoulder. “I’M GOING TO GET MY BROTHER! PAY THE BOY AND THEN FOLLOW ME!” He ordered and looked at the ring. He expected it to glow with his order, but it remained the same.

Well ...if Wings said it would work, it would work.

The human nodded.

Papyrus began to walk through the woods towards their second home. The silence was really…odd. He wasn’t used to it. The human children loved playing in the woods. There had been many times when Papyrus had opened his window to see little human boys and little human girls climbing trees and playing hide and seek behind the huge tree trunks but now there was nobody.

Papyrus quickened his pace. He wasn’t scared of the silence or walking through the woods alone. He was an adult after all.

By the time he reached his house, he was full on sprinting.

Feeling much better as he opened his front door, Papyrus took two steps in before he heard shuffling.

“NOW!”

And before he could even summon his magic, he was ambushed by four very strong humans that slammed him to the ground. As he struggled to get up, one of the humans holding him down placed a knife to his neck, halting his motions.

“What is the meaning of this?” Papyrus roared, his sockets glowing a bright red.

“Quoi d’neuf patron?” a strange voice said.

Papyrus looked up to see a dazzling human woman grinning down at him, but her beautiful face was
anything but happy. In her hands she held a very large and impressive knife that didn’t look like it belonged in a kitchen.

“Si tu étais si gentil, tu me dirais où se trouve Mademoiselle Determ, monsieur le Squelette?”

Grillby let out a growl as he saw who was loudly banging the glass front door.

Jerry.

The disgusting, foul-smelling goo monster was breathing heavily, almost as though he had been running, and in his arms was a large briefcase. He stopped knocking and waved his hand excitedly as he saw Grillby.

Walking to the front door, his face still sore from where Sans had headbutted him, vision blurry without his glasses, Grillby didn’t open the door to explain to Jerry his bar was closed for the day. He simply lifted his closed sign up and held it out for Jerry to see. He really was in no mood to deal with Jerry. No matter how rich the disgusting fuck was.

More importantly, he didn’t want even the slightest thing to upset Don Dreemurr, and having Jerry in the bar while Sans was here would be violating the only instruction that Don Dreemurr had for Grillby: Nobody was to know Sans was there, aside from his mutts and a handful of trusted people, which meant nobody else was allowed in the bar, meaning that the bar was closed for the day.

Grillby watched as Jerry skimmed the sign before laughing, wearing Grillby’s patience even thinner and knocking again even though Grillby was right at the door staring directly at him.

“Very funny,” Jerry wheezed, taking a deep breath, his voice slightly muffled by the glass, much to Grillby’s dismay. “But seriously, be a pal and open up, will ya? Oh and please don’t tell Don Dreemurr I was late.” Jerry continued. “I overslept, but if I start right away I can get a few paintings of him done before Lady Dreemurr comes in. There ain’t no way in hell I’m disappointing her.”

“What in the hell are you talking about?” Grillby asked, feeling a bit nervous. It sounded like Jerry knew something he shouldn’t, and Grillby didn’t want to get blamed for what Jerry wasn’t supposed to know.
Jerry frowned and pointed to the side of his head where his ear should have been. “Can’t hear you!”

Visibly shuddering and debating with himself, Grillby opened the door. Jerry’s putrid smell hit his nostrils and the smell intensified as Jerry pushed past him and looked around the bar.

“Where is he? I need to get started, Grillby,” Jerry’s face was unusually nervous and fidgety. Usually the revolting blob of slime had an undeserved cocky grin on his face.

“Started on what? My bar is closed—”

Jerry held up his suitcase. “Come on, didn’t Don Dreemurr’s boys tell ya anything? I’m painting today.”

“Painting?” Grillby repeated. “You mean the family portrait you two were discussing yesterday—”

Jerry shook his head, his eyes darting every which way in a strange manner. That nervous look was still on his face. “Oh, that job isn’t until next week…” Jerry trailed off as a curious frown came on his face. “Don Dreemurr didn’t tell you?”

*Obviously he didn’t if I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about, you miserable, disgusting imbecile!*

That’s what Grillby wanted to say, but instead this came out:

“I’m actually quite confused, Jerry.”

“The Don called me early today to ask for a favor. Apparently when his wife found out that—” he mouthed out the words “Sans Gaster” before speaking normally again “—had stumbled into HOTLAND she wanted me to make a few paintings of the skeleton at his very worst. I guess it’s sort of a gift to herself after what those bastards did to her family. Don’t understand it myself, I’d just keep the dust, but to each their own, right?”

Grillby blinked at his words, not the explanation of why he was here, but the job he was assigned. Toriel Dreemurr was truly crazy, but she did have an interesting idea. Grillby tilted his head down at
Jerry. If Jerry was as easy and nonchalant about painting monsters being tortured, then maybe he was okay with painting other types of pictures. Paintings that Grillby could look at during the night.

Jerry huffed, apparently taking his silence as uncertainty, not interest. “Look, I understand if you want to call the Don-”

“Oh, no. You know about ...my guest, and that’s good enough for me. Follow me, please,” Grillby said silently, his mind racing as he started to walk towards the door behind his bar. A part of him was nervous about discussing his thoughts with Jerry, but his more… excited part was nearly making his body heat rise.

“Do you know what a human child looks like?” Grillby finally asked as they both made their way down the stairs to the basement, the slime monster huffing and puffing behind him. From the way he was walking, Grillby imagined his suitcase must have weighed a ton.

“Human children? Vaguely, why do you ask?”

Grillby passed Binkie, Pyre and Burgerpant’s doors and stopped at the door that held Sans Gaster. “I have books that can help you get a feel for their overall appearance and I know what they look like in the other way if you know what I’m saying,” he paused. “I… want to hire you for a job. I’m willing to pay good money for your work and your silence.”

He didn’t turn around, but Jerry’s knowing chuckle filled his ears. “Of course. I take it you want a more ...exposed painting of a human child?”

Grillby smiled, feeling a heat hit his lower region. “How fast can you get it done for me?”

There was a deep silence before Jerry answered.

“My friend, before the night is over, I’ll give you something you’ll never forget.”

Grillby rubbed his hands together before opening the door to the room where the skeleton was. Jerry cheerfully walked in and Grillby followed. Taking a look at the fat bastard, Sans was still in the same position as Grillby had left him, but his chest was heaving up and down rapidly.
A panic attack, perhaps, Grillby thought, and hoped Jerry was talented enough to portray that in his painting. Despite the fact that Jerry’s disgusting smell was filling up the closed room, Grillby had to admit, it would be fun to watch Sans’ last few hours be with this disgusting man whose job it was to draw him at his lowest moment.

Grillby watched as Jerry barely gave Sans a first look as he placed his large suitcase down close to the shattered pieces of Grillby’s glasses and began to set up his little painting area.

Grillby stiffened at the broken shards of what used to be his glasses before glaring at Sans’ helpless form.

Not so tough now, are you? Grillby thought before pressing the button again. He smiled as Sans gave out a much weaker cry of pain and watched as the skeleton’s body spasmed violently.

He never cared much for the Gaster brothers and their holier-than-thou attitude when it came to running their areas, but after what Wingdings Fucking Gaster did to him and his bar, he hated all of them. Wingdings beat him so mercilessly that night, he’d had to crawl out of his bar to escape, and nobody did that to him. Sulfuric Grillby was NOT some lowly monster like Whisk or Binkie or Pyre. I have a name to be feared, he thought as he watched Jerry open his suitcase and set up his small but heavy wooden easel. He was never the weak one, but for one night Wingdings made him the weak one, and if lending a hand to kill Sans helped get back at Wingdings, Grillby was more than willing to do it and he was more than happy to put Sans through a great deal of torment before his death.

He couldn’t wait for Don Dreemurr to get here, though hopefully Jerry had something to show to Toriel by then. He wanted to see the look on Sans’ face when he told the Don everything Jim had found out about the human female. He wanted to bask in Sans’ final moments of despair and dread when the Don told him what happened to her and what was gonna happen to her.

After Jerry pulled out the heavy wooden easel, it was followed by a small white canvas, and finally he pulled out his paint brushes and paints. Grillby frowned, halfway tempted to run back upstairs to get some newspapers for Jerry to put under his small work station, but decided if the gooey monster made a mess he’d simply put in on his tab.

Jerry settled himself in Grillby’s chair, but before he even opened his paints, he finally took a look at Sans and nodded. “Okay. I got that position in my head, but I can’t see the asshole’s face. Pick him up and set him straight, will ya?” Jerry said. “I’ll help ya,” he added getting up.
Not waiting for Jerry, Grillby started towards Sans hearing the painter’s footsteps behind him.

“I’ll grab his left side-” Grillby began to say before something hard and heavy hit the back of his head. He turned around dizzily, his vision spinning as he saw Jerry’s wooden easel high above the gooey monster’s head.

The fire monster stumbled once, trying to move away, but the last thing he saw was the easel coming down on his head.

“Dingus is gonna kill ya when he finds out about this and no, I haven’t had time to call him. Soon as I found out you were here, I came running. He’s gonna kill me too, ya know,” Jerry muttered as he began to untie a visibly relieved and shaken Sans Gaster who still seemed too shocked to speak. Jerry couldn’t blame him. The poor bastard thought he was at death’s door no more than five minutes ago.

“Be thankful that Doggo can’t keep his fucking trap shut when he’s drunk… thank goodness for booze and morning winos, huh kid?” Jerry said, taking off the skeleton’s collar before helping the man to his feet.

The artist gave Sans a once-over to make sure he didn’t need any sort of medical attention before pausing on his face.

“You’ve been crying?” the slime monster asked.

Finally Sans reacted.

“Crying? You’ve been drinking, too? Get fuckin’ real! I ain’t no fucking sissy,” Sans growled before placing a hand to his nasal passage. “Ugh… you smell horrible, Jerry.”

Jerry crossed his arms. “Yeah, well, I don’t like it anymore than you do. I can’t wait till Dingus finally gets his plans going cause I really hate waking up two hours early each morning to rub garbage on my body,” Jerry frowned and looked down at the unconscious bartender, shuddering.
“Your brother owes me, big time. You know how disgusting it was to always be around this asshole? The sicko have me the fucking creeps.”

Grillby woke up with a splitting headache. Groaning, he tried to move but found that he couldn’t. And his neck felt heavy.

As his vision cleared, the first thing he saw was Sans’ grinning face. Behind him stood Jerry who was quietly painting on his canvas, the paint from this brush dripping onto the floor and behind Jerry were Prye and Binkie. Their collars were off and they were holding onto Jerry, who didn’t seem to be bothered in the least.

“You remember how you asked me how it felt to be completely helpless?” Sans growled, his sockets becoming pitch black.

“You’re in for a bad time, buddy,” Jerry said.

Chapter End Notes

Translations:
"Quoi d'neuf patron ?"
"What's up boss?"

"si tu étais si gentil, tu me dirais où se trouve Mademoiselle Determ, monsieur le Squelette"
"If you would be so kind, can you tell me where Miss Frisk Determ is, Mr. Skeleton?"

A big shout out to ShiningWings for being my beta reader for this chapter!
A big shout out to my mystic moonlight for her help with the French translations!
Also if you haven’t checked it out, you have to watch Vade's youtube channel. He is a very talented voice actor and deserves a lot of attention and love. <3

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCeUvvNjCK4bFUXFTCwUHjHw
I am baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaack! Thank you all for your patience, support and kindness! I'm so so so so sorry it took so long, but here it is! I just hope I didn't disappoint.

For all of you that waited this late for me to post it, I can't believe how insane you are all, but I love you too!

Okay, so here's the deal! I've been trying for the past day and a half to post this chapter, but to no avail. The website keeps messing up and my chapter won't load. Somebody suggested I split the chapter in half so if this chapter feels incomplete that's because it is. However, the second part might not be out for a few more days. I had to make some changes to have the chapter make sense since I was splitting it and so I will have to make some changes with the second part.

Now then, THANK YOU ALL ONCE AGAIN! I love you all dearly! <3 <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sans watched as Binkie, the once pretty grocery store owner who had always greeted all her customers with a rough but charming grin, now a haggard and tired image of her once glowing and vibrant self, handed the small cardboard box to Jerry before looking fearfully at Grillby almost as though she were expecting to be shocked even though that fucking collar was off her. Sans had hard enough time looking at Binkie, but the young fire girl who Jerry introduced as Prye, silently stood (actually cowered would be the better word now that Sans thought about it) behind the bunny was even worse to look at.

Maybe at one point this young girl would have stood tall and proud, her beauty and her confidence bursting through her for the outside world to see, but now her shoulders were hunched inward, the look on her face was that of a small mouse in a world full of cats and the blue crackling flames that made up her body would brighten one minute only to dim a second later and unlike Binkie, who managed to hold herself steady, the poor kid kept kneading her hands as Jerry spoke to them in a calm low voice.

Sans felt his rage grow and swell. This was all so fucked up. Grillby’s legs were tied to the chair’s legs. His hand were tied to the chair’s armrests. He couldn’t even use his magic to attack, let alone burn the ropes that bind him and yet they were still fucking terrified of him. They were even too afraid to re-enter the room after the skeleton had sent them on a task to look for a few “special items” for him, forcing Jerry to speak to them through the doorway.

He wanted to tell them the fire fuck wouldn’t even hurt them again. It should have been obvious Grillby was finally stripped of everything that gave him power over them.
Even if Sans did tell them all this, he fucking knew it wouldn’t matter to these poor girls.

Sans closed his sockets for a second, his hands now hard fists as he tried to control his rage.

*Entertainment…*

That’s what Wings said. *Entertainment.* It was such a vague word the more Sans thought of it. There were so many different things that could be classified as entertainment. A game of baseball, a card game, reading a book, a few drinks with some close friends, turning on the radio and dancing to a catchy tune… fucking two helpless girls who don’t want your body on top of theirs…

Sans so desperately wanted to believe that the people of HOTLAND weren’t like that. That sick rich fucks didn’t use their money for …this. He was hoping that Jerry was the only person who showed interested in them or at the very least, came right in the nick of time and was their only “customer”-

*I once sold Binkie off to eight different men in one night.*

Sans grinded his teeth together as Grillby’s sick and delighted words entered his mind. And suddenly he found it hard to look at the broken bunny and the shivering teenager so he focused his attention on the trembling bartender instead.

And in that moment, Sans wanted nothing more than to destroy Grillby right in front of Binkie and Pyre in the worst possible way. He wanted to show these poor ladies that Grillby was made of dust just like the rest of them. He wanted to show them that he wasn’t untouchable. He wanted to show them he wasn’t a strong monster, that he wasn’t their king and he sure as fuck wasn’t invincible. Sans wanted to show these women that Sulfuric Grillby was no one worth being terrified over or dedicating their dreams to but he couldn’t.

Not yet.

Because….

Because when he and Jerry had tore the basement of the bar apart, his little lady was nowhere to be
found. And that was a big fucking problem. The skeleton had looked through every room. Had gotten on his hands and knees and searched the floors to see if there might have been any that might open up trap doors. He had looked carefully in every closest or side room and with every second he couldn’t find her, Sans had realized something odd was happening to him and it went against everything he knew about himself.

And if there were two things that Sans was certain about it was this: the first was Frisk Determ was the only woman he’d ever want. The second was that he didn’t handle stressful situations well.

Sans knew he should have been sweating as he destroyed one room after another. He knew he should have been getting more and more angry to the point where nobody would be able to talk him down. He knew he should have been worried and stressed about the time limit he had if what Grillby said was true about Asgore and Toriel coming in a few hours. He knew his mind should have been racing with all the possible scenarios on what happened to his little lady. He knew he should have been terrified when he questioned Binkie and Prye about his little lady only to receive confused stares and answers that revealed they never even knew a human woman had been at the bar.

However, none of that happened. Because up till this moment in his life, Sans Gaster always had the luxury letting his anger take over with no worries of any sort of consequence unless it involved disobeying his brother’s orders, but even then he never really tried to control himself.

Frisk…

But not this time. No… this time the stakes were too high. If he allowed himself to lose control even for a second, he’d lose more than just his temper. The logic was so plain and simple. If he ever wanted the chance to run his hand through his little lady’s hair again, or get her to laugh at one of his stupid dick jokes or stare into her beautiful eyes from across a dining table, surrounded by people who would see that, yes, a beautiful and amazing woman could be with somebody like him, he had to remain calm and with that rare bit of logic running through his mind, Sans controlled himself. Not well, he would be lying if he said it was easy. After all, every part of his SOUL was screaming to kill the fucker for everything he’s done, but his mind was in control at the moment and that was enough for him.

Frisk…

The name of his little lady was enough to keep his hands away from Grillby’s throat.

And so here he was. The calmest he had ever been in the most horrible situation he had ever been in
and as Jerry spoke to the girls, giving them words of comfort, Sans rocked on his heels and waited. He knew the clock was ticking until Asgore came, but he wasn’t worried about that. He would get his answers. Judging by the way Grillby looked at anything and everywhere but him, Sans was certain the bastard would sing soon enough. And after he sang...well, Sans wouldn’t need to be so in control of himself.

Jerry closed the door behind him and handed Sans the small box. “This is what they could find. I told them it would be helpful if they cooked you something so you could get a little bit of your magic back.”

Sans nodded. It was true. The collar had drained his magic plus all those fucking shocks to his SOUL didn’t’ exactly help. Now that the collar was off some of his magic was returning, but it was gonna take awhile for all his magic to be restored completely. Food would help. Not much but enough. More or less he just needed sleep, but there was no way in hell he was gonna sleep anytime soon. The only way he’d be sleeping is if his little lady was sleeping right beside him.

“Thanks Jerry,” He muttered, thankful the globbish monster took a few minutes to clean himself up a bit. The odor was nowhere near as bad as it was before so it wasn’t as distracting. The last thing Sans needed was distractions.

The blob monster nodded, a pleased smile on his face as he gestured towards Grillby. His voice still low so that Grillby couldn’t hear them. “Ya got a short time limit so do what ya gotta do, but don’t kill him afterwards. I got a few things to say to him as well.”

Sans was tempted to ask him what, but Jerry had already started walking back to paints and canvas and was starting to pack them up in his little suitcase.

Sans watched their oldest and richest ally for a second before turning back to Grillby and offered the biggest and friendliest smile he could manage. He couldn’t help the sadistic feeling of pleasure as Grillby shuddered.

As he walked towards the fire monster slowly and deliberately, making sure his black sockets never felt Grillby’s white ones, he wondered how many times Binkie and Pyre shuddered just like that in front of the bastard. He took his time as he dragged the spare chair towards the captured sicko until he was mere inches from Grillby, and sat down placing the box in his lap.

“If I’d known it was gonna come to this, I’d have brought my special tools with me. Don’t get me wrong, them remotes for those collars worked alright, but they ain’t no fun, so I had Binkie and Pyre find us some little toys to mess around with. Hope ya don’t mind, old buddy,” Sans said, patting the
box, the rage boiling below the surface of the pleasant and easy going tone he was using. He was sure Grillby heard it too.

Grillby muffled something that could have been a plea of mercy.

“Let’s see what they found, huh?” Sans said, as he pulled out his first “toy.”

It was a simple metal corkscrew with a wooden handle. Cheap and easy to use. He held it up for Grillby to see and quietly put it back. He pulled out his next tool. A kitchen knife. It was sharp and clean. Papyrus would have called it a beautiful cooking utensil. Sans gave it a low whistle of appreciation before putting it back. Grillby’s pleads got louder. Sans ignored him as he pulled out his third item.

An old but heavy wooden spoon. Creative choice on the girls’ part to say the least, but Sans had a few ideas for it. Nobody could call him unimaginative if he were pushed to think outside the box.

Finally an unopened glass bottle of Fire Whiskey, Grillby’s most popular booze. So many ideas and uses for that one and none of them involved drinking the liquid.

After looking around in the box for a few second, Sans decided on the corkscrew.

Now to have some fun.

“Okay, Grill I got some good news and some potentially bad news for ya, so listen closely. The good news is that I just got off the phone with my brother and told him what’s going on. Being so chummy with Asgore now makes you valuable to him,” Sans explained and almost let out a laugh when he saw the relief flow through Grillby’s face.

If people thought they were gonna die they took their secrets to the grave. If they thought they had a chance of living, they’d sing and sing until their throats were hoarse. Sans had learned that when he and his brothers broke away from Asgore’s gang. Enemies were everywhere back then.

“Wings ordered me to bring ya back to SNOWDIN,” Sans let a growl out of his mouth, hoping it sounded real. “After everything ya did, you are gonna get a cushy deal and get to walk away.”

Sans paused for a second before chuckles darkly, hoping Grillby is too preoccupied with his current
situation to notice his weak acting skills. He was out of practice and usually it was Wings who did the talking during these “chats”. Sans and Papyrus were usually the ones making the holes and dents in people. “Course maybe ya won’t walk away. My bro...he wasn’t very specific on what condition I should bring you to him in.”

And with that Sans lifted the corkscrew to Grillby’s eye level and slammed the twisted metal tip as hard as he could into Grillby’s thigh, digging it and twisting it into the fire monster’s flesh. Grillby threw back his head and let out a shrill scream, a sound that almost sounded comical coming from the almost always silent bartender.

“So here’s the dealio,” Sans said, gritting his teeth as he tried to twist the impromptu torture device deeper into Grillby’s thigh, but it was surprisingly harder than he thought it would be. “I ask you a question, you answer honestly. If ya don’t I’ll fucking tear that handsome face apart. Get me?” Sans asked, his sharp teeth in an ugly snarl, red spit seeping out of the sides of his mouth.

Despite the pain, Grillby managed a weak whimper and nod of his head. Sans’ snarl turned into a bright smile, but the viciousness was still there. “That’s great to hear,” He said before ripping the tool out of Grillby’s flesh in one smooth motion. The fire monster let out another cry of pain as dust flew from his wound.

“Now then…” Sans began. “Where is Frisk Detem?”

The words flew out of his mouth.

“I was just fucking with you before Sans,” Grillby panted in pain. His voice desperate. “I couldn’t get … ahh… God…. I couldn’t get any money from her… my customers thought she was disgusting so …. so I had my human take to her back to SURFACE CITY! He said he could make some good cash off of her with the humans!”

Sans hummed, his composure cool and easy going, but on the inside his SOUL was beginning to feel way too hot and not in the good way, like when he saw his little lady’s smile. He picked up the wooden spoon.

“Ohay… say a little off subject, but i gotta ask ya Grillby, did ya sell Binkie and Prye solely for fucking or did you have set prices for different acts they could perform on yer customers?”

Grillby sputtered, but Jerry piped in. “What type of act ya thinking, boss?”
Sans looked at the wooden spoon. “How much would a blowjob cost?”

“Three golden coins,” Jerry answered instantly.

_A Three fucking gold coins?!_ Sans’ felt the wood begin to crack as his grip tightened. _That’s it? That’s how much they were fucking worth to you, you piece of shit?!_

Sans’ bright smile remained though. “Gosh, Grillby old buddy, this is sort of embarrassing. I ain’t got three gold coins. Mind putting it on my tab?”

Before Grillby could respond, Sans grabbed his chin and forced the large wooden spoon in his mouth, shoving it down his throat as deep as it would go. It was hard to see, but when Sans looked hard enough he was delighted when he spotted the faint blue in the fire fuck’s throat where the head of the spoon was now logged. He let go of the spoon and watched as Grillby squirmed in his chair, making choking sounds as the small bit of the handle that was still outside his mouth began to wiggle.

“No a bad look on you, Grillby,” Sans said mockingly, watching as Grillby tried to combination of both spitting the spoon out and breathing. Neither plans worked.

The skeleton tilted his head as Grillby’s purple flames start to turn blue as his body’s struggles to breath started to weaken. Frowning, wishing he could let it go on for a bit longer, Sans tore the spoon out of Grillby’s mouth, allowing the sick fuck to take a few good deep breaths, waiting until his purple color to return before shoving the wooden utensil back in, causing the fire monster to choke again.

Sans repeated the process over and over again. “Let’s try this again, okay? Where the fuck is Frisk Determ?” He said and tore out the spoon.

Grillby coughed and gagged, spit coming out of his mouth. He took a deep breath and looked at Sans. “Please...stop-”

The wooden spoon broke as it made contact with Grillby’s jaw. The moan that left Grillby’s mouth became a scream as Sans dug the broken sharp piece of the wooden spoon that still remained in his hand right into Grillby’s left eye.
“OH MY GOD! SOMEBODY HELP!” Grillby finally started scream, only for his wail to be cut off when Sans’ fist connected with his nose. Even though Sans couldn’t see it under all those flames, he felt Grillby’s nose bones give in under his knuckles and heard the satisfying crunch, indicating that the fire monster’s nose was nothing more than a memory. Now it was a mess of broken bones and dust that was coming out of his invisible nostrils.

“Where is Frisk Determ?” Sans repeated, reaching into the box again.

“I… can’t….” Grillby started to say, but when he saw the sharp kitchen knife that glittered in Sans’ hands, Grillby’s remaining eye widened. Sans smirked. It was time to sing.

“Asgore has her, Sans! Toriel …the sick bitch took one look at her and thought she was Chara when they met! Asgore bought her for Toriel-”

Grillby’s words stopped as the bottle of Fire Whisky connected with his forehead, soaking him. The smell of booze filled the room.

“SHE’S WITH ASGORE!?”

And just like that, all the control and restraint left San’s body. He got his answer. He got what he needed and now he didn’t need this sick fuck anymore.

Chapter End Notes

The second part should be out soon! <3 <3 <3

Also... I"M BAAAAAAAAAAACK!

End Notes

Comments are welcomed!
Works inspired by this one. Invisible by PiscesVick

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