The Skeleton Games

by poetax

Summary

The barrier of underfell is broken. It's been a month, and monsters are finally allowed to move into the city. You're staying in a small cheap apartment waiting for your newest property to finish, when you get a rude noisy neighbor. Does he really have to play his music so loudly. It's not even good music. You're sick of this. You're not listening to him stomping around, yelling or... playing video games. Oh wait, you know that video game. Time to put special plan "get back at your jerk neighbor" into action. Just because your a vampire and stay up all night, doesn't mean he can be a jerk.

A story about developing friendship, good laughs, and teaching Sans the meaning of friendship and love, when all he's known is the horrible world of Underfell.
This is my first fanfic ever. I was more of a math kid growing up, so my writing's probably not the best. I like telling stories but, my grammar's usually pretty bad. I'm always up for some good ole constructive criticism. This is proof read by me only, so if anyone catches any major errors, tell me and I'll fix them.
It's 1:00am on a Wednesday night and the music hasn't stopped. How can they still be listening to this? It's literally some idiot screaming about hunting the devil, accompanied by loud blaring guitars. Every song is loud blaring guitars. Don't they know there are more instruments than loud blaring guitars? Even guitars have different distortions. You're pretty sure they're using the same chord progression in every song as well. Wait... maybe they're just playing the same song over and over? No, you're pretty sure they're different. Does it even matter at this point? Seriously, it's been like this every night for the past 3 days!!!

You're using headphones with your laptop, but you can still hear the metal music overpowering your own. It's impossible not to hear it when the survival game you're playing is mostly running ambient sound. You need to hear the music cues in this game, they're important. If you want to stay alive you need to know when an enemy's about to get the jump on you. You would have turned on your own music to drown out your neighbors if the game's sound wasn't so necessary.

In retrospect, picking a tiny, cheap apartment in the middle of the city may have been a terrible idea, but you wanted to keep costs down. It's not like you were poor or anything, you just... may have been a bit more obsessed with profit than you should have been. Besides, the location was perfect for your Friday night drinking.

You'd moved out of your current home over a month ago, right around the time when the monsters were finally allowed out of their little monster-only camp and into the city. Their gold-lined pockets combined with the influx of humans wanting to move in and either see or work with the new species had made housing prices in Ebott skyrocket.

You normally live in one of your rental properties while waiting for your own house to be built, but the money had been too good. You lived life like you were playing a video game, and life had given you a way to beat your previous score. So you took it. You probably would have made a similar profit if you'd waited the six months for your new property to finish, but the market value was at an all time high, and you just couldn't give up the score.

Now, here you are. Stuck in a tiny apartment with most your possessions in storage and a neighbor who doesn't understand the meaning of appropriate hours or good music. Three days of this are enough, perhaps you should go over there and do something about it!

The music suddenly switches off halfway through the song. Finally that idiot's going to bed.

And then, something new starts. Instead of blaring guitars, it's a heroic song. Hey... actually... you know this song.

It's the latest version of the 'God of Warframe' game’s theme song. Heh... at least they like something that isn't completely stupid. Well... you have to admit the GoW games aren't exactly for smart people either.

Minutes later the telltale sounds of gunshots and mind numbing character lines pound through your walls. You haven't played that game in a while. When you stopped a few months back, you'd already prestiged your character to maximum. At that point, shooting heads for a few hours each day quickly got old.

That's when you hear it. A low guttural growl just over the top of your neighbors blasting speakers.
“Fuck you, human, that's what'cha get for bein' a coward. In this world it's KILL OR BE KILLED.”

You were wondering what sort of person it was. Looks like they're male.

Maybe, you should go over there and punch him in his stupid neckbeard face. Use your powers to make him beg for forgiveness while licking your feet. You've already tried the human way of knocking on the wall, and asking him to be quiet. That ended with him ignoring you, and turning his music up louder. You even called in a complaint to the apartment manager. Sadly, you're pretty sure with the cost of the unit, and the type of tenants that lived here, the general rule was to let them do whatever they wanted.

Perhaps the manager had tried to talk to him and got scared away. He was a timid little guy. It made it easy for you to get a half year’s contract at a discounted price. Plus, your neighbor had an apartment against the far wall. It was only you who had to deal with his obnoxious behavior, so why should anyone else care. This was probably illegal anyway, but you weren’t big on making a fuss in the first place. You were the type that always dealt with things yourself.

“What the hell, Fuck!, where'ja come from?! Fuck you, ya little shit!” A low snarl seeps through the wall. Sounds like your neighbor isn't very good at video games. Or maybe only this game. He's been cursing out his opponents and teammates the entire match. You even heard him throw the control a few times. Maybe he always raged when he played?

You smirk. His crappy gamer's etiquette matches his crappy music: angry, stupid, and loud.

Suddenly a smile spreads across your face… Actually… you wonder how good this guy really is?

There's a trick you could pull that lets you find local players on the game's server and join their session anonymously. It's really easy, actually. Turning your console on, you start up the game. Luckily this game was featured in cross play so you could play it across multiple platforms. That was nice, because now you didn't need to purchase it again. You listen to his music for a moment more. You're pretty sure he's using the console version; throwing a keyboard and mouse across the room doesn't sound like that.

You log in and load your character from the cloud, listening the entire time to make sure your neighbor's still playing. Then, you navigate the menus and search for local players. The only named player on the network shows up as RadSkull86, lvl 16…

You burst out laughing. Seriously... RadSkull86... that’s his name. Has he been using the same gamertag all his life? People don’t even use the word Rad anymore. Does he think he's tough by putting ‘skull’ in his name?

Heh heh... This's gonna be sooooo much fun.

You feel the pleasure of what you are about to do build even as you think about it.

You memorize the mixed jumble of numbers for his server id and back out of the search menu. You start a new character and name it “RadBrad86.” You may as well mess with him a little while you’re at it, and creating a new account prevents anyone else from recognizing you online. Using his room address, you join his session. If you join him directly from the search menu, it'll notify him someone local is joining. Doing it this way keeps things anonymous.

You start to load in and immediately smile.

“....perfect.” You mutter wickedly. There's an empty spot on the enemy team.
Waiting for the game to load, you plug in your gaming headphones and pop them on.

That's when the fun begins...

You're a little rusty from having spent so long away from the game. It takes you the whole first match to get accustomed to the slow, clunky feeling of analog aiming after using a mouse all this time. Once you've fiddled with the sensitivity settings a bit, your natural rhythm picks up, and your kill-to-death ratio begins to rise. That's when you strike. He's using the same sniper class from the previous match and utilizing the same hold out points. You've played this level a bunch and you know how to deal with these types of scumbag campers.

You break off from your team and chuck a flash bang through his window. Then you charge inside while he's distracted and stab him with your phase knife.

"Shit! The hell, team?! Fuckin’ let this guy get past ya!" Your neighbor growls through the wall.

You smirk as you pull back and wait for him to respawn. This time he chooses a different holdout, one more protected by his team. You force a distraction, and break into the room he's in, stabbing him in the back once again with a phase knife. Sadly you get swarmed a few seconds later, but you don't care. It isn't about winning. It's about killing RadSkull.

"What the fuck! Again with this shit!" He yells again, getting louder.

You manage to catch him setting up a sniper point in the previous spot, and shoot him down before he gets there. Your team is actually doing really well this round; the enemy's getting pushed against the spawns. You grab a few kills as you wait, internally counting down his respawn timer. It should be longer now that he's died a bunch without getting any kills himself. He respawns and runs exactly where you expect him to go. You get him mere seconds into his new life.

"FUUUUCK, the hell is this?! How's this asshole keep finding me? GET OFF MY ASS! YA SHITTY LITTLE……. FUCK!"

The match ends with your team completely dominating the other. The next match starts, and you sprint at the enemy team's main sniper point as fast as you can. You find him on his way there and get into a shootout. Too bad for him, you've wasted waaaaay too much of your life playing video games. He's dead before he can even get a hit on you. Even better, you manage to stay alive behind enemy lines, collecting a four man kill before you get back to safety.

You wait a good solid minute before searching him out again. Maybe letting him feel like he wasn't being hunted would make his next death sweeter. This time he's waiting for you, facing the entryway. You pull off a miracle as you backtrack with no health. On your way out, you manage to throw an explosive into his room.

"How the hell didn't I get'um!" He screams. You keep your breath held, afraid that your laughter will give you away.

"Fuckin’ shit, this game is bullshit!"

His screams of anger only fuel you to play harder.

“I'm gonna dunk ya so hard……. FUCK!”

You catch him as he runs into a building, trying to set up camp, and stab him in the back with your phase knife.
(Enemy RadSkull86 has been killed by RadBrad86)

WUMP.

Sounds like he threw the controller. A moment later his loud game music shuts off. Heh... he lasted maybe two rounds with you, and he didn’t even try to change rooms. Somebody's got some major rage issues!

A distant door slam signifies he’s probably done for tonight and going to sleep. Finally some peace and quiet.

You get up from the couch and stretch. Making your way to the kitchen, to grab a glass of water. You read the clock above your stove. You still have a few hours until you need to be asleep. Hopping back over the couch with your glass, you open the work file on your laptop and break out one of your projects.

Along with your ownership of multiple properties including condos and a variety of differently priced houses, you work part time from home as a software developer. When you live as long as you have, certain skills pile up. You got into renting houses and buying new ones with the passive income a few years back. When computers became a thing, you got interested in that as well. It was fascinating watching society grow from bumbling, barely educated farmers, to the speedy, always connected and always communicating world of today. You weren’t one to let the extra years you gained from your sickness go to waste.

You work for a company designing home mapping software. You use imagery taken from satellites and drones at different angles to create 3d models of houses and structures. These models are then used to estimate home insurance costs based on the roof and walls of the structure. Later your company planned to use the tool alongside google maps to allow people to view actual 3d maps of their own homes and buildings. It was really cool, even if it was slightly invasive.

You like having a job that keeps you on your toes, forcing you to stay updated with the newest developmental tools of the industry. You aren’t one for working long hours, and you're glad you have the skill set to keep a job that lets you work from home. It's nice having people appreciate you. It's a marked improvement to how you were treated in the old days.

If you want to keep the job however, you need to be able to stay focused long enough to get your work done. Your neighbor really isn’t helping with that, at all. Luckily for you, he's gone to bed earlier than usual. Not wanting to waste any of that time, your fingers flash across the keyboard as you began checking newly added lines of code. It's already gone through QA but you still have a few things to add that'll help keep the system running light.

With the fixes and additions for this project done, you start the remote compiler and check the clock. Well that was faster than you thought it’d be. You have a whole extra hour before your preferred bedtime, so you decide to start up your previous game.

You stand and stretch again, trying to refresh yourself. Your body doesn’t need you to take care of it, but you like to anyway. You smile, remembering the time you tried one of those deep sleeps your people do for 2 whole years. Your body didn’t move at all then and it was alright. Your problem was waking up and missing everything that had happened while you were asleep. It bothered you so much, you decided to never do it again.

You go for another glass of water, re-using the same cup as you fill it in the sink. When you shut off the tap, you hear the strangest sound. A low whimpering just barely audible over the static of the air conditioner.
Seriously…. That guy better not be doing something gross! Why can't he just shut up and sleep quietly like a regular person? You really don’t want to imagine what actions were causing those sounds. Personal time in thin walled apartments needs to be kept strictly quiet.

You walk back to your spot on the couch and unpause the game. Survival games are one of your new favorites, and you immediately appreciate the lack of blasting music coming from next door. The game’s natural ambiance is nice; it makes the entire experience more enjoyable.

As you continue playing, you become aware of loud panting, groaning, and moaning sounds in the next apartment.

“That’s it!” You pause your game and throw off your headphones in disgust. Marching over to the hallway, you take a breath.

“Really! I've been listening to ten solid minutes of your nasty groaning. What are you doing, YOU SICK FREAK?!” You scream at the wall.

The wall responds with a low shriek, followed by a crash. Did he fall off the bed? A moment later, there’s a knock on the wall, and then… Silence.

“STAY ASLEEP AND NEVER WAKE UP!” You screech.

You wait for a reply, anything, but nothing happens. He hasn’t said a word to you in the past, why would he now? At least you were able to mess with him earlier. That felt pretty good actually.

You spend the rest of the night in silence, finally saving your game at the crack of dawn and going to bed.

At least he isn't loud in the mornings…..
A Trip to Muffets

Chapter Summary

You decide to get some food from your favorite bakery

You were wrong, he's loud in the morning too…

Jarred awake by what sounds like a bunch of feral animals growling and shrieking at each other, you roll over and check the time. Ugh, you didn’t even get a full 4 hour cycle before your idiot neighbor decided to wake you up. Just one more hour, that's all you want. You don't need as much sleep as most humans, and yet, this guy is still preventing you from getting enough.

Stupid neighbor...

You wiggle around in your bed, trying to get comfortable. Your hope is that you’ll fall back asleep, but the muffled yelling won’t stop. Come on, how long can a shouting match go on? They'll quiet down eventually, right? Your neighbor didn’t seem to get much sleep last night either after all, so maybe he’ll want to go back to sleep as well.

You’re wrong again…

Fifteen minutes later and the shouting match is still going on. Feeling wide awake, you give up on sleep, but stay in the comfort of your own bed, checking work notifications on your phone. The lines you submitted yesterday are running smoothly; there aren’t many errors pulling out the update. Looks like you won’t have to work this weekend. Hooray!

You switch to your personal news about gaming updates. The game you had on preorder is already being played by critics. Reviews seem to be positive, which is good. You were worried ‘Soundless Space 4’ was going to be a flop, but the new addition of co-op seems like a success. They even praised the different viewpoints of the two main characters, saying it made the game scarier and added replay value. Looks like you won't have to cancel your order.

When you decide to get out of bed, you notice the neighbor’s apartment has finally quieted down. Good. You don’t like yelling at people through walls, it makes you feel like a jerk. You grab some clothes from your drawers and make your way to the shower. The warm water feels great on your skin, leaving you feeling refreshed and less irritated about the rude awakening.

The weather is cloudy today so you decide to go out for a sort of brunch at your favorite local bakery. You don’t need to eat much, but breakfast has always been one of your favorite meals. Having a crazy vampiric virus isn’t going to ruin that for you, ever.

You dress in your favorite outfit, and add a sweatshirt on top. It's always good to have some cover, even if it's cloudy. You grab an umbrella and flip up your hood. At least it isn’t summer any more, people always give you strange looks for wearing long sleeves outside in 100 degree weather.

You don’t spend a lot of time outdoors during the summer anyway, but telling people you are allergic to the sun over and over again gets tiring. You can’t blame them, it is pretty weird to be wearing sleeves in hot weather. It’s even weirder to be allergic to the sun.
You find the little bakery sitting in a strip mall not three blocks from your complex. The familiar bell tinkles as you enter the beautifully decorated parlor. Purples, silvers, and blacks line the windows, tables, and chairs. Everything is covered in decorative lace patterns and topped with bows and ribbons. The delicious smell of fresh baked goods washes over you, making you smile. Muffet's is probably the best bakery in town… And the only place like it in the world.

The bakery had moved into the vacant space two weeks ago, resulting in a large protest from anti monster groups. You'd been having a bad day; your work was having problems implementing the newest addition to their code, and the new video game you bought sucked. To top it off, when you left to clear your head, the skies were dark, but on your return trip the weather decided it was going to have its last sunny day and unexpectedly blasted you with its almighty rays.

You had to run through the crowd to get home, and were practically shriveling up from the sun. You realized you may not actually make it in time, and instead marched boldly through the crowd right into the very establishment being protested against.

Muffet had been surprised to see you, probably because you were human. She gave you a neutral greeting regardless. The sweets were pretty expensive but you bought them anyway. How could you resist something labelled as ‘made by spiders, for spiders, of spiders.’? You must have come in at a weird hour, there weren’t any other customers in the store.

“I bet these would taste even better if they were made out of annoying humans.” you’d said, trying to make light of the ugly situation outside.

Muffet loved your joke, chuckling adorably in response. Apparently she had been pretty upset that the FDA didn’t allow her to cook humans. While the thought that she had looked into the possibility of cooking humans should have alarmed you, at that moment in time it only sounded hilarious. Who were you to judge if people wanted to eat humans anyway? That would be hypocritical.

Muffet enjoyed your visit so much, that she gave you a discount for your next visit, saying the regular price was for uncivilized, lesser creatures. You weren’t sure what she meant by that, but she let you borrow a black umbrella after telling her you were allergic to the sun.

On your way out, you marched through the gathered protesters, noticing the signs. There were biblical scriptures about the end of times, and warnings that monsters were trying to poison humanity with their strange foods. The people were yelling warnings and insults at you for ‘betraying humanity’. You pulled a random baked good out of your bag, munching on it while maintaining eye contact with the crowd. The cream puff was delicious.

As you walk in today, Muffet is once again there to greet you.

“Hello, dreary!” she beams, flashing her sharp fangs and winking her five inkey eyes. She’d given you that nickname when she noticed that you always seemed to visit on cloudy days.

Today her clothes are fashionable, as always. She prefers cute purples and blacks with lace, and somehow it doesn’t look gaudy on the spider woman.

Out of the corner of your eye, you notice a group of tiny, fluffy spiders cleaning the tables in the back. It's always amazed you to see them working together. Their little feet are actually quite nimble, and it’s fun to watch them work with one pair as though they were hands.

“Hey, Muffet!” You call, walking into the shop.

“Keeping well away from that awful sun I see” she nods at your hood. “But I suppose it is quite
cloudy today. What can I get you? Special price for a special person, as always.”

"Those strawberry crepes have been calling my name." You answer.

You don’t have the same taste for food as regular people, but little red fruits are always delicious. She’s already reaching under the counter to pull out your order and ring you up when you reach the counter.

You check your phone while you wait, reading another message from work. Apparently they’ve just discovered that the cause of the shut down whenever you tabbed out of the free tool for shaping odd walls had been caused by a line of code team B added last month. Well that's good. They’re rewriting it now and it will be forwarded to you for additions and cleanup soon.

You sigh as you read the growing list of tasks. You’re really starting to get behind, likely due to one particular annoyance. You really need to do something about that neighbor. Either that, or get some good earplugs.

Actually… you doubt earplugs could save you from the thunderous garbage that is your neighbor’s choice in music.

Or… maybe you should just move. You could probably get that wimpy manager of yours to cancel your contract if you tried. A noise complaint alone would probably work. You just aren’t one for backing out of a fight. Moving away would be like surrendering, and you refuse to give up to a jerk!

“Here you are, dreary” Muffet hands you a crepe, practically dripping with strawberries and sugary flavored glaze.

“MMM it's like beautiful bloody candy” you joke.

“Ahuhuhu, don’t flatter me. You know cooking people is illegal, but…” She smirks. “Cooking food to look like cooked people isn’t.”

“Hahahaha, and that's why your food is the best!!!”

“Oh, and dreary, take this as well.” Muffet turns and grabs something off a warmer behind her. It’s a strawberry filled pastry, and it’s been shaped to look like a broken off finger.

“Wait, are you planning to actually add something like this to the menu?”

“Surely you know of your own kind’s holiday?” She smiles. “It will be Halloween soon, and I read that themed sweets always sell well. Ahuhuhu, I can’t believe your own kind uses food to celebrate being torn up by monsters.”

“Halloween happens to be the best holiday in my opinion!”

“I suppose I should feel flattered that you think that holiday is the best, but I read that Christmas is the king of all seasonal holidays.”

“Yeah, well… I prefer Halloween over Christmas, so that means it’s better.”

“I suppose I should experience them both first before I pick sides” She responds, leaning on three of her arms.

You flinch a little at that, to have never experienced the big holidays... now that’s sad.

“Did you have any neat celebrational days underground?” You ask, curious.
“We celebrated a version of Christmas once, but that was before everything became… not so good.” Her eyes shift slightly as she brings up the subject. “We did have some other holidays but they are not appropriate to celebrate or even discuss above ground.”

This wasn’t the first time Muffet talked about the underground like everything was taboo. Apparently something dark had gone on down there, and most of the monsters above ground had all agreed to never talk about it… You wonder if they ran out of food and became cannibals. Then again, Muffet has her food marked as ‘made of spiders’… so...

It could always be something… darker...

“Well, I’m definitely going to love anything Halloween themed coming out of a shop owned by a spider monster, so… I’ll be by later to try it out.”

“Of course dreary, anytime. They should be ready and out on the shelves next week. I'll even let you try a few so you can know what you like before buying, ahuhuhu. Now... Watch that sun on your way out.”

With a wave goodbye you leave the shop, heading home. Taking a bite of the crepe, you relish in the ever-amazing taste of monster food. It’s easier on your stomach because it disappears before it even gets there. Vampirism doesn’t exactly give you the best digestive system when it comes to normal food, so you really appreciate anything that makes it easier.

You finish your crepe as you walk back to your apartment, passing Jerkbag’s door along the way. If only you could see what the guy looked like... but his blinds are just like yours, always shut tight.

You've tried to catch him leaving or entering his apartment, but somehow you’re never around when he does it. It's like... he disappears from his apartment sometime in the morning, and reappears in the evenings. You’d guess he never leaves, but that would mean he somehow stays totally silent in his apartment all day, and then suddenly goes off on a noise offending rampage at night. That doesn’t make sense… Maybe he jumps out through one of his windows?

The thought of some guy jumping through a window and using it like an escape amuses you heavily, and you smile as you unlock your apartment door.

A visit to Muffet's really was what you needed today. Your mood rises as you get out your computer, sit down, and get some work done before your neighbor decides that blaring guitars and growly lyrics should be the very air itself.
Chapter Summary

You mess with your neighbor again. He's so angry. Well at least you're getting him back for being disrespectful.

Chapter Notes

I'm doing a double update today because the previous chapter was a little boring. Hope this chapter makes all of your days. Feel free to ask me anything in the comments below.

The music didn’t start until well after 8:00pm tonight. Luckily, you cleaned out most of your work 'to do' folder. Everything marked urgent was completed, and you’ve started on some of next week's projects as well. Looks like you can finally get back to that survival game. Even your neighbors horrid music can't break your good mood. You move from the couch and get up to get a glass of water and stretch your limbs before sitting down once again for a few hours.

As you are pouring your glass of water you hear the music next door switch to the familiar boot up of a console and your face grows deadly. Perhaps somebody wanted another serving of payback. Yep, the classic GoW music starts as he loads in. Heh, it's time for punishment number two. You gleefully hop on your couch and make sure your games volume is turned down as you start your own console. It wouldn’t be good if he caught onto your scheme now would it.

You pull the same trick as last time to get in his game session. You put on your headphones, ready to make the ragebaby next door extra angry. Your adrenaline starts pumping just thinking about it.

You load in filling the only empty slot in the match, dang it's on his team. You can't get him like this, maybe you can switch after the match is over.

“WHAT THE FUCK!” A low voice spites from the apartment next door.

Oh goodie he remembers yesterday. It wouldn’t do if you hadn’t burned the image of his death over and over into his mind forever.
“How the shit's this asshole end up on my team!”

You hear him scurrying around opening cabinets and closing them. Some minor growls and bangs later, they stop.

You're already ahead in kills on your team, but your heart just isn't in it like yesterday. This match needed to hurry up and end so you could switch sided. That's when the sweetest sound comes through your headphones and hits your ears. It was low, angry, and filled with hate.

“How the fuck'r ya on my team RadBrad? Ya some kind'a creepy stalker?”

You're practically crying with glee at this point, you have to suppress a laugh, you must not laugh. Oh man you're gonna laugh. Please don’t ruin this with a laugh. You take a deep breath and prepare your answer. You pitch your voice a bit and add some scratchiness to it. Then in your finest 12 year old boy voice (which granted wasn’t very hard considering most people assumed you were a young boy playing video games anyway. For some reason it blew people's minds that you were an actual living breathing female playing games) you answer.

“Oh hey it's that noob dude from yesterday! How’s it been, ya get any better between now and then?”

“Go to hell ya little shit, tell me how ya happened ta end up inna room with me again'n I promise not ta hunt'cha down'n give ya a bad time about it.” He snarls back.

“Ooooooo, what's that? You're threatening to kill a kid over a video game? Wow so scary, I’m so terrified.”

You hear a small audible gasp from him, along with a few of your teammates cracking up at the exchange going on.

“The hell! no….. Jus', how the Fuck did'ja get in 'ere.”

“I don’t know, maybe the game felt so bad for you yesterday it had to put me on your team to show you how to play.”
You score a few more kills leading your team to an almost unfailable victory. Pretending to be a kid and knocking a bunch of cocky gamers off their high horse was definitely something you missed. Hopefully you seemed obnoxious enough to pass as a snide little brat.

“Damn this kid is good” comments one of your teammates after you get a triple kill.

RadSkull86 has been strangely quiet after that outburst. This isn't going to work, he was going to annoy you all night with his music again, the most you could get was 20 minutes or so of torment from him to offset your own annoyance.

The match ends and he bails from the room. Dang... maybe you should've been a bit slower about it, if he quits right away there isn’t any fun to it. You check for local players again and see his name queued up for another room. So of course, you hop in on it. Ohh man... if you could only see his face when he sees your name load in. You load in on the enemy team this time…. “Perfect.”

And strangely he's quiet in the next room. Come on give me something to feed on, your silent tears of anger do nothing for my needs.

You load in and quickly figure out where he is on the map. It looks like he's trying to stay with his team this time, he even switched his class so he doesn’t have to go off on his own to set up a sniping point.

This means nothing to you and you quickly separate him with a flash bang and take him out.

(RadSkull86 was killed by RadBrad86)

“FUCK, JUST FUCK!!” “HOW'YR YA ALWAYS HERE!!” “GET THE HELL AWAY FROM ME YA.... FUCK!!!!”

You hear a slam on the wall separating your apartments. It's probably not very sturdy considering how easily sound seems to flow between it…. You hope he doesn’t break through the wall and see you sitting there, messing with him.

He lasts another three deaths before he quits the room early.
You finish the match (You always play with proper etiquette) and search for his name. He's queuing for another one. Nope, he doesn’t get out that easily.

You join his room again.... Dang your allies.

“The hell, FUCK!... What does this kid want from me. How is he doing- There's just no way! What the HELL, WHAT THE HELL!” He screeches to himself through the wall. Oblivious to the fact you can hear every venom filled word.

No sooner does the room load than you hear the angry screams from next door align with the screams in your headphones. Now... you aren’t into music filled with screams and expletives. That's just uncivilized. But at this moment in time, the double echo of screams in your ears and though your wall are the sweetest music you've ever heard. Your eyes burn with the desire to full belt laugh, your chest hurts from holding your breath steady, but you can't. What if he somehow hears you over his own blaring screams? No, this needs to go on as long as possible, it's too good to pass up. This's probably the single most fun you have had in days, there's no way you're gonna let it stop.

“You gotta bone ta pick with me kid, did'ja track my IP'r somethin'.” His voice comes through your headphones.

“Well... you could say something like that… Mostly I’m just offended you copied my name, only Brad is rad, not some lame neckbeard who can’t even get a positive kill to death ratio.”

“Heh, kid... yer messin' with'a dangerous person 'ere. Here's some friendly advice, if ya keep going the way ya are now… yer gonna have a bad time.” He says lowly into the microphone.

“Phuahahaha!” You laugh. Who does this guy think he is, the leader of a gang or something. You've lived through so many dangerous threats in your lifetime, a dude sitting in a cheap crap apartment raging at you on a video game is nothing more than an embarrassing joke. Even if he was an actual gang leader he couldn’t kill you if he tried.

“Again with the child threatening, what are you some kind of cereal killer? Ooooo I'm so scared of someone yelling me while playing GoW.”

“Oh... I ain't gonna kill ya kid.” his voice deepens to a dark growl. “Nahhh... But when I'm done with ya.... yer gonna wish ya were dead.” His scratchy voice is now strangely smooth as he threatens you.
“Oh!, so like your a child rapist or something, so what, your waifu pillows aren't enough for you. Are you into little boys now too?”

“Fuck kid, what the hell, I ain't gonna….. the hell's a waifu pillow?”

“Daikimakura, look it up. Sorry RadSkull I just can't help myself when you're just so easy to kill, your as easy as pie, a nice delicious cherry pie I can eat right up, hahaha.”

“You know what kid, FUCK you.”

You hear a slam and the next moment his music turns off as his name logs out of the game.

“FUCK…. SHITTY FUCKIN' HUMAN KIDS N' THEIR…. FUCK!!”

The expletives continue with small grumbles of dialog in between you can't understand. Ahhhh man, that was great! You can’t believe he started threatening you like that. What type of a guy threatens a kid over a video game. It is kinda scary to have someone seem to know how to log in to your room, but seriously don’t threaten to hurt a kid over it.

In the next moment the loud music starts up again.

Ugh, not the guitars. You're sooo sick of guitars. You would take a bunch of screechy flutes at this point. What is humanity's obsession with loud guitars and distorters…. They aren’t even singing, they’re just kind of growling their words. Maybe he likes it cause it kinda sounds like his voice. At least tomorrow will be a drinking day so you’ll be out most the night and you won't have to listen to this horrible music.

You finish your match and shut down the console, grabbing your glass of water you chug it and walk over to the sink to refill it. Maybe you can play one of your louder games in hopes of drowning out the sound. At least you got to punish him a little more before he tortured you back. Not being able to mess with him tomorrow's gonna kinda suck. He was definitely really fun to mess with. Those reactions are hilarious. He may not even get on the game tomorrow, you remind yourself sadly. Or ever, after the moves you pulled. That would kinda suck actually.
You check your phone but you don’t have any work updates. You did however have a coven message. This one was a specific inquiry about your attendance to the party this year, which is odd. They usually don’t ask if you’re gonna attend, they only send you an invitation, and nothing more. It’s been years of boring end of the year parties, with nothing happening. The few vampires left on the earth basically sit around amassing fortunes and enjoying the the modern age of human luxury. You read through it again and yep, they’re actually personally inquiring about your attendance. It was just the yearly meetup they did on new years. The same 15 or so people attend each year. You stopped going 20 years ago finding it painfully boring. You half suspected the remainder attended so they could keep some sense of group fealty.

Vampires hadn’t caused problems for humans for a long time, and the humans in turn didn’t even know they existed anymore. It was actually pretty sad how all you had to do was stop killing humans and all of your lives became extremely easy. The last idiot vampire who thought it would be a good idea to enslave mankind had been exterminated by hunters long ago. You could live like a king if you were smart and used your advantage of years and knowledge to gain all the luxuries you would ever need. You didn’t need to enslave people to be rich, you could do it so much easier if you just worked a little at it yourself. So now all vampires sat around with huge properties or companies making passive incomes and enjoying life to the fullest. The most difficult part of your life, was every couple of years or so you needed to fake up new IDs because an 80 year old person walking around in the prime of their life could be pretty suspicious.

It would have been pretty crazy if you’d all turned out like the monsters, trapped underground for hundreds of years out of fear. Going by the records vampires kept of that time, the fear would be well placed. You hadn’t been born when monsters still roamed the earth and humans had mages but, from the writings left over, the fighting had been particularly brutal. According to most, it was the fact that they still looked human that kept vampires from being corralled in along with monsters.

It's probably a good thing too because you doubt a vampire could feed off monsters like they do with humans. Monsters didn’t have blood so vampires wouldn’t have survived all those years. Maybe you can substitute the magic running through a monster for blood, you aren’t sure. Or, maybe monster magic would be like eating unrefined monster food and end up giving you energy without calming your vampirism. You've actually been thinking about trying it on your drinking day, but were afraid something bad would happen. Monsters were supposed to be weaker than humans and you don’t want one dying on you because you don’t understand their limits. You're still really curious about it, so maybe someday you’ll get ahold of the liquid magic they supposedly had running through their bodies and see if it can work as a substitute.

You're also confused as to why there aren't any records of monsters being trapped underground. There's plenty of books in the coven library. Books talking about monsters roaming the earth and getting into a war with humans. From what you remember once the war was over there weren’t any monsters left. You assumed they were all dead. Maybe you should attend that party, there would probably be someone there whose age was old enough to be alive at the time. Maybe this year there will actually be something discussed because of the monsters exiting the barrier. Of course everything discussed was usually summarized and sent out to all the people who declined to show, but you can’t ask questions if you aren’t there.
You decide to rsvp this year, you could really use a change of scenery, and maybe after 20 years of nothing they'll finally have something interesting.

You close your phone and hop on the couch opening your laptop. You browse through steam looking for something good. You're a little sick of pvp so you open up an exploration rpg, one that you haven't finished yet, and turn the music on your headphones up. It's not as fun as your survival game, but it will pass the time for now. All that matters is that you don’t have to listen to that stupid music. Survival games were like your own life, starting out with nothing, and building into the massive pool of income you now had. It was addictive and you couldn’t stop.

A few hours pass and the loud music shuts off next door. You decide switch back to your survival game, eager to work on your campsite and turn it into a flourishing land of economy. You begin upgrading your tools to metal tier when you hear your neighbors low voice, whimpering.

Nope, no no no, he is not doing this again tonight. You don’t care how lonely he is. If you're gonna do that in a thin walled apartment then you better do it quietly or NOT AT ALL. You put down your laptop and tear off your headphones. Now that you can hear him more clearly, you easily make out the sounds of quiet pouting between his moans.

Gross... He cries when hes doing it!

you walk down your hallway, stopping at the point where his bedroom wall meets your hallway. You ready your fist, and you smash the wall with your almighty anger and disgust as you scream at him in between pounds.

“SHUT …. UP ..... AND .... GO ...... TO....SLEEP .... YOU ... FILTHY.... FREAK I CAN HEAR YOU DOING THAT FROM MY LIVING ROOM YOU SICKO!”

You hear a loud scream followed by heavy panting and… did he just sob a little….?

The heck’s going on here, you thought he was touching….. Is he having a nightmare or something? What's with this neighbor? Regardless, he needs to shut his mouth, you are not listening to his creepy painting noises all night. Even snoring is preferred to that noise. You turn around to go back to your game when you hear his low voice just barely over a whisper through your wall.
“S-sorry....”

Don’t apologize. Do not make me feel sorry for you. You’ve been an unrepentant jerk, don’t change your tactics now. How’re you suppose to hate him unconditionally if he suddenly acts like he can behave like a normal person? You stand in the hallway awkwardly for a moment trying to decide if you should respond back. The moment passes and you check your phone. Looks like it’s close enough to bedtime for you, so you decide to shut down your lappy and get ready for bed.

After brushing your teeth you linger in the hallway listening for any other sounds from your neighbor. Besides the tiny sound of breathing you can’t hear anything else. Good, at least he doesn’t snore loudly as well. You turn the lights out and head to bed, taking a few extra minutes to read a chapter or two of your latest book. You hardly keep your eyes open as you feel the tiredness hit you like a truck. No sooner have you put your phone down then you are fast asleep. It really does make a difference if you miss that fourth hour of sleep.
At night I go drinking

Chapter Summary

It's Friday night. You go out for a drink. Who do you happen to meet while you're out?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You wake up to the sweetest most beautiful sound this morning. Silence. No music blaring, no angry swearing, and no stupid guitars. After checking a few emails from work, you rustle yourself out of bed and start your morning routine. Nothing too difficult's been added to your work schedule, so you decide to dive right in and get what you can out of the way before later. There really isn't much work left, so you go ahead and start clearing your folder of tasks for next week as well.

Nearing the end of your folder you get a message on your phone from one of your online friends asking if you could get on today. You have plenty of time before you have to go out, so you finish your current task and boot the game. SlyPancake was a streamer who uploaded his videos after some editing on YouTube. His most popular videos featured him playing Rusted Caravan one of the newer types of massive online survival games. The game let you survive in harsh conditions on a server that was always running, even when you logged off. You usually formed a faction of teammates and built a base together fighting off the elements and other players. You'd been around when he first started streaming and he liked having you during videos. It was probably the fact that the way you played games was almost obsessively perfectionist. He supplied the entertainment and you supplied the skill. It made for good videos. Looks like he wanted to raid one of the servers other major faction. Fridays were the perfect days to raid, there were lots of people online and it made for interesting videos.

The raid turned out to be more difficult than your faction was prepared for. Your team burned through most of the resources they had stocked up on during the week. You ended up playing a lot longer than expected. At least a close fight made for a good video. Finally logging off late at night, you notice that your neighbor was already playing his music. The game must have been really good if you didn’t notice him turning it on.

You go to your room and get dressed for the night. Pausing in the bathroom you fix your hair and face. You should always look your best when going out for a drink. Everything looking good, you grab a coat and head out. The apartment was near a park and, if you wanted, you could head a few blocks away and be downtown. You decide to go the park route today. Downtown had gotten boring and you just weren’t into drunk people tonight.

The moon was in its new faze so the night was extra dark. Besides the sparse trickle of street lamps
the park was nearly shrouded in darkness. This wasn’t a problem for you. Your eyes easily adjusted and switched to night vision. This park was one of the largest in the state. It connected the university, downtown, and the largest major shopping district together. At night people walked through it, heading home late from work, or after a wild party.

A college student passes by, probably going home after long hours of studying. You don't pick up people on this path anyway, it's too populated. So you continue making your way deeper in the park. You know a pretty good spot. It has lots of trees and bushes that hide your presence if needed. There are even a few conveniently placed benches on the path to deposit your prey after. You find your path of choice and start to walk down it. As you reach the end you still haven’t seen anyone. You decide to take a seat and enjoy the night for a bit. Working and playing games all day kept you indoors a lot. It feels nice to relax in the outside air.

You love the feeling of a light breeze on your face. You look up at the moonless dark sky. You can’t see any stars because of light pollution, the heavens are bare of anything tonight. Instead the sky is completely dark. You think back to your neighbor. As fun as messing with him online was, it wasn’t going to change the core problem. This music habit of his really had to stop. You found ways to deal with it so far, but you can't let this continue for rest of your stay. The guy seemed pretty stubborn. He probably wouldn’t give up his habit without a fight. Maybe you could make a deal with him. You'd only tried knocking on his wall and yelling. Perhaps a direct confrontation would give you better results.

Maybe you could bribe him with food. Humans seemed to really like their food. They ate what, like 5 times a day or something. You thought you saw somewhere on the news that 5 meals a day are the recommended number now. Maybe you could buy him a case of Mt. Dew. He liked video games, and people who liked games are supposed to love Mt. Dew. Gahh, why can’t he just be polite and turn his music down. You’d even be willing to let him have scheduled time when he played it loudly, instead of the insufferable all night amounts he had it on now.

Voices to your left grab you from your thoughts. Your body quickly goes from relaxed to tense. As they drew nearer, you realize with a sigh that it is indeed multiple people. Well, if it's multiple people, you're going to let them pass by. Messing with multiple people is always too difficult. You have to keep them all hypnotized at the same time, and then make sure they all come out of it at the same time so that nobody gets suspicious. You often have to use small memory wipes to keep your identity and actions secret. It was to much of a hassle. You preferred to be a minimalist when it comes to prey.

As you wait for them to pass, you notice the voices getting louder and angrier. Two of them seemed to be demanding something from the other.

“You think you can just walk through our park without paying the toll.”
“Yeah, this is a human park built by humans, for humans, what have freaks like you ever contributed to society?”

“F..Fuck off, I'm a working citizen, I pay my taxes just like everyone else.”

“Hoooo, what's this, hahaha, he actually does work. Its that gross monster place they opened up, what is it called again?”

“MTT Burger Emporium...?”

“Hey I n...need that.”

“I heard you make some crazy food there, you trying to get us addicted to some strange shit so you can take control or something?”

“It's already been approved by the FDA to be safe for human consumption. You can-”

Thwap!

You hear a noise followed by a thud. Sigh... take away a person's ability to see and you have the perfect recipe for crime. You actually wonder, if everyone was born with night vision, would the crime rates drop? You stand up and make your way confidently towards the sounds of the scuffle. Things like these actually happen to you a lot on your drinking nights. Your hunting grounds did tend to be the perfect areas for criminal activity. Stuff like this happens so often that you're actually pretty good at dealing with these situations.

… “You don’t even have blood so how do we know you're alive?”

“I bet you're just a bunch of government experiments they buried underground that got out.”

“I’m not-” A whimper pierces the air followed by repeated thuds.
As you approach the group you can see two men kicking someone on the ground. The guy on the ground has his knees brought up to his chest and his arms covering his head. Most of the kicks are being absorbed into his stomach as he tries to make himself as small as possible.

“Does it even count as murder if you aren’t alive?”

“Hey I heard they turn to dust.”

“Yeah that doesn’t sound very “Alive” to me.”

“I wonder if it's true that…. they…”

He stops mid sentence once he finally sees you. He squints in the darkness trying to gauge who you are. The man who isn't kicking is standing awkwardly to the side. He looks worried. He'll be easy to stop.

“Hey! Get outta here, this don’t concern you.”

You continue walking staring straight into his eyes. You can feel your blood begin to rush. Its hungry.

“I said…. Get..uhh.”

His body goes stiff as the hypnosis takes effect.

“I… don’t…. go …..away.“

His body, now completely under hypnosis, stands there fully paralyzed. Guy number two seems pretty scared and begins to take a step back. You aren’t letting him escape. This is a perfect opportunity. You won't miss it. You break into a sprint and grab his arm before he can take off.

“Don’t run, I just wanted to join in on your game." You smile.
He's shorter than you by a few inches. Granted, you're really tall for a woman. You aren't complaining though. Being tall has its advantages. You loved watching people react to your out of character height. You pull his arm up as he tries to squirm away. His feet start to leave the ground.

“Lets see, it was something about bleeding making you a person, lets check and make sure then.”

You use one of your free hands to pull his neckline down.

“Who are you? Are you one of- ahhhh.”

His demeanor changes as soon as you bite down. He relaxes and whimpers in your hold. Completely submitting to your will. His body shutters under the effect of your bite. Ahh, this is soooooo much better than any other food. Hot blood bubbles from his neck, pouring down your throat. You hit the vein at just the right angle. The guy isn't drunk and he smells like he bathed recently. That's a plus in your book. You take your fill, finishing by licking at the spot, coaxing the mark to start coagulating. He drops to the grass as you release him, fully passed out.

Guy number one is still standing where you left him. You decided to wait on releasing him and turn your attention to the person on the ground. You reach down and pull him up.

“You alright there little monster dude?”

He gives you a glare hesitating before taking your hand.

“Yes, fine.”

You pull him to his feet, finally getting a good look at him. The only way to describe the guy is, a very pissed off, somewhat annoyed, orange cat man. He even comes complete with tail and sharp little claws on each finger. He’s wearing what appears to be some kind of burger joint uniform. MTT labels decorate it heavily with a little icon of a robot. He picks his hat off the ground wincing as he bends over.

“So…” He takes in the humans lying on the ground. “What are ya some kind of freaky human who thinks their a good person for helping monsters.”
He pats his hat but the stains remain. It'll have to be washed with stain remover to get them out.

“I don’t remember humans being able to use magic?” he questions nervously.

You lock your eyes onto his. Feeling your body react automatically.

“Nah, I’m pretty sure I’m just so scary they both passed out.”

You wait, but nothing happens. Frick, you can’t hypnotize this guy. Crap, there's gonna be a witness. This is why you need to experiment on monsters. You don’t know how their strange anatomy's gonna react to you. Try to deflect. Come up with something good.

“Heh, And I’m a cute little kitten. But hey if you don’t want to talk about it I won't say anything little buddy.” He smiles nervously, whiskers quivering.

“About what?”

“Bingo! Monsters always pay their debts. Don’t like to owe nobody nothin’.”

He keeps giving you nervous glances. Hopefully he didn’t see too much. You made the bite quick. He was probably huddled over the whole time…. Probably.

“So... uhh, I’m just gonna head on my way then,” he says holding his hat nervously.

“Wait! we have to call the police on these guys, they were assaulting you.”

He snorts.

“Police could care less if a monster gets assaulted, it would be better if we all just went on our way and pretended this didn’t happen.”
You fold your arms.

“NO...”

He flinches at your hostile body language.

“Listen little buddy, monsters aren’t really on the list of important things in the city right now, if you can't tell.” he looks annoyed.

“Thats nice, I don't care. The police are going to show up, they are going to take statements, and you are going have the option to press charges.” You point your finger at him menacingly. “I don’t pay my taxes so they can pick and choose when to do their job. Monsters have legal citizenship in this state. If you make a law it's their job to enforce it, no questions asked.”

He stairs at you for a moment, unsure how to answer. You already have your phone out calling a number on speed dial.

“Now sit your cute little kitten butt down and wait while I make a call.”

He looks torn over what to do. You can tell he wants to leave, but the fear in his eyes are holding him back. With a sigh he relents and sits down on a nearby bench, playing with the brim of his hat.

After a few rings a familiar voice answers the phone.

“Officer Donald speaking.”

“Heeeey its me... got another one for you.”

The man on the phone sighs. "Again, what part of, stop going out to dangerous parts at night don’t you understand. I thought I told you to stop playing vigilante.”
“I thought I told you I’m allergic to the sun and enjoy long walks on the beach, and there aren’t any beaches.”

“Fine fine, where are you at.”

“Bushy path place in the park, got some guys who were kicking another dude for fun.”

He goes over protocol about what to do while you wait for him, and hangs up. He should be over shortly. The police station's pretty close to the park as well, so the walk isn’t long. You move guy one and two next to the park bench and sit down near the monster.

“I never got your name by the way.” you say relaxing on the bench.

“Its…. uhh…. Well people call me Burgerpants.” He takes on a sheepish grin.

“….wut… hahaha” you burst out laughing.

“...Nickname I got while working at the Emporium.”

“Ohhh, that makes sense. My name's Y/N” You wait for an answer back...

“You uhh really don’t have magic or anything right?” he looks worried now.

“Nah, they just got really scared, it actually happens to me a lot…. The whole people passing out thing.”

There was a tick of silence as he processes what you say.

“Why are you helping me? Is there something you want?” He glances at you nervously.

“Come on, you can’t be telling me that every human you’ve met above ground has been a complete
and total jerk except me. There are bad people in the world, but there are good ones too. Probably more good than bad actually.”

"Tch... whatever ya say little buddy. Ya sure I don't gotta owe ya for this?"

"How about you give me a cute little meow and we call it even."

"W-what!" His ears fly back as he glares at you.

"Ha ha hah. Kidding kidding. I really don't need anything. I don't even know why you think I would want something from you."

His ears slowly move forward as his frown shrinks. He fidgets with his hat some more before he answers.

“W-well... It's just, where I come from people don't really help each other out much, so it's a little surprising.”

“Ahh yeah, I've heard about that from someone else. I was wondering if you guys became cannibals underground or something.”

“Phhhh what!, no that's not... no nothing like that, hahahaha, ahh man little buddy, you have one crazy imagination…. Though I guess it kinda was like-.” His face grows dark but then lightens after a moment. “Generally when someone does something nice for someone else it's cause they want a favor. How bout this. You come into the Emporium sometime and I'll get you a free meal, on me.”

“Uhh sure I guess, but really I didn't do it expecting anything in return. If anything it was because I could and it was fun.”

“You really are a strange one little buddy.” He says looking off into the distance.

Officer Donald arrives a moment later, his partner in tow. You lift your hypnosis on guy one and two, letting them wake up. He takes a look at Burgerpants, and then looks at the two guys slowly waking from the ground. A strained look passes his face, but he seems to suppress it.
You and Burgerpants give statements while the two are handcuffed and told to lie on the ground. Afterwards Donald pulls you aside.

“You do realize you called me out here for a monster case?” he whispers.

“Oh, so what, you get to pick and choose when to uphold the law now.”

“It's not me who's picking, if a case like this comes in, it will be dismissed immediately once they see it involves a monster victim.”

“Yeah, well just write it in as a young twentysomething person, they won't know.”

“You know I’m not allowed to do that. It's required by law to give a proper description. They'll find out anyway once he shows up in court.”

“Fine then I change my statement, I was attacked as well.”

He gives you a look that tells you he does not want to deal with this.

“Yeah, make it so I have to show up as a victim too. The court can’t ignore a case involving a poor pitiful woman being assaulted at night by a couple of guys.”

“And were you assaulted by these to men? They look more like you assaulted them.”

“Excuse me, a dainty lady such as myself would never be able to harm a hair on anyone's head. I felt very much in danger when I approached to break up the fight, they could have hurt me and had their way with me at any time if they both didn’t pass out right at that moment.”

Officer Donald places his palm across his eyes clearly annoyed.

“Are you really going to do this?”
“Oh yeah, I’m doing this, I claim that felt I was in danger when I broke up Mr. Thomas O’Malley’s fight over there, and those two males meant me harm.”

Officer Donald sighs one last time and writes down something on his sheet. He then approaches Burgerpants and they have a conversation. After a moment Burgerpants looks your way in surprise. You grin evilly back. Guy one and two are asked to stand as the officers leave with their wards in front. They are very disoriented.

Burgerpants stands there awkwardly for a moment before turning to leave.

“See you in court Burgerpants!” You shout at his retreating figure.

You pull out your phone and check the time. Dang it's late. As you make your way home, you let your mind wander over what happened. It’s pretty sucky that monsters can’t even get protection from the police. You’re pretty sure if a monster had started a fight they would be punished with full charges. Hopefully with you going to court Burgerpants would get some restitution. Maybe people would start getting the message that the police will arrest you if you mess with ANY citizen in that manner.

You really hope Burgerpants didn’t see you bite that guy. At least you think he didn’t see it. He hadn’t said anything to the police. If he did see it, hopefully he thinks it was just some weird human take down move. He already promised not to tell anyone anyway so it wasn’t that big a deal.

It’s good to know that vampiric hypnosis doesn’t work on monsters though. Or maybe it was just him. You’re going to have to be careful about monsters being around next time. Maybe you should change cities. Go to one without monsters who are impervious to your abilities. You really can’t afford the cleanup of people finding out you're a vampire. For now you're stuck where you are. When your property's finished you'll asses if this is still a problem, then think about moving.

Chapter End Notes

This will probably be one of the last chapters that doesn't include Sans in it. I felt it was important to set up relationships with other charters so that reader would have stuff to do in the later chapters. Looking forward to all of you reading this, and having a good time. I'll admit every time someone says this makes them happy, I get happy as well. I'm glad to make something that people enjoy.
A Present For Sans

Chapter Summary

You really can't help yourself. Sometimes lonely people just need a friend in the shape of a fluffy object. No its not a cat....

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You're a terrible person. You're a sadistic horrible mean terrible person. But you can’t help yourself.

It's a little past noon and you're walking home after going to the mall to pick up some of the new amiibos that came out. On your way home you passed by a specific store and couldn’t help yourself. The idea was just too good.

You have in your hands a blank full length body pillow. You found the perfect cover for it in the store and couldn’t resist buying it. It had one of those little anime girls on each side. Some sort of underaged looking cat eared girl, holding a pie. You were gonna get a little boy one, but she was holding a pie. You couldn’t resist echoing the last words you said to your neighbor before you logged off. “Your as easy as pie, a nice delicious cherry pie I can eat right up.”

Glee moves through your whole body as you think about how good this joke is. Hopefully he looked up waifu pillows or the joke wouldn’t work quite as well. You were gonna do it regardless. Maybe you should leave a note just in case he doesn’t get it.

As you near your apartment complex you keep watch on his door for any sign of movement. It looks the same as it always does, private and uninviting. Unlocking your door, you set down the plastic covered pillow and put your bags on the couch. You get out a pair of scissors and open the packaging on the items. You pull the cover on the pillow staring at your work. How people buy these as anything but a joke is beyond you. You’re snickering just looking at it. You finish the whole thing off by attaching a note.

“I heard you were lonely so I got you a cherry pie -RadBrad”

You open your door quietly and look around. The coast clear, you grab the pillow and set it on his doormat ringing the doorbell. Quietly going back to your own apartment to hide. You hold your door open slightly so he won’t hear it shut and wait. Nothing happens. Crap, he isn’t home. After
a few minutes you shut your door fully and lock it. He'll see it when he comes home.… Right?

You jump online and spend some time with your online friends. It turns out they want to play some console exclusives. You're a couple hours in when you hear a commotion outside your apartment. You quickly turn the sound down and listen, telling your teammates you have something to take care of.

Sans

Papyrus walks ahead of Sans carrying bags of groceries. Boss insisted they go shopping together when he learned all Sans had in his house was mustard and leftover fries.

“I WILL NOT BE EATING YOUR DISGUSTING FILTH ON OUR FAMILY DINNER NIGHTS SANS. YOU MAY THINK ITS ALRIGHT TO WALLOWS IN GREASE, BUT I WILL NOT TOLERATE EATING LIKE AN ANIMAL.”

“Don’ worry Boss, this time I mustered forgot to ham more selection, won’t happ’n again.”

“SANS!, DO NOT DEFLECT THIS DISCUSSION WITH YOUR IDIOTIC PUNS. I AM ALLOWING YOU TO LIVE BY YOURSELF UNDER THE ASSUMPTION YOU CAN TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF! THAT MEANS EATING, SLEEPING, GOING TO WORK, CLEANING, AND BATHING PROPERLY.”

Papyrus gestures wildly through each word shaking the bags for emphasis. Sans is visibly flinches away from Papyrus’s gestures.

“H-hey, hey, I-I’ve been doin’ all those things Boss. Even got the place all nice'n shiny fer ya v-visit, jus’ haven’t had'a time ta shop for foods'all.”

“What I saw earlier was hardly passable for clean. There had better be a marked improvement next week or there will be… consequences.”
“Ya got it Boss, spick'n span. Not'a sock in sight, all the laundry folded'n put away.”

They begin walking up the stairs to the apartment.

“GOOD, AND DON’T FORGET NEXT WEEK IS YOUR TURN TO COOK. IT OBVIOUSLY WILL NOT BE THE FIVE STAR RESTAURANT QUALITY OF MY SKILL LEVEL—”

Papyrus poses while walking.

“But at least make sure it is edible and free of your filthy grease.”

“I-I already got'a idea of what to make Boss, don’ worry i-it’ll be great.”

“It had better. As brother to the great and terrible Papyrus, I will not tolerate your poor habits tainting my—”

Papyrus stops dead in his tracks. Sans nearly crashing into him. They're both standing in front of his apartment door.

“...SANS, WHAT IS THIS?”

“Whut’s what Boss?”

“This?” Papyrus picks up the body pillow like a dead rat, shaking it in Sans face.

“What is this grotesque image of a young female human adorning this object, and why is it on your doorstep?”

If San’s face could get any paler than it naturally was, it would.
“Fuck, I-I don’t know B-Boss, it ain’t mine!”

Papyrus snatches the note from the pillow and searches it with his sockets.

“Oh really, this note attached seems to say otherwise. Who is this rad... Brad and and why do they think you are lonely? I know it is hard to be apart from my amazing presence sans, but it hasn’t even been a whole week.”

San’s soul twists with anger and fear. Ohh, he looked up waifu pillows after that day. They were some kind of kinky human toy or some shit. How did that snotty little brat know where he lived? Was he somewhere nearby? Was he watching him right now? Why wouldn’t he leave him the hell alone? Did the little fucker want something from him? Did he have something against monsters. No... he didn’t seem to know he was a monster.

Ohhhh, when he finds out who this little shit really is, he’s gonna..... STOP. “Stop this train of thought right now,” Sans yells at himself. That type of thinking was supposed to be left underground. There was to be no more killing above ground, he promised the kid that. They all promised. He got to see the stars, feel the sun on his... bones, breathe fresh air. He had his own place now. His relationship with his brother was improving. Throwing all that away because of one little brat would be stupid.

“I...It’s just a prank some jerk’s playin’, Boss.”

Papyrus unlocks the door and hurries into the apartment, clearly not wanting to be caught outside with the offensive object.

“Really, because it reminds me quite accurately of the horrid filth Alphys worships. I have tolerated many of your faults in the past, sans. But having affections for fictional humans is a new major low.”

Sans shuffles into his apartment behind Papyrus, closing the door.

“W-what!” The embarrassment creep into Sans face as he looks at his brother. “I-I got no damn interest in that thing. I told’ja someone’s pulling a prank.”
“WELL IT DOESN’T SEEM LIKE A VERY GOOD ONE. THIS PERSON COULD REALLY USE SOME DIRECTION IN THEIR JAPES. A FLUFFY OBJECT ADORNED WITH A SICKENINGLY DISGUSTING HUMAN COULDN’T POSSIBLY STOP ANYONE. IT TOOK ME MERE SECONDS TO REMOVE IT FROM YOUR ENTRYWAY.”

“Hehehe… yeah Boss, it would take something much more deadly than a waifu pillow to stop the great’n terrible Papyrus.”

“A WHAT?”

“N-nothin’. Lets just uh…. throw that in the back where we don’t have to see it.”

Sans takes the pillow down the hall and tosses it into his room.

“How bout’cha start on that dinner, Boss. I haven’t had any of yer great lasagna for almost a week, all my poor eating habits have left me weakened.” Sans feigns weakness as he lazily sits on his couch.

“THAT’S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FILL YOUR BODY WITH WEAK GREASY FOOD. SUPERIOR EATING HABITS, SUCH AS MY OWN, ARE DESIGNED TO KEEP YOUR BODY STRONG AND ALERT. YOU ARE LUCKY I SUGGESTED THIS FAMILY MEAL DAY OR YOU WOULD HAVE WASTED AWAY TO DUST WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING.”

Sans smirks to himself. He had actually covertly convinced Papyrus to suggest the idea of family meals on Saturday himself. Sans needed some alone time away from his brother after all that had happened underground, but that didn’t mean he never wanted to see him again. It was just, all the changes were happening so quickly, and he’d been down there for so long. Years of resets made it feel like lifetimes spent underground. His life had become a never ending cycle of routine. Everything was always the same, over and over. And now, everything was new. His brother was trying to be a better person. There were humans everywhere. They hated monsters. At any moment his brother could die, and there would be no reset. He was overwhelmed by so much he shut down worse than ever. He stopped going outside, or taking care of himself. He ended up locked in his room all day, scared, and alone.

When Papyrus had enough he kicked down his door. They fought, but in the end Papyrus cried. Papyrus never cried. Papyrus the great and terrible, showing a sign of weakness for the first time in years. He apologized for his behavior underground. Apologized for the person he became. And Sans couldn’t take it. They had a heart to heart. Papyrus agreed to let Sans move out, on the
condition he would come and check on him during the week. Sans welcomed the time alone. Seeing his brother every day only made him more afraid, and he was tired of being afraid.

He promised Papyrus that he wouldn’t spend his time drinking and wallowing in self hatred, so he found another outlet. Music. The humans actually had some pretty good stuff. Music seemed to take the edge off without getting himself shitfaced, so he bought the loudest speakers he could find with what little money he had, and blasted his music every night. It probably annoyed his neighbor, they slammed on his wall the first few nights telling him to turn it down, but he couldn’t face the silence. Luckily they stopped trying and he could play it as much as he wanted now.

“SANS YOU SLOTH, YOU BETTER NOT BE SLEEPING DURING OUR FAMILY MEAL DAY, THIS IS AN IMPORTANT DAY AND I WILL NOT HAVE YOU MISSING ANY OF IT.”

Sans flinches from his thoughts.

“N-nah Boss, I was jus' resting my eyes”

“IF YOU HAVE TIME TO REST YOUR EYES, THEN YOU BETTER BE USING IT TO SET THE TABLE.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m on it Boss.” Sans activates his magic pulling dishes from the cupboards.

“AND THERE WILL BE NO LAZY MAGIC USE AT THE TABLE!”

Sans sighs to himself. “Whatever ya say Boss.”

Chapter End Notes

I fully enjoyed writing this chapter. Waifu pillows are always funny.
Your pretty little mother

Chapter Summary

Sans messages you and you slip up. Oops, how are you going to handle it?

Chapter Notes

This chapter ended up being really long. Thus I cut it in half and now its a little short.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The yelling seems to have died down, at least, you think it died down. Whoever was visiting that apartment did not have an indoor voice. You giggle a little at the snippets of conversation you hear about the pillow. You hadn’t expected someone else to find it first. It was just too good. That pillow was worth every penny you spent on it.

You rejoin your friends online telling them the story and they all laugh about it. You’re several hours in before you hear the music turn on. You have to turn your microphone off because the sound is carrying through and your friends are complaining. You decide you’ve played enough anyway, and get off taking a break.

The music switches and you hear God of Warframe start up again. Oh hoh hoh, he still hasn’t given up has he? You aren’t going to let him have any fun playing that game. Not unless he wants to play it offline. You turn down your volume and set up your console. You’re surprised to see a message in your inbox when you log in.

To: RadBrad86

Sender: RadSkull86

We need to talk

Heh... hes getting direct now. You quickly type a short message back.
Ah, you missed me that much, did you enjoy my gift?

You send it, and a moment later you get a message back.

To: RadBrad86
Sender: RadSkull86

How do u know where I live, what do u want from me, what can I do to make u leave me alone

You pause a moment. You absolutely do want something from him, but if you tell him, he'll know who you are. You really dug yourself into a corner. You decide to voice call him, so you send him a friend request. A moment later you get another message.

To: RadBrad86
Sender: RadSkull86

I'm not gonna be your friend dumbass

Sigh, this guy. You type up another message.

To: RadSkull86
Sender: RadBrad86
I’m not going to talk about this through messages, I’m trying to call you stupid, accept the friend request.

(RadSkull86 has accepted your friend request)

Prepping your voice you hit the call button on his name and wait for him to pick up. You hear some stomping and drawers slamming as he plugs in his headset. He turns down his music and, in the silence you hear a low growl answer.

“So what’ya want from me kid, spit it out?”

“Oh come on Skulls, you sure you don’t want to be friends?”

“Just tell me how ya seem to know where I FUCKIN live’n when I get on this STUPID game.”

“...A magician never tells their secrets.”

“Fuck, what is wrong with you kid, ya some sort of psycho spying on me, or are ya some kinda sick freak.”

You lay down on your couch checking your phone, nothing new. You toss it on the pillow next to your head. You're having a hard time playing the obnoxious kid, you take a moment to think of a good answer.

“I mean, yeah, it is pretty funny.”

“FUCK YOU kid!, I am going to figure out who ya are. N’if ya think ya can just mess with people'n not have any consequences then you are D...E...A...D   W...R...O...N...G.”

“Once again with the threats, you really need to chill out man, learn to take a joke. Listen life-”
….And you are cut off by your cell phone ringing. Loudly. Right next to your head. That currently has a headset on it. With a microphone. Talking to your neighbor. With paper thin walls.

Crap Crap Crap Crap Crap!

You're eyes widen in slow motion as you move to turn off your phone as quickly as possible, hopefully he didn't hear it through the wall and headphones. Hopefully he doesn't make the connection... The number's unknown, who's even calling you at this time of night?

You listen on your headphones but you only hear dead silence, and then…

“Heh... heh... heh... heh... oh kid, yer in for such a Bad time.” His low voice chuckles, and it reminds you of the sound a hunter makes when they finally catch their prey.

Double Crap!

You’re halfway across the room turning off your TV when you hear angry banging on the door. You already have an idea formed as your flip off the tv and approach the door.

“Get out here kid! I know you're in there. Don’ worry I ain’t gonna hurt'cha... much.”

You take a calming breath and ready yourself at the door. You aren't scared of some angry neckbeard. You're ready to finally face this jerk and tell him just what you think of his awful music. You throw open the door in an angry fit.

“What do you want with my son! you… you....... Monster...?”

The guy standing before you is not an angry neckbeard. In fact he probably couldn’t grow a beard if he tried. Or hair either. Instead you're met with two pinpricks of red light looking up at you through pits of black. It's a monster. A short stocky skeleton monster. Complete with black fur lined hoodie, and basketball shorts. His favorite color's red, he's covered in it. Maybe he likes that it matches the pinpricks of light burning in each socket. He practically looks like something straight out of hot topic. And you thought your species was supposed to be edgy. His little lights strain to look up at you as your door swings open silently, bony fist still frozen in the air, mid swing. His skull barely reaches your stomach.
“Uhh I…. uhh.” He stammers, still holding his fist up. He wasn't expecting a full grown woman to answer the door.

You notice one of his sharp teeth is missing, replaced with a gold counterpart. He starts to sweat…?

You break out of your confusion first, and lean against the doorframe, arms folded, looking menacing, “Care to tell me why there's an angry monster knocking at my door in the middle of the night saying he is going to hurt my son? Maybe I should call the police.”

His eyelights dilate when he hears the word police, and he finally moves. “W-Wait! Don’t do that Lady, I was jus…” He finally brings his hands down, and starts scratching at his arm, sweating as he tries to figure out what to say next. He was not expecting a tall angry mother to open the door. “I-I jus’ need ta talk to your kid’s all, he's been p-playn’ some pranks'n I-”

“My little angel is sound asleep!” You say, cutting him off. "And even if he wasn’t, I wouldn’t call him out for a such a dangerous and rude monster like you.”

You watch his face flinch at the term little angel as he tries to nervously come up with a better excuse. He refuses to meet your eyes.

“M'not gonna do anything bad I jus’... need ta talk's all.”

He swallows. He's trying to look around past you but you move to block his view. Good, he's buying it.

“I’m not going to wake up my son. You play your terrible music as loud as you can all night long and we both hardly get any sleep as it is. I’m this close to calling the police about a noise complaint, but it looks like I can add attempted assault on my child as well.”

“D-Don’ do that… I'll keep it down…” His eyelights move to the floor. "I-I... shit… p-please don’t call the police.” He says softly, scratching harder at his arm.

He looks like he's about to have a full on panic attack now. Staring at the ground, and sweating. His breathing starts to pick up. Why is a skeleton breathing? You have no idea. You’ve seen what a
panicked person looks like, but it's pretty interesting to see it on a skeleton. You decide to let up a little. The guy was loud and rude, but he hadn’t hurt anybody… yet. He was probably scared the police would actually take him to jail over something like this. They probably would too….

“Fine, but you'd better keep you music down, some people need to get their sleep.”

He nods his head his eyelights never leaving the ground. Silently he turns around, and walks to his apartment door. It was left open in his hurry over. He closes it quietly behind him once he's inside.

Once he's gone, you lean harder against the door frame as you breathe. It feels like your heart is about to explode. You can’t believe he fell for it. Not only that, you got him to agree to stop playing his horrid music. You shut your door, and slide to the floor in shock at what had just happened. You never would have guessed your neighbor was a monster. There seemed to be a lot of them popping up in your life recently. For a guy with such a low voice, he was so small. You bet he thought a little kid was gonna open the door and he would be able to intimidate them. Instead he got you, the 8th wonder of the world, giant woman.

He didn't turn his music back on, so your threat of calling the police must have worked. You decide to watch some movies and shows the rest of the night, so you flip your TV back on. As you're about to power down your console, you get a message.

To: RadBrad86
Sender: RadSkull86

Ur lucky your mom was there to save ur ass kid. u have to be alone at some point. and when u are, Ill be there. dont think u can hide behind your pretty little mother forever.

Chapter End Notes

I enjoyed writing this so much. Ahhh, the next chapter is going to be soooo good. Lets just say that next chapter Sans decides to get even, and well, its hard to get even with this reader. Shes way to cool....

I had a hard time figuring out how to write Sans messages. Hes too lazy to do punctuation, but without periods it was hard to read. I took out all the commas, capitals, and apostrophes and that helped. Also, I figured he would only use a little bit of chat speak, but it was just soooo painful writing any in at all.
Sans attempts to get payback against Brad.

You stare at the message, unbelieving. That little midget monster's still threatening you. Or... the fictional RadBrad character you made. Still, shouldn't he have given up. Just a moment ago he was having a full blown panic attack in front of your door, begging you not to call the police. You were even starting to feel a little sorry for him. Now, he's back on his high horse acting all tough and scary. Guess he thinks RadBrad wasn't telling his mom about playing video games in the middle of the night, so he can't tell her about the message. That sneaky little...

You switch your console over to playing some shows and settle into your couch, wondering how to keep this game up. He already knows what you look like. You could simply continue deflecting him every time he comes to the door. Make it seem like you were some kind of single mom who worked from home. Kids were supposed to be in school this time of the year. How about overbearing parent who homeschools their kid to keep them away from monsters like him. Hah, that would probably work.

Wait, why did it matter if he found out RadBrad was fake? You could just let him find out. As long as the threat of calling the police over his loud music was there, he should keep quiet. But, on the other hand, this joke is really really good. And you are really really bored. Heh, let's see how far you can take this. You only got a few months left before you move out anyway. It's not like he could do anything bad. Not to you at least.

After a few hours you're ready to head to bed. You flip off your console and tv, and march into the bathroom. You can’t get cavities, but you can have halitosis. You brush your teeth and change into some comfy pajamas. Slipping into bed you fall right asleep.

Sans hears the TV finally turn off next door late into the morning. Seriously how long does that bitch stay up. And she has the gall to blame his music for her lack of sleep. Oh, is he angry. That kid is going to get what's coming to him one way or another. He'd already thought up a pretty good plan. Nothing involving anything violent, he's still level headed enough to remember his promise.
Sans isn’t stupid enough to start a second war with the humans over some dumb ass obnoxious brat. Just some minor payback to teach humans not to mess with monsters. If he let a bunch of human kids walk all over him he would never be able to look Boss in the eye.

He shuffles into his room and searches around the floor, finding the offensive pillow a moment later. He turns it around looking at it. One side has the character looking cute and afraid, the other side… well, let’s just say it wasn’t very kid appropriate. He really hopes Boss hadn’t seen the back too clearly.

He tries to imagine the inside of his neighbor’s apartment. It has the same layout as his, so he needed to think of specific details. There was a fancy black leather couch and a cheap dinner table just inside the door. It should be enough to form a shortcut. Sans feels his magic gather, and the next moment, he’s standing inside your dark apartment right by the door gripping the pillow. He gives a smirk. Too easy.

He makes his way slowly through your apartment. Luckily, he’s still wearing his socks so his bone feet don’t clack loudly on the cheap plastic kitchen floor. He heads down the hall looking for the room he expects the kid to be in. All the apartments are built identically. An open kitchen/living room space by the entryway, and two bedrooms on one side of the hallway, with a bathroom at the far end of the hall. One of the bedrooms is designed to be more of a master bedroom, and is slightly larger. He skips that room and stands in front of the smaller bedroom. The door is shut.

He puts his hand on the handle, careful to prevent the clacking of bone on metal. He twists ever so slowly, listening for any noises, anything that would alert him someone was awake. The door finally clicks open and he pushes it gently.

“Skreeeeeeeeek.”

Fuck these stupid cheap human apartments and their lack of oiled door hinges! He is so close to bailing out. All he has to do is think it, and he could be outta here with one of his shortcuts. He lets go of his breath slowly. No sound, nothing is moving, nobody even knows he’s here. Stay calm. Don’t panic. You got this. A couple’a stupid humans don’t scare you. Just go in there and put the pillow down, then teleport out. Mommy bitch will see it in the morning, and RadBrad will get in trouble. Breathe, just breathe.

He pushes the door with a little more force, hoping the added speed will keep it from screeching so loudly.

“Skeek.”
It only squeaks a little as it swings wide enough for him to peer inside. All he can see are boxes. There's stacks of them all along the back wall. Where's the bed? Where's the kid? This is wrong! He feels his panic rising. Is he in the right apartment? He's sure this was the right place. The couch was the same… the table. Maybe he went into someone else's place by mistake. But that doesn't make sense.

As he starts to step away from the door, two long arms move out of the shadows and pull him into a headlock from behind. One of the hands sprays something into his face.

“Gahhhh!” he screeches, pulling against the arms.

It burns. Holy hell it burns! His vision blurs up. He can't see. Shit, fuck, shit!

Sans chomps down on the closest arm as hard as he can.

“Ouch, frick that's sharp!”

The arms release their hold on him, and he dashes away, activating his magic for a teleport. Feeling the familiar weightlessness as he moves through the void.

“Fwump!”

He slams into a solid object.

“FUCK!” He can’t think straight. His sockets are watering. Did he make it back? How is he suppose to know? It burns, it burns so much. What the hell sort'a attack is this? He only has one HP plus his bonus from sleeping. He hasn’t slept much lately so he doesn’t have the full bonus. How much damage has this done? Is he blind for good? He feels like it's getting harder and harder to breathe. Is he dying? Why did he move away from Boss. He's weak, and he knows it. It only takes one hit to dust him. He may have a lot of magic, but with only one HP, a surprise attack will do him in.

Sans crawls across the floor trying to get his bearings. He tries to open his sockets, but the tears won't stop. Everything burns so much! Why can't he breathe! Everything's on fire!
“So now I have you at threatening to hurt a child, disturbing the peace, and breaking and entering!”

A voice yells from above.

Shit, he's still in her apartment. He summons his magic for another teleport, but it isn't working. Whatever's happening to him, it's messing with his shortcut. If you can't focus, you can't use magic. Every monster knows that. He can’t get away and he's terrified. She’s gonna call the police, he's gonna go to prison, human prison. They torture people there, he only has one HP. He can’t handle the torture. Humans don’t understand HP. Shit, he's gonna die in prison and leave Boss all by himself. Why did he decide to live alone?!

“You're actually feeling pretty bad for the little guy, he looks so pathetic. He did just break into your apartment which really shouldn’t be excused. You can’t go around breaking the law to get back at a little kids. You notice he brought the pillow with him. You wonder what he was gonna do to the kid if there was one... and you hadn’t caught him first.

You decide to cut him some slack…. For now. Sending this guy to the police would probably be a near death sentence, and you don’t want to go to court one day defending a monster, and another day accusing one. Your arguments would look pretty stupid.

You sigh before reaching down to help him up, grasping at his shoulders. "Come here and-

“D-don't fuckin' touch me!” He snarls as he swats blindly at your gesture.

You sigh again in annoyance. “I'm trying to help you.”

“No! L-leave me the fuck alone ya freak!” He scrubs furiously at his sockets as he folds into a tighter ball.
“You need to wash your eyes out… eye sockets…? And your face and nose.”

You reach down again and grab under his armpits through his swats. He bites down on your other arm this time. You don’t relent. It hurts but it’s nothing you haven’t dealt with before. You pull him up with his teeth still in your arm, and start dragging him to the bathroom. He’s really light, like hardly 30lbs. He flails around harder, clawing at your arms, snarling and growling.

“Put me down ya bitch! Get your disgusting hands off me!” Somehow he can speak without moving his jaw…?

His hand smacks against your face leaving a small gash down your cheek. Alright, you don’t have to take this. You wrap the arm with his teeth still in it around his chest, freeing your other arm to grab one of his. “Come here and just!... Stop clawing me!” You shout once his arms are more securely pinned.

He thrashes around harder, growling, scared of what you are gonna do. His ribs contract and expand against your body as he practically hyperventilates. Strange red tears continuing to stream down from his tightly closed sockets as he tries to fight you.

“Leggo, Shit stop! D-Don't touch me ya asshole!” He screeches trying to get out of your grasp. "I'll fuckin' kill ya, ya phycho bitch! Put me down!"

Your hold only tightens as he struggles. Thrashing uselessly against you he tries to squirm from your grasp. After a few more seconds, he slows and starts to cough as the pepper spray burns into his face.

“Alright, alright, calm down.” You say slowly. "I'm not gonna call the cops if you calm down and stop biting me.”

He deflates at this. His whole body relaxing in your hold. His shirt and jacket ride up and you let your curiosity get the best of you as you take a look. Yep, he’s full skeleton under there as well. There’s nothing but a spinal bone. He continues to sniff and shake against your arms as his breathing slows. Wait... why does he even have to breathe? He shouldn't have any lungs.

“Wh-What'ja do ta me?” he chokingly asks in between breaths. Red liquid dripping from his nose.

“I sprayed you with pepper spray, it's a defensive spray used to cause temporary blindness and
swelling in the eyes.. sockets? It forces your sinuses to run making it hard to breathe. All you have to do is wash it out and you'll be fine in a few minutes.”

“....ya... cough cough....ya really won’t call the police.” he hacks out between breaths.

This guy is really afraid of the police, are they that bad to monsters?

“If you promise to calm down and talk to me about some things, I promise not to call the police.”

“...k.” He says passively.

He slowly unlatches his teeth from your arm and you smirk. You have a feeling this angry guy is nothing more than a big baby… or a small baby…. A short baby? Ragebaby.

“First we gotta wash out your face, I’m pulling you into the bathroom.” You say as you start walking again.

Being so light, he's easy to maneuver. You have him kneel in front of the bathtub with his head over the edge while you unhook the shower head and snake it into the bath. You let the water warm up, before handing it over to him. The spray reaches all the way to the back of his skull. Water falling through his sockets and out other openings of his head. What is he even cleaning out? How did this stuff work on someone without eyes?

“Monsters are weird...” You say.

“Wh-What?” he sputters. Continuing to wash out his face.

There's a little pink mixed in the water from the bites he gave you. You look at your arms. The bites are already almost gone. There's only light pink spots where the teeth sunk the deepest.

“I said I’m getting a towel, keep washing out your face, and make sure to get everything out of your nose hole as well.” You say as you walk away.
You come back with a towel and put it down on the toilet next to him. He's spilled some water on the floor and soaked his entire neckline, but it seems like he's able to breathe properly now. You want to pat his back, give him some sort of physical comfort, but you can tell he's not the touchy feely type, so you keep your hands to yourself.

Getting pepper sprayed in the face hurts pretty bad. When you discovered someone was in your apartment you pulled it out. You've always wanted to try this on someone and, considering your newfound information that vampiric hypnosis doesn't seem to work on monsters, this was a perfect opportunity. You're a pacifist and prefer to solve things nonviolently if possible.

The little skeleton finally starts to calm, and you lean against the doorframe waiting for him to finish.

“S-So where's yer brat at?” he asks, water still washing over his face.

“What?”

“Yer kid.”

Oh, crap, you forgot about that. Is he still trying to go after RadBrad?

“He's... around.” You answer.

“Do humans usually sleep in their mom's bed at his age?”

“Why would he be sleeping in my bed?”

The skeleton turns off the water and pulls the towel to his face, scrubbing at it harshly.

“Didn’t see'a bed inna other room, S’gotta sleep somewhere.”

“Care to tell me why you're in my house looking for him in the middle of the night?” You demand.
“N-Noth’n bad, jus’.... returning sumthin’ he forgot on my doorstep.” He says through the towel.

You suck in your breath smiling at him wickedly. May as well end this joke here. It’s really getting out of hand.

“But RadSkull, I gave you that gift out of the kindness of my own heart, how can your reject my love.” You say in your 12 year old kid voice.

He stops mid scrub holding the towel in place on his face.

“..............FUCK!” He yells as he connects the dots. He leans over, towel still covering his face. “FUCKING SERIOUSLY!” He moans into the towel.

Hahahaha, You burst out laughing, you can’t contain yourself. It pours out from you as you watch him lament into the towel. You can hardly breathe. Hahahaha! You slide down the doorframe holding your sides. “Ohhhh, come on little skulls heheheh, you know it's funny.” You say wiping at your tears as you laugh.

He squats down lower pulling up his hood in embarrassment. Towel still muffling his groans.

“Mrahhhhhhhhhh……. Fuck! all this shit over some damn music?”

He still won’t lift his head from the towel. You still won't stop laughing.

When he finally does come out after your laughs have died down his face is splotchy and glowing bright red. Heh...? so skeleton faces can change color. You don’t remember spraying him that far down the face though. He looks up at you with a mixture of pure hatred and embarrassment.

“Ya done.” He spits, stretching his mouth to show more of his serrated teeth.

This only spurs you into another bout of laughter. Luckily, you're able to calm yourself more quickly this time.
“If yer’re just gonna sit there’n laugh, then I’m leaving.” He growls, marching past you into the hallway.

“Heheheh, wait!” You shout after him.

He swivels on the spot snarling. “What!?"

“We still need to have our little discussion.”

He folds his arms defensively. “Yeah, sure, whatever.” His eyelights move to the ground.

You take a moment to think of what to say as he grows more impatient.

“Spit it out! What'ya want from me.” He finally demands.

“The music thing, it—”

He cuts you off rolling his eyelights. “Yeah, yeah, I’ll stop playing it.”

“Just after 10:00pm actually, anytime before that’s ok, just don’t get too loud.”

He stares at you dumbfounded. You're actually giving him time to have it on?

“And uhh….” You feel a little heat in your cheeks. “T-Try to keep your private time a bit… quieter.”

“My what…!?" His face fills in all the blotchy areas with red when he realizes what you mean. “I-I ain’t been doing that shit!”

“I can hear you moaning at night through my walls."
“That's not what I’m doing!” He practically snarls in disgust.

“Then what are you doing?”

“N-Not fuckin' that!” He stomps his foot to make a point. “Shit ya humans'r so fuckin' gross. Fuckin' making these nasty ass pillows'n imagining shit all'a time.”

“Well whatever you're doing try to keep your moaning and panting down at night.”

If his face could turn any redder it would.

“Shit, fine! s’that all!” He pushes his hands into his pockets.

“Yeah... uh.... you have anything for me?” You ask.

“N-No, just leave me the hell alone! No more putting shit on my doorstep where my bro can see it.”

“Wait wait wait, that was your brother who found it?” Aaand you're back to a laughing fit again.

“F-fuck you!” He yells, storming over to your door and pulling on the handle. It doesn’t budge, it's still locked.

“How did you get in here anyway, the doors still locked?” You ask between laughs.

Beads of red sweat slowly form on his skin.

“I... I locked it when I came in.” He says nervously.

“What? why would you do that?” You say, still chuckling.
But he's already unlocked the door and stepped outside.

“R-Reasons, just, shut up!”

He slams the door. Little footsteps indicating he marched off to his own apartment.

Who relocks a door when they break into someone's house before they've even had a chance to leave?

Chapter End Notes

When writing Sans, all I think of is, what would Vegita say.

Also I have another story if you like my style of writing. Its classic Undertale.

http://archiveofourown.org/works/8788804/chapters/20147431
It's not like I wan't to play games with you...

Chapter Summary

You need someone to play your new game with. Guess who its going to be?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You were practically skipping on your way home today. Today is Tuesday, the day new releases come out. You reserved a copy of Silent Space 4 collector's edition at the local game shop. It was waiting for you in the afternoon when you went to pick it up. Ahh man, you can’t wait to play it. There's even an awesome model of your favorite enemy included in the set. You already cleared a space on your stand for it. The detail and texture on the model's supposed to be top quality. It will probably be better than your two foot alien queen figure.

You unlock your door and step into your apartment. Throwing your bag and coat over the side of the couch, you pull the huge box out of your shopping bag. Carefully, so as not to damage the box, (It was beautiful by the way) you use a box cutter to cut only the plastic packing dots and slowly shimmy the contents out. You throw the styrofoam to the side, taking inventory of your prize. The actual game was still in its case wrapped in plastic. The rest of the contents included a soundtrack, key chain, button, sticker pack, art book, and of course, a full detailed model of the monstrosity. Its body was that of twisted humans melded together, with glowing violet eyes pooling out at different angles in different shapes. Its black legs dripping with filth, mouth posed mid scream spittle flinging from its gaping maw. So cool, they designed this enemy so well, you were happy that it was the enemy of choice when they picked which figure to include with the set.

You remove the plastic from the game and open the case. You pop the game into your console, (it was console exclusive, so no PC :( ) and start it up. There's an update for the game, but it wasn’t very large. You pass the time looking through the art book. When it finishes loading you're treated with the opening cutscene. After which, you're brought to the start menu. Crap, what's this? There is no single player option for the main campaign. Instead the game matches you with a random person online to play through the levels....

Yeah nope. You're not playing one of your favorite game series with some random stranger. You message your online friends to see if they're available. They don’t have the game yet..... Oh... You forgot you're usually the one who buys games the day they come out. You sit there, staring at the start screen, debating what to do. This is what you get for not having any local gaming friends. Maybe you could wait until SlyPancake gets paid next week and play it with him. But you were so excited. How bad can it be, playing with some random person online. Ughhh that would totally ruin the experience, you just know it.
Right then you hear the sound of your neighbor turning on his music. He must have just got home. Nooooo, you want to hear the game, not listen to this trashy music. Ugh. At least he kept true to the deal you made on Saturday. You only have to wait till after 10:00 to play it. Darn... you even finished your work as quickly as possible to play it as soon as possible.

Then a thought hits you. That monster dude plays games? Maybe? God of Warframe was the most popular FPS, so maybe he was the type who only played shooters and nothing else. You could always ask though. There was nothing wrong with asking.

You get up and go to the bathroom, straightening your hair trying to look presentable. On your way out you grab the game case. You hover in front of his door for a bit, thinking about what to say. The guy's explosive, so you need to be careful. You knock... and wait....

A low voice growls heavily from the other side. “I ain't buying whatever yer selling. Get the fuck outta here.”

You knock again. “Yo, Skulls... I got a question for you?” You say in the nicest voice possible.

The door inches open and the red burning glow of a singular eyelight looks up at you through the crack.

“What'ya want...?” He growls through the crack. Sharp teeth posed in a snarl.

You decide to start by initiating conversation

“You like games right?” You say smiling.

“Thought the deal was you leave me the fuck alone.” He says, glaring further.

“What type of games do you like?”

He gives you a scrutinizing glare through the crack before answering.
“Nunn'a...”

“Huh?”

“Nunna yer damn business, now fuck off!” He snarls.

Then he slams the door in your face. This is about what you expected from him, but you know from experience how to work these types. You knock twice again. Wait. No answer.

“You’re suppose to say, who's there.” You say through the door.

His music turns up louder.

“Al.” You answer loudly to yourself.

“Al who?” You imitate his low gravelly voice.

“Al buy you take out if you play this game with me.”

You wait a moment and then knock two times again preparing another one. You can do this all day, and you are prepared to until he cracks.

“Police.”

The door is thrown open in your face, beady red eyelights straining to stare up at you. For all his scary tough demeanor, it's amazing how short the guy is.

“I-I thought-”

“Police hurry up it's cold out here.” You cut him off.
He stands there staring at you like he’s never seen something so stupid and annoying in his life.

Slowly he brings his bony hand to his face, before sighing loudly into his palm. “Fuck… why won't'cha leave me alone? Ya some kinda weird freak?” He growls.

You hold the game up between you and him.

“This game's co op only and I need a second player. And as for your other question… I'm completely normal thank you.”

He’s utterly dumbfounded, hand still holding the doorknob as he eyes your face. His eyelights finally move staring down and to the side as he palms his face.

“What... what game is it?” He says in annoyance.

You hand him the case through the crack and begin to explain it.

“It’s Silent Space 4, one of the most scary series out there. You usually play as a space search and rescue unit that answers a call for help from another ship. When you dock all the people are dead, and you have to find any of the last survivors. Each game features a different sort of space disease or creature, and you have to figure out how to stop it. The games are famous for its ambient lighting and the fact that you-

“Wait wait wait..." He cuts you off. "So it's like a space game?"

Hes looking at you with interest instead of malice for once. Good.

“Yeah, you play as an engineer instead of a typical warrior or hero.”

He's thinking now, yes, you have him.
He sighs. “I'll have a triple bacon cheeseburger with large fry'n mustard special from Grillby’s, this game better not suck.”

He opens his door and shoves past you moving towards your apartment.

“What?”

“Ya said… that'cha would buy me takeout.” He says peeking behind himself as he walks.

“Oh yeah, sure, whatever, that's fine.”

“Good cause I ain’t playin' this shit wit'cha for free.”

You open your door for him as he enters your apartment.

“Shoes off please.” You say as he walks past the pile of shoes at your door. He rolls his eyellights and slides his little feet out, kicking the shoes into the pile with the rest.

“What's Grillby’s number? We can start the game while we wait.” You ask.

He rattles off the number and you punch it in. The phone rings twice before a bored raspy voice answers.

“This’s Grillby’s what'ya want?”

Wow the guy on the other end does not sound very friendly. Clanking pots and pans, and meat sizzling flow through the background.

“Uhh….Triple bacon cheeseburger and a large fry and mustard special.”

You lock eyes with the skeleton, silently asking if he wants anything else. He stays silent standing
awkwardly in your doorway and pretending to look at your vast collection of gaming figures as he waits.

“Huh…?” The guy on the phone pauses for a bit, and then continues. “S’that all?”

“Um... What do you have for drinks?”

They start listing off a bunch of stuff that sounds alcoholic.

“Do you have anything that isn’t alcohol?”

“Milkshakes ain't got any, we got chocolate, vanilla, 'n strawberry.”

“Put a strawberry milkshake in there as well. That's everything.”

“This for takeout?”

“Yes.”

“Where ya at?”

You list off your address and they pause at your apartment number.

“B2?”

“Yeah B2.”

“Heh, sure whatever sweetheart, say hi to Sans fer me will ya?”
“What?”

“One Sans special an’ a strawberry shake.” You hear yelled in the background.

It echos through the sound of fryers and dish washing. Then the phone hangs up. You look up from the call to see the skeleton still standing near your doorway awkwardly.

“You can sit down you know… Sans.” You say smirking.

“Wha, how’d’ja know?” He looks confused.

“Guy on the phone knew it was you, you must order from there a lot.”

“Ahh yeah...” He says quietly as he scratches the back of his head. You find the sound of bone scraping bone a little strange.

He sits lightly on the end of the couch closest to him as you plug in a second controller and load his profile. Then you start the intro video for the game a second time, letting him watch.

“Shit, that's some messed up shit right there.” He comments as he watches several people get mangled.

He starts sweating a little. Is he getting scared? Is the angry, swearing, sharp toothed, red eyed, skeleton monster sitting on your couch getting scared of a video game.... with monsters?

“I thought this was supposed ta be sci fi space game.” He says as he watches.

“It is. It's a scary sci fi space game, with monsters.”

You try to catch yourself saying that last word, but you fail. It comes out anyway.
“I’m a fucking monster! That ain’t nothin’ more’n a bunch a nasty ass human corpses.”

“Ehhh you're a magical monster, and that's a space monster.”

You do jazz hands with the word space.

He sighs and rolls his eyelights. You hear him growl something about 'fuckin' dumbshit humans' under his breath.

You both start the game with him choosing to play as the angry muscle character who specializes in fixing space engines, and you as the nerdy jokester who’s good with electrical wiring and understanding computers. You go through the in game tutorial. The game introduces the crew to you and, after fixing some minor issues on your spacecraft, the ship finally docks on the enormous station that’s sending out the S.O.S signal. You can hardly wait.

You get out and look around. The busted up ship is completely silent. Sans made some minor comments during the tutorial, but he's silent now as well. The low lighting is really creepy. You both make your way to a control center so you can start up the ship's emergency power. Suddenly, the lights flicker on and a grotesque version of a monster fused with the twisted form of dead humans lumbers out of the shadows.

“What the FUCK!, holy shit no!” Sans yells.

His character takes off running in the wrong direction.

“Skulls, turn around, you're going the wrong way.” You say.

“The hell I’m going the other way, shitty twisted human fucker back there.”

You start giggling. “You’re supposed to stay together in this game, it's designed to kill you if you split up.”

“Well get over 'ere I ain’t going that way.” He growls.
“But that's the wrong way.” You say, turning your character around to follow him.

“How'ja know what's the right way, ya said ya haven't played it?”

“I've played through enough of these games to know which way is the right way.”

You walk up behind his character.

“Here I’ll show you the-”

“FUCK!” He screeches, flinching in his seat.

Your character is brutally cut in half by Sans chainsaw and left to die bleeding on the floor. Both your screens go black.

“You just killed me!” You exclaim.

“Well, don’t fucking walk up behind me like that, shit!” He yells back.

“Holy crap! we haven't even fought anything yet and I’m already dead.” You complain, giggling some more.

He immediatly throws the controller down and makes to get up.

“NO!” You dive your body across the couch landing in his lap, pushing him down. You try and stop your giggling, but it's impossible. His bony legs dig into your chest a little as he struggles.

“Don’t leave…. The food hasn’t arrived yet.” You plead.

“I don’t even want to play this fuckin' game, s'not my fault I killed ya.” He practically screeches.
“I don’t care that you killed me. It's fine. Just keep playing, you’ll get the hang of it.”

He stops struggling. “Wait, ya ain't mad?” He gives you a weird look.

“No, but uhh, if you want me to be.” You reach up and flick his skull right between the sockets.

“There, punishment for your actions.”

The strangely expressive skeleton monster you currently have pinned to your couch gives you a look like you're crazy.

“Fine, just get your gross human body off me.” He growls.

“Hey, I have actual proof of you calling me, and I quote, 'pretty little mother'.”

“No I fuckin' did not!”

“Here I'll pull up the message.” You say, starting to navigate the menus.

“Fuck no, just get off me and let's play.” He says, trying to push you away.

You spare him the embarrassment of his messages and sit up. Restarting from the checkpoint. This time using your character to lead him through the level away from the abomination. You finally meet some of the lesser beginning monstrosities and begin clearing out the room. You come back while stomping all the dead bodies and find Sans standing near a wall. He didn’t even kill one.

“Did you just huddle in the corner the whole time?”

“.....I didn't fuckin' huddle...” He huffs. "I shot it in'a head and it didn’t die. I think the shitty games broken.”
“What, no.” You start giggling again. "You're suppose to shoot off the arms and legs to kill them. Weren't you following the tutorial earlier.”

“What? The fuck type'a twisted human shits are these?” You notice he doesn’t like to use the word monster for them.

“The type that don’t keep their central nervous center in their head, so shooting them there is pointless. The growths and the arms and legs are what kill them.”

You stomp the last baddie in front of him.

“Gross what'r ya doin'?" He flinches as he watches the innards flow from it.

“You gotta smash the bodies after you kill them or they can come back.”

“The hell, I ain’t gonna do that. Human corpses are disgusting.”

“No, you have to, for every one, it's like the unspoken rule, smash all the bodies after you kill them.”

“I said I ain’t gonna do it.”

You're 4 more checkpoints in and Sans was smashing all the bodies with a vengeance. It seems like the initial shock of the game had worn off and he was playing it like a champ. He was very audible in the way he played games, and you had to admit, it made it pretty fun.

“Shitty fucker, go to hell.” He yells as he kills another one.

“Skulls man, you gotta keep up, I killed like, six of them in the time you killed that spitter.”

“Shut up, I’ll kill shit at my own pace.”
He's also fun to tease.

“Alright alright, next place I'll kill like, half, then run around and let you take care of the rest.”

“Fucking no, quit treating me like an idiot’n just kill'um.”

At that moment the doorbell rings. It's probably the take out. You pause the game and get up to answer it, digging in your bag for some cash. You open the door to a large muscley wolf monster. He has brown fur, glistening fangs, and stands nearly six inches taller than you. Amazing considering your height.

“Delivery for Y/N?” He growls out.

“Yep.” You hand him the money and tell him to keep the change. He glances over at Sans who seems to be trying to hide behind the back of your couch.

“Have a nice night Sans.” He says. Then he winks at you, licks his lips, and leaves.

Sans approaches the table, still wearing his hood up, probably to hide his face. It’s red, bright red. It’s... actually kinda cute...?

You find your milkshake and hand the rest of the bag to Sans, who begins to unpack it. He pulls out an enormous three layered burger stuffed to the brim with bacon and cheese, and absolutely dripping with mustard. Next to it is a box of fries covered with mustard, and an entire bottle of yet more mustard.

“You must really like mustard?” You say as you watch him grin at the food.

“I really mustard, if ya hadn't noticed already.”

You stare at him. He stares back. The red from before slowly begins creeping back into his cheeks.
“T-That all yer eatin’.” He says, pointing at your milkshake.

You look at your cup, it was bigger than you were expecting, you probably couldn’t finish the whole thing.

“I’m not a heavy eater, I’m more into drinking.” You say, tapping the frozen drink. He stares for a moment, confused.

“Oh… r-right…?”

“Do you need something to drink? a glass of water or….”

You trail off as he smiles wickedly and pops off the mustard cap. He downs a third of it keeping his eyelights on you the whole time.

“Hahaha, ok nevermind.” You say as you watch the bizarre display.

“Tch... come'on. That didn’t even faze ya. Not even a little.” He looks miffed at your lack of response. Then he takes another drink from the bottle.

“I have a cute angry red magical skeleton in my house who expects me to be fazed by drinking mustard.”

“Phuuuuuuu” He nearly spits his mustard everywhere as he covers his mouth. His cheeks burning a deep crimson. "W-What?"

“Hahaha, and that's how you faze someone.” You say, laughing as you take another small spoonful of your shake.

“Tch, don’t go saying weird shit like that.” He growls, pulling out a napkin.

“What, that it's weird you're a magical skeleton” You say, grinning even harder.
“Ya know what I mean.”

He buries his red face in his burger. It's strange watching him eat, he doesn’t really use his teeth for chewing. The food just kinda, goes into a black void behind them, never to be seen again.

You finish about half your smoothie by the time he finishes his entire meal.

“Let’s see, you still owe me at least a couple more checkpoints for that meal.”

“Yeah, yeah, sure whatever.” He waves his hand dismissively before getting up and wandering over to the couch. You quickly scoop the remains of the meal in the trash as he walks away.

“Ya gotta lot’a this stuff.” He calls from the other room.

He's standing in front of your collection of games and figures stacked on your entertainment center.

“Yeah, I love it. It makes the passing of time enjoyable”

“Huh....”

You sit down on the couch and he follows. Unpausing the game you continue from where you left off.

“So…. did you guys ever make any games when you were underground?” You're curious. A game made by a monster would be very interesting.

“Kinda….. We got a lot'a yer trash when it fell down. Fixed it up'n got it to work'n shit. I think a few people programmed stuff when games like pong'n centipede fell. But... uhh... monsters, didn’t spend alot'a time making games ya know. Wasn’t viewed very highly to sit round' play’n games'n watching shit all day. Life was pretty fucked up down there so we didn’t really have the time ta waste it.”
“Ohh, that makes sense.” His face was mimicking some other monsters you've talked to. Something really bad did happen down there.

“Couldn’t believe the stuff ya humans made up here. We were still using super nintendo games so... it was pretty crazy when I saw all’a the stuff’n the store.”

“Ahhhh, that would have been so fun to see for the first time.”

“I-It was, I actually went'n bought'a console cause, ya know, it was so cool'n all that. They told me the God of Warframe game was the most popular, guy at'a store was actually pretty chill with me bein’a skeleton'n shit.”

“Well yeah, gamers probably love the fact that magical monsters are real.”

“Really, why? Don’t most yer games have ya killin' monsters'n shit?” His face looks dark.

“Killing, Befriending, Taming, Loving, it can be anything really, I think people are just glad they get to interact with you, even if you’re a little rough around the edges.”

“Doesn’t feel like ya wanna interact with us.” He looked downcast, like he was remembering something.

“Well if you act how you did with me when you moved in they won’t, and sure there will always be people who won’t like you for some reason, but I think most people want to talk and learn about monsters if you give them a chance.”

“Tch... Ya make it sound like it's so easy.”

“I mean it sort of is, you’re in my house playing video games a week after we were yelling at each other through a wall. All I had to do was buy you a sex pillow and pepper spray you in the face.” He looks flustered at the memory.

“S-Shut it.”
“Oh wait that wasn’t it, I just had to buy you a meal to get you into my house, your pretty cheap Skulls.”

“leave me alone, ya don’t understand the power of Grillby’s. He shut off my tab once we moved above ground.”

“You had a tab! How often do you eat there?”

His face grins just thinking about it. Golden tooth glistening as he answers.

“Nuff.”

“Oh, shit, yeah, fuck it’s late. I should… I should get going.” He puts the controller down and gets up looking awkward.

“Okay, I know monsters are magic, and your food is magic, but won’t eating greasy burgers and fries eventually do something bad.”

“Heh, Gotta put meat on my bones somehow.” He grins even further, gesturing to himself proudly.

“….I don’t even know how to respond to that.”

He laughs, straight up laughs at you. This is the first time you’ve seen him smile, and on someone who's so angry and mopey, it looks great.

“I think this is a good place to stop for the night.”

You just hit a checkpoint and noticed the time, nearly 3 in the morning. You're pretty sure this guy needs more sleep than you. He was enjoying the game so much, he probably hadn’t noticed how late was.

“Oh, shit, yeah, fuck it's late. I should… I should get going.”

He puts the controller down and gets up looking awkward.
“Um, I should uh….” He balances back and forth on his feet scratching his skull again as he tries to say something.

“Oh, I'll have to have you come over again later, I can’t finish this on my own. I'll even buy you some more Grillby’s again, my treat.”

“Y...yeah. Sure, whatever.” He’s looking at the floor again. “S-see ya then.” He stiffly turns to leave before you stop him.

“Wait, lets get each other's phone numbers so I can text you over next time.”

He tells you his number and you type it into a new contact. You send him a text.

**You:** Hey, it's the pretty little mom

His phone pings and his face reddens as he looks at his old digital phone screen. He walks out the door. Not slamming it, but not closing it quietly either.

You just can't resist teasing that face.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter ended up being long. Hope you all are enjoying this.
I wasn't scared or anything

Chapter Summary

You play video games with Sans again. He better behave or you will have to punish him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You wake up feeling refreshed. You haven’t played games like that with someone in a long time. Playing with people online was fun, but you missed that real aspect that a physical person on a couch could only bring.

You decide to check your phone before getting up for the day. Just a bunch of work information, and a few Facebook messages from SlyPancake. Looks like he was going to get a copy of Silent Space 4 tomorrow instead of later in the week. You type out a message telling him you are already playing it with someone else. You leave a message saying you’re still willing to play it again as the other character if he wants.

You notice there aren’t any texts from Sans. Not that you expect him to message you. He didn’t seem to like you, or humanity very much. Like all the monsters you’d met, he was rough around the edges, but once you had him settle down, he seemed like a cool enough dude. You could probably make a gamer friend out of him yet. He’s the kind of guy who wouldn’t go out of his way to befriend anyone, so it was going to be up to you to do all the work. At least you figured out his weakness early on. Grillby’s number was already saved to your phone.

You get up and get ready for the day and notice it’s raining so you decide to head out for a walk. You pick up an umbrella on your way out the door. The cool air feels calming on your skin. There are wet leaves soaked into the ground, fall is in full swing. You decide to head to the local supermarket to pick up some necessities.

As you make your way to the back of the store you pass by the seasonal isle. Its packed full of Halloween items, decorations, and candy. You remember your promise to Muffet. Perhaps you’ll visit her tomorrow, if the weather’s good. You’re still a little full from yesterday, but tomorrow you could try some of her new menu.

You look down the aisle and notice for the first time just how many of the items are monster themed. Specifically, there are a lot of things with skeletons. You wonder if skeleton monsters find this offensive. The decorations usually didn’t have clothes on. Did they appear as some kind of strange
sex dolls to them. Do skeleton monsters even have genitals. Sans looked solid for a skeleton monster, but you were pretty sure you saw his shirt ride up when he snuck into your apartment that day. There was definitely nothing under there besides a spine and a few ribs. How do they even reproduce?

You shake those thoughts from your head as you notice a packet of Halloween themed socks. There's one with little bone feet printed on the front, and a little bit of lace at the top. You decide to buy it. You've always been a sucker for Halloween themed clothes, and you can never say no to decorative socks. You finish your trip through the store grabbing some toilet paper, toothpaste, and a giant bottle of mustard. You're always polite and supply drinks for your visitors, and it's always a good idea to keep another bargaining chip as well.

You make your way home through the now pouring rain with your hands full. Good thing you took your boots, the rain would have soaked right through your shoes. You make it to your apartment and open the door, wiping your feet off on the entryway mat. You put away what you bought and flick on your laptop opening your work folder. Soon you find yourself typing away, fixing and checking lines of code and running remote compilation tests. It's several hours later when you hear the tale tale sign of your neighbor coming home as music blasts through the wall.

It's nearly 7:00pm, he must have been working late tonight. You pick up your phone and send a quick text.

You: You can come over whenever. Payment will be in the form of Grillby’s, or whatever you want.

Before you even put your phone down you get a reply.

RadSkull: gimmie a bit just got home

As you wait, you read a message from SlyPancake. He's annoyed you played the game without him. Well that's just too bad. He should know you’re impatient when it comes to certain games. You send another message assuring him you're still good to play it again the other character. You hear a knock as your typing.

“Come in!” You yell over your couch. The door opens slowly as the little skeleton peeks inside nervously, rain still pouring down behind him. You wonder if you're going to get lightning tonight. He steps in and closes the door, his hands immediately thrust in his pockets. You scoot out of the center of the couch into your corner as he walks up to take a seat.
“Soooo, how was your work or whatever?” You say, trying to make conversation.

“S’normal”

“You want Grillby’s again, or something else?”

“Grillby’s’s fine.”

“Same thing?”

“Yeah...”

You press the contact on your phone and wait for them to pick up. You look over at the skeleton and notice the heavy bags under his sockets. How does that even work? He looks tired, like he hasn’t been sleeping in days. From what you know he isn’t getting the standard 8 hours, but you weren’t one to assume monsters needed the same hours of sleep as humans. You only needed a measly 4 so...

“This’s Grillby’s what'ya want?”

“Um, triple bacon cheeseburger and a large fry and mustard special.”

“Anything else?”

You aren’t really in the mood to eat anything yourself, so you decline. "Nope that's everything."

“Where ya at?”

You give them your address.
“You be treating Sans alright y’hear.”

“Uhh.... We’re just playing videogames.”

“Uhh, huh.” They say in disbelief.

You get off the phone to a lightly sleeping skeleton. You take the opportunity to study his face. Even though his head is a skull, it's so different from what you know a skull to be. First off, it's much larger. People are usually surprised at how small a real human skull actually is, but his skull is probably bigger than your head. His jawbone seems to be fused to his face rather than separate and hinged. Somehow he's managed to close his sockets like they're some kinda eyelids. He’s breathing softly in his sleep and you wonder once again why he even needs to breathe. It’s as if his body only resembles a human skeleton, but then magically found a way to replicate the same functions as a living whole human on top of his form.

You push the power button on your controller and power up the console. Sans starts from the music, and yawns. You hand him a controller silently. Maybe you should let him sleep, he does look tired. The game loads and you end up where you left off last night.

“Sooss, where do you work?” You ask, interested in what a monster does for a living. They were supposed to be filthy rich from the gold underground, but that didn't mean they couldn't work. Besides, you feel like he may not have any money. Why else would he be living in these terrible apartments next to you?

“Gotta job packaging boxes down atta paper factory through'a temp agency.”

“Really? a bunch of monsters pop out of a mountain with unparalleled magic, and we hire them to package boxes.”

“Dunno if ya know this, but'cher government ain't very keen on lettin' us use magic. There's a bunch of dumb ass laws sayin' we ain't allowed ta use it near ya'n shit. S'like they think we're gonna accidentally turn ya inta toads'r somethin' stupid.”

“That's a huge waste of potential.” You whine.

“Girly, yer barkin' up the wrong tree complaining ta me.”
“I was hoping there was gonna be a fusion of magical technology or something coming out. Now I’m really disappointed.”

“Oh, yer disappointed? How do'ya think the rest’a us feel? Tellin’ a monster to shut off their magic’s like tellin’ you ta shut off yer breathin’. Just ain’t gonna happen.”

“Is it true, I heard you had some crazy phones with magic chips or something.”

“Ya mean like this?” Sans smiles, reaching into his pocket, he holds up his phone shaking it back and forth in front of you. It looks like a really old model, but it has some strange buttons on it. You pause the game, immediately interested.

“Wait, does that work with magic?” Your inner technology obsession begins to flair. You needed to look at his phone… No, you will look at it, and there's no stopping you.

“It may do somethin' like that, yeah.” He smiles wider.

“Can... can I look at it?” You inch forward on the couch, eyes locked on the phone hungrily.

Sans gets an evil glint to his eyelight.

“Dunno.... m’not to interested in showin’ a human all 'r secrets. What's in it fer me?”

You keep forgetting these monsters operate by making deals. They don’t do things out of the kindness of their hearts. You try and think of something he would like in return but come up short. Maybe one of your tech toys in the back room.

“Uhh I don’t know, is there something you want to see. Most of my stuff's in storage. I have a 3D printer in the back room I can show you that's pretty cool. It's an SLA which is rare.”

“You gotta what now.” He gives you a confused look.
“Its a printer that prints in 3 dimensions. People use it to make toys and custom objects. It uses a laser to cure liquid plastic into different shapes.”

“Heh, sounds pretty cool Lady, but this here's a magic phone, not some borin' ass human technology.” He continues to wave the phone in front of you, your eyes following it hungrily.

His grin widens as he watches you look. “Maybe if ya get down'n beg, I might consider lettin’ya see it.” He says in a low growl, eyelights glowing deeper.

“....What?” You stare him down. Is he being serious right now? What kind of a power trip does this guy feel like he needs to have? He's giving you that spiky shit eating grin as he sneers. He's really going to play this game, huh? You let a grin of your own slide onto your face.

“Alright, sure.”

You step off the couch slowly and watch his expression. He’s elated. He sits up in the couch properly for the first time, eyelights watching your every motion. You walk in front of him and begin to kneel. Right as your knees bend you lean forward placing both hands firmly on each of his shoulders. You grip them tightly locking him against the couch, as you look over his surprised face and lean in.

“He-Hey!” He stutters as you get closer.

You lean past his face, right up near where his ear should be. The fur of his hoodie brushes against you. He smells like mustard.

“I’m not sure how it is where you come from Little Skulls, but above ground, it's disrespectful for a guest to demand something like that in someone else's home.”

You'r blood begins to rush, reacting to the close proximity to his neck. You have to force your teeth to stay back. It's only Wednesday and monsters aren’t a good idea until you figure them out. Besides, you don’t bite people you know personally. How would you even bite a skeleton anyway? You smell something good just under his vertebrae. You aren't sure what it is. Why can't you place it?

You let your breath wash over his neck once, before you move your head away, back in front of his face. It's sweaty, and bright beat red. You look right into the pits of his sockets staring at those
strange red eyelights. He gulps when your eyes meet.

“Do I make myself clear?”

“A-a-a-absolutely, B-Boss- Lady” He's visibly shaking now. Seriously this guy is hot and cold all over. You feel like you ought to do something further. This type of behavior should be nipped in the bud.

“Hmm, I still think you need to be punished.” You say, smiling.

You bring one of your hands off his shoulder and move it up to his face. He gulps and shuts his sockets.

“L-leggo.”

You give him a solid flick between the sockets with your finger. He opens them wide, eyelights staring at you in surprise.

Right then you hear a knock at the door.

“Hahaha” You pull back from his face. “Look at your face. Ohhh man, you were so scared”

You’re practically dying of laughter as you answer the door, reaching into your bag for some cash. You open it to the same wolf monster from before.

“Delivery from Grillby's.” He growls.

“Yeah.” You choke out between your giggles. "That's me!"

You hand him the money and he looks at Sans sitting on the couch. He hasn’t moved an inch.
“Ya alright Sans?” He asks.

“What?” He flinches turning his skull around to face him. It’s still burning red. “Y-Yeah.”

The wolf props an eyebrow at him, before turning and walking away. You shut the door and set the food on the table. Sans still hasn’t moved from his spot. Sigh, you did get a little carried away. Why does he keep trying to dish it out if he can’t take it? You were surprised he was so scared. You thought he would fight and curse at you, but he just took it. You walk around the couch getting a better look at his face. Its still red, but he’s looking off in the distance.

“Yo scaredy skulls, your foods here.”

He flinches and gets up stiffly.

“I-I wasn’t scared or nothin’.”

He walks over to your table and begins to take out the contents of the bag. His little skeleton bones rattling slightly as he moves.

“Are you shaking?”

Now you feel really bad. A little annoyed. But still bad.

“I said I ain’t scared! jus’... rememberin’ somethin’.”

He looks really scared to you. Now the room is awkwardly quiet. Great, you managed to freak out the only guy you have who can physically play games next to you. You clap your hands together and bow your head a little.

“I’m sorry, I went overboard, please keep playing this game with me.”

He looks up at you in surprise.
“Oh, so now you're willin' ta beg-” He catches himself and looks away. “Uhhh shit, I mean, yeah.” He shoves the burger in his mouth to cover his slip up.

“Good because I want to finish this game by tomorrow. I have to play through it with someone else online soon.”

He narrows his sockets in confusion.

“If you got somebody else ta play it with, then why the hell'r ya still playn’ with me.”

“I started the game with you first. And besides, you’re really fun to play with.”

Red washes over his face. “No I ain’t! I ain’t even half as good as you.” He sputters out.

“Neither is the other guy. It's just nice to play with someone there on the couch with me. Besides, your reactions are hilarious, I’ve never played with someone so angry before.”

“I don’t get that angry.” He's looking down again, but he's stopped shaking. Good.

“You’re a regular rage head.”

“M’telling ya I don’t get that angry.” He angrily says again…“Besides, s’not like ya have'ta buy'um food’r nothin’. ” He says as he eats.

“Doesn’t bother me that much.” You reply.

He stares at you for a moment. “Humans’r fuckin’ weird.” He takes a drink of his mustard deep in thought. “Also, hows'it ya got red eyes? Could'a sworn human’s eyes ain’t red.”

Did your body react that hard? You look him right in the face. “My eyes aren’t red.”
His eyelights lock with yours. “Yeah, well, they were. Freaked me the fuck out.”

“Must have been your own socket lights reflecting on them.”

“. . . Tch... sure...” He doesn’t look so certain. His eyelights go back to his food, before he looks across the table at you again. “Ya didn’t order anything this time. Ya not like Grillby’s?”

“I ate earlier, so I'm not hungry.”

“There’s always room fer Grillby’s.” He says smiling.

“Maybe for someone with a non existent stomach.”

“My non existent stomach exists only for Grillby’s.”

You roll your eyes.

He finishes his food and you both sit back down to play. He’s much better at the game than he was in the beginning. You’re nearing the end when you notice the time on your phone. Its late.

“I think we should be done here, Skulls.”

“Wha?... Shit, But…. “ You almost hear his mind working to come up with an excuse.

“What time do you need to wake up in the morning?”

“S’fine, I’ll be fine.”

“No way little dude, you have to get some sleep. Don’t think I didn’t miss your baggy socketed face
when you walked in here.”

“But we’re almost at the end.” He pouts.

“Are you actually enjoying this now?”

“N-No!, I just wanna know the end.”

“Does my little monster neighbor actually enjoy this enough to wanna come over tomorrow on his own and finish the game?” You tease.

“No I don’t! Shit, it ain't like that, idiot. I’m only coming over for the food!” You watch as the red completely climbs up his face.

“Oh, in that case, don’t worry about coming over, I'll just finish this with my other friend.” You say, trying to keep the laughter in.

He nearly drops his controller.

“B-But... ya said... ya can’t do that, we made a deal.”

“I never said I would make you finish the game. If you hate it so much, why should I keep torturing you.” You have to hold your breath as you look at his distraught face.

“But… Ya said you li...liked... pl-playin’.” He stops talking, face going completely red at the thought. The laughter spills out of you.

“Hahaha, kidding, kidding. Don’t worry, I’ll let you finish the game. I’m not that evil.”

“Shut it!”
“I’m still gonna make you go home and go to sleep.”

“Fine! but'cha still owe me Grillby’s tomorrow fer finishin' the game.”

He stands up and walks over to the door slipping on his shoes. He opens the door and is met with an onslaught of violently pouring rain.

“See you later Skulls.” You call, but he only shuts the door without a response.

Chapter End Notes

I originally wrote this chapter with reader being much meaner, but realized it was out of character and not very funny. So I made it funny instead.
Thunderstorms

Chapter Summary

Sans gets scared in a thunderstorm

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You're sitting on your couch trying out a new show you found. Sans has been gone from your apartment for no less than 10 minutes before you hear the intense rumble of thunder crash through the air. Must have been nearby. You love lightning storms, they were like a free fireworks display. Maybe you would go out and watch it. You listen in to see if it's going to keep striking. A few seconds pass and you actually see the flash of light through your blind covered windows. It’s barely a second later when you hear the thunder clap that follows. That’s close, it's probably right on top of you.

You get up and go to your room to search for a poncho or something to keep you dry in the stormy weather. Looking through your closet, you hear another boom smash through the air. As the rumble dies off slowly, you swear you hear something else through the opposite wall in your apartment. Its some kind of muffled rattling noise, like something hard clacking together.

You thought you told that guy to go to sleep, what is he even doing. You grab your phone and send him a message.

You: I thought I told you to go to sleep.

You finally find a small unopened plastic package in the back of your closet. You tear it open when you hear another boom, immediately followed by a second louder boom. Yay, double strikes. You need to get out there or you'll miss it. You're caught off guard when you hear the familiar sound of strange grunting and whimpering coming from next door. The rattling hasn’t stopped either.

Nope, You run into your hallway and bang on the wall.

“Skulls! You had better not be doing what I think you're doing, you’re supposed to be sleeping, you have work in the morning tomorrow.”
You hear something moving around and a second later, you phone vibrates and you get a new message

**RadSkull:** What's that sound

You read the message, annoyed.

**You:** Me telling you to get your bony butt to sleep.

You continue unfolding the plastic poncho from its wrapper as you get another text.

**RadSkull:** No the explosion sound. What's happening.

The thought finally dawns on you. Oh yeah, this guy has literally been living under a rock his whole life. He probably hasn’t seen or heard lightening before. Another boom rips through the air, followed by a whimper from the other room.

**You:** It's just lightening. It’s not scary. Just something that happens sometimes during rain.

**RadSkull:** Sounds like a cave in

Ohhh, you never would have imagined the booming of thunder to sound like a cave in. Then again, in all your time alive, you've never sat around deep enough in an actual cave. Another boom crashes, followed by an audible cry this time. You type out another text and send it.

**You:** Are you crying. I told you, the storm’s harmless.

**RadSkull:** I aint crying.

You get fed up with texting and bang your hand on the wall.
“Skulls I can hear you crying or whatever. Your gonna be fine!” You yell.

“I SAID I AIN’T CRYING!” He yells back.

“THEN WHAT IS THAT NOISE YOU’RE MAKING!”

“IT AIN’T SHIT, LEAVE ME ALONE!”

Another boom hits and you very audibly hear a yelp followed by his low cry. You may like to mess with people, but you aren’t completely heartless. Besides the guy was growing on you. He’s stubborn, angry, and prideful, but you can tell he was just a big softy who needed a friend. And that friend is going to be you.

“I CAN HEAR YOU CRYING, I’M COMING OVER!” You yell back.

“The hell ya are, fucking go away!”

“I’M WALKING OVER NOW!”

“M’ NOT GONNA LET YA IN!”

“THEN I’LL LET MYSELF IN!”

“FUCK YOU, THE DOORS LOCKED!”

“THEN I’LL BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!”

“THE F**K, DON’T BREAK MY DOOR DOWN WITH THAT SHIT GOING ON OUTSIDE!”

“If you don’t unlock your door, I’m going to bring the lightning in
“WITH ME.”

“THE HELL, YOU CAN PICK IT UP?”

“......YES!”

You contemplate the fact that you are both adults having this conversation as you finish putting your shoes on. You open your door just as another streak of lightning shoots through the sky. A boom following directly behind it. The rain pours in droves as you step into the outside walkway between your apartments. You walk over to San’s door and begin banging on it.

“LET ME IN SKULLS!” You call.

No answer. You pound on the door again.

“OPEN UP! OR I’LL BREAK IT DOWN.”

You can’t hear anything but the pouring rain. A flash of lightning darts across the sky, followed by a boom of thunder.

“HEY LOOK, I FOUND SOMETHING INTERESTING, MAYBE MY NEIGHBOR WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT.”

“FUCK YOU! GO AWAY. I KNOW YOU CAN’T BRING THAT IN HERE.” You hear him scream from the other side.

“Well, time to break the door down. Too bad he won’t be able to fix in until the morning!”

You start pounding on the door, making the handle rattle. After a moment you feel the door open inward slightly. Once again you stare down a lone beady red dot, glowing in a black void.

“Ju-jus’ go away, I don’t want’cha bringin’ that shit in’ere.” His singular eye light is pleading
“Come on Skulls. Just a little bit. I’m not gonna judge you for your how your place looks or anything. And I’m not going to bring anything in with me.” The eyelight looks you up and down, searching you. Another bolt of lightning strikes lighting up his face. He jumps letting the door open a little wider. The thunder booms out later and his face morphs into panic. “Just for a little while. I’m going to make sure your okay. I’ll be on my best behavior.” His eyelight finishes searching you and begins to scan behind you.

He sighs glaring back at you. “F-Fine, jus' fer a little while. But leave me the fuck alone after.” He relents. He opens the door enough for you to squeeze in before shutting it behind you.

You take in the apartment. It’s layout exactly like yours, but with his furniture. You’re standing in the entryway connected to the living room and open kitchen. He has a card table with some folding chairs set up in the kitchen. Old bags of takeout, trash, and dried mustard stains litter the table and counters. His living room contains an old beat up couch across from a small tv. He has it hooked to a gaming console setup on a cardboard box, and several enormous surround sound speakers. There are socks, shorts, and shirts strewn across the floor, all the way in the kitchen. You even notice a couple pair of what you assume to be dirty boxers poking out of the mess. The place smells a little off. Like old sour fruit.

Sans stands awkwardly a few feet away glancing at his covered windows then back at you. He’s been sweating, red liquid collects on his skull. He’s no longer wearing his poofy fur lined jacket, instead opting for a simple red t-shirt and red printed pajama shorts. His little bony feet are free of socks. You realize just how small he looks without his extra clothing bulk.

You pull your shoes off at the door. It doesn't matter how messy he is, you are not gonna contribute.

“Ok, I lied, I’m judging you a little, this is pretty messy.” You comment.

“Yer welcome to get the hell out anytime.” He glares from his spot, folding his arms defensively. Whatever worry he had earlier is slowly being replaced by annoyance at your intrusion. Annoyed is better than scared right? Another boom rips through the building, and his sockets widen for a moment as he flinches.

“S-So, what is it'cha want then?” He growls.
“Uhhh, come sit on the couch with me.” You move to the couch and he follows, sitting on the edge. You scoot a little closer to him than you have been for video games. Another boom sounds and he jumps again looking around.

“You sure you’re ok Skulls?”

“I said m’ fine didn’ I?”

“Saying you’re fine, and being fine, are two very different things. It’s not a big deal to be afraid of things.”

“I ain’t scared of nothin’. S’just bringin’ up bad shit.”

“You seem to have a lot of bad stuff to bring up.”

“You would to if ya lived under a mountain yer whole life.”

You lean back with your arms behind your head, taking up the excess space on the couch.

“I’ve had my fair share of bad stuff too.”

“Like what? Far as I’ve seen, humans'r jus' living it up on the surface without two shits ta give.” Another boom of thunder passes, and he flinches again.

“Just because people look like flowers and roses on the front doesn’t mean they haven’t experienced bad things.”

“Sure whatever.” He rolls his eyelights. He isn’t going to agree with you on this subject. Another boom sounds and he only jumps a little this time. He checks his phone and visibly relaxes as he reads a message. You remind yourself to ask him to take a look at that phone again. You decide to change the subject and pull your knees up, facing him.

“So…. cave ins? Tell me about that.” You start.
“Whattya mean, s’ just what it sounds like.” He glares.

“You seem pretty freaked out from hearing something that sounds like a cave in.”

“Ya ever see a rock fall outta the sky’n crush an entire house, instantly killing everyone.”

“Ah, no. No I have not.”

“Now imagine multiple rocks. Anna only warning ya get's a loud rumble before it smashes the shit outta ya.”

“I will admit that sounds both highly exciting and terrifying.”

He stares at you.

“Lady….. You’re some kinda sick freak, aint'cha?”

“Hahaha, Ahhh man. Skulls come on. You can’t tell me you've never been excited in the face of danger?”

He thinks for a moment before he speaks next.

“I-It's not me I'm worried about. S'my bro.” A slight red tint climbs up his face as he gets lost in thought.

“Is that who was texting you?”

“Y-ya. Shouldn'a been worried. He’s pretty strong. Cave in won’t get’um if there was one.”
Another low rumble pounds through the air, this time further away. Dang, you aren’t going to get the chance to watch your lightning show.

“So…. just so we are clear, lightening storms are pretty much harmless unless you’re standing in the middle of them with a metal rod.”

“Y-yeah, I looked'em up before ya came over. S'pretty cool actually.”

“They are… by the way… um… You can’t pick up lightening.” You say sheepishly.

“I-I knew that.” He spits, entire face turning red. You hear another soft boom in the distance. Sans doesn’t react at all this time.

“Alright, looks like I’m good to go now.” You say, standing up and stretching. Your spine pops a little as you stretch. Sans grimaces.

“Don’t d-do that.”

“What this?” You stretch again searching for another pop, and you find one.

“St-Stop.” His face is lighting up like a Christmas light. So the sound bothers him, interesting. You walk to the door slipping on your shoes. Sans get up and watches.

“Make sure you go to bed this time.”

“Tch… I was fine without'cha.” He folds his arms.

"Sure."

"Shutup!"
Before you leave, something on his floor catches your interest. "Heh... cute boxers by the way." You point at a pair of black boxers with little red hearts on them.

"G-GET OUT!." He screeches at you as you shut the door.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like this chapter could have been better. Like, I could have had the characters have a deeper conversation. But for some reason it just wouldn't come out. I've caught up to my excess chapters and Christmas is taking my time away from writing more. I have a cruse coming up so hopefully I can get another batch of chapters ready before that happens. I usually write these because my husband is gone all the time and it makes the loneliness pass, but now that I have to spend time with family, I'm getting behind.

Also I'm writing stuttering differently now using a hyphen instead of periods to separate the letters. I feel like it reads better.
Mommie, what does soul crushing mean?

Chapter Summary

You and sans have some sexy talk :p. You get farther into the game almost finishing it.

Chapter Notes

I reached almost 500 views from one chapter last time. And yes, I do keep track of that like a crazed psycho needing attention. I'm glad so many of you are saying you enjoy this, and I hope to continue to bring laughter and fun to your lives. I promise the story will always stay light and silly, with just a little angst and maybe even light sexiness to help contrast and keep the mood bouncing. I plan on starting a tumblr with some pictures of Sans silly reactions from the story, so keep an eye out for that next time.

For more serious news, I will be going on a cruise with my family in a week, and so i'm hoping to get a backlog of chapters before then. But if I don't, do not fear. I will be back shortly and you will only have had to wait a week.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s still raining the next day. No longer pouring down with a vengeance, the rain still comes down hard enough you take an umbrella. You’re on your way to visit Muffet. As you enter the shop, you notice a severe lack of protesters. Must not be an important enough cause to stick it out for the rain. The little bell tingles as the door shuts behind you.

“Hello dreary. I suspected you would drop by, with the weather being how it is. Ahuhuhu.” Muffet waves from behind the counter.

“That thunderstorm didn’t scare you last night, did it?” You ask.

Her fangs pull into a grimace. “Ugh that was the worst thing I have ever heard. I thought for sure there was a cave in happening. I wasn’t aware thunder sounded so similar.”

“Yeah, my monster neighbor was pretty freaked out about it as well.” You laugh internally as you remember his little sounds of distress. They didn't match him at all.

“Oh... you have a monster neighbor now?”
“Yeah, a skeleton monster. He was the guy who moved in last week.”

Her face breaks into surprise. “Oh... Just one skeleton monster?”

“Yep, just one.” You say... a little confused.

“Ahuuhu. I wasn’t aware the skeleton brothers were living apart, this is very interesting. So which one is it, Sans or Papyrus.”

“Uh Sans I guess?”

She scowls darkly. “Ugh, that disgusting slime ball, though I guess Papyrus isn’t much better. At least Papyrus has decent manners.”

“Wait, so, how did you know it was those two?”

“Dreary, out of the many different types of monsters, there are only two skeleton monsters. Sans and Papyrus were actually quite famous underground. Ahuhuhu.”

“Oh really....”

“If that disgusting trash bothers you at all, let me know. He owes me a lot of money, actually. Moving to the surface does not void his payment, even if he thinks it does.”

“Hoh.... Does he now?” You say smiling. "I’ll keep that in mind.” Your soul smirks inwardly as you tuck this useful bit of information away for future use. From what you gathered, monsters didn’t like to owe anyone anything.

“Now, what can I get you today Dreary.?”

“Anything new with strawberries?” Muffet smiles with her fangs just poking out. She walks over
and opens the glass pointing with one of her many arms at several different pastries. She points specifically to what look like little brains glazed with sugar.

“This cream and brains one here is filled with strawberry cream” She points to a few others, but you're already sold on the brain.

“These here, and here also contain strawberries, and as you can see on top, strawberries and raspberries.”

“I'll definitely be having the brains, and one of the spider cupcakes.” She picks out the pastries and adds in a free intestine croissant. She rings you up and you pay.

“Do remember what I said earlier. Sans is a natural troublemaker. If he’s bothering you, feel free to give me a call.” She smiles.

You nod as you leave, and begin your short trek home when you receive a phone call. You try to juggle the umbrella and bag of pastries as you open at your phone. You look at the name trying to remember who it was. Jenine Thomas…. Jenine Thomas. You answer the call anyway.

“Hello Y/N speaking.”

“Y/N this is Jenine Thomas from the Death Hollows Haunt event planning committee.”

“Ohhh Jenine, I almost forgot who you were.”

Jenine Thomas was the team committee leader for planning the Death Hollows Haunt charity each year. It was the city's best haunted house, run by a mix of volunteers and paid haunters. The money generated would go to various charities to pay for poor children during the upcoming holiday season. They operated on weekends during the month of October, and of course the entire week of Halloween. Luckily they closed doors at 12:00am so you could still go out drinking on Fridays.

“Well, it has been a year. I was wondering if you would be willing to volunteer again this year.”

“ Heck yes I would. I had a great time last year.”
"Oh good, you have always been one of our more…. Enthusiastic actresses. We are actually meeting this weekend. Orientation is on Sunday from 12-4."

"I should be able to make it no problem."

"Good. We're really excited this year. We got a monster to sign up."

"Really, what type?"

"A wolf looking one. We're trying to ask around for more, but you know how monsters can be."

"Heh…. are you offering to pay them, because they aren’t the uhh... voluntary type."

"Yes, we have room to pay a few of our actors each year. It’s just troublesome to even get in contact with them in the first place."

Your thoughts run towards your neighbor. Yeah, they can be really stand offish. You wonder if you could…. 

"Hey, what if I can get one to come with me to orientation."

"That would be so wonderful. Having a haunt advertised with actual monsters will definitely bring in the customers"

"I’ll see what I can do. I can’t guarantee anything right now, but I’m pretty confident I can convince one."

"Thank you so much. We can’t begin to describe how great all you volunteers are to help at this event each year."

"You know I’m just happy to dress up in bloody rags and scare a bunch of people, so I’m glad you
always offer each year.”

“Thank you so much, I’ll see you on Sunday.”

You pocket your phone as you approach your building complex. You need to come up with a game plan if you wanted to get Sans to sign up. Maybe if you did something about that money he owed to Muffet. Ahhh, just thinking about having a real living skeleton at a haunted house makes your face break into a smile. It would be so good. They would probably think he was a prop or something. You wonder how many people would wet their pants. He could probably win the bonus for making people go number 2. You were imagining all the wonderful scenarios of people literally shitting themselves as you unlock your apartment and enter.

A few hours later you hear the signs of your neighbor being home. Not coming home, just being home. You wonder how he gets there so silently. You never hear his door open or close. It’s like, he just suddenly starts walking around his apartment, opening and closing drawers, and turning on his music. You send him a message.

You: How do you get home so quietly?

A moment later he replies.

RadSkull: U just sitting there waiting for me to get home

You: Yes, we have the end of this game to finish

RadSkull: Gimmie a bit

He didn't answer your question, but you weren’t that interested anyway.

A moment later you hear a light knock on your door. You open it to a half dead skeleton, if skeletons can look half dead. His red eye lights are so dim, it’s like looking into deep black pits. There are even darker rings underneath his sockets than yesterday. He’s slouched more than usual, wobbling on the spot, like he's ready to fall over.
“Woah Skulls. You okay man. You’re not gonna drop dead on me. I wouldn’t want to watch you turn into a pile of bones on my floor.”

“Monsters turn inna dust when we die, stupid. N’ I’m fine. Jus’ havn’t been gettin' much sleep with these shitty storms n’ you bother’n me all night.”

He shuffles into your apartment, and you remind him again to take off his shoes.

“Ohh yeah, I think I remember hearing about the whole dust thing. It was on the news. Your body’s actually magically charged particles projected from your soul, and the magic dissipates after death leaving behind a dusty residue.”

He yawns as he takes his spot on your couch.

“Looks like ya humans can actually get yer dumb shit right about monsters fer once.”

Your turn on the console and hand him a control. His sockets opening and closing slowly as he fights off sleep.

“Are you sure you don’t need to go home and sleep? You look pretty dead.”

“Nahh, ’m good. Gotta finish dis game an….Yawn…. an, get me some sweet Grillby’s.”

“Same order from Grillby’s?”

“Same.”

You call in the order from your spot on the couch. Keeping an eye on him. You had Muffets earlier today, so you don’t order anything for yourself. Sans keeps nodding in an out of reality with each passing second.
After the order's finished, you load the game from the last save point. You're both making your way through the heart of the ship to a secret laboratory wing. San's really be lagging behind. He's missing shots and barely keeping up. After you find his character standing still for the 3rd time in a row, you look over to see him lightly sleeping. You reach a foot across the couch to nudge him in the leg.

“Yo Skulls, you fell asleep again.”

He slowly blinks awake as he looks over at you.

“Wha….. Shit….”

His character starts moving again and you both make your way into another set of rooms. Your busily clearing out the area when you hear Sans start to complain.

“Fuck, this fucking thing won't die”

“What thing?”

“The nasty little slimy one in front'a the beds.”

You find the mentioned enemy and shoot its limbs off till it falls to the floor.

“Ok, that wasn’t hard at all.”

“Nah just wait, fuckers gonna get up again.”

Sure enough a few seconds later and the enemy regrows its arms and begins its slow march towards you.

“Told’ja.”
You both try a few more techniques, hoping to murder the creature. Including, stomping it’s body while it's down, flamethrowers, and walking it into live electrical circuits. Each method proving to be futile. Everytime it goes down, its body repairs the damage soon after and proceeds to get back up. Personally it reminds you of your own healing abilities, though you’re pretty sure it takes you a little longer to fix that much damage. You also run out of available reparation material after a while of healing, while this thing seems to have an infinite amount.

You notice Sans sweating slightly beside you. Strange...? You thought he wasn’t very afraid of the enemies in this game by now.

“I think we can just ignore it and go to the next area.” You say. "It's slow enough that it doesn’t matter.”

“Ye-Yeha, lets jus' go.” Sans agrees.

You proceed to the next area and begin to clear out the enemies when the little slimy thing catches up to you again.

“FUCK this THING! Leave me the fuck alone and stay dead already!!!” Sans shouts at its approaching form, firing an entire clip into its body.

“Ahh, but it loves you so much. I wonder if it only follows your character.”

You both test it out, trying to get the creature to follow you instead. It completely ignores you and follows Sans instead.

“The hell?”

“I bet its because of your characters background. He had a daughter that died remember.”

“Shit this’s creepy.”

You both proceed to the next area. Once again the slimy child sized monster slowly shuffles into the room after Sans.
“Fuck this little shit. Leave me alone!” He mutters as it continues chasing him. You watch him run around the room avoiding enemies as you continue clearing it of said enemies. You finally finish and watch the little thing walk up to him.

In the tiniest voice you have ever heard you hear an audible, “Help me....” from the creature.

“FUCK.” Sans nearly screams, clearly disturbed.

“Did it just say something?” You ask, unbelieving.

It continues to shuffle after Sans as you stomp the dead bodies around you.

“I just want to be your friend.”

“SHIT, FUCK, NOPE!”

And... Sans is booking it to the next area. You start to giggle.

“Skulls, why can’t you just make friends with it. They just want to be your friend.”

“No! Fuck that thing! S’creepy as hell!”

“Wow... That's some hypocrisy coming from a monster.”

“Monsters don’t follow people around all creepy’n nice like, askin’ people to be their friend n' shit. That's what humans do.”

“What? when has a human ever done that to you?” You start giggling.
“Ya were doin’ that shit all last night stupid!”

“I never asked you to be my friend… You don’t ask that when you already are friends!”

“The hell I’m friends wit’cha!!!” He growls immediately.

You stop your giggling and clutch at your chest feigning sadness. “That hurt me deep Skulls. You just reached deep into my soul and crushed it.”

Sans freezes, controller toppling from his hands. He turns to face you, sockets wide and face glowing. “What the hell’r ya sayin! D-Don’t say shit like that!!!”

“No, n’ don’t fucking say that shit again!”

“What’s wrong with-” You remember the little bit of news you saw explaining the importance of a monster’s soul in relation to their body. The information dawns on you.

“Like what?” You try and think of what you said that would get a reaction like this. “You crushed my soul?”

“The red in his face intensifies further. “Yes that!”

“What’s wrong with-” You remember the little bit of news you saw explaining the importance of a monster’s soul in relation to their body. The information dawns on you.

“Did I just say something naughty?”

“Yean, n’ don’t fucking say that shit again!”

“Ok, ok, the phrase ‘soul crushing’ usually refers to a feeling of sadness in humans.”

His face retains the same redness as you try and explain yourself. “Thas’ not what it means for monsters.”

You raise an eyebrow at this, looking straight into his eyelights. “Sooo…. What does it mean?”
“F-Fuck! I an’t 'splaining that to ya.”

You crack a smile now. “Oh...? come on, now I’m curious. It’s not like humans have physical souls like you. So we don’t know what any of this means.”

His brow bones furrow as you say this. "The hell're ya talkin' about? Humans got physical souls ’s well.”

“..... What? no we don’t.”

“Yeah, ya do.”

“Well I’ve never seen it.”

“Ya gotta have a monster pull it out ta see it, dumb shit.”

You stare at him for a moment. He stares back. Already anticipating what you're about to say.

“Hey Skulls, will you-”

“FUCK! NO! N’don’t go ‘round askin’ monsters to do that shit fer ya. S'inappropriate ‘nless yer involved.”

You narrow your eyes. “How involved?”

“Physically involved.”

You smile as a thought hits you. “..... So I’m guessing the term, ’selling your soul’ has a whole different meaning to you.”

Sans proceeds to place his palm on his face “Yeah, sure, whatever.”
You really want to see your soul. You want to compare it to a monster and human. Technically, humans refer to you as a monster. Maybe it will be different than both of them. Vampirism is a strange disease. Sometimes its effects make you feel completely different from regular humans, but other times you're pretty sure that you are basically the same. Perhaps seeing your soul could really confirm just what you are.

“So… there really isn’t any way for me to see my soul, outside of…. ‘Physically involved time’.” And you make air quotes.

“Not unless ya get inna monster confrontation. But'cher asshole government's been pretty clear about monsters using any magic at all 'round humans. We ain’t even suppose to use it ta defend ourselves.”

You understand how the government may feel the need to protect its citizens from magical monsters, but not allowing them to defend themselves with it seems a little extreme. Considering some of the monster hate you've seen with your own eyes, they could use some defense.

“Let me get this straight. You use souls in a physically intimate way, and then get into fights swinging them around. That would be like if humans were swinging around their genitals during a fight.”

Sans grunts and moves to pick up his controller. His character died when he dropped it, and now you both have to start from the nearest checkpoint. “S’ different than when you're inna confrontation. N'not all confrontation's gotta be fights. N’ we don’t swing them around anyway. Our magic mostly affects the soul during a confrontation, so the soul takes on a physical form. That's it.”

“So you shoot magic at your sexy soul genitals during a confrontation...” You ask... clearly confused.

“Tch... Ya ain’t gettin it! Souls ain’t like yer dumb human genitals, they're the culmination of yer being. Ya can use it fer fighting, or fer uh…” And he looks away shyly. “Ph-Physical stuff.”

You pick up your own controller. “So this soul crushing..... sounds pretty violent to me. Doesn’t sound very intimate. Ya'know, crushing the culmination of your being and all.”

“It’s uhh.....” He shuffles in his seat. ”When ya bring a soul out fer reasons outside'a confrontations...
'S just different.”

“Different how?”

“I don’t know! S’ jus’ suppose to be different!”

You cock your head to the side, a wry smile reaching your eyes.

“Wait…..? It sounds to me like……” And you hear the smile in your voice. “You haven’t done it before.”

His face, which had finally cooled off, instantly reddens.

“Fu-Fuck off” he practically snarls.

“It sounds to me like the angry snarling monster sitting on my couch is as innocent as the cherry color on his face.”

“I ain’t gotta tell ya shit!!!”

You giggle a little but decide to let up. You still want to know what bothered him so much about soul crushing. Not one part of it sounded pleasurable.

“So… you still haven't told me what soul crushing is.”

He sighs in frustration. “It's exactly what it sounds like! Quit being a pervert n’ lets play!!!”

You decide he probably doesn’t really know either, it's just a dirty phrase. You continue your game with the little creature still slowly shuffling after Sans. You move through quite a few more areas getting closer to the end. At least, its creepiness seems to have kept him awake. Finally after what seems like forever you end up luring it into a chute sending it out an airlock.
“Ahh man our little buddy’s gone now.” You say as you watch it float away slowly.

“Fuck that thing! That little shit better never come back!!!”

“They just wanted to be friends, and you rejected them.”

“Shit was annoying.”

“I bet it will show up somehow, right at the end.”

“Better fucking not!!! I ain’t fighting the final boss with that little shit following me!!!”

You hear a knock at the door and you both get up with you answering it. A different monster stands in your doorway holding the bag of Grillby’s. Its some kind of red looking demon with horns sprouting out on each side of its head. He seems to be wearing some kind of matching red cloak with black pants poking through the bottom. A full head shorter, he silently holds out a bag of food towards you. You accept it, and give him some bills.

“Keep the change.” You say as he takes it slowly.

He turns and leaves without muttering a word. Monsters really have all kinds... you think to yourself. You set the bag on your table and Sans dives right in. After a few bites into his food, he finally seems to notice you.

“Ya didn't get anything again.” He states looking at you with your glass of water.

“Remember the whole drinking thing.” You indicate the water.

“Water ain’t food.”

“I ate earlier, so I’m not very hungry.”
“Water ya say, lady.” He rolls his eyelight.

You end up staring at him as his natural sharp smile cracks even wider, gold tooth glinting.

“Okay, that's the second time you’ve told a terrible pun about food at this table.”

“I don’t know water talkin about. I’m to tide ta ponder something like that.”

You lower your head onto the table groaning. “Why is there is a horrible punning skeleton sitting at my table.”

San's smile only stretches further. He doesn't seem to care about your complaints. Instead, they seem to spur him on. “Dam, n'here I thought'cha'd be able to lake a few more. I waded forever ta tell these ta someone.”

“I’ve decided.” You mumble from the table. “I don’t want to be your friend anymore.”

"Heheh! No need ta have a seazure 'bout it, jus' go with a flow.”

“How are you still going with these?”

“Whale you sea, Ice steam ta have a million of ’um.”

“Thats it! I’m kicking you out and finishing the game on my own.” You say in exasperation.

He only grins wider as his low laughter starts to fill the air. “Heheheh. You... kickin’ me out, after all'a effort ya put in'ta gettin' me over'ere, unfathomable.” He makes magic fingers at the last word, and you sputter into laughter.

“Holy.....haha, that's so bad.” You say, palming your face.
He smirks. “Your laughing, that means ya love it.”

You raise your head from the table and see him looking at your proudly from the other end. He looks so stupid, sitting there with smug look and a fresh mustard spill on his face. At least he looks happy.

“You got a little something.” You point at your own face.

“Shit!” He rubs at his face on the opposite side.

“No other side.”

You watch as he gets the spot with his bones and proceeds to put his hand up to his mouth. Is he going to lick it off? How? With what? What is he gonna do!

You are sorely disappointed as the mustard seems to disappear off his hand once it enters that strange black expanse behind his teeth. Well, it was kinda cool you guess.

“What, did I miss some?” He asks, noticing your stare.

“Nah, I was just watching how your face works.”

“The hell!”

“I can't help it... Here, fair trade, watch me drink this water.”

You chug the glass but he doesn’t seem interested in watching.

“Like I give a shit watching someone drink a fucking glass of water.”

You almost choke on the water as you watch his face morph into annoyance. He rolls his eyelights and gets up, walking over to the couch.
“Lets finish this shit tonight.” He mutters.

You quickly throw away the trash from Grillby’s, give the table a quick wipe down, then settle into your spot on the couch.

“All right let's do this!” You give a cheer before unpausing the game.

“Tch... m' gonna wreck this boss's shit!!” Sans looks determined.

Chapter End Notes

Holy crap this chapter is long. Like, I planned to have them finish the game this chapter, but it was so long I had to end it. A bunch of stupid conversations came out that just kept going and going. Hopefully they are funny. I love conversations in story, because its like being right in a social circle with the characters, so sorry if most of the chapter is talking. I'm bad at writing internal emotions and have to force myself to give the reader some thoughts every once in a while. I've done some comic drawing, and am more use to writing out dialog over feelings and inner workings I guess.

Hope you all are enjoying this. Leave a comment if you are. Remember, writers of fan fiction basically live off comments even if they are short things like, "I luves dis." Comments basically give them the motivation that someone is enjoying the time and effort they are putting into their works. I'm actually trying to comment more on other people's works now that I understand how it is.

It's actually pretty cool to watch and read other peoples stuff now that I have tried out writing. I can see the techniques other people are using to add pacing, and how they move dialog and story to get points across. I would encourage all of you out there to just go out and try writing something, even if you don't feel very confident. You can only get better if you try. Plus, I love to read, and its great to always have more of it.
The culmination of my being is written in RPG

Chapter Summary

Sans has another incident in your apartment. You learn about soul traits and stats.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Five minutes after shouting your war cries, you find San’s character standing at the entryway to the next area unresponsive.

“Skulls…. SKULLS!” You reach out a foot and tap him lightly in the side.

“Wha….” He flinches awake as you tap him.

“You fell asleep again.”

“Ah, Shit…”

“Just a little longer, we’re almost there.”

“Ya keep sayin’ that, but.” he yawns “still haven’t seen’a end yet.”

“You can tell by the story, we’re almost there.”

You both continue forward through the game. The story does seem to be coming to a close. Most of the ship’s been destroyed, your characters have both revealed their backstories, and you have only one final super goal left to do. You need to prevent the large boss creature from sending its babies to colonize earth. You’re both heading to the heart of the ship to set a self destruction code. If Sans can only play a little longer you should be reaching the final boss soon.

You enter a new large room and a cutscene starts. The twisted human monstrosity from the
the beginning of the game shows back up and attempts to murder your characters. Suddenly something small and slimy falls through an airlock from the roof of the ship.

“Skulls your little buddy showed up.” You wait a moment, and when you notice a complete lack of cursing at the little shit ruining his day, you look over. Sans is once again fast asleep. “Skulls, wake up, you’re missing it.”

You poke him with your foot again, but this time he doesn’t wake. You don’t want him to miss the cutscene, so you lean over and physically tap his shoulder.

“Skulls, wake up.” He still doesn’t wake, so you grab his arm with both hands and shake him roughly. “Skull-”

He jumps awake eyes staring at the screen as the little slimy monster is being consumed by the boss. “I just wanted to be friends.” It shouts as it's pulled into the wriggling mass of human alien monster.

You feel the danger before it happens. Sans screams. His left eyelight glowing violently yellow and red, while the other eyelight disappears completely. There’s a pressure in the room and suddenly a large orange glowing bone appears out of thin air and slams into the center of your tv, impaling it. Sans continues screaming and shaking, clawing at his left eye. What's happening to him. Did he have a nightmare in the short time he fell asleep. You reach over again to calm him.

“SKULLS WAKE UP!” You yell as your hands grasp at his shoulder. His glowing eye focuses on you, and you feel your body hit with pressure. Something glowing is ripped from your chest, but before you can react, your body is pulled upwards and slammed against the roof. As soon as you hit it you're thrown sideways, sliding along the ceiling and slammed again into one of your display stands. Models tumble and drop around you. You fall to the floor with them.

You cough out a little as you try and get your bearings. You look up to find Sans with his arm outstretched, other hand holding his head, red tears flowing from his eyes.

“Not again, please don’t come back again” He's mumbling, shaking, clawing at his face.

“RADSKULL! YOU ARE GONNA BE SO PISSED WHEN I MAKE YOU PAY FOR THAT TV.” You yell.
You push yourself off the floor feeling the adrenaline pumping. It’s been a while. Besides some of your Friday night drinking events, you haven't really had to exert yourself against an opponent. San's is having some sort of PTSD attack, so you resolve yourself to bring him out of it. Luckily for him a couple of magic attacks probably aren’t going to hurt you much. That doesn’t mean you’re just gonna let him keep hitting you like a punching bag until he breaks out of this stupid thought process. You are not OK with him destroying your apartment. You see his flashing eye lock back onto you, left hand twitching, and you ready yourself in a low stance.

“Bring it!” You whisper.

He extends his hand upward and you feel a pull on your chest. Your blood begins to rush, and you focus on the feeling of staying putt. You move a foot off the ground this time before falling back in place. He moves his hand to the left and you focus harder, planting your feet against the pull. You only feel a faint push to the side as you make yourself ready to move. You pounce towards him as something large is thrown at you. You pin him onto the couch by his arms, leaning over him.

“SKULLS YOU BETTER WAKE UP RIGHT NOW, AND STOP DESTROYING MY APARTMENT.”

He locks eyes with yours in surprise, then he begins to violently thrash.

“No, not again, please, not again, not again, please.” His pleas are louder now. It's a little weird, feeling his arm bones through his jacket, pulling at your hands, trying to move from your grasp. You only grip them harder as you put more of your weight over him.

“SANS THE SKELETON, YOU WILL WAKE UP RIGHT NOW.” You yell.

He pauses looking at you, and the flashing colors in his socket slow.

“It's just a video game, you’re just sitting in a boring apartment playing video games.”

His socket stops flashing, and both of his red eyelights return, focusing on your face.

“Are you good now? Nice and calm. No more skeleton rage?”
He keeps staring at your face, but there's recognition behind the stare. Tears continue to flow from his sockets. He's finally back in the present when his face switches from terror to surprise.

“Wakey wakey, beautiful. Welcome back to the mundane world.” You say, smiling over him.

“I-I didn’t mean….” He sputters out. “I’m sorry, Shit I’m sorry.”

You release his arms and move out from on top of him into a kneeling position on your couch. His eye lights travel from your face down to your chest. They widen further in surprise.

“Shit, oh shit.” he brings his arms halfway out towards you.

“Yeah I know, you destroyed my TV.”

He stares at you for a moment, baffled.

“Not that ya idiot. I hit'cha.”

“Oh yeah, the whole throwing me against the walls, don’t worry I’m pretty... sturdy... and-”

You’re eyes began to travel down curious as to what hes staring so intently at. A large glowing orange bone is dug halfway through your chest, next to a glowing orange heart.

“Crap!”

“SHIT!”

“CRAP!”

You panic a little. You aren't worried about dying, but you're seriously out of your element for what to do about glowing things sticking out of you.
“WHAT DO I DO!” You ask.

“Fuck, I... Shit! I should release it a-and... What if ya bleed out r’ whatever humans do.”

He's wringing his bony hands as he looks at anywhere but you. Clearly horrified at the scene before him. You study the bone for a moment, it seems to be phasing into you rather than piercing through you. There isn’t any blood, and you don't feel any pain. You're pretty immune to the feeling of pain, but you should feel something if it's hurting you. All you make out is a slightly uncomfortable warm vibrating feeling in your chest.

“No, don’t worry. I can’t see any blood. Is it suppose to bleed?” You ask.

“Yes, No…. I don’t know. Soul attacks ain’t suppose to stay in ya if you’re alive. They disappear once they hit n’ apply damage.”

“Yes, but do they normally make you bleed?”

“Not this one, this attack’s only suppose ta apply damage to yer soul.” He squirms a little on the couch as he says this. He's clearly horrified the bone is still sticking in you.

“My soul's fine right? Holy… my soul is out.” You finally focus on the little heart shape that's floating right next to the glowing bone. Its casting light brilliantly around the room in a beautiful orange glow. It's even more intense than the similar colored bone next to it, and you have to squint your eyes a little against the light of it. Underneath it you read your name.

You cock your head to the side. “...It’s orange?”

“It’s... Shit I’m gonna stop the confrontation.”

“Wait, wait, I want to-” But before you get any words out, your soul jumps back in your chest, and the bone fizzles out of you and the TV. There's no mark at all to indicate you've been hit with anything in your chest. The TV, not so much. It has a hole completely through it. You're going to have to buy a new one.
“Ahh why didn’t you wait. I was going to look at it more.” You pouted.

“Are you crazy! Ya were just gonna sit there with n’ attack though your chest lookin’ at your soul.”

“I told you I was fine. It didn’t hurt or anything…. Hey can you pull it out again?” He scowls at you.

“Fuck no, I shouldn’t’a started’a confrontation inna first place. ’Sides, it’s hard ta start’a confrontation if ya don’t intend ta hurt the other party.”

“You already did it once so it should be fine.” You reason.

“What part a no don’cha understand.”

“I was trying to be persuasive.” You pout.

He sits there scowling at you as you think of a way to persuade him. Hes definitely thinking about something. Like he wants to ask you something.

“N what's up with yer soul anyway?”

“Why... whats wrong with it?” You lean forward, suddenly very interested in what he has to say.

“Couldn’t see shit on it.”

“It was orange and had my name under it.”

“Yeah I saw that, dumb ass. It was missin' the other stats.”
“You do realize you’re asking a human who has never seen another soul in their life, including their own, and therefore has no idea what it should look like, why their soul is weird...”

He just rolls his eyelights and frowns.

“It’s supposed ta display yer HP n’ LV below your name.”

“Wait, wait, wait......” You have to stop him here. This new information you can not ignore. “So you’re telling me that my soul is filled with RPG style video game information... the culmination of my being, reduced to simple video game stat numbers.”

“I thought humans designed their games after soul stats.” He states, confused.

“No, I’m very sure the knowledge of souls and their stats was long forgotten when we were making our first RPGs.”

He shrugs.

You think about how awesome your HP must be with your healing abilities. Or maybe it's really low, and it shoots up quickly as you heal damage off. You want to see just how the video game stats of you work. You probably had a high LV. You've lived for so long, you must have gained a lot of life experiences to raise it.

“It would have been pretty cool to see my LV and HP. I bet they’re super high.” You comment.

He winces slightly at your comment, and leans forward a little.

“Having a high HP is fine n’ all, but'cha don’t wanna high LV.”

“...Why? Isn't high level good?”

“HP and LV are acronyms. HP stands fer hope, it goes up when ya have more.” He leans in a little closer and his eyelights give off an extra glow. “LV stands fer level of violence. Ya can only raise
yer LV by murderin’ people ta gain EXP.”

“And EXP stands for...?” You ask a little shakily.

“Execution points.”

You pale a little, yeah, you knew one of your stats was probably really high. You were not the best person in the past. Sans is watching you, trying to figure something out.

“I wonder what interesting numbers would'a come out if ya weren't hidin' um'.”

You feel yourself beginning to sweat. It was a very, very, good thing he hadn’t been able to see those stats.

“I… uh. Don’t think I have the ability to hide stuff like that.”

He chuckles and waves his hand.

“I doubt some video game shut in's done anything of interest with their life ta warrant a marred change on their soul.”

“Hey, I’ll have you know I go out drinking every Friday. I party so hard you could call it a bloodbath.”

He laughs, and rolls his eyelights.

“So wait, why is my soul orange, I don’t even like that color very much.”

“Orange stands fer bravery, it’s yer dominate trait.”

“Really? Bravery… There isn’t like a knowledgeable trait or something” All the time you’ve spent
on earth messing around should mean you have more knowledge than most people. Why was bravery your trait? You didn’t even like the color orange.

“Yeah, cause a human who don’t know shit about souls s’gonna have a knowledgeable trait, knowledgeable ain’t even a trait humans can have ya idiot.”

“Oh, then what traits can humans have.”

“Patience, perseverance, bravery, justice, kindness, Integrity, n’ determination.”

You think for a moment on the different traits.

“I guess bravery does fit a little... but so can the others.”

“Well duh, humans have all those s’jus’, bravery’s yer strongest one.”

Huh, you never would have guessed bravery to be your strongest trait.

“Sooy, what trait do you have, let me guess, its kindness.” You lift an eyebrow smirking.

“Heh…. uhh actually yer pretty close. All monster souls'r made from the same three traits'n are silver. Love, compassion, n’ mercy.”

You lean an arm slowly onto the back of the couch, propping up your head as you lift an eyebrow. You grin at him deviously.

“Oh really. Man, that was a nice dosage of love, compassion, and mercy you gave me, forcibly pulling my soul out like that and smashing me up against the wall. And just when we had our little chat about soul crushing.”

You see a small smear of red splash his cheeks as he responds.
“That's not what that was, 'n you know it...”

He looks around your room, taking in all the damage. He looks down, and tenses before he speaks.

“A-are ya really not scared at all?” A little sweat starts forming on his head.

“Of...?”

“I jus’ smashed up yer apartment, using yer own body” He waves his hand at the damage. You notice that besides the untimely death of your beautiful TV, your precious model stand is now sporting two broken shelves. Several of your models are splashed across the floor.

“Ahhh, my babies!”

You run over to the stand and look through the fallen models and figures, checking for damage. You don’t notice anything wrong with them until you hold up your newest one. It’s the model of your favorite enemy from Silent Space 4, the one you just got two days ago. One of its legs is snapped clean off. You make a pouty face as you asses the model. You could probably epoxy the leg back on carefully and nobody would know the difference. You hear a voice clear and look up to see Sans standing from his spot on the couch awkwardly.

“I can uh, pay for any the damages, n’ getcha a new TV.”

A thought sparks into your mind. Oh yes he was going to pay. But not with money.

“Skulls” You turn towards him holding the broken model in your hands. “You know this model can only be obtained by pre-ordering the collector's edition of the game. They’ve all been sold. You can’t buy them any more.”

Of course this isn’t completely true. People buy limited edition collector's editions and sell them online at an inflated price all the time, but you aren’t about to tell him that.

“I... uhh, s-sorry.” He looks at the floor in defeat.
“I’m not really interested in your money anyway.” You say, letting your smile grow.

“Sh-shit whaddyawant then.” Sans responds, getting worried at your expression.

You look down at him deviously as you lick your lips.

“Your body Skulls, I want your body.”

Chapter End Notes

I wonder what will break first. Your spirit, or your body!

You and Sans really need to talk about his problems soon.
Touching Red

Chapter Summary

You push Sans down on the couch and mess around. Nuff said.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Nnn-No, let go!” Sans begs, panting a little.

“It’s going to be fine. Stop struggling and relax.” You pull his arm tighter as you lean into him.

“St-Stop! Shit! Do-Don’t play with it like it's a toy!” He pleads beneath you. Trying to push you off. He brings his pelvis up, and gasps as you push it back down.

“You said I could do this. It’s part of the deal.” You smirk, continuing to handle the bright red object in your hand as you hold him down with your other.

“I only said ya could l-look at it!” He continues to struggle to get free, trying to pull his arm out of your grasp. You respond by gripping it tighter and pushing him back into the soft embrace of your couch.

“I’ve been waiting for this for sooo long. Now that you’re finally letting me, I’m going to take my sweet time exploring every beautiful inch.” You run your hand along, taking in how different it is from the ones human's had.

His breath hitches as he watches you from the cushion. “Do-Don’t touch it like that. Nghh.” He gulps and shuts his eyes in fear as you run your finger over a specific spot. You catch his expression and smirk.

“I wonder what would happen if I press here.” You finger the spot slowly so he can watch.

“D-don’t! Shit, if ya do that, it... it’s gonna come out!” He begs, eyes pleading for you to stop. It's too close!
You press the little button on the side of the red phone and feel a twinge in your soul as a yellow laser is fired from a point on top, leaving a burnt mark on your ceiling.

“I am sooo not getting my safety deposit back.” You exclaim as you look up at the mark from your position on the couch.

“I told ya it was dangerous ya dumb ass!” Sans yells from beneath you, as you continue to hold him down by sitting on his back pinning his arm with one of your own.

“Why would you have a laser in your phone! Who even puts lasers in phones?”

“It’s gotta jetpack too, now give it back before ya hurt yerself with yer own dumb shit!” He snarls as you continue messing his phone.

“A JETPACK! There’s a jetpack! How do you fit a jetpack in here?” You practically scream in excitement as you look at the other buttons on the side trying to figure out which one it is.

“Magic ya dipshit, how else. N’ don’t even think about pressing it indoors. Now get off’a me ya heavy ass human!”

He begins to try and slide out from under you by shimmying into the middle of the couch, but he has severely underestimated the weight of a giant woman like yourself.

You decide to stop looking at the outside of the phone and begin looking through some of the unique software and menus instead. You click through some of the options and stop when you get to one you don’t recognize.

“What's this interdimensional box thing.” You press it and a list of items pops up.

Mustard

Mustard

Empty Mustard Bottle
You select the emergency mustard, curiosity forcing your hand. A bottle of mustard begins to cartoonishly squeeze itself out of the screen of the phone. You stare at it in shock. You barely catch the bottle of mustard with your single arm as it changes from leaving the phone, to reacting with real world gravity.

“You.. can... store.... physical items in your PHONE!” Besides the fact that his phone has an old black and white text menu screen, with no graphical or touchscreen capabilities, his phone is the single most amazing thing you have ever seen. If only humans could combine their advanced technology with monsters magical technology. Ahhh, you want it so badly.

“Put it back, n’stop messing with my stuff.”

Hes glaring at you as he struggles lightly. He's more or less resigned himself to his fate at this point.

“I don’t know how?”
“Push the empty slot n’hold it over the screen.”

You do as he says and watch as the bottle literally labeled ‘Emergency Mustard’ gets comically sucked into the small phone’s screen. Once it’s dissapeared, the empty slot reads ‘Emergency Mustard’ again.

“This is so amazing! Do you realize how useful this is?”

“Yes, I do, cause its my own damn phone!”

“How much can it hold.”

He sighs and buries his face into his hand.

“S’much as it gots'a slots fer.”

“Ok, but can I store my car in here.”

“There’s a weight'n size limit fer a single item ta use a slot. And no, ya can’t use multiple slots fer one big item.”

“Like, how much per slot.”

He sighs again… “Monster magic ain’t really precise like that. S’not like human technology where everything has to be measured n’ constant n’ prefect. S’concept was designed ta hold small miscellaneous items, so thas’ what it does. Ya can try ta measure it, but the numbers ain't gonna come out’a same every time. That's why we always had'a hard time integrating our stuff with yers.”

“This is sooo cool. Monsters are sooo cool. How are you keeping this from the tech companies, they would pay millions for this type of stuff.”

“It-It’s not that great, all it does is hold loose change n’ keys n’ stuff.”
“How can you say that. This is amazing. Monsters are amazing. Your magic is amazing!”

He covers his skull with his arm.

“S’really just borin’ normal stuff, ya don’t gotta make such a big deal outta stupid shit like that.”

You hum happily as you continue looking through his phone. You skip a menu for bomb defusal and select the menu for ‘text’. You wonder if monsters have anything awesome about their texting functions. You notice the last text you sent him is still at the top of the list, but there’s something wrong with it.

“What’cha lookin’ at now.” Sans asks as you get quiet.

“Skulls… why do you have my name in here as NewContact3?”

“I… wha… uh…I” He’s turned his head into the corner of the armrest, but you catch the red of embarrassment begin to climb up his face.

“Are you so lazy you couldn’t even type in a name or something for me… wait this is the 3rd person you have done this to?”

“I… Uhhh.” After a moment of him not answering a thought hits you.

“Skulls, what's my name?”

“Sh-Shit.” He covers his skull with his free arm as it reddens entirely.

“No... shit is not my name.”

“S’not my fault ya never told me yer name.”
“You really don’t know my name! We almost finished an entire video game together. I bought you dinner 3 times. I checked on you when you were crying and scared during a thunderstorm. I saw your cute heart underwear.”

“What the hell! shut up about all that.” He sputters as he twists back to glare at you.

“You broke my soul virginity when you forcibly pulled it out and played with it just a few minutes ago.”

“Shut up, SHUT UP! Don’t word it like that!” He screeches.

“And you still don’t know my name. Way to make a girl feel wanted.”

“I… uhhh.” He pauses clearly flustered about what to say next.

“I thought we were friends.” You let go of his arm and fake pout into your hands while still sitting on his back.

“S-shit… By the time I realized I didn't know it, it was already to late ta ask, OK!” You push your face deeper into your hands and try not to laugh as you pretend to cry.

“No Skulls, we’re through. I can’t continue this abusive relationship with you anymore.”

“Wha, no I didn’t… what? Relationship?”

“Not unless you ask me my name.”

You wait a moment, and when he doesn’t say anything you fake sniffle. He’s trying to look at you from his spot beneath you.

“Uhh… wha... what's yer name Lady?”
You pop your head out of your hands beaming.

“The names Y/N nice to meet you” You hold your hand down for him to shake, but he just glares at you.

“Come on, don’t you know how to greet a new pal.” You waggle your hand impatiently.

“I ain’t touching yer fuckin' gross human hand, Lady.” He emphasizes the lady part. Clearly trying not to say your name.

“We’re gonna be sitting here a long time then, aren’t we.” You lift his phone up with your other hand to look at it some more. Still perched on his back. His bones are digging into your butt painfully, but you're ignoring it.

“Fuck, fine.”

He flops one of his hands behind his back to grasp your outstretched hand and and flinches.

“The FUCK!”

You hold up the hand with a joy buzzer attached to it laughing your head off.

“Hahaha, holy…. It was…. Haha… It was sitting in your phone…. Haha… I couldn’t … couldn’t resist…. haha.”

“Let me the fuck up right now! N’give me back my stuff!” He roars.

You jump off the couch still laughing and hand him his phone and buzzer as he sits up glaring up at you.

“Alright, that was the first part'a the deal, now what's this other part?” He folds his arms. Still sitting
on the couch.

“For this other part, I need your body.”

He sighs, leaning his head down and pinching the bone between his sockets.

“N’ what d’ya really mean.”

“I want you to volunteer with me to work at the cities Death Hallows Haunt this year.”

“Ya want me ta work? I can jus’, do that myself n’ pay ya the money.”

“No, this is a charity event, and they would like to have monsters help in it this year.”

He gives you a confused look.

“What do a bunch’a humans need monsters help for, they can jus’ do that shit themselves.”

“Do you know what a haunted house is?”

“Ain’t it some kind’a old mansion where humans think ghosts gather ta eat um’r some shit.”

“Well… that's sort of correct. During the month of October, we celebrate Halloween. It’s a holiday where we decorate with monster themed items, scare each other, wear costumes, and give out candy. It has several origins, but for the most part, the holiday is designed to remember the dead and ward off evil.”

“So what?... They gotta have monsters there so humans can pretend ta ‘ward off evil’” Sans is not impressed.

“No, no… you got it all wrong Skulls. During Halloween a popular attraction to attend is a haunted
house. It’s a place where people pay to be scared by other people dressed as demons, psychopathic murderers, and… uh monsters."

“I’m so flattered ta be categorized in’a same class as’a worst human criminals, n’ super evil beings.” He rolls his eyellites.

“Um… It’s really fun.” You’re trying your best to convince him, but no matter what you think of, everything sounded horribly speciesist in your mind.

“Sorry Lady, but I ain’t gonna degrade myself fer a bunch'a fuckin' dumb ass human's entertainment. Find some way else fer me ta pay ya back.”

“Wait, please reconsider. I haven’t explained it very well. It’s umm….”

“Listen Lady.” He cuts you off. “Maybe ya don’t get it cause you sit in yer little apartment all day play’n these fantastical games where humans’n monsters’n sparkly elves are all friends and frolick about inna flowers, but monsters ain’t treated very well. Some a the more scary lookin' ones, like me, get treated even worse'n others. I get called evil demon’n disgusting filth everywhere I go. People pull their kids away from me when I walk down'a street like I’m gonna murder them in broad daylight. I can’t get a job where customers can see me cause they’ll leave, n’ office jobs won’t hire me cause their other workers will quit. N’ now you want me ta participate inna human tradition where ya reinforce those ignorant ass beliefs so they can gawk at me fer entertainment? Hell, no!”

He folds his arms tighter to reinforce his point. Lifting his brow bone waiting for your response.

“Well… I didn’t want to have to pull this card Skulls, but now I have no choice. If you volunteer with me, I’ll also throw in week's worth of Grillby’s.”

“Shit” His bony fingers flex on his folded arms. “I… still ain’t gonna do it, I can buy it myself.”

He’s trying to look set, but you can see him cracking.

“OK, you asked for it. I’ll clear your debt to Muffet.”
He stills as his sockets widen and his little red lights dilate.

“Ho-How’ja know about that!” His face blushes red.

You roll back on the couch, stifling a giggle. “I know about everything Skulls, you can hide nothing from me.”

“Tell me how ya know about that!” He growls as he climbs up on your couch leaning over you, fists clenching, with the most menacing face you have seen on him yet.

“Chill, chill,” You wave. “Muffet told me herself when we were talking. We’re like besties you know.”

His sockets widen further.

“Your besties with that crazy tightwad bitch.”

“Hey, don’t call her that. She’s my friend.”

“How d’ja even manage that, did’ja pay her off or-”

“No, we’re just regular friends. She’s really fun to talk to. I go in there all the time. And you know what? She’s into the Halloween holiday spirit.”

He takes a moment to process your information, before sitting back down and refolding his arms.

“Ca-can ya really get’er ta clear my debt.”

“I should be able to.”

“That doesn't sound very convincin’.”
“I will be able to clear your debt.” You say with as much assurance as you can. He squints his sockets at you.

“Ya don’t actually know do ya?”

“You aren’t very trusting are you?”

You both sit on your opposite ends of the couch staring each other down. You break first as you sigh.

“How about this. You try it out, if you feel like you're being treated badly, or you hate it, I’ll let you quit and I’ll still clear the debt and call the destruction to my apartment fair. Deal?” You hold your hand out.

“Mmmmmm…. Fine Deal, but yer still buying me that weeks worth’a Grillby’s.” He reaches to shake your hand and you feel a jolt run up your arm. Did he just?

“Heheheheh. The ole buzzer in the hand trick. S'always funny.” He points to his joy buzzer, now attached to his hand.

“You are so gonna pay for that later Skulls.”

“The Fuck I am.” He keeps smirking looking so proud of himself for getting you with a stupid joy buzzer.

“So what do you owe Muffet for, I thought it was regular money, but… with your reaction.”

“Ain’t nonna your damn business.” He looks away defensively.

“Ok, Ok, no need to get angry.” He stretches and yawns. “Anyway you can go home and get some sleep, the game’s over now that you wrecked my TV.”
“Sure whatever.”

He hops off your couch and puts his shoes back on.

“Oh and orientation is this Sunday, 12-4”

“What, it's fer four fuckin' hours!” He looks aghast.

“Yep, and the haunt runs every weekend night during October starting next week, and the entire week of Halloween.”

“FUCK!”

“Goodnight Skulls.”

“FUCK YOU.”

He stomps out of your apartment in a huff.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo, Raise of hands, how many of you had your heads in the gutter at the beginning. You thirsty thirsty readers. That was so naughty of you.

I really really enjoyed writing this chapter for some reason. I'm going to be heading off on my cruise soon, and I don't know what the internet is going to be like while I'm there. I will be skipping Monday's update, and hopefully will have internet to update on Friday.

Also, I should have named this story, how to troll a skeleton.

And did I mention this was slow burn, like using dial up slow burn. You're gonna be here all day loading up the one single webpage of affection. I feel like that's how Underfell Sans should be written, he doesn't seem like the feelings type of guy, and would probably have to be around someone for a while to actually like them.
Friday Night Skeletons

Chapter Summary

You go out drinking, and Sans goes out to Grillby's

Chapter Notes

So, I had about half this chapter written before I went on my cruise, but I hated it. Then when I returned it snowed so much, and I had a lot of work to do. I had to shovel the driveway several times that week. I basically put off finishing the chapter because I didn't like it, and had to change it. Finally I had some motivation to work on it today, and now I really like how it turned out. Its huge, so enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Its nearing the evening and you’re driving home from the store. You went shopping for a replacement TV, which meant you were out driving. You're actually pretty happy you have a reason to buy a new one. You've been wanting to try out a curved TV for a while, and now you have an excuse to get one. You can’t wait to get home and set it up. Your current TV, being unusable, was now sitting at the dump.

You get out of your car and haul your prize to your door. You bought the largest TV you could find, so it was pretty heavy. Being a vampire you aren’t phased. You hear loud music blasting through Sans apartment walls as you walk by. Someone is definitely home.

You unlock your apartment hauling the enormous TV in with you. You begin unpacking it as soon as everything is settled, excited to see it set up. You have to dig some tools out from the back room, but you eventually get it mounted on your wall. You step back and enjoy your work. Hmm... you can’t tell if the slight curve does anything, you'll have to play or watch something and see.

You hook your computer up to your new TV and open the survival game from your library. The TV looks great... you think. But you still can’t tell if the curve does anything. You'll have to use it for a few more days before you decide. You continue your game, hardly noticing your neighbor turning his music off early tonight. You keep playing late into the night when an alarm on your phone goes off. Time to go drinking...

You decide to go downtown today, maybe pick up someone around one of the bars before they get drunk. You go to your closet and throw on a skimpy black dress and heels. The dress is as short as
you can handle, which is to say, it covers nothing but your butt and panties. When you need to get something done, you better dress the part you always say. You go into the bathroom and put on your war face. Layering it nice and thick. You check yourself in the full length mirror, making sure everything is perfect. Yep that's nice slutty.

You aren’t really into this type of attire, preferring instead your lounge clothes which are what you like to call your pajama pants. But... they work wonders in getting your drinking day over with so you can come back home to your sweet sweet games. It's worth it for the games.

You step outside your apartment feeling the cool crisp air on your skin. Maybe you should bring a coat. Vampires are pretty tolerant to cold temperatures, but it would be odd to be walking around without a coat. Ehh, too late, you’re too lazy to go back inside and get one, so you go on your merry way.

You walk through the downtown areas near the sleazy bits filled with bars and clubs. You’ve caught a few guys attentions, but they've all been in groups. Your not doing the group thing today. Too complicated. You had to resort to calling one group a bunch of ugly old bald men because they wouldn’t leave you alone. They shouted profanities at you for half a block, but it got them off you.

It's already been over two hours and you still haven’t found a good candidate for a drinking buddy. You’re actually considering going into a bar to find someone. You don’t like drinking alcohol, but you can usually fake it till you leave.

You decide to walk through an area you don’t visit very often before you take drastic measures and enter a bar. These are where the less popular restaurants and establishments are. You make your way down the sidewalk, looking in all the alleyways, searching for a singular straggler when you spot a familiar looking sign. In bright neon letters you read the name of the bar.

Grillby’s. Its Skulls favorite place for grub!

You make a beeline across the street. Ready to check out the place when a guy on the other side grabs your attention.

“Miss. Where are you heading all alone at this hour?”

He has died dirty blonde hair, slicked back, and in style trimmed facial hair. He’s wearing clean clothes, and you can’t smell any alcohol on him... yet. In fact, he smells like he’s had a shower
today, which is always a plus in your book. You once spent a few months preying on homeless people, but found that the more unwashed ones were causing you to have nausea and stomach pains the next day, so you stopped. The most important aspect of this specimen was that he was all alone. Perfect...

“I-I was meeting someone tonight, but they didn’t show. They were my ride home.” You stammer out. Nothing like a girl in distress to get the boys all hot and heroic.

“Oh, that’s too bad, don’t you know it’s dangerous around here. There’s a bunch of monster restaurants and establishments doing shady business. How about you come with me and hang out, I’m meeting some friends just down the block. A lovely lady such as yourself shouldn’t be hanging out alone on a Friday night.”

You grip your purse and give him a worried look. Heh... he’s biting hard.

“Don’t worry, me and the guys are good people. Just a few drinks and I’ll drive you home personally.”

He holds his hand out for you. You take it and smile.

“Has anyone ever told you how beautiful your smile is.” He asks.

“No, no-not really.” You stammer back.

Yeah, this is a complete lie. Seriously who goes through their whole life without someone saying something about their smile looking nice. At least he was complimenting something that wasn’t your butt or tits for once, or mentioning your gargantuan height. He seemed like an ok guy. It was just his luck he met you tonight. Not that you really did anything that intrusive to the people you drank with. You took less blood than a blood donation at the local red cross. Your saliva forces the bite to heal incredibly fast so there’s nothing to worry about.

You walk with him arm and arm down the street looking for a nearby alleyway to dodge into as soon as possible.

Sans
After another unfulfilling day at the paper factory, standing in the line filling magazine pages into a machine that would staple the book together, Sans takes a shortcut home. He got to sleep early last night so he wasn’t as tired during work. The last few days were bad, and he had been reprimanded for falling asleep on the job. Luckily his supervisor was a kind lady who didn’t let those types of things make her angry. She even told him about a few workers who worked several other part time jobs and sometimes fell asleep as well. He was surprised there were humans who had to work multiple jobs just to stay alive. They had so much more opportunity than he did, why didn’t they take advantage of it?

He immediately turns on his booming music. Letting himself relax as the guitars and guttural screaming blast through his apartment. Nothing like some good music to drown out his thoughts. Though... as of late they haven’t been as bad. Perhaps it’s because his dumb ass neighbor has been taking up his free time every night keeping him distracted.

He walks over to his fridge and checks inside. Nothing. Shit. Boss is gonna be over tomorrow and he hasn’t bought any of the ingredients to make dinner. Fuck that stupid Lady and her... taking up all his time. He checks the time on his phone and decides to quickly go shopping. He shortcuts to one of the few specialty monster markets. Not bothering to shut off his music or lights.

He scurries around the store with his cart collecting the ingredients for tomorrow. He has extra cash on him due to not paying for dinner the last few days, so he picks up 3 industrial sized bottles of mustard on his way out. He checks out and rolls his cart behind the wall of the store, grabs his grocery bags, and shortcuts back home. He jumps a little as the music he left on hits his ears. Shit!

He looks around his apartment noticing the huge mess he hasn’t bothered to clean up. He decides to get to work cleaning so he can sleep in tomorrow morning. He makes sure to put the food away first before he picks up all his clothes and trash off the floor and into his hampers. Then he starts wetting down the crusted over mustard stains on his table and counter.

He checks his phone. Its blank. Of course it's blank, what was he expecting. He continues his cleaning rampage getting out the vacuum and going at the floor. There isn’t very much in the carpet due to him hardly being home all week. He hardly bothers to be thorough and mainly targets the largest areas. He checks his phone again when he’s done. Still nothing. He begins wiping down the kitchen table, scrubbing with the rough side of the sponge to get the old crusted mustard stains out. He starts wiping counter off when he hears a ping. He rushes over to his phone.

**Boss:** YOU BETTER BE READY FOR OUR FAMILY MEAL TIME TOMORROW SANS. I WILL BE EVALUATING YOUR LEVEL OF DEDICATION TO OUR BARGAIN. THE APARTMENT BETTER BE CLEAN AND A DECENT GREASELESS MEAL PREPARED. I WILL NOT BE EATING THAT FILTH YOU CALL FOOD. A MONSTER SUCH AS I, THE
GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WOULD NEVER PUT ANYTHING INTO THEIR BODY THAT COULD POSSIBLY SLOW THEM DOWN WHEN ON DUTY. IT IS IMPORTANT TO BE EVER VIGILANT. A CLEAN MIND, CLEAN HOME, AND CLEAN BODY ARE ALL IMPORTANT WHEN IN THE LINE OF DUTY....

The text continued for several more paragraphs that Sans was too lazy to ready. He sends a quick message back.

**Sans:** yeah boss dont worry i got this

He continues cleaning washing the few dishes he used during the week. There weren’t many as most of his meals had been some form of take out. He gets another ping on his phone.

**Boss:** I FEEL THAT YOU AREN’T TAKING THIS SERIOUSLY SANS. OUR ONCE A WEEK FAMILY MEAL TIMES ARE HIGHLY IMPORTANT FOR KEEPING OUR FAMILY TIES STRONG. THEY ARE ALSO A TIME FOR HONING ONE’S SKILLS IN THE KITCHEN. ANY SKILLED WARRIOR UNDERSTANDS THE IMPORTANCE OF BALANCING THEIR CULINARY MASTERY IN THE KITCHEN WITH THEIR PRACTICE IN THE ART OF PUZZLES. KEEPING ONE’S MIND SHARP, AND BODY FILLED WITH A HEALTHY MEAL.....

Papyrus wrote another three paragraphs about the importance of cooking and puzzles. Sans responds.

**Sans:** i understand completely boss

He decides the kitchen floor is clean enough without mopping and, after finding nothing more to clean, sits down on his couch with one of the bottles of mustard. He takes a few gulps of it in a bored manner, listening to his music. Maybe he should look for a new CD. He checks his phone again. There still isn’t anything new there. He sits for a while more, thinking. Something seems off. He’s so bored. Why is he so bored?

He takes another sip of his mustard. Damn this stuff isn’t half as good as Grillby’s. Oh... maybe that’s what he should do. He hasn’t been to Grillby’s since Monday. He caps the mustard and returns it to the fridge. He remembers to turn off all his lights and music before taking a shortcut out.

He ports out by the dumpsters before making his way to the door of the bar. Mmmm, he can smell
the grease from outside. He opens the doors and is greeted by the usual gang of monsters.

“Hey Sans.”

“How ya doing ya asshole.”

“Hiya Sansy.”

“Where ya been, we haven’t seen ya for a while?”

Several monsters wave and cheer at his appearance. It really has been a while for him.

“Ehh... I’ve been busy this week. Haven’t had’a time ta come in.” Sans answers one of the regulars.

“Herd ya been hanging out at a human’s house.” Says a large pink bird monster. They give him a grin, fangs glistening out of their bill.

The bar quiets as they all look to him for an answer. Shit, they all know. Think of something to say Sans. You have an image to keep. He puts on a sharp toothed grin before answering.

“Ye-Yeah, had a deal going down in my favor.”

“I heard she was buying you food.” One of the white dogs in the back barks over.

“Heh, she was buying a lot more n’ that if you know what I mean.” He shoots them finger guns as he winks.

Half the establishment erupts into wolf whistles and cheers. Monsters wave their glasses, spilling alcoholic drinks. Several dog monsters jump up on tables and actually start howling. They bang on the counters spilling alcohol across the tables.
“Wuuuu, nice one Sans. I heard she’s a real hottie.”

“Good on you. Show those humans what they’ve been missin’ all these years.”

“I bet ya got er’ eatin’ outta yer hands.”

“Bet she’s eating something better.”

Shit, Fuck…. Just…. Shit. Why did he say that. Sans feels his soul churn as the images of what they were implying hits it.

“Ya should bring her by, let us check er’ out.”

“Ehh, maybe some other time. V’been busy lately.” He answers trying to end this horrible conversation.

“Ohh, we know ya’ve been busy.” The bird monster gives him a wink.

He puts his hands in his pockets and keeps his grin plastered on his face as he shuffles up to the front of the bar. Ignoring the roaring laughter behind him. He really hopes this doesn’t get back to Papyrus. He will not be happy about this at all.

He sits down in his regular seat and watches the the bartender approach. The bartender in question is a large purple fire elemental, complete with glasses and professional business suit.

“Heya, hot stuff. What'cha got grilling on tonight.”

The flaming bartender simply tips his head at him as he puts down the glass he was cleaning picking up a bottle of mustard from under the counter, he sets it in front of Sans. He turns to walk into the kitchen, flames burning behind him.

“Regular’s usual.” Sans calls after him as he disappears.
Sans waits for his meal by checking his phone. Still nothing interesting. He puts it back in his pocket, unsure what he's expecting from it. He drums his fingers on the counter as he waits.

He's going to have to make sure his family mealtimes with Boss don't overlap with this dumb ass haunted house thing you dragged him into. Boss usually leaves pretty early. He's one of those early to bed, early to rise type'a guys. Hopefully he won't have to show up till later in the night after Boss goes home.

Luckily he had enough time tonight to get his apartment cleaned today before Boss comes over tomorrow. What if he had decided to randomly check up on him during the week, and found him next door with a human. Even worse, you would probably say or do something embarrassing in front of his bro.

Tch... what's with you bothering him. You're the strangest human he's ever met. You won't leave him alone. Always knocking on his door n' messing with him. What the hell type'a human would wanna hang out with a monster. Why can't'cha go bother somebody else. There should be plenty of humans out there you can entertain yourself with. He had his music under control now, there's no need for you to keep bothering him.

You're just... strange. Actin' all interested in him. One moment you're bein' all caring'n concerned for him, n' the next you're making fun of him. He can't tell if ye're one of those stupid nice people, or some kinda ass hole. Ya even admitted ya enjoyed playing with him'n…. Ahh forget it. It's too confusing.

Sans palms his face as he thinks.

The proper response to monsters is to be afraid of them. That's how humans are suppose to behave. They aren't suppose to knock on your door asking ya ta play with them like yer species didn't do shit to each other. It's just... weird how you don't seem to care about anything. Even when he attacked you yesterday, ya didn’t run away. He broke an entire shelf using yer body, and ya got back up like it was nothing. Ya acted like it hadn’t hurt you, instead being more concerned for your busted up things instead of your busted up body... Wait why weren’t ya hurt at all from that. He was so panicked at the time… how hadn’t he noticed?

Sans takes another sip of his mustard as he thinks. Even if his bone attacks didn't work, he's sure he hit'cha against'a wall with a couple blue attacks. It was strange. You didn’t act like there was any damage on your body at all. Maybe you were just being tough or something. It's like that time he bit you. Sans has been wondering about that for a while as well. He definitely remembered your nasty human blood running down his face, but later on, after he washed out his eyes... Nothing. No marks
on your arms whatsoever. He was prepared to apologize like crazy so you wouldn't call the police, but, after his sockets were washed out, there wasn’t anything there to apologize about. Maybe he was biting something else. It's not like he could see while he was doing it.

The weirdest thing about you was definitely your soul. He’s usually able to read more about a soul than other monsters, but he couldn’t see a thing. Just a name and a color. That’s super suspicious. And your eyes. You may claim they aren’t turning red, but he knows what he saw. And he knows what another human was like when their eyes turned red. You haven’t shown any violent tendencies at all but, until he can see your soul LV correctly, he doesn’t know what to expect. He almost considered confronting you a second time when you asked, just to take a closer look.

Well... he's not that worried. From what he can tell, you're basically a shut in who plays video games all day. If anything, you have some strange personal issues that are keeping your soul better hidden than most.

Grillby comes by with Sans burger and fries, greasy meat still slightly sizzling on the plate. He digs in, hardly tasting his food as he thinks about the coming weeks. Hopefully the haunted house thing turns into a bust and he can get out of it early. You were so adamant about his participation for some dumb ass unknown reason. If humans wanna scare each other so badly, then they can do it themselves. Why do they always gotta bring monsters into all their stupidity. How would they feel if monsters dressed up as humans and celebrated their horrible imprisonment and treatment every year. Heh, actually that would be kinda funny.

Sans finishes up his burger and leaves some bills on the table. He usually hangs around a bit after his food, but he's pretty sure everyone is gonna ask questions about you and his fabricated relationship. He literally does not have the stomach for thinking about you in that way... ever. Trying to avoid imagining it makes him feel like puking. Humans are so gross, disgusting, and evil. Why monsters consider any relationship with a human to be good at all is beyond him. At least Boss had his head on properly. He wouldn't approve of any relationship with humans.

Before he turns to leave he looks at Grillby.

“Make sure n’ tell Ice Wolf n’ yer other delivery guys ta keep their mouth shut bout’ me will ya?”

Grillby blinks. His flames forming a small smirk where his mouth should be. Sans waves slowly as he walks out.

The huge contrast between the cold air outside, and the hot air of the bar washes over him as he exits the building. It's pretty late, and it's pitch black. He checks his phone again as he walks. Why does he
keep doing that? If he gets something, he's positive he would hear it. It's not like anyone besides Boss actually texts him. Boss is usually asleep by now.

He decides to take a walk home instead of a shortcut. The only thing waiting for him there is the same music he’s heard a thousand times over, and the video game you've been terrorizing him in. Maybe now that he knows who you are, you two could team up and…. No, he’s not gonna hang out with you today, even it its online. Stop thinking about that annoying shit human and walk your ass home.

As he's passing by an alleyway he hears the sound of someone struggling. Ugg... gross. Why'r humans always doin' that shit in public. Fuckin' go home... Nobody want's ta hear ya freaks mate.

“Not so hard, you're gonna bruise my arm.”

“Hey relax, you’re the one who said you’re in a hurry.”

Sans stops in his tracks. That almost sounds like…. Nahh. This is what happens when he thinks about stupid annoying shit humans. He starts imagining them everywhere.... That really did sound like… He turns around and walks up to the alleyway squinting against the darkness.

“Please, I-I don’t want anyone to see.”

“I don’t know what you're so worried about baby girl, nobody’s gonna see us back here.”

Yep, that's definitely yer annoying voice.... though he's never heard it sound so scared before. Shit! what'r ya doing inna dark alleyway with some guy. Ain't'cha suppose to be some sort a shut in... Wait! Didn't'cha say somethin' 'bout goin' drinkin' on Fridays? Shouldn't ya be with a flock of annoying female humans'r somethin'? Why the hell'r ya all alone? Fuck, why does he have to get involved? Just walk away and leave her dumb ass. If yer gonna make bad decisions then ya can pay fer'um yerself. How'r ya ever gonna learn if….

“Sto-stop, not here. Please” You beg from the darkness.

Fuck it! Why do ya gotta sound so scared. Ya don’t even sound like this when ya play that horrifying game.
Shit... He’s not suppose to use magic. He takes a deep breath and steps into the alleyway, against his better judgement.

“N-No, this isn’t ok we need to go deeper.” You cry, sounding desperate.

“Uhhh Y/N, izzat you!” He calls into the darkness. His cheeks heat up a little from the things he’s hearing. Red starting to glow in the darkness. He really hopes ya aren't bein' forced ta do whatever humans do when they mate. He does not want to see that. He doesn't know what he'll do if he sees that.

“Who’s there?” A male voice answers. A moment later a blinding light flashes onto his face. The man's using his cell phone's flashlight. He spots the short monster in front of him and his demeanor changes completely.

“What the hell, get outta here you ugly fucking monster.” The man takes a threatening step towards him. Sans holds his ground, a little worried. He doesn't know what that guy was doing to you... But it didn't sound like you wanted it. Damn it! Why did the government say he can't use magic.

“Wait, Skulls, is that you? What are you doing here.” Your voice calls from the darkness. It sounds nothing like the scared little girl from before.

“I… Uh.” He tries to shield his eyes from the glare of the flashlight. He's definitely confused right now.

“Wait you know this thing? Has it been bothering you?” The man asks. “Hey come back here, don’t go towards it!”

“Skulls!, what the heck man, fancy seeing you here. What brings you to this fine dark alley on a beautiful freezing night?”

You step out into the light beaming as you face him. He takes one look at your attire and his sockets go wide, before he starts scowling.

“Nah! the question is. What'r YOU doing inna fine dark alley onna beautiful freezing night, with
some random guy inna skimpy… ASS... DRESS!” He points his bony clawed finger at you with each word, trying to emphasize what he’s saying.

“What, random, this guy.” You motion with your thumb behind you. “Nahh you got it all wrong Skulls. We met like five minutes ago, and now we’re going on a sick tour of this alleyway.”

The man walks up to you and he starts pulling your shoulder.

“Listen baby girl, you're acting strange, just step away from that freak and let's get outta here before it does something dangerous. It can’t follow us to the club, freaks like him aren’t allowed there.”

You spin on the spot looking at the man right in the eyes. Anger surging through you.

“Listen here Jeremy, or Jakub, or Joshua, or… whatever you name is. I am not your baby, I’m a full grown woman, I’m pretty sure I’m 4 inches taller than you, and so many times your age you couldn't even begin to comprehend it. Shut your stupid, naive little mouth and read the situation. Get your idiotic face out of here before I force you to lick this monsters cute little bone feet in forgiveness!”

You practically screech at the man as he stands there stock still eyes staring straight ahead blankly. His previous aggression completely gone as you yell in his face.

“Yes, I should go…..”

He turns on his heel and walks robotically away. What the Hell!

Sans watches him leave, sockets wide, little red eyelights following him as he walks. Once he's gone, he twists to face you, looking up at your face in anger from below.

“What the Fuck was that!” Sans demands.

“What was what?”

“That guy, he-he just left, why did he jus’…”
“Yeah, cause I told him to.” You give Sans a proud look as you place your hands on your hips.

“I don’t even…” He palms his face. "Shit Lady, is this what yer into. Gettin’ Fucked in’a alleyway by random strangers.”

“What? No. I’ve never done that in my life.” You scrunch up your face in offense.

“Then what was that, what is this?” He indicates your skimpy outfit. “what that hell do'ya think yer doing?”

“Pretending to let that guy do stuff with me in a dark alleyway...”

“Oh really, n' when he finds out ya were jus' pretendin', 'es jus’ gonna walk away n’ totally be fine about it?”

“I mean…. he just did a moment ago.”

Sans sighs in annoyance. Why the hell are you so stupid? Do you have a fuckin' death wish?

“Don’t mean to disappoint ya Lady, but not every guy is gonna be as easily persuaded ta jus’ walk away when ya get their hopes up like that… Why the Fuck would you even pretend to do that in the first place.”

“You know…. Cause… Uh.... its funny?” You can’t think of a good excuse. He probably wouldn’t believe the “I’m a vampire so I lead people into dark alleyways to suck their blood every Friday,” reason.

“Do ya get off doin’ dangerous things or sommin’.”

“I mean-”
“Don’t fukin’ answer that. Just…. Fuck… Lets just get outta here.” He starts walking in the direction of your apartment complex.

“But I still gotta-”

“We’re going home… NOW.” He snarls back at you, his bright red eye lights lighting up his face as he continues to walk ahead of you. He looks like he wants to kill something.

“Ok Mr. bossy bones.” You put up your hands in a placating gesture, as you walk after him. You'll have to come back at another time. And that guy was so easy too….

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Your Perspective

You walk silently behind Sans, listening to both your footsteps as you make your way towards your apartment. You were surprised he showed up in that alleyway. This is why you wanted to go further back. Nobody would have noticed you if you were further back. Five minutes more and it would have been over with. Now you have to either come back again when everyone's already gone home, or go out on Saturday. You were probably going to go out Saturday. What a wasted night.

This wasn’t the first time someone showed up to “save” you from your victims. Out of all the people who could show up, you still can’t believe it was your angry monster neighbor Sans. Even more amazing, he had apparently picked out your voice and come to your “aid” at his own volition. You're surprised he didn't leave you there. Didn't he hate you? Maybe your plan to befriend this guy was working after all. You should probably thank him for the effort.

You look down at the short monster shuffling ahead of you. His skull bobbing up and down with his steps. His stiff body language says hes still angry. When isn’t he angry?

“Uhh, thanks…. For coming to get me. Even though I wasn’t in trouble or anything.” You say, breaking the silence.

“Fuck! Don’t drag me in’ta yer stupid shit. Yer lucky I was walking home at the time'r ya’d be'n serious shit right now.” He growls at you, hands digging deeper into his pockets.

“Wait, were you just eating at Grillby’s? That's at least four times this week!”
He looks at you from the side, his red eyelights almost turning into little hearts.

“Heh. Ya can’t even fathom my love fer Grillby’s” A hint of his true smile cross over his permanent sharp grin.

“You sure monsters can’t get heart disease or some kind of sickness from eating too much greasy food?”

“Monster's ain't got hearts. Monster food's all made'a magic anyway. Grease'n all. Shouldn’t matter what ya eat.”

“Oh... that's convenient.” You contemplate the advantages of all your food giving you the same nutritional value regardless of what's inside or what it tastes like. “Soooo, you can’t get sick from eating unhealthy monster food, but you can still get fat from eating too much of it right?” You ask deep in thought.

You nearly slam into Sans when he stops walking. His skull swivels around with a tinge of bright glowing red on it. He glares up at you with burning eyelights.

“Ya... Ya callin’ me fat!”

“What! No.... I was just... asking if the food could...” Crap, retreat! You hadn’t meant it that way. You were only curious about the food... The skeleton in front of you was a little more filled out sure... but... “Wait! Are you considered fat? How does that even work?” You ask.

“I ain't fat, m’ just big boned.” His face darkens a shade.

“Well.... Uh.... yeah..... I didn’t.... I wasn’t.... I’m pretty sure a skeleton can’t be fat. You have to be able to have fat to be... How can a skeleton get....” Crap he's giving you a look like he doesn’t believe you, and you offended his mother. “Sure it looks like you're carrying something extra in the middle, but I’ve seen it there. Nothing but a spinal bone.... and...” Sans face is now a pure look of disbelief and rage. You backpedal more. “I mean, you don’t look really skinny and tiny like skeleton, but I think you look pretty cute and-”
“Shut… the fuck… Up” He’s glaring death at you. You swear his eyelights are miniature burning fires at this point.

You shut your mouth immediately. You weren’t trying to be rude. He didn’t look fat. Maybe a little chubby around the hips, but that was all mostly in his coat right? His skeletal build was just bigger. Do skeleton monsters get bigger skeletons when they eat too much. Gahh, now you want to ask him, but you're positive you'll offend him. How are you supposed to know a skeleton can have weight issues? He weighs like 30lbs anyway.

He's walking away without you, so you run a bit in your high heels to catch up. After a few quiet steps behind him the silence starts to kill you.

“I… uh, really don’t think you're fat. I was just asking about the food. Personally I think you look cute and-”

“What the hell? Stop saying that shit.” He hunches his shoulders as he speeds up.

“What? I’m saying you look cute-”

“That shit! Stop saying it. I ain’t cute, okay. Ugly ass skeleton monsters ain’t cute, they’re scary.” He growls into the fur of his hood.

“What…? Who said you're ugly.”

“Fuckin’ humans say it all’a time ya dumb ass. That guy ya were with just said it. An in case yer gonna go off askin’ shitty questions, monsters don’t consider me the most attractive guy inna bunch either. Just cause ya said something stupid don’t mean ya can cover up it with lies...” He's hunched into his coat completely as he walks ahead of you. "I should'a left ya in that fuckin' alley.” He mumbles to himself.

“Hey, don’t be mean… And I’m not lying. I think you look good…. I uhh…. Don’t know much about monster beauty standards, but I really do think your the second cutest monster I have ever seen.”

“The hell kinda mixed up standards ya got.” He yells back at you.
“Oh come on. Big eyes have always been cute.”

“I ain’t got eyes ya dip shit!”

“No but your sockets are enormous. They're very cute. Also you wear all these puffy clothes, but then you have these little clawed finger bones that just barely fit out your sleeves. It's so adorable. And your feet.”

“The Hell, s-shut up! The fuck is wrong with you.” He says, face reddening.

“What, you asked, and I’m explaining-”

“Y-yer just an idiot.” He may be convinced you're lying to him, but he isn’t as hunched over as he walks in front of you. “Tch... Fine then, what's the first most attractive monster ya’ve seen?” He asks. “Bet it's some stupid ugly ass monster.”

“Well that’s Muffet obviously. That girl is hot, and she knows how to dress.”

There is a beat of silence as Sans contemplates your answer.

“Heh, maybe if she wasn’t such a crazy psycho bitch.” Sans mumbles to himself.

“Ohhh see, you agree. I have good taste in monsters.” You move up besides him as he begins to relax out of his coat.

“I ain’t agreeing ta nothin’.”

“And third on the list is this cat monster I met who works at MTT. Cause cats are totally the cutest so obviously he's going to be third and-.”

“Wait, wait, wait. Burgerpants is at the top of yer list? That guy is Fuckin lame. Now I know you
have terrible standards.”

“OK then. Who are your top three most attractive monsters.”

“I don’t have to tell you shit.”

“Fine.” You lean your arms behind your head. “Sounds to me like you don’t even know what a good looking monster looks like anyway.” Another beat of silence

“Fuckin' Mettaton probably!” He blurts out. “He’s got all these stupid shows’n products’n everyone buys shit to look like ‘im.”

“Is he that new monster star the media is all excited about?”

“Yeah... That would be the stupid metal asshole.”

You pull out your phone and look him up.

“....Yeah, I can see it.” You say.

“Heh, told'ja.”

“Ok, who's number two then?”

“Mmmm... Probably....” His face starts to glow lightly with pink as he thinks. “Heh, you ever really looked at the queen.”

“Like, the monster queen.”

“No, the queen of england, dipshit. Of course it's the monster queen. We're talking about monsters, not fuckin' dumb humans.”
You pull out your phone again this time looking up the monster queen.

“OK, you are now officially 3rd on my list.” You reply after going through several images of her.

“Heh, told’ja I got good taste.” He says smugly.

“And your third is?”

“T-third is….” He takes a second before looking at you from the side. “Third’s my bro o course.”

“What, lemme see a picture?”

“My phone doesn't have image capabilities remember.”

“Ahhh, I really wanna see. Wait, if your bro's so good looking he's on your list, shouldn’t you be good looking too.”

“Heh, ’cept for the whole skeleton thing, we don’t look alike. Hes tall’n athletic’n I’m short'n....”

“...You aren’t fat.”

“I didn’t say that!” He growls.

Hes hunching his shoulders again. Does this guy have some sort of complex against his brother?

“Well... you got demoted to 3rd but I still think you’re a pretty cute monster.”

Sans rolls his eyelights as he continues to walk. A small tint of red quickly washes over his cheeks as he thinks about your words.
“A-ain’t ya cold? I thought humans get cold when they don’t wear nothin’n they walk around outside in this temperature.”

“Oh… uh yeah, Its pretty cold out. Woo, I’m freezing.”

In truth it was a lot colder than you had anticipated it would be when you left your house. However, one benefit of being a vampire is a high tolerance to cold. Most people would be freezing wearing only what you were. You try in vain to force yourself to shiver.

“I ain’t giving ya my coat, ya should’a thought'a that before going out at night'n practically nothin’.”

“I’m not asking for it.”

“N’pull yer dress down, I can see yer fuckin’ ass hanging out.”

“Oh no, my ass is fucking in plain view now is it, how embarrassing.”

You pull it down anyway. If he doesn’t like it, then he shouldn’t look.

Suddenly something warm and fluffy is tossed in your face.

“J-jus' take it.” He says... looking away.

You look dumbfounded at the fur lined black jacket in your hands.

“I told you I don’t need it.” You insist.

“S’not like I care if ya need it, yer gonna make me feel guilty 'bout it.”
“No I’m not. You wear this thing like everyday. It was my fault for going out without a coat.”

“Just fuckin' take it!”

“I said I don’t need it.”

“Fuckin' put it on!”

“I really don’t need it.”

“Shuttup'n jus' take it!”

“FINE!”

“FINE!”

You put on the jacket, it's warm. Ohhh... now you know why he wears it everyday. It's like being enveloped in warm fluffy heaven. The jacket's double layered with a soft inner lining. You swing your arms feeling the fabric caress your skin in glee. A strong smell of spicy mustard wafting from it.

“What the Fuck! Now it looks like ya ain’t wearing any pants!”

“Hate to tell you this, but I’m not wearing any pants. That's generally how you wear dresses.” You giggle as you keep swinging your arms.

“It looks worse'n jus' the dress!”

“Wait really?” You try and look down at yourself to get a mental image.

“You look like a fuckin' idiot who forgot their pants.”
“Hahah, It doesn’t matter, you're the only one here anyway.”

“Don'tcha got any fuckin' decency?”

“What? it's not like you're into humans or anything. Besides you already know my true form. Pajama pants party, everyday!” You sing the last part with your own made up jingle.

“Jus' give it back.”

“What no. Now that I understand its true power, I’m wearing it till we get back home.”

“I ain’t walking round with'a human who looks like they ain’t wearing any fuckin' pants.”

“It's only like five minutes till we’re home.”

“You look like a fuckin' pervert, take it off.”

“No way, this angelic black punk jacket is mine now.”

Sans turns around, grabs the zipper, and starts to tug it down.

“Ooooh, how bold, my pants are off but that isn’t enough for you.”

“What the FUCK! shut up and take it off.”

“NEVER!”

You dash past him in your heels and head for your apartment.
“You’ll never catch me slowbones!” You call as you run.

Several seconds later you see him up ahead, blocking the way, evil grin plastered on his face.

“What the...”

You come to a halt in front of him.

“Caught'cha, now give it back.” He smirks holding out his hand.

“How did you-”

“Don’t matter, now give it.”

You make to take the jacket off but before you do you tackle Sans, throwing him over your shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

“Put me the Fuck down ya crazy bitch.” He screams as he struggles.

“I have captured the monster, now onward to victory.” You point forward with one of your hands.

"I said PUT ME THE FUCK DOWN!" He tries kicking his legs against you, but you only grasp his light pokey body tighter as you run. Vampire strength is a little unfair...

"Hahaha. The pile of bones is mine!"

"Gyaaaaaaa I fuckin' hate'cha! I hate'cha! I hate'cha! GO FUCKEN DIE!" He screams as you run. Struggling the whole way home.
You arrive with a very pissed off skeleton. You pull him off your shoulder and get a glimpse of the most angry hate filled face you have ever seen. And You've seen a lot of faces in your time. He simply holds his hand out silently.

“Well, at least you didn’t have to stare at my pants less form the whole time…” You try and reason.

He continues to stand there with his hand out silently. You take the coat off slowly and hand it over placing it gently in his palm. He takes it, and pulls his phone out of the pocket, then pulls his keys out of his phone. He does it all in silence.

“Uhhh, see ya later then, Skulls.”

He opens his door and shuffles in, slamming it behind him.

Oops, maybe you went too far...

Chapter End Notes

Reader can be a bit of a tsundere too.

Yes I have worked at a paper factory, and a few random art assortment packaging factories back when I was temping to pay for school. Usually I was the only one there who couldn’t speak Spanish very well. They were usually full of really nice working latino ladies who always wanted to share their amazing home cooked lunches with me, and I kinda miss them.

Also, Sans is about to learn a lesson in why you don’t tell people you're sleeping with people when you're not. It comes back and bites you in your boney non existent ass.
Family meal time with Sans

Chapter Summary

Sans and paps family meal time gets interrupted by a visitor.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sans

Sans wakes up feeling well rested for once. He was so angry last night he nearly passed out in bed as soon as he hit it. That idiot was this close to getting dunked on. It took all his willpower to keep himself from using magic on her. How dare she think she can just mess with him. No human is allowed to go around touching and manhandling him. Eurgh, feeling her that near him with her weird soft flesh, and smelling her sweet human... uhhh...no it's gross.

Sans throws his dirty balled up covers violently to the ground. Stupid shitty human. She even had the gall ta act like she didn't need his help. He heard her voice in that alley, she was definitely scared. Why did she just... walk out like everything was fine? Is she so naive she didn't notice what was happening? She was even wearing that tiny ass dress. And she says she does that all the time…. Is she a prostitute or something? Is that how she pays for all her stuff? With her body! Shit, and he was making her pay for his meals and everything with that money.

Fuck, is this why she's so ok with touching a monster like him. She's so accustomed to touching gross guys it doesn’t bother her. If she's that desperate for money he could… help her... maybe. But wait? she has all that stuff in er’ house. Way more expensive stuff than he does...

Sans palms his face, letting his hand slide down slowly. Just don’t think about her. Thinking about her is giving him a headache.

He shuffles slowly out of bed to the kitchen. Going immediately to his fridge in search of the mustard he bought. He opens one, chugging the contents for a quick brunch. The spicy sweet concoction is no Grillby’s, but it’s alright for now. He pops the cap back on and places it into the fridge, wiping his face with a bony hand.

He checks his phone once he's done, opening it to three messages from Papyrus. One asking him if he's prepared for their weekly family meal day, one reminding him if he's ready for their family meal day, and then finally one demanding him to be ready or there will be dire consequences.
Sans types back a quick response.

**Sans:** Yeah boss got it under control.

Sans checks the time after hitting send. Two hours till Papyrus arrives. He sinks into his beat up couch and switches on the TV, looking for something to do while he waits. Shitty human show, shitty human show, shitty human news assholes thinking they know stuff about monsters, shitty human kids cartoons, and shitty metal asshole. Welp, there's nothing on TV. He turns it off bored. He checks his phone again. Nothing. Why does he keep doing that? It pings when he gets something. What is he looking for?

He decides it's time to do the laundry anyway. Boss would be pissed if he happened to find his hampers of unwashed laundry. Sans had them hidden away in his hallway closet after Papyrus chewed him out for not doing it last week.

He opens the door to his closet and is assaulted with the stench of soured magic, Grillby’s, and a whole lot of mustard. He scrunches his sockets against the smell, and picks up the hampers. Carrying them out and down the hall, he grabs his balled up covers along the way. Then he heads outside with the laundry.

The apartment complex has a small room on one side dedicated to laundry machines. Out of the 7 machines 2 are out of order. That leaves three operating washers, and two operating dryers. One of the dryers didn't really count as operational. It took almost three times as many cycles to get the clothes dry, which meant three times the quarters and time. Luckily for him, the working dryer was empty for once. Last time he had to pull out someones gross humans clothes so he could use it. He shivers when he remembers the lacy black silk panties with a pair of skull and crossbones on it. Disgusting.

Sans loads up his clothes, easily filling all three washing machines. He puts some quarters into each, then sits in one of the provided folding chairs to wait. The humming rhythm drums in the background as he tries to relax. His sockets drooping lower and lower as he sits.

Sans wakes to the sound of his cell phone ringing. Shit! Its Boss’s ringtone. He fishes through his pockets and quickly answers it.

“He-Hey Boss. wha's goin' on?”
“SANS, WHERE ARE YOU!” Shit! How long did he sleep? “I’VE BEEN BANGING ON YOUR DOOR FOR THE PAST 5 MINUTES AND YOU HAVEN’T ANSWERED. HOW COULD YOU FORGET YOUR FAMILY MEAL DAY WITH I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, AND YOUR MOST AMAZING AND IMPORTANT BROTHER. DID YOU NOT RECEIVE MY GREAT AND INFORMATIVE MESSAGES-”

Shit, he doesn't have time to change his laundry. He quickly shortcuts into his apartment and unlocks his door, still holding his phone to his ear.

“CIEVERLY WRITTEN WITH ONLY THE MOST IMPORTANT OF INFORMATION AND... SANS YOU SLOTH FINALLY! I WAS AFRAID WE WOULD HAVE TO CANCEL. OF COURSE CANCELLATION WITH THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WOULD BE THE WORST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN. NYE HEH HEH. I HOPE YOU HAVE PREPARED YOUR LIVING ARRANGEMENTS APPROPRIATELY FOR I SHALL BE INSPECTING THEM THOROUGHLY. NO FILTH OF ANY CALIBER WILL GET PAST MY DISCERNING EYES AND-”

“Heh, yeah Boss, but first ya better put yer phone down first'n come inside.” He yawns.

“YE-YES SANS, OF COURSE.” Papyrus quickly puts his phone down. "ONWARD WITH THE INSPECTION."

Papyrus marches inside, immediately checking the state of San's apartment. His hollow sockets scan the room as he folds his arms. He takes in everything keeping silent as he makes his initial judgement.

“Heh, t-told'ja Boss. I got'it all cleaned up nice'n good fer ya.” Sans says, wrings his hands anxiously beside his towering brother.

“We SHALL SEE...” Papyrus answers, narrowing his sockets.

He marches into the kitchen, running a gloved finger along the counter tops. He peers closely at it squinting his sockets.

“HMMM. HARDLY ACCEPTABLE. TO THE NEXT ROOM.”
Papyrus marches down the hallway. Slamming open Sans bedroom door, he jumps inside as though he expects to catch something in the act. After a moment of looking around he turns to his small older brother.

“AND WHERE ARE THE BED SHEETS? YOU CAN’T MAKE YOUR BED PROPERLY WITHOUT BED SHEETS.”

Sans starts to sweat.

“Th-they’re being washed, Boss. I slept on’um last night n’I wanted to make sure they were clean fer’ya when ya came over…. Jus’ have to get’em later.”

“I SEE.” Papyrus says as he looks over Sans.

He moves back into the hallway, swinging his skull side to side as he looks around. His empty sockets take everything in, looking for the smallest possible mistake. He spots the closet door, and immediately jumps towards it.

“THEN WHAT IS HIDING IN THIS ROOM!”

Papyrus nearly rips open Sans hallway closet as he hastily checks inside. Sans feels himself sweating more as he watches.

Please do not smell, please do not smell, please do not smell.

“HMMM, WELL SANS, YOUR HORRIBLY DISGUSTING FILTHY HABITS DO NOT SEEM TO BE SURFACING ON THIS INSPECTION. BUT LET IT BE CLEAR, SHOULD YOU SLACK IN YOUR DUTIES EVEN THE SLIGHTEST, I SHALL KNOW!”

“Does that...uh… mean I did a good job?” Sans asks slowly.

“IT MEANS YOU DID AN ADEQUATE JOB… THERE WERE NO SOCKS, NOR DIRTY
LAUNDRY TO BE FOUND AT ALL. I'M ALMOST WONDERING IF THIS REALLY IS MY LAZYBONES OF A BROTHER.

“A come'on Boss, who else would I be.” Sans asks as he sweats.

“HMM.” Papyrus squints at him further. "SANS… COME HERE. I BELIEVE APPROPRIATE CONSEQUENCES MUST BE TAKEN IN LIGHT OF CURRENT EVENTS.”

Papyrus signals Sans to come over and stand in front of him.

“B-But Boss… I uhh, thought I did a good job.” Sans says, staying rooted to his spot.

“HERE NOW.” Papyrus points again.

Sans shuffles slowly in front of Papyrus. Eyelights glued to the floor. He feels himself shake a little as he gets closer. Papyrus clears his throat.

“AS PER OUR AGREEMENT BEFORE, I SHALL NOW BESTOW UPON YOU THE PROPER BROTHERLY LOVE.”

“Wha-wha? Ya don’t gotta.” Sans sputters as Papyrus reaches for his skull. He shuts his sockets flinching before he's touched.

“PAT PAT.”

Papyrus actually says it while patting Sans on the skull twice.

“Pfffttt, what is this Boss?” Sans chokes into his hand, surprised at this behavior from his own brother.

“APPROPRIATE BROTHERLY LOVE FOR A JOB WELL DONE….. D-DO NOT GET ACCUSTOMED TO IT. I WILL ONLY RAISE MY STANDARDS FOR YOUR END OF THE BARGAIN EACH WEEK. YOU MAY ONLY BASK IN THE GLORY OF MY LOVING
PRAISE THIS ONE TIME ALONE.” Papyrus says as he poses triumphantly.

Sans smiles as he watches his brother. He's in a good mood. Maybe... maybe he can do it... like in the old days...

“Gotta come clean Boss, I wasn’t expecting that.” Sans says grinning.

“...WHAT WAS THAT SANS?” Papyrus says, dropping his pose.

“I was dust worried ya weren’t going to like what'cha saw. Who knows how long ya were gonna keep ragging on me if ya weren’t satisfied.”

“SANS ARE YOU!” Papyrus puts his hands to his hips.

"Better wash yer tongue. Wouldn’t wanna say nothing dirty now would'ya?” Sans says, absolutely grinning now.

“SANS!...YOU WILL START COOKING OUR FAMILY MEAL THIS INSTANT! AND THERE WILL BE NO MORE TERRIBLE PUNS OR IT WILL RUIN THE FOOD!.”

Papyrus glares menacingly as he points at his brother.

Sans shrugs as he turns towards the kitchen.

“Geez, what's eatin' you?” He says through a grin.

“I RESCIND MY BROTHERLY LOVE, YOU ARE THE WORST BROTHER IN THE WORLD! CONSIDER THE HEAD PATS NULL AND VOID!”

“Don'cha mean skull and void.” Sans snickers as he walks away.
Sans chuckles to himself as he prepares the meal in the kitchen. It's been a long time since they'd bantered like this back and forth. Things had gotten, so bad…. He missed this so much.

Ah, don’t get all sentimental Sans, yer gonna pop a tear n’ front’a Boss.

Sans keeps a solid watch over the spiral noodles as they slowly start to boil. From the fridge he pulls a container of cherry tomatoes. He slices them down the middle, quickly filling the cutting board with translucent red juice. A prickle runs up his spine as he feels his brothers fiery gaze melt through him. Papyrus sits behind him in the living room, uncomfortably watching his every move from over the top of the couch.

“SANS, ARE YOU SURE YOU WON’T BE NEEDING MY GREAT AND MASTERFUL KITCHEN SKILLS PREPARING OUR DINNER.” Papyrus finally asks.

“Relax Boss. I’ll make sure ta keep my margerine of error as small as pastable.”


“If anything my great taste in humor will only add to the flavor. Just get comfortable over there'n watch somethin' while ya wait. Could’a sworn I saw Mettaton on earlier.”

Papyrus grumbles as he gets comfortable in the couch. Not too comfortable, as that would be lazy. But enough so he can tune into his favorite robot show.

Sans hears him flipping through the channels and relaxes a little. He expected his brother to throw him from the kitchen at any moment. Papyrus wasn't the type to allow anyone to cook for him,
including his own brother. There was a reason Sans took to eating at Grillby's so often.

Sans pulls out a can of olives, allowing them to drain in the sink. He feels pretty confident in his choice of meal today. Pasta salad should be "healthy" enough for Papyrus, while still being simple to make. That, and it wouldn’t be so over extravagant Papyrus would get upset about his own cooking in comparison. Also it's a noodle dish… Boss loves noodle dishes.

Sans is jarred from his thoughts when his phone buzzes in his pocket. Now who could that be? He reaches for it, taking his eyes off the stove top.

NewContact3: These are yours right. [Error Invalid Message. Message Delivery Failure]

Every day with this idiot…! Sans palms his face as he reads the message. What is this supposed to mean? Did he leave something at her house? Annoyed, he types a quick response.

Sans: my phone cant receive or display images u idiot

Not a moment later he gets a response.

NewContact3: Oh yeah, you still have a grandpa phone. Anyway, you took up all the washing machines with your clothes. Pretty sure they're yours. I would recognize these super cute heart boxers anywhere. I’m gonna start them in the dryer for you because I need to get my stuff washed.

Welp, there goes his relaxed mood. Sans already feels his rage building. His phone buzzes again before he has a chance to put it away.

NewContact3: Holy crap, what is this. I can’t believe you wear this you naughty boy. ;) [Error Invalid Message. Message Delivery Failure]

“WHAT IN FUCKIN HELL!” Sans screeches at his phone in disbelief.

“SANS PLEASE USE YOUR INDOOR VOICE, I'M TRYING TO STUDY METATRON'S NEW SHOW. I NEED PERFECT SILENCE IF I AM TO MASTER HIS UTTER GREATNESS AS MY OWN!” Papyrus yells from the other room.
“S-Sorry Boss, jus’ burned myself on the stoves’all.” Sans calls back.

“Not like you even have an indoor voice…” He mumbles to himself.

“WHAT WAS THAT SANS.”

“I said dinner is turning out pretty good!”

“IT HAD BETTER. WHILE I’M SURE IT WILL NEVER MEASURE UP TO MY MASTER CHEF STANDARDS, I STILL REQUIRE FOOD THAT IS EDIBLE IN NATURE. THAT FILTHY DISGUSTING SLOP YOU EAT ON A REGULAR BASIS CAN HARDLY CONSIDERED AN APPROPRIATE MEAL FOR ONE SUCH AS MYSELF AND-”

Sans types fervently into his phone as he listens to one of his brothers many lectures.

_**Sans:**_ stop going through my stuff. leave it there. do not touch it.

He checks on the noodles that are now starting to boil heavily as he receives another text.

**NewContact3:** Too late I already put the quarters in for you. I’m not going to lay your wet clean clothes all over the floor.

_**Sans:**_ Put them in the hampers then. and stop looking through them.

The noodles begin to boil over as he finishes his text, spilling water all over the stove. He hurriedly moves the pot onto an unused burner as he receives another text. The plastic of his phone cracking as he squeezes it tighter and tighter.

**NewContact3:** Ok Gross. Your hampers are gonna get all wet and mildewy smelling if I just leave them in there. I started most of what I could fit into the dryers anyway. Not that one of them works very well…
“SANS ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING OVER THERE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING. AT LEAST I CAN HEAR THE WATER BOILING PROPERLY. SANS… SANS!” His brother yells from the couch.

The smell of burning meat hits his nose and Sans tears his face away from his phone in panic. Shit, the chicken needs to be stirred.

Buzz Buzz, another message.

**NewContact3:** If you don’t want me touching your stuff, maybe you should come down here and finish your laundry yourself. What are you even doing in there? It sounds like someone's yelling their head off. You aren’t getting robbed are you. Should I come over and check.

“SANS, SANS! WHILE I VALUE THE EFFORT OF MULTITASKING, I CAN’T HELP BUT FEEL YOU ARE SIMPLY SLACKING OFF ON YOUR COOKING DUTIES. THE MEAT IS SMELLING WONDERFULLY COOKED BY THE WAY.”

Sans quickly turns down the heat and holds the pan of meat away from the burner. He's already panicking at the thought of you knocking at his door right now. He balances his phone in one hand typing a reply message as he sorts out the contents on the stove.

“I-I got it Boss, just stop going through my stuff!” He yells as he types another reply.

**Sans:** It’s fine. My bros just visiting is all. Nothing you need to check on.

“What was that Sans? What did you say to me?” Papyrus shouts back.

“What? Wha’d I say Boss?” Sans asks behind him, confused and panicked at everything that's going on.

**NewContact3:** I wanna meet this super hot bro of yours. I’m coming over.
“No, do not come over!” he shouts at his phone in anger.

“SANS WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO!” Papyrus is fully standing off the couch now, walking towards Sans has he panics.

“What? no-no one Boss, just finishing the food.”

“OUR FAMILY MEAL TIME IS IMPORTANT SANS! YOU WILL STOP SLACKING OFF THIS INSTANT OR I WILL-”

Papyrus is cut off by the sound of the fire alarm beeping.

“OH THERE GOES THE TIMER, I DIDN’T REALIZE YOU WOULD BE DONE SO SOON. I WILL PREPARE THE TABLE FOR FEASTING IMMEDIATELY.”

Papyrus flips off the TV, shuts off the fire alarm, and goes over to the cupboards. He pulls out the plates and silverware, starting to set the table.

Sans is really panicking now. Shit, Shit, Shit! He tries to fix the remains of his destroyed meal as he fires off another text.

**Sans:** you are not invited. do not come over.

He's scraping the burnt remains of chicken into the serving bowl when he hears the doorbell ring. His magic hums faster in his chest in panic.

“CONTINUE YOUR COOKING SANS, I’LL ANSWER THE DOOR, THE FOOLISH SALES HUMAN WILL BE SCREAMING IN FEAR AT THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS IN NO TIME. NYEH HEH HEH!”

Papyrus is already walking to his door before Sans can put the bowl down.

“No, wait Boss. Don’t answer it!” Ye yells as he nearly drops the bowl.
In a last ditch effort he summons his magic to hold the door closed as Papyrus pulls on the knob. As long as humans don’t see it, it's ok right. They can’t report magic use they don’t see.

“HMM… STRANGE. YOUR DOOR SEEMS TO BE STUCK, SANS.”

Papyrus continues pulling on the knob. Small cracks escape from the door as the wood warps under his grip. Sans walks up behind him pleading.

“S-Sometimes it gets like that Boss. Les’ just leave it'n hope it works later eh? C-Come' on Boss, d-dinners already done.”

Papyrus clicks his teeth. “I WILL BE FORCED TO BREAK IT DOWN THEN...”

Papyrus summons a bone attack and aims it at the door.

“Wait Boss, not my door!” Sans yells, flicking his hand upward.

He releases his hold on the door, opening it right as Papyrus throws his bone attack. It files through the opened door, directly at the woman now standing in front of it. The bone narrowly misses striking her in the face as it lands somewhere behind her with an ear shattering crash.

All three of them look where the attack landed. The car behind her now has a very obvious bone sticking through it's windshield.

You stare in horror at the damaged vehicle, your eyes wide in surprise.

In a low voice you murmur.

“My Car...”

Chapter End Notes
First your TV and now your car.

What do you think Reader found in his laundry?

BTW, yes the underwear in the machine was the readers. How to dunk on Sans when you don’t even know it. Also I like how the annoying neighbor role has switched characters completely.

Also updates twice a week are getting harder because chapters are longer, and I'm a slow writer. So probably I will update once a week instead. How long does it take other people to write 2000, or 4000 word chapters? Just curious? I've noticed that heavy dialog areas usually take longer than just talking about the characters day to day.
A Deal with Papyrus

Chapter Summary

You discuss payment for your damages from Papyrus.

Chapter Notes

A lot of people expected Reader to get mad this chapter. But that's just not her character. She's actually a pretty chill girl. She is strange in that she isn’t materialistic, even though she owns a lot of expensive stuff. She just likes to check out new toys and then usually gets bored of them and throws them away, or hope someone breaks it so she can get a new toy. She only gets angry in special circumstances. Sans calling her a dumb shit, fine. People making fun of her height, doesn’t care. But if someone makes fun of her friends or is rude to them, you're in for a bad time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You look at the skeleton currently yelling at his brother. Sans wasn’t exaggerating when he said besides being skeletons they don’t look alike. He definitely fits into the common connotations of attractiveness people generally associate with males. He's tall, nearly as tall as you, has wide broad shoulders, and holds himself well with his posture. His teeth are sharp and menacing like his brothers, but better kept. Everything about his appearance is more elegant, more refined than Sans. His face sports two gleaming hollow sockets, a jagged dark crack running across the left one, almost like a scar. You can actually look through the crack, but like the rest of his face, it only leads to that strange mysterious black expanse inside his skull. You also take note, that unlike his brother, he doesn't have little expressive eyelight indicating his pupils. It creates the illusion of a complete glare, making it hard to grasp his current expression.

What really stands out most is his dress. Where San's outfits always scream comfort and lazy with a dash of "leave me alone". This skeleton looks more like a smooth villain straight out of a superhero movie. He wears red gloves across his hands, and bright matching red boots. He completes the look with a stylishly cut black leather jacket, and matching red scarf, thrown over his shoulders.

“SANS, THIS IS CLEARLY YOUR FAULT. WHAT WERE YOU THINKING KEEPING SUCH A DANGEROUSLY SPONTANEOUS OPENING FRONT DOOR.” Papyrus snaps.

The three of you stand in front of your car examining the damage. It wasn’t as bad as you initially thought. The windshield took the brunt of the blow, with the bone attack coming to a halt halfway through the glass. Besides getting a new windshield and maybe some wipers, the car would only need a thorough cleaning to be as good as new.
“I-It ain’t my…. I-I don’t even know h-how it happened.” Sans sputters, cowering besides his brothers death glare.

“PERHAPS IF YOU MAINTAINED YOUR APARTMENT IN PROPER CONDITION, NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED.”

“I-I d-didn't mean ta... I-I…” Sans voice cracks slightly as he fidgets under the glare.

“DO YOU NOT REALIZE WHAT YOU’VE DONE SANS. BECAUSE I DO. ACCIDENTS SUCH AS THIS HAVE DIRE REPERCUSSIONS. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT TORTURE SANS?”

You watch the exchange feeling a slight pang of annoyance in the pit of your stomach. It was just a windshield. Even if it had been more, it was an accident. You were required by law to have any vehicles you used insured. You probably could claim this on your insurance as some sort of freak accident. You blatantly refused to be one of those jerks who got overly angry about car accidents.

This wasn’t the only car you owned anyway. You also had a truck, van, and motorcycle, all in storage. You liked having one of each for different purposes. Sadly, your cheap temporary apartment only gave you one parking spot. You picked your smallest, and most efficient vehicle while you waited on your new property.

“HUMAN!” Papyrus changes his attention from his brother, to you. “IT SEEMS MY IMBECILE OF A BROTHER HAS MADE AN ACCIDENTAL MISTAKE IN CALCULATION, RESULTING IN SOME…. MINOR DESTRUCTION OF YOUR PROPERTY.”

Papyrus tries in vain to tower over you. He stops when he realizes both of you are nearly the same height. Instead, he opts to place his hands on his hips in lecture mode.

“Yes, I can see that. But you don’t have to-”

“FEAR NOT, FOR I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, WILL SEE TO IT THAT A GRAVE ERROR SUCH AS THIS BE RECTIFIED SWIFTLY AND SMOOTHLY.”
He pulls out his phone and begins to remove several bills from the screen. You stomach has another fangasm inside it as you watch the magic phone in action before you force it down.

“As I was saying. It's really unnecessary. I can just call my insurance company and-”

“HUMAN… YOU WERE PREDICTING DAMAGE TO YOUR VEHICLE ALL ALONG, AND BOUGHT PROTECTION EARLY?” He seems genuinely surprised.

“Ummm… All vehicles in use on public roads are required to have some form of insurance and-.”

“What mockery is this. Are humans so accident prone they must insure their vehicles preemptively?”

You're getting a little annoyed at being cut off so often. This guy really needs to learn how to listen politely when others are speaking. Sans stands a few feet away sweating uncomfortably and looking… scared? Isn’t this his cool older bro. He didn’t seem all that cool to you. Cool older brothers don’t call their younger brothers names and blame them for things.

You think over a response to Papyrus’s question, when you suddenly come to a realization. You cock your head to the side and smirk.

“You ever driven a car before?”

“I-I well, of course I would if… I simply haven’t gotten around to it.” He sputters, slight embarrassment welling in his face.

“Well when you do, come back and tell me what you think about having insurance on your vehicle.”

His face reddens as he finishes counting out the bills. He shoves them in your face waggling them slightly. His dark expressionless angry sockets managing to look away from you.

“This should be plenty to cover the cost of the damages, now be gone with you.”
You stay still, looking at the outstretched bills without touching them. You aren't the type of person who takes money from others. You simply aren't in need of it.

“I told you, I can report this to my insurance company. They'll get it fixed for me.”

“SUCH THINGS ARE OVERLY COMPLICATED. I WOULD LIKE TO GET THIS SOLVED QUICKLY. I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND THIS SOLUTION MORE SATISFACTORY TOWARDS YOUR END.”

Papyrus keeps waving the bills in front of you. His empty eye sockets telling you he doesn’t want to argue the point further. They're almost pleading with you to take them. Actually, as you look over the bills, it's probably more than double the cost of a cheap windshield…. Wait a minute….. Is he….

“H-hey uh.” Sans walks up quietly behind his brother. “W-why don’cha jus’ take it b-b-buddy… uh pal.”

Did he just call you buddy. Your angry neighbor who believes he hates you just called you buddy. Holy crap! Everything makes sense now. They didn’t want to get in trouble for using magic in public. Your face cracks an evil grin as you reply.

“Nahh, I wouldn’t want you guys to pay for an accident like this. I’ll just report to my insurance company how my cool magical monster friend next door had a slip up and everything should be fine.”

You watch in glee as both their faces loose some of that pristine white color in their bones. Must be what a skeleton looks like when their face drains of magic.

“Ya... ya wouldn’t-”

“SILENCE SANS! LET ME HANDLE THIS. YOU ARE ONLY MAKING IT WORSE BY TALKING TO THE HUMAN.”

“B-but Boss... I know her-”
“SILENCE!” Papyrus snaps again at him with a glare. “HUMAN, IT WAS I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, WHO LANDED SUCH A SPECTACULAR ATTACK ON YOUR VEHICLE, AND THEREFORE I WILL BE TAKING FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR SAID REPERCUSSIONS... OBSERVE.”

He snaps his gloved hand, and the bone piercing your windshield disappears.

“You're surprised the taller skeleton is taking the fall for his brother. Wasn’t he initially blaming all the fault on Sans at the beginning?

“Wait Boss! It ain't'cher fault. I was holdin' the door closed inna first place.” Sans tries to cut in.

Did he just call his own brother boss? Really? That had better be a cool older bro nickname.

“WE WILL DISCUSS THIS MATTER AT A LATER TIME SANS.” Papyrus growls at him through his teeth.

“Bu-but, yer job.”

“SANS!”

Sans stops speaking, pointing his eyelights instead at the ground. You're a little annoyed seeing his face so sad. It's like all the work you put into the guy during the week was being erased. You take a deep breath and relax as you prepare yourself. Time to flip that frown... into your favorite pissed off glare. Double glares if you time it right.

“Actually, calling my insurance company and waiting on hold for an hour before filling out a bunch of questions does seem kinda annoying.” You pipe up.

Papyrus immediately turns towards you, glare on his face. “EXCELLENT HUMAN. HAVE YOU
FINALLY COME TO YOUR SENSES? SURELY TAKING A DIRECT PAYMENT IS THE MORE EFFICIENT METHOD.” He begins holding out the bills again.

“Nahh, I don’t want your money either.” You see Sans stiffen at his brother’s side as he hears the familiar setup.

“THEN WHAT IS IT YOU WANT HUMAN?”

You take a step forward getting into his space. You point a finger right on his chest. In the deepest voice you can muster, you respond.

“I want your body.”

…

You watch the color rise from the base of his cervical vertebrae to the top of his head. Steam practically radiating from the warmth of the magic flushing his face.

“WHA-WHAT? A-A-A HUMAN... FL-FLIRTING, WITH THE GREAT… IN A PU-PUBLIC AREA. THIS IS… THIS IS… SURELY INAPPROPRIATE!”

He fidgets in place as he tries to get his wording out. Sans on the other hand, buries his face into his palm… and is that… light snickering coming off of the small skeleton. Papyrus quickly catches himself and clears his throat, back to his previous calm demeanor.

“HU-HUMAN. I UNDERSTAND THAT THE ALLURE OF THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS MAY BE TOO MUCH FOR A MERE PEASANT CREATURE SUCH AS YOURSELF TO RESIST BUT... LET ME FIRST INFORM YOU THAT I HAVE VERY HIGH STANDARDS. SH-SURELY YOU MUST ALSO UNDERSTAND PAYMENT IN THE FORM OF... PRO-PROMISCUOUS BEHAVIOR IS PROHIBITED BY HUMAN LAW. THE SELLING OF ONE’S BODY EVEN IN PAYMENT OF DEBT IS UNACCEPTABLE.”

Holey crap! You were not expecting a reaction like that. Were both these guys actually super innocent. They really had lived under a rock their whole lives. You try your best to suppress the grin fighting to slide onto your face as you listen to him sputter his response.
Below you Sans is fully choking into his palms as he tries to cover his laughter with fake coughing. You were expecting him to be angry at your inappropriate remarks towards his bro. Guess you'd been hanging out too much together and now he's onto you. At least his face has happy smiles instead of sad ones.

You lean in closer to Papyrus almost whispering.

“Of course I understand o great and terrible Papyrus. The thing is... I was told by a very reliable source that my neighbor here has an extremely handsome and attractive brother. Today I received information that said attractive brother would be visiting, perhaps for dinner?”

“HUMH.” He snorts, folding his arms.”YOUR SOURCES ARE MOST ACCURATE AND RELIABLE INDEED. IN FACT, ALMOST TOO ACCURATE. THEY GAVE A PERFECTLY CONVINCING DESCRIPTION OF MY MAGNIFICENCE DOWN TO THE DETAIL.”

“So of course, you understand I had to immediately make my way over to my neighbors house and see such a great person for myself.”

“Yes, of course, it all makes sense now. I was wondering what a foolish human peasant girl was doing at my antisocial brothers front door.”

“All I wanted was, to perhaps, see such an amazing skeleton in person, and maybe, be able to join him for dinner.”

“A-AS IN A DATE, WITH YOU, A FILTHY HUMAN.” He stammers, face beginning to warm with magic once again.

“No, nothing like that. We hardly even know each other. And besides, your brother will be there as well. I simply wanted to bask in the glory that is your presence for one meal.”

“AHH YES OF COURSE.” He begins to scratch his chin. “THE DATING MANUAL DID SAY IT WAS MOST IMPORTANT TO GET TO KNOW SOMEONE BEFORE ASKING THEM ON A D-DATE. YOU SIMPLY WISH TO MEET ME IN PREPARATION.”
Dating manual? Wha… do monsters have an actual dating manual?

“Yeah... so, how about I join you two for dinner, and we call it payment enough for the damage to my windshield.”

Papyrus straightens up after this and holds out his gloved hand for you to shake. Turning away from you as he shakes your hand.

“IT WILL BE A HEAVY BURDEN TO BEAR, ENTERTAINING SUCH A FOOLISH HUMAN GUEST FOR A MEAL. BUT IF SUCH IS THE PRICE TO PAY, THEN I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, SHALL TOLERATE YOUR FILTHY PRESENCE JUST THIS ONCE. BE WARNED, HUMAN, MY STANDARDS ARE OF THE HIGHEST CALIBER, ONE THAT A WORTHLESS HUMAN CREATURE SUCH AS YOURSELF WILL NEVER REACH IN THEIR LIFETIME. IT WILL NOT BE MY FAULT SHOULD YOU FALL EVEN DEEPER INTO YOUR DESIRES OF LUST FOR ME AND I NOT RETURN THEM. THIS WILL BE MY ONLY WARNING TO YOU.”

You take his hand and shake it, feeling the pokey bones through the glove. You can't help but notice how happy he looks, even as he bemoans tolerating your presence. Heh… this guy… he's gonna be easy.

Chapter End Notes

Oh no... Papyrus doesn't hate her.
Eating with Skeletons

Chapter Summary

You eat with the Skelebros. Things get a little touchy after Papyrus leaves.

Chapter Notes

I had to add the tags, non consensual hugging and tickling today…. Also trigger warning… vomiting? is that a thing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“SANS GIVE OUR HUMAN GUEST A PROPER TOUR OF THE APARTMENT BEFORE WE START OUR WEEKLY DINING.” Papyrus barks at Sans as you all enter the apartment.

Sans has been glaring a hole in the back of your head as you walk into his apartment. Seems he didn’t appreciate you crashing his family dinner party. Perhaps he was just irked Papyrus didn’t hate you as much as he’d hoped. Papyrus had even complimented you for taking your shoes off at the door properly, unlike some filthy creatures. As you walk in, you notice a distinct smell of burning.

“B-but, Boss… The food’ll get cold.”

“NONSENSE, THE FOOD CAN WAIT A LITTLE LONGER. IT IS IMPORTANT WE SHOW PROPER ETIQUETTE WHEN DEALING WITH THE DENIZENS ABOVE GROUND. DON’T YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING THE HUMAN FRISK TAUGHT YOU.” Papyrus says, glaring at his brother.

Sans starts sweating as he replies. “Sh-Sure thing Boss. Gonna get right on it. Uhh c-come'on uh…. Lady.”

He signals you to follow him down the hall. Leading you into the first and largest room. Its pretty plain. Just a single mattress sitting on the floor against the wall with no sheets or blankets on it. There’s a pillow stuffed into the side of the bed, and a small garbage can with an empty bag inside laying next to it. The closet door is cracked open, and you make out a few pairs of clothes hanging in there. You're surprised at how clean his apartment is compared to the last time you entered it. You were expecting to see mountains of trash and clothes in every direction. Guess that explains why he had three washing machines filled with clothes when you went to do your laundry this
“Wow, you clean up pretty good Skulls.” You say jokingly.

He growls in reply, refusing to look at your face. In his pockets, he clenches his hands with malice, causing small scraping sounds of bone on bone.

“Are you really that upset I’m crashing your dinner with your big older bro?” You ask him quietly.

“I’m the older brother!” He snaps. "And ya, m’ pissed, cause ya fuckin’. ruined.. everythin’!” He answers back in an angry yell whisper, stomping his foot with the last words.

Oh… so he was the older… huh. You did not get that from their relationship, at all.

“How did I ruin anything?” You whisper. “It’s not like it was your car's windshield that got destroyed.”

“Everything was goin’ good till ya had ta start text'n me'n goin’ through my stuff'n tryin' ta fuckin' come over. Why can’t ya leave me the fuck alone?”

“Oh I’m sorry. I'll just chuck your wet laundry out the window the next time you decide to take up all the machines. I just wanted to hang out at my friends house and see his really hot monster brother.”

“We ain’t fuckin' friends!”

“Yes we are.”

“No we ain’t.”

“Yes, we are.”
“No... We ain’t.”

“Then what am I doing hanging out at your house on a Saturday.”

“Fucking pissin' me off’s what!”

“SANS HURRY UP AND FINISH GIVING THE HUMAN A TOUR. THE FOODS GETTING COLD.” Papyrus's voice floats loudly into the room interrupting your argument.

You both walk out of the master bedroom and back into the hallway. Acting as though neither of you were previously having an argument.

“N’ over er’s the guest room.” Sans says in a raised voice as you follow him out.

“Ahh yes, I see.” You answer equally loudly trying keeping your voice calm.

You both walk into the tiny spare bedroom. It has another mattress sitting on the floor with nothing on it at all. The room looks like it's never been used. You quickly turn to face him, whisper yelling again.

“What’s so bad about me being over here anyway.”

“I don’t know. How bout’ I don’t fuckin' like ya, n' I hate bein’ round ya.”

“Skulls… I just figured it out. You're one of those yes means no kinda people. So every time you say you hate me. You're actually saying you have the deepest most affectionate love and desire for my companionship.”

“I am not sayin’ that! Yer the fuckin' worst human I've ever met!”

“Ahh man buddy, I didn’t know you liked me that much.” You say gleefully.
“THIS! This is why I don’t want’cha over. Ya don’t fuckin' listen ta me.”

“Well, you need to listen to your heart and stop convincing yourself you hate me.”

“Monsters don’t have fukin' hearts, we only got souls ya shithead!”

“It’s a figure of speech. I know you want to be friends with me deep down.”

“No I don’t. N’ how dare you fuckin' threaten Boss like that”

“SANS! THE TOUR! NOW!” Papyrus screeches.

You both stop talking and walk out of the room.

SANS opens the bathroom door for you and grandly sweeps his arm inside, presenting it for you. “N’ this is the bathroom.”

You pop your head inside quickly.

“Ahh yes, I see, very nice.”

He closes it behind you as you both walk to the kitchen table glaring death at one another. Papyrus set an extra place of silverware for you at the table, but there are only two available fold out chairs.

“SANS YOU DIDN’T GET AN EXTRA CHAIR FOR THE HUMAN.”

“S-Sorry Boss. I only got the two.” He says, looking at you gleefully.

“THEN YOU WILL HAVE TO SIT ON THE FLOOR.” Aaand his gleeful face quickly switches to horror.
“B-But Boss.”

“Actually, I can get a chair from my place.” You pipe in.

“I DON’T CARE! JUST HURRY IT UP. THIS DINNER HAS BEEN DELAYED FOR FAR TOO LONG!”

You step out of the apartment and into yours, quickly grabbing an extra chair from your dining set. You’ve been wondering about something for a while now, but feel you shouldn’t ask in front of Papyrus for some reason. You send a quick text to Sans phone before moving the chair.

You: What’s up with calling your little bro Boss.

You haul the chair outside and open your neighbors door to an impatient Papyrus, and a pissy faced Sans. You get a glance at the food, now fully prepared, sitting in a serving bowl in the center of the table. It’s some kind of noodle salad dish with little square black things in it. Is that why the apartment smells like burning.

You move your chair to the remaining set of silverware and climb in. You phone vibrates as you sit down. You ignore it for now, as it’s rude to text during mealtimes.

You feel a slight sense of awkwardness as all three of you sit at the table in silence for a moment. Shoot, what do monsters do before meals. Saying grace to god seems completely out of the question for two skeleton monsters in hot topic attire.

“SANS WHAT ARE YOU DOING. HURRY UP AND SERVE THE MEAL.”

“Wha… uhh…. Really Boss. Don’cha usually-.”

“YES REALLY, SANS. WASN’T I PERFECTLY CLEAR WHEN WE AGREED THAT YOU WOULD BE IN CHARGE OF THE MEAL TODAY. NOW HURRY UP AND SERVE THE MEAL. AND MAKE SURE YOU SERVE OUR SPECIAL GUEST FIRST. AS AN IMPORTANT FIGUREHEAD IN THE MONSTER COMMUNITY, I WILL NOT TOLERATE INDECENT BEHAVIOR TOWARDS GUESTS IN A MONSTER HOUSE.”
Sans dishes out a relatively small portion to you, before loading his and Papyrus’s plate with what little remains of the meal. Sans probably cooked a meal for two, not expecting you to show up, so there wasn’t very much to go around. Even with the small portion, this was a lot of food for you. You probably weren’t going to be able to finish it.

You lift a fork to the plate examining the contents of the dish. The spiral noodles are overly cooked causing them to take on an inflated slimy appearance. The little black cubes you saw before are actually pieces of chicken that have been burned on almost all sides. Small bits of the burnt chicken flaked off and now pepper your dish with crunchy burnt charcoal seasoning. There are uneven slices of tomatoes, olives, and bell peppers mixed into the noodle and chicken base. The entire thing topped with an olive oil and garlic spice for sauce.

Well... you say to yourself. You wanted to be here. Time to be a proper guest. You take a bite of the meal, finding the taste to be indescribable. You force yourself to chew the minimal requirement before swallowing. Thank stars its monster food. You find it quickly disappearing before it even enters your throat. You weren’t sure if you’d be able to keep it down if you had to suffer its slow decent into your stomach. You're tossed from your labors of eating by the sound of Papyrus’s loud voice.

“SANS!”

“Ye-Yeah Boss.”

“This DISH… “ He pauses.

“Ye-Yeah?” Sans starts to sweat.

“It IS QUITE SATISFACTORY.”

“R-Really?”

“I WAS WORRIED WHEN YOU FIRST STARTED COOKING, AS YOU WERE CLEARLY DOING IT THE WRONG WAY, BUT, HALFWAY THROUGH YOU RECTIFIED ALL YOUR MISTAKES. PERSONALLY I’M SURPRISED MY SLOTH OF A BROTHER EVEN KNOWS HOW TO COOK AT ALL.”
You sit there, listening in stunned silence at the conversation you're hearing. This... This is considered good cooking. You know monsters can make good food. You've had it on several occasions. But this... This is not good food. Not in a long run. No, this is something else entirely.

“Well uh… th-thanks Boss.”

“YOU MAY HAVE DONE WELL THIS TIME, SANS, BUT I EXPECT A MEAL OF SIMILAR QUALITY THE NEXT TIME YOU ARE IN CHARGE OF DINNER. AND THERE WILL BE NONE OF YOUR DISTASTEFUL UNHEALTHY HABITS IN IT WHATSOEVER. PASSING THIS ONE TIME ALONE WILL NOT MEAN YOU MAY SLACK OFF THE NEXT.”

“Sure thing Boss. D-Don’t worry.”

Sans visibly relaxes for the first time during the meal. Getting praised by Papyrus must really be doing something for him.

You take the lull in conversation to ask a question. Hoping a change in topic away from the food will help you be able to stomach it.

“Sooo... Papyrus… what do you do for work?”

“ASKING ABOUT ME TO FIND MY WEAKNESSES ARE YOU!? TELLING YOU SUCH KNOWLEDGE ABOUT I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, WILL NOT HELP YOU IN A DATING BATTLE I'M AFRAID. FOR THERE ARE NO WEAKNESSES IN MY DATING POWER. NYEH HEH HEH!”

He poses while sitting. You nod your head silently as he continues.

“BE READY TO BE AMAZED FILthy HUMAN, FOR I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, AM IN THE PROCESS OF JOINING THE HUMAN POLICE FORCE!”

You reign in your face before it explodes with terribly cooked food from surprise. This guy's joining the police force? Aren’t the police very anti monster right now? Ah... It all makes sense now.
Papyrus didn’t want to get kicked out of the force for using unlawful magic on your car. That’s why he was attempting to bribe you earlier.

You weren’t aware monsters were allowed to be policemen yet. Monsters didn’t even have full citizenship rights. The government’s still rewriting hundreds of laws to include monsters before they could be fully considered on the same level as humans. You’re pretty sure monsters were only let out of quarantine after a month as a publicity stunt by politicians to appeal to their apparent godlike magical healing abilities.

“That’s… so you'll be the first monster policeman above ground then?” You ask.

“UNFORTUNATELY I WILL HAVE TO SHARE THAT TITLE. MY VERY INCOMPETENT RIVAL OF THE ROYAL GUARD WILL ALSO BE JOINING ME. IT SEEMS KING ASGORE COULD NOT DECIDE WHICH OF US WOULD BE BETTER, AND INSISTED WE BOTH JOIN THE FORCE TOGETHER AS DUO REPRESENTATIVES OF MONSTERS IN LAW ENFORCEMENT.”

“Ain’t it a good thing Undyne’s joinen’. More monsters inna force’ll make it easier on all’a us.” Sans pipes in.

“THERE IS NOTHING GOOD ABOUT THAT IDIOTIC SECOND RATE ROYAL GUARDSWOMAN, SANS. THERE WAS ONLY A NEED FOR ONE CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD THEN, AND THERE WILL ONLY BE A NEED FOR ONE MONSTER POLICE CAPTAIN NOW.”

“So, there were two captains of The Royal Guard?” You ask.

“IN NAME ONLY, HUMAN. FOR I WAS ASSIGNED TO THE MOST IMPORTANT DISTRICT IN THE UNDERGROUND, SNOWDIN, RIGHT NEXT TO THE ENTRANCE WHERE HUMANS WOULD FALL. UNDYINE MAY HAVE HAD MORE DISTRICTS, BUT THAT WOULD MATTER NOT, AS I WOULD CAPTURE ANY HUMAN BEFORE THEY COULD MAKE IT FURTHER.”

“Wait, capturing humans… You were capturing humans?” You cut in.

“Ta take um’ to our king o course.” Sans interrupts, starting to sweat.
“YE-YES OF COURSE HUMAN. TO TAKE THEM SAFELY TO OUR KING. THE TUNNELS OF THE UNDERGROUND ARE QUITE DANGEROUS YOU MUST UNDERSTAND.” You notice Papyrus sweating a little as well. “W-WE ALSO KEPT THE PEACE IN THE TOWNS. I DON’T EVEN KNOW WHY I’M FORCED TO ATTEND THIS IDIOTIC HUMAN POLICE ACADEMY WHEN I HAVE CLEARLY HAD PLENTY OF EXPERIENCE IN THE FIELD ALREADY.”

They're both obviously avoiding the subject of humans in the underground. Papyrus must have slipped up talking about them. You'd seen the news about a small child freeing the monsters from their mountain prison, but nobody really knows how they were able to do it. You wonder what happened down there with that lone lost child. From every monster you've talked to, the underground was a terrible place. If a simple human child could return safely from the underground, it couldn’t have been that bad, could it?

“I'm sure there are a lot of differences between human police and monster guardsman.” You reply.

“YES OF COURSE HUMAN! DID YOU KNOW. HUMAN POLICE DO NOT USE DEADLY TRAPS AND PUZZLES WHEN CAPTURING LAWBREAKERS.”

“Uhhh… no. I didn’t?”

“INSTEAD WE MUST USE THESE RIDICULOUS BARBARIC FIREARMS. WHERE IS THE STYLE IN THAT. HOW WILL WE ABLE TO PROPERLY TORTURE LAWBREAKERS IF THEY ARE TAKEN DOWN IMMEDIATELY.” He huffs. "AT LEAST THEY ARE CONSIDERING AN ALLOWANCE OF MAGICAL FORCE IN SPECIAL CASES AGAINST OTHER MONSTERS.”

“Oh, well that's promising.” You take another bite of your meal already feeling quite full. You’ve only finished a third of the small portion on the plate. Hopefully they won’t be too offended if you don’t eat it all.

You look over and notice Papyrus has nearly finished his meal. Beside him, Sans is about halfway through his own portion. Sans eyelight look over at you, then down at your plate, then back at you. His naturally sharp toothed grin stretches wider, gold tooth gleaming. His eyelight rest on your face as he smirks.

“Wassa matter Lady. Not hungry?” He asks.
“Uhh… well I-” You start to answer.

“Cause ya seemed pretty adamant 'bout eat’n with us. Would be pretty rude'a ya ta wanna be here if ya weren’t gonna finish yer plate. Ya got somethin’ gainst’ monster food. Or r'ya tellin’ me ya think something's wrong with my cookin’?”

This guy. He knows exactly what his food tastes like. You were going to try and get out of it, but he had to start something. You decide to take his challenge.

“No, this is perfect. You cooked this so perfectly, I have to take my time and enjoy every bite.”

You stuff another bite of food into your mouth for show.

“Mmmmmmm.” You say through tears of disgust.

It’s so gross. It’s slimy, burnt, and you’re full. Vampires don’t need this much regular food. You really only eat regular food because sometimes your body needs some extra vitamins, minerals, and energy to maintain it that you just can’t get from blood alone. If you wanted, you could probably survive off mega vitamins and blood. Your stomach may not feel pressure because its monster food, but your body is clearly telling you it doesn’t want any extra energy right now.

You pile another fork as full as you can, and plunge it into your mouth keeping eye contact with Sans stupid cute red eyelights. He smirks back as he takes another slow bite himself. Meanwhile Papyrus finishes his own meal. He places his fork down and clears his throat.

“SANS, AS WE ARE ARRIVING AT THE END OF OUR FAMILY MEAL TIME, I WOULD LIKE US TO DISCUSS YOUR WEEK TOGETHER.”

“Ri-Right now. In front of-.“

“YES RIGHT NOW. THERE IS NO BETTER TIME THAN NOW.”

“K-Kay.” Sans starts to look nervous at this.
“YOU HAVE BEEN ATTENDING YOUR JOB PROPERLY I PRESUME.”

“Yeah.” Sans starts to sweat.

“AND YOU HAVE BEEN RETIRING TO BED EARLY AS DISCUSSED. NO SLEEPING ON THE JOB BECAUSE YOU STAY UP ALL NIGHT”

“Ye-Yeah.” Sans eyelights flicker over to you quickly before looking back at Papyrus.

“YOU HAVE NOT INDULGED IN THAT FILTHY HABIT OF DRINKING TILL YOU PASS OUT.”

“No, Boss. Been clean all week” The droplets of sweat thicken as he gets more nervous.

“AND WHAT ABOUT YOUR EATING HABITS.”

“I-I’ve been good I swear.” At this his eyelights move away from Papyrus’s face to his almost finished plate.

“SO YOU HAVE ONLY ORDERED GRILLBY’S ONCE AND NO MORE LIKE WAS PROMISED.”

“I-I” Sans tries to look him in the sockets, but he can’t bring himself to.

“DO NOT LIE TO ME SANS. I KNOW WHEN YOU ARE LYING. YOU KNOW THE CONSEQUENCES SHOULD YOU BREAK OUR AGREEMENT.” Papyrus practically leers over Sans at the table.

His hands start to shake in the wake of Papyrus’s questioning. Quickly looking between you and his plate he answers.
“Listen… Boss, the human's gonna say that-”

“He isn’t lying.” You butt into the conversation. Papyrus stops leering over Sans to glare at you.

“And how would you be privy to this knowledge, do tell human?”

“I, uhh. Needed his help with some things this week, and fed him dinner every night as payment.” You quickly say. “He never had the time to order Grillby’s.” Of course that was because you ordered it for him, but he didn’t need to know that.

“SANS, IS THIS TRUE?”

“I… Uhhh.” You note the extremely confused look Sans is giving you.

“And here I was thinking you were so nervous because you were lying to me, when in fact, you were trying to hide the human’s lustful intentions to bribe information about me all week.”

“I… Ye-Yeah boss, that's-”

“Exactly what I was doing. Papyrus man, you are way too smart for me.” You give Sans a wink as he keeps staring at you in surprise.

“Of course I am filthy human creature. My deducing skills are far beyond your pitiful human comprehension.” He looks so proud of himself. He gets up and scoots his chair in, bringing his dirty dishes to the sink.

“Well Sans, I have been very lenient with you this week. So lenient, in fact, you were able to pass my inspection, however slightly. I personally feel you were simply lucky this human was able to keep you productive all week, instead of wasting away in your apartment. I believe they have been nothing but a good influence on your otherwise horrible personality.”
Sans, who’s been staring at you in bewilderment up until now, quickly looks at his brother in horror. How can Papyrus approve of you associating yourself with him?

“NOW IF YOU’LL EXCUSE ME. I WOULD LIKE TO RETIRE HOME EARLY TONIGHT. I HAVE AN ENTIRE POLICE ACADEMY TRAINING MANUAL TO MEMORIZE. I MUST HAVE IT COMPLETED BEFORE THAT OTHER IDIOT OF AN INCOMPETENT GUARD BEATS ME TO IT.”

“Boss… Ya sure ya can’t stay for a show or somethin’?” Sans asks standing up.

“WHILE YOU MAY FIND SLOTHFUL PROCRASTINATION ACCEPTABLE TO YOUR CHARACTER, I WILL NOT ALLOW ANY OF IT IN MINE. I WILL BE CHECKING UP ON YOU NEXT SATURDAY AS USUAL SANS. PREPARE YOURSELF FOR AN AMAZING MEAL PREPARED BY I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS. NYEH HEH HEH.”

“Oh…Okay then.” Sans looks a little sorrowful as Papyrus marches over to the door. As he passes your chair he stops.

“H-HUMAN ALLOW ME TO SEE YOUR UNLOCKED PHONE FOR A MOMENT.” He demands shyly.

Curious, you unlock your phone and hand it up to him from your chair. He can’t do anything strange on it with you sitting right there can he? He takes a moment to download an app on your phone and then enters something into it. He hands it back explaining.

“I HAVE UNLOCKED THE UNDERNET APP ON YOUR PHONE FILTHY HUMAN. IT HAS COME TO MY ATTENTION THAT YOU DESPERATELY NEED TO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT SOMEONE AS GREAT AS I, AND THUS, I HAVE DECIDED TO MAKE AN ALLOWANCE FOR YOU TO USE THE UNDERNET APP TO KEEP UP WITH ALL MY IMPORTANT UPDATES. MAKE A PROFILE AND ADD BADSKULL86 WHEN YOU CAN.”

“Oh… Uhh. Thanks Papyrus. I’m sure you have the best updates.”

“YES… W-WELL…” Papyrus stands still for a moment, face slightly red before going to the door.
“I WILL ALLOW YOU TO BASK IN MY GREATNESS AT A LATER TIME FILTHY HUMAN.” With that, he hurries out the door, slamming it.

You look back at Sans who shrugs watching his brother leave. He waits a moment in silence then takes the remains of his plate to the trash. He empties the plate into the can quietly before he clears his throat.

“Ya-Ya don’t gotta finish that. I know it’s shit.” He says as he scrapes off his plate.

“Oh thank stars. I really can’t fit anymore.” You moan happily as you lay your head down on the table.

“Wait, are'ya actually full? Did'ja really come over ta eat when ya were already full?”

“I told you, I prefer drinking.”

“I get drinking’s nice, but'cha don’t seem like the alcoholic type.”

“No, I don’t drink alcohol. I literally prefer getting my meals through liquids.”

“Izzat some kinda weird human diet?”

“I guess you could call it that.”

You move to get up and empty your plate once Sans is done, body feeling heavy with food you don’t need. As you’re scraping the now gelatinous meal off the plate you hear Sans clear his voice.

“Uhh, thanks.” He says from the sink behind you.

“Huh?”
“Fer covern’ for me.”

“Oh, yeah well… what are friends for.”

You look up from the trashcan and see him standing near the sink fidgeting, eyelights refusing to meet yours.

“We aren’t…..” He huffs. “Fine, shit, whatever. If it’ll make ya leave me 'lone. Don’t even know why ya wanna be friends with me anyway.”

“What this.” You smile. “Are you admitting defeat. Have you finally succumbed to my friendly platonic charms.”

“I ain’t admitting shit.”

“You know what this means.”

“Wh-What?”

“We need to hug.”

His eyelights go dark as you take a step towards him holding the dirty plate and smiling.

“Don’t you fuckin' dare…” He growls lowly.

You have the advantage of having him cornered between the counter, kitchen wall, and table. You take another step towards him, slowly placing the plate down on the far counter, smile growing. Your stomach protests moving around, but you ignore the feeling. It's not like there's anything in it anyway.

“Come on Skulls, I finally got you to admit to our friendship. We need to seal the deal, with platonic bodily squishing.”
He takes a step back against the kitchen wall. Eyelights still missing from his sockets.

“Lady, ya better stop now. Or yer gonna have a bad time.”

“No...I’m gonna have a great time!” You smile even wider looking at him hungrily.

You tense your body letting your vampire blood rush to your muscles to aid in your movements. A moment later you pounce. Moving forward at an incredible speed, you reach your arms out to grab him. As you close around him you find you’ve grabbed nothing but air.

“Wha?” Where did he go.

“What, ya think I’m just gonna stand there’n take it?” You hear him speak from behind you.

You turn to see him standing there, eyelights glowing. A smirk across his face. He’s sweating, but only slightly. His desire to refuse you only makes you want to hug him more.

“How did you-”

“ Took a shortcut.”

“You can teleport.” You ask in amazement.

“S’a shortcut. Gotta problem with it.” He asks nervously.

“That is the coolest thing I have ever seen with my own two eyes.” You continue to look at him hungrily.

“Ya better give up now, cause ya ain’t gonna catch me.” He shrugs.
Your stomach protests harder from your movements, but you continue to ignore it.

“So that’s how you got into my house without unlocking the door. That’s how you get home from work so quietly! Can you teleport anywhere?”

“Any where I’ve seen recently.”

He keeps his eyelights locked on you. Waiting for you to move. Very smart Sans. Very smart.

“So, could you rob a heavy duty vaulted bank.”

“Potentially, walls don’t matter. I warp space to change locations.”

“Ohh, and what about distance.” You pounce again, dashing across the kitchen in a fraction of a second. Once again catching nothing but air.

“Don’t matter, warped space doesn’t care about that.” He's standing on his table now, fully smirking at you.

You turn around to face him, trying to come up with a plan, when your stomach gives a final lurch. You lean over in agony and feel hot liquid pour from your mouth.

You just vomited all over Sans kitchen floor.

You cough and sputter once your stomach is finished. Ugh, why does it taste so sweet, you don’t remember eating anything sweet for dinner. You finally get a good look at the mess and notice the color. Its purple.

“The sink’s like, three fuckin' feet away! Why d'ja have to blow it on my floor.” Sans shouts from the table.

You sit there in shock. You weren’t expecting to be able to throw up food that magically disappears in your mouth.
“Skulls, why's it purple?” You ask.

“What'ya mean why'zit purple? What fuckin' color’s it supposed ta be?”

“Not purple.” The mess on the floor is indeed a bright deep purple, and you swear there are sparkles in it. Seriously what was he feeding you.

“Ahh gross, it fucken smells.” He whines from his spot.

You notice it does indeed smell. But not the putrid stench of bile and stomach acid you're use to. Instead, it smells like a sugary sweet factory that's gone slightly off.

“Is this what digested magic looks like?” You ask, kneeling on the floor near the mess from weakness.

“Ya don’t digest magic stupid. Seriously Lady, my food wasn’t that bad.” You want to correct him, but you're suddenly hit with another wave of nausea and spew another batch of liquid magic on the floor.

Your body shudders as you finish, and you choose to fully sit on the floor to recover. This is what you get for trying to shovel food into your body, and then ignore its warnings. At least it feels like this is the last of it.

“Ya…. ya gonna be done now?” Sans asks as he slips off the table, eyeing you and the mess on his floor. He looks worried, but also wary to approach you.

“Yeah, I think that’s the last of it-” You lurch again and spew one final puddle of purple in front of yourself.

He walks a few steps closer to you nervously skirting around the mess.

“Uggghhh. That’s the last time I ever eat your cooking. You poisoned me Skulls.” You lament as
you lay back away from the mess.

“I don’t usually cook this badly, Jus’... got distracted s’all.” He responds.

“I was under the impression you never cook.” You say from your spot on the floor.

“Why cook when ya got Grillby’s.” He chuckles, then looks down at your spot on the floor worriedly.

You moan and roll over, peeking at him from the side. Will he fall for it?

“Ye-Yer alright now, right?” He asks moving a little closer.

“Yeah, just give me a minute.” You respond from the floor.

He makes his way to the sink to grab some towels when you lunge for him. Fingers lightly grasp at his hips before your world is turned upside down. You feel a weightlessness in your body. Gravity seems to be pulling you in all directions before you find yourself dumped on his couch in a mess of bone and flesh. Well, that answers that question. He can definitely bring people along.

You quickly untangle yourself before crawling above him on the couch. He pulls his knees up to block you, guarding his torso with his legs and arms.

“I knew I shouldn't'a fuckin' trusted ya!” He shouts as he struggles to get out from under you.

“You can’t stop this Skulls. I’m gonna do it.” You giggle.

“No you ain’t.” He growls.

“I am too... Just a little bit closer.” You laugh.
You grab his legs near the kneecaps where his basketball shorts end and attempt to push them out of your way. The bones offering a solid grip for you to push against.

“We need… to consummate… this friendship.” You smile.

“I’d rather I fuckin’ dusted!” He screeches back.

You’re slowly pulling his legs away from his torso, vampire strength for the win. Suddenly a familiar sensation hits your body, trying to move you away. Is he trying to teleport again. You instinctively resist it and continue.

“What the hell!” He shouts.

You briefly look away from what you're doing to his face. His arm is outstretched, glowing blue while the other is pushing at your shoulders, keeping your torso away from the impending hug.

“Why... won’t... it… fucking… work!” He yells flicking his glowing hand upwards several times to match his words.

You feel the tug on your body match up with his motions, pulling each time his outstretched hand moves upwards. You give a final push on his legs and his lack of focus brings him defeat. You quickly grab him low around his rib cage wrapping your hands underneath his back between the couch and his spine. His bones dig into your embrace uncomfortably as he struggles against you. The only cushioning from his poky body being the puffiness in his jacket. Something hums softly as you lean your head closer to him.

He pushes against your shoulders with his hands, growling at you.

“Fuckin’ leggo of me ya nasty ass human.” He snarls. Baring his teeth, and digging his claws into your clothes.

His resistance only spurs you more. You look at his snarling face, stifling a laugh.

“Now I wonder… are skeletons ticklish.”
His face colors at your words. Red tinted sweat appearing once again.

“W-we ain’t.”

You grin down at his face as he glares up at you.

“That sounds like a lie Skulls. And liars need to be punished.”

You can't help yourself. This guy is too angry and sad all the time. It reminds you of of yourself in a time long past. You wanted to see him unwind, and stop letting his personality get the best of him. You unwrap your hands slightly and begin poking into his sides lightly with your fingertips. Letting your fingers gently trace across his ribs on top of his clothes.

“St-Stop.. Heh.”

He wriggles harder beneath you. Starting to laugh.

“Y-Yer heheheh… Breath reeks… heheheh.”

He scrunches his face up trying to resist. Laughter vamping up as you continue. You begin to add some pressure.

“Heheh, Le-Leggo ha...heheh. I haha s-said heheheh fu-fu-fuckin' heheheheh let...” He starts thumping against you with his fists, but he's lost all his strength to his laughter.

“Yep, you were definitely lying to me.”

It's pretty hilarious to watch a skeleton laugh hysterically while simultaneously glaring death at you with red eyelights and gnashing sharp teeth.

“Nnn-no… heheheh… Le-let me heheheh.. f-fukin’.” Small red colored tears form in the corners of
his sockets, as he struggles for air.

You dig your fingers a little harder moving up and down each rib. You slowly begin to bring your hands together, making your way to the lower center of his sternum

“Heheheh stop… Hahahaha not…. hehe not… Th-there.”

You keep tickling him, disregarding what he said as you travel your hands closer. Suddenly he stiffens, face shooting completely red. He quickly grabs your arm, laughter dying out immediately.

“Not fucking there I said!” He snarls.

He looks so scared and serious about the whole thing, you hesitate in your tickles. He takes that moment to slide his arms between you and him, and throw you completely off the couch. He quickly sits up and scrunches himself in the corner of the armrest on the couch, pulling his legs up as a shield. You roll over on the floor with your face down, groaning. You hit it pretty hard.

“What the heck Skulls. You dumped me on the floor.” You giggle.

“Yer the one who was fuckin’ touchen’ where ya shouldn’t ave’!” He screeches folding his arms.

“I was just tickling you.”

“That spot ain’t for tickelin’. Why can’t ya keep yer fuckin’ hands ta yerself!”

“You were totally enjoying it.” You laugh.

His eyelights glow brighter at your comment. “Get outta my apartment!” He yells.

“Noooooo, its a Saturday. We should play a game or something.” You whine from the floor.
You hear the familiar sound of his bones scraping together as he clenches his hands in rage. He takes a deep breath before he continues.

"Ya think ya can come in'ta people's apartments'n touch um’ inappropriately when they tell ya not too, 'n they’re gonna wanna play fuckin' games wit'cha after?"

"I… Uh.. what? I was just tickling you...?" You say again. Starting to get confused.

"I don’t want'cha fuckin’ touching me, now get out!" He slams his fist on the couch.

You may have miscalculated… You didn’t want to make him angrier, you just wanted him to unwind a little. Wait, he keeps saying stuff like you touched him…. Oh no…. Ohhhh nooo…. Do skeletons even have spots where you can….shoot…

"Hey… uh Skulls.” You say into the floor.

"I said ta get the fuck out!"

"Did I just molest you?"

"Ya…. wha… I...” He sputters at your straightforwardness.

"I’m sorry…” You keep your face in the floor. You feel like that's where you deserve to be right now. There’s a burning sick feeling in the pit of your stomach, and it's not from the terrible meal you had earlier.

"M-maybe if ya’d fuckin' listened ta me…”

"I’m really, really, sorry.”

...
“S’not like I care or nothin’.”

“That was not an okay thing for me to do.” You say looking up.

He’s looking away from you at the wall. Red tinge on his cheekbones.

“S’not like y-ya knew…”

“Please forgive me oh skeleton lord.”

“Shut the fuck up.” He growls, but his face slightly twitches into a smile.

You really didn’t know. If you had, you wouldn’t have come even close to touching him there. You may enjoy giving non consensual teasing and tickling, but you were a very strict person when it came to consent about personal private areas. You decide to change the subject, get away from the low feeling in the room.

“Also… please play video games with me.” You say from the floor, clapping your hands together.

“I-I don’t wanna play yer shit games. Jus’ leave me alone.”

“But we never finished the ending to Silent Space 4.”

“I don’t care.”

“But your best buddy shows up and everything, and you missed it.”

“S’just a stupid fuckin’ game.”

“Nooooo don’t say that.” You whine as your roll around on his floor.
“It’s jus’ a shitty game, n’ I ain’t gonna go over n’ play it.”

You stand up from the floor.

“I’ll bring it here then.”

“I said I don’t want to.”

“I’ll clean up the vomit.” You offer.

“...”

“Listen to your heart Skulls. Your heart says you want to know the ending.”

“I’m listening to my shitty heart, n’ it says nothin’ cause I don’t fuckin’ have one.”

“Why do you have to be so heartless Skulls?”

There’s a tick of silence before he sputters.

“Pffftt, what the hell. Did’ja just tell a pun?” He laughs at you from the couch.

“I did not.” You say in annoyance.

“Yeah ya did.”

“I’m going to get it.” You pout as you march over to your door.
“... It was a pun.” He says gleefully from the couch. The guy must really like his puns.

“No it wasn’t!” You screech as you pull the door open and head over to your apartment. Stupid skeleton laughter behind you.

Chapter End Notes

I seriously debated having Papyrus walk back in while they were on the couch arguing about hugging. Also I meant for this scene to be a little sexual, but not as rapey sexual as it turned out... I couldn’t figure out how to fix it, so yeah, there you go.

When I first conceived this story, I planned for Papyrus to be Readers first monster victim for biting. He was gonna be going to Grillby's to get Sans and get jumped. Then either Sans was going to stumble in on it, or the next day reader was going to crash into Papyrus at Sans house and either way, Sans was going to find out. He was going to freak the f out on the reader because he doesn't really know what a vampire is and think she was molesting his bro or something... The only problem I had with it was that I kinda wanted Sans to be Readers first victim, and I felt like the Reader would be pretty afraid of accidentally killing a monster the first time she bites one, so she wouldn't just do it all willy nilly with a monster she doesn't trust. Also Muffet spilled the beans about there being only two skeleton monsters, and Reader would have known right away who he was if she met him outside Grillby's. So I'm going with a new plan, not gonna tell you what, for when Sans finds out. This plan will also be good, and won't involve Sans getting as angry as he would be, should Reader have actually bit his precious bro. Because getting Sans to forgive something like that would be pretty hard to write.
Friends

Chapter Summary

You and Sans have some real talk.

Chapter Notes

Getting a tsundere to give you direct answers is so difficult. Also I did away with making up fake games for a bit, because it’s too complicated.

Your looking through your bookcase filled with games. You’d made a quick trip to the laundry room to switch out the the laundry, before heading back to your apartment with some of Sans clothes that were finished. You also made a pit stop at your sink, to wash out your mouth from weird magic vomit residue. Now you were trying to pick something new to play. Fighting the final boss in Silent Space 4 wouldn’t take very long, and you needed something to play after. What would Sans want to play? What would he enjoy...

He was definitely new to games, so something that wasn’t very hard, or had a good learning curve to it would be important. Another time then Dark Souls… You didn’t want to play a single player game anyway, as he would have to switch off with you. He’s the self conscious type and you didn’t want him to sit around watching you play. This was about him. Comparing his skill level to yours would be a bad idea anyway, so a multiplayer game where he could focus on his own character would be the best choice. Nothing vs either, he would get destroyed, sorry Mario Kart. Besides he didn’t have that console anyway.

You eyes hover over Portal 2… Mmmm you've played that game to death, and didn’t want him sitting around bored while you solved all the puzzles for him. Maybe Left 4 Dead. Would he be offended if he had to kill zombies. Aren’t zombies like, relatives to skeletons, or would he love that they’re basically humans and relish in their destruction. He was definitely racist against humans, which you found endlessly funny as he was a monster based off a human skeleton, making him one of the most strangely human monsters out there. Were there zombie monsters? He hadn’t said anything about it when you played Silent Space 4, and the creatures in the game were kinda like zombies… space zombies.

You finally settle on either the newest Lost Planet game, Borderlands, or for variety away from shooting genres, one of the newest Warriors games. Killing humans or fantastical space beasts should be okay for him. As an added bonus you pull out Viva Pinata 2 for him to borrow. Because you loved getting people get addicted to it.
Before you leave you make your way to your kitchen cabinets, and grab one of the bottles of mustard you had stored away for bribing purposes. It's always good to be prepared to manipulate people. You also grab an extra control in case he didn't have one and stack everything on top of San’s clean laundry before you head over.

You open the door to him lounging lazily on his couch with his arms behind his head staring at the ceiling in thought.

“Taked ya long enough.” He complains.

“Impatient to know the ending are we.”

“I said I don’t care.”

“I... brought over some of your finished laundry.” You try your offer at peace.

“Jus’ leave it there.”

You take your things from the top of the hamper, and move to his console and turn it on. Its sitting on the cardboard box along with the little tv. Beside it are large surround sound speakers with wires messily connected all over the place. You put in the disk and connect a second control. The system boots the game and forces an update. Poo, this is gonna take forever. Guess you should get to the vomit...

You head over to the couch with a mini skeleton on it, before you clean up the vomit, and hold out the bottle of mustard. He sits up and takes it without looking at you, pops the cap off, and pulls the little seal off with his teeth. He tips it back deftly and takes a long swig...

“Pshhhhttt.” He sputters, spraying some of the mustard, coughing and hacking. “What the FUCK!”

“Now what's wrong.” You look over at him and notice a slowly growing yellow stain down the front and inside of his shirt.
“Fucking dammit, look what'cha did!” He yells.

“Uuuuuugh, what did I do this time.” You moan covering your face.

“This is fucking shitty human food ain’t it?”

“But I thought…. I know I’ve seen monsters eating human stuff at human restaurants.” You say between your palms.

“Yeah, fucking solid ones. Any monster without a physical stomach can’t eat yer shit.”

“Seriously. Why didn’t you say something when I handed it to you?”

“I wasn’t paying attention ya fuckin’ idiot. Now I’ve gotta fukin’ take a shower ta get yer nasty shit off me.” He huffs standing up.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to-”

“Yeah sure, whatever. Yer just a fuckin’ dumb shit human who fucks everything up. If ya don’t know shit about us, then ya should just leave us the fuck alone.”

You don’t have anything to say to that, after what you did earlier. So you stand there silently as he yells up at you. He waits a moment for you to retort, and when you don’t he marches off to his bathroom, skirting over the vomit spills on the floor grumbling. You hear the water start in the back and let out the breath you were holding. You really messed up…

You take his exit as a sign to get to work cleaning the vomit off the floor. You find some rags and paper towels sitting near his sink you use to mop up the sparkly purple viscous mess. It’s still as warm as when you first spilled it. It also seems to glow as well.

You study it more as you clean it up. This is liquid magic. Something made by monsters. It can imitate human food, its taste texture and color, but in the end it isn’t human food. It’s purple sparkly
goop that smells like sweetness gone bad. Just like the monsters around you, so human, yet so obviously not.

The government signed off on monster food consumption very quickly. Something anti monster advocacy groups were continually questioning. It was because monster food could heal you anywhere from bleeding gashes, to broken bones, to other ailments that weren’t routed in your DNA. Monster food was a miracle drug scientists could only dream of creating. They extensively tested during the entire month of monster quarantine, and found to be safe for human consumption. The only problem the government could find was a magic only diet didn’t give you the essential vitamins and minerals needed. Essentially, monster food was an energy boost that could heal your wounds. Humans can’t live off of magic alone. And some monsters can’t live off human food either it seems.

You've lived hundreds of years and never encountered anything like this. Never encountered anything like monsters. It's strange coming across something so new, so interesting. You're accustomed to knowing everything about anything. You've gone through countless phases of hobbies and obsessions, trying to keep it new and interesting. Because if you didn’t… well, you wouldn’t be here anymore. It's why you liked technology so much. There's always something new coming out. Something interesting to explore, or the next best thing to try. Technology never got boring, at least not to you. So you clung to it instinctively to keep yourself entertained.

And now these amazing people called monsters have come along, and you are finding yourself drawn to how new they are. You want to befriend them. You want to be one of the first people to understand them inside and out, but you’re a little out of your element. You usually know how everything works, but for the first time in a long time, you're making mistakes when it comes to friendship. You don’t know how you feel about it. Maybe you should try a different approach.

You finish mopping up the mess, making sure to wipe down his sink afterwards. You hear his shower shut off, and a moment later he emerges from the bathroom in the back. He's wearing a black T-shirt that reads “I’m not mean, your just a sissy,” on it, without his signature jacket. You're almost entirely sure they sell that at hot topic...

He wears blank expression as he walks into the kitchen and sees you cleaning his dishes. He starts to say something when you beat him to it.

“I… uhh, really didn’t know about the food.” You start. “I just wanted to bring you something you liked while we played as a way of saying sorry for earlier, but I guess I just made it worse.”

“S’fine. Don’t really care.” He goes to stuff his hands in his pockets, but he isn’t wearing his jacket, so he stands there awkwardly not knowing what to do with them.
“You say that a lot, but I think you do care.”

“If I say I don’t, then I don’t” He responds with a growl.

You take a moment to calm your mind and filter your responses. He isn’t making this easy for you.

“You... you're right you know.”

“I-I am?”

“I don’t actually know very much about you guys.”

“Well duh, Ya humans think yer all smart n’ shit, but you don’t know nothin’ about monsters. Don’t even know shit about yer own selves r’ yer own damn souls.”

“You don’t seem to know very much about humans or the outside world either.”

“I fuckin' know enough.”

“Oh really? Do you know how to drive?”

“Don’t need ta. Fuckin' magic shortcuts remember.”

“And how are you going to get there the first time? Do you even know how to get a passport, or get on a plane?”

“Government ain’t letting us travel outside the city n’way.”

“But what about when they do, and you have the whole world to travel and explore.”
“I ain’t going. Gonna stay here.”

“So you’re just going to stay in this city your whole life?”

“Don’t gotta leave, world’s jus’ full’a the same shitty humans everywhere anyway.”

“Skulls, that’s… Are you afraid of traveling?”

“I ain’t afraid’a shit.”

“You just got out of a hole in a mountain, and you’re going to stay in this city working boring jobs all your life, never seeing the world?”

“Ain’t nothing for me ta see.”

“There’s plenty for you to see.” You insist.

“Ya don’t get shit!” He slams his fist on the counter. “You walk around out there, n’ nobody bats an eye. I walk around ’n people stare at me, yell at me, fuckin’ act like they know who I am just by lookin’. The only thing I’ll get from travellin’s the same asshole humans saying the same shit over’n over’n different dumb ass languages!” He yells, breathing heavily.

“Skulls… man-”

“Yer probably gonna say something stupid like, “Don’t worry, not all humans are bad. Look at me, I’m so lovely and nice.”” He imitates your voice in falsetto. “But you don’t know shit. Ya think yer nice, but yer jus’ some stuck up human who wants ta be all trendy’n buddy buddy with a monster. We ain’t fuckin’ new exotic pets fer ya ta play’n stare at. Ya can’t just go roun’ touchin’n messin’n thinking we’re gonna be ok with it cause ya ain’t being mean.”

Wow, that kinda hurt. Deep in the back of your mind you know he’s right. You were treating him like a kind of playtoy. When he said no, you pushed until you got your way. Would you even be trying to be his friend if he had showed up at your front door that night, regular neckbeard human instead of monster?
Yes, yes you would! You decide. You would have invited that neckbeard over and had a blast just as much if he was human, playing that stupid game. You don’t enjoy his company because he’s an amazing fantastical creature. Sure, that’s a bonus for you, but you really enjoy him most when you were both playing that dumb game together, stupidly yelling at each other. It was a lot more fun than if you played it with SlyPancake. Hadn’t you just spent ten minutes going through your entire catalog of video games worryingly thinking about what he would like best, because you wanted to keep hanging out with him?

“You can’t understand shit cause yer human. N’ya always will be human. People don’t want us ta be here, n’ me goin’ out’n bein a nice guy ain’t gonna change shit. Ohh, look at the amazing dead carcass walking roun’ on its own, how does it move! How does it fuck! It’s come ta eat our babies n’ rape our women! Human’s are either gonna hate us, r’ think we’re some kinda fuckin’ entertainment. But none of you’ll ever actually give two shits about us.”

Ohhh, how wrong this guy is. How very wrong, and how very similar in thinking he was to how you were once. There was a time humans knew about vampires. They knew how to find your kind and hunt you down. Experiment on you. Try and force you to make them vampires in hopes of getting in on that eternal life. Of course, most of you deserved it. You would even agree you deserved it... at the time. To be hunted like the little bratty devil you were, wielding your power and might over people just because you could. Because you were bored, because you were angry. It’s good you got over your angsty teenage years. Your very long angsty teenage years. Looks like someone isn’t over his yet.

“I think…. You'll fined... I can understand.”  You start.

“You don’t know-”

“BUT.”  You cut him off. “I will admit I wasn’t being a very good friend to you today. There are definitely holes in my knowledge when it comes to monsters, magic, and souls. There are things I don’t know, and things I may never perfectly understand Skulls.”

“That’s why ya should-”

“That's why YOU should help me.”

He stares at you.
“I’m not going to suddenly know what you can or can’t eat, how much sleep you need, if you get too cold or too hot, where’s okay to touch, and where isn’t. I don’t even know if you take showers every day, or just when you get dirty.”

“Of course I shower!” He yells.

“See, now we’re getting somewhere. What I’m trying to get at is, I’m not going to understand you unless you tell me. Humans aren’t going to understand you unless you tell them. And you are going to live a very lonely and boring life if you try and avoid us forever.”

“My life will be fine. I don’t want to spend my whole life splanin’ to fuckin’ shitheads everyday I don’t gotta dick.”

“...What...?!” You say in surprise. "Do… people actually ask you that?"

“All the fuckin’ time.” He says angrily.

You sigh. “And I thought I was asking the most invasive questions. I really need to step up my game.”

He just glares at you.

“L-look.” You hold out your hands. “I really like playing games with you. I think the fact that you're a monster is totally cool and not scary or creepy at all. Your magic is awesome and a part of who you are, and I’m never going to snitch on you to the police or anybody about you using it near me, even if you chuck me into a wall with it. Especially when I deserve a good wall chucking. But even if you weren’t a monster, I’d still want to play games with you, and hang out, cause I think you're a pretty cool guy. You're probably the funnest person I've hung out with in a long time but… I’m going to need you to tell me about yourself if we're going to be hanging out together. No more refusing information about what you are just because you don’t want to talk about it, or think its a waste of time. If you aren’t up for it, and you completely hate me as much as you say you do. I’ll give up right now and go home.”

You hope your gamble will pay off. You really hope he doesn’t send you home right now. Sans stands in front of you dumbfounded, before several expressions pass his face as he thinks about what you said.
“I-I...” You watch the red creep up on his face. “I don’t completely hate ya…” He says looking to the side. “It’s not... It’s not that I don't like playin' games wit'cha. N’ya havn’t said nothinn’ bout me usin’ magic by accident.” He looks back up at you and his eyelights meet yours. “But ya gotta stop touchin' me when I say.”

“That's... going to be really hard.”

“How is that fuckin’ hard? Just don’t touch me.”

“But your really cute. I know you said your brother was hot, and I totally see that he is, but you're still monster number 3 on my monster attractiveness list.”

His face instantly turns red. “Sh-shuttup! S-Stop sayin' that! I'm not f-f-fuckin c-cute!” He growls.

You laugh lightly as you smile. “Heh... so are you okay with it? Being friends? I need you to tell me clearly this time.”

“I’m… C-Can I say no ta stuff?” He says, suddenly in though.

“Yeah, just say it's personal or something, but try and give me some sort of answer I’ll understand. Don’t just yell fuck you when you don't want to answer.”

“F-fine. I-I'm ...I'm ok with it. I still wanna play games wit'cha.” He finally looks you in the eyes. “N stop smiling so damn much about it.”

“I can’t help it. Your really fun to play games with.”

In more ways than just video games...

You keep smiling at him.
“What?” He growls.

“May I hug you now?”

“NO!” He takes a step back.

“Ok…” You say a little saddened, but expecting the answer. He keeps looking at you like he doesn’t trust you.

“Yer not going to suddenly do it anyway are ya?”

“I’m letting you off the hook for today.” He keeps his sockets narrowed at you, untrusting. “Come on let's finish the game. I don’t know how much longer I can avoid watching the ending on YouTube.”

He waits until you're safely seated on the couch before teleporting directly into his spot on the opposite end. The update isn’t finished yet. Oh, the days when video games didn’t have to update when you wanted to play them.

You decide to use your time waiting to make a profile on Undernet and see what it is. You get out your phone and notice an unopened message from Sans from earlier in the day.

**RadSkull:** Fuck you!

You stifle a laugh in Sans direction.

“What!”

“Just got your message from dinner.”

“...oh, um.” His cheeks color for a second.
“Would you be okay with answering that question for starters?” You ask.

“He stops, thinking before he tries answering again. "My bro was my boss inna underground. Ya gotta understand, it was pretty shit at the time.”

“How bad is shit?” You ask directly.

He looks startled as he thinks of an answer. “We ain’t really s’posed ta talk about it.”

“Okay, I’ve been getting that from a lot of monsters actually.”

“How many monsters ya actually know?”

“Well, four of you now.”

“S’not that many.”

“It’s probably more than most humans, what with the way you all act around us.”

“Yeah I s’pose…” He takes a moment to think before he continues. “It was shit at the time n’ my bro had to take care of me cause I’m weak, lazy, n’ only got one fuckin' HP.”

“Wait, you only have one HP!” You shout, surprised. “How are you not dead! You could stub your toe and die. I hit you in the face with pepper spray. I flicked you on the forehead. I could have killed you.” You mentally go through all the times you could have potentially killed the monster sitting next to you. Wait didn't he say HP stands for...

“I ain’t that fuckin' weak! N’ that's not how it works anyway.”

“Um… ok… so… how does it work?” You say slowly.
“First, ya can getta bonus 10 HP past maximum from sleeping.”

“What…. that makes sense, but, really... with the video game logic?”

“S’just how it works, don’t ask me.”

“…”

“So I can have 11 points s’long as I get good sleep. Second, physical damage doesn't normally cause very much damage to a monster soul, least, not from inanimate objects. The magical construct that’s our bodies takes the damage and’ll fix itself over time. So I'm fine stubbin' my toe s'long as my whole body ain’t shattered. Damage ta the soul don't usually occur with physical damage like it does with humans.”

You open your mouth to say something, when he stops you.

“Monsters, unlike humans, ain’t very capable of causing damage through physical means anyway. We ain’t much fer attacking without magic, s’not really natural fer us. So there should be no problem dusting from stubbed toes or dumbass forehead flicks. S’long as I avoid magical attacks ta my soul I'll be fine. I’m pretty good at dodging s’long as a stupid human doesn’t keep fucking trick’n me.”

He glares at you. "If however, I were ta take physical damage from say a human, that's a different story. Humans are actually much stronger than monsters.”

“I think i’ve heard that somewhere, but I don’t see how. You all have super cool magic. Pretty sure I can’t teleport, chuck people into walls, or conjure flying projectile soul piercing bones.”

Sans cracks a small smile.

“Humans can’t attack with magic, sure. But ya got somethin’ much worse. If a human strikes a monster with hatred n' intent to kill, it'll do more'n damage our physical bodies. Our soles r’ very in tune ta the emotions round us, n’ fer some reason humans can use their own malice ta attack our souls as though it was a magical soul attack.”

“Oh… that's pretty dark.”
He smiles that creepy smile at you.

“'N'the worst part is, if ya ain't 'спектing it. When a monster knows it's coming'n has their defense up, s'not too bad. But if a monster's shown' mercy, is sparin’ ya, and ya hit em. It don't matter yer HP. Nothing’s gonna save you from a lying, hateful, murderin’, human.”

You sit in silence, absorbing what he said. Perhaps this explains some of his trust issues. Monsters were supposed to be made out of Love, Compassion, and Mercy, and humans could use that to instantly dust them. The way he talks about it though, it's almost like he's faced a human like this before…

“Well, I’m glad my forehead flicks were done with love and affection then. Maybe they healed you instead.”

“Healin’s a monster speciality, muerdern’s for yer kind.” He keeps giving you that creepy smile.

You clear your throat.

“... well...while that was definitely a boost to my self esteem, I think it's actually a good thing that you told me this. Accidentally dusting a monster because I was angry would be pretty bad… Is this why you don’t like me touching you? Cause I’m not going to actually intend to hurt you for real or anything.”

“I don’t like anyone fuckin’ touching me!” He growls.

“Oh… Um.... What were we talking about again?”

“Why I call my bro Boss. N’its cause he was my boss'n I only have one HP when things were shit'n monsters thought it was a sign'a weakness. He was jus’ helping me out. There happy!”

“Yeah.”

The room gets quiet as you both sit for a moment. You remember why you picked up your phone in the first place, and unlock it again, looking for the Undernet app.
“Just so you know…” You start as you begin to fill out a list of info for a profile on the app.

“If you have any questions about humans and our weird social behaviors, or anything like that. You can also ask me back. Friendship goes both ways, and I’m totally okay with any question, sexual stuff, reproductive, doesn’t bother me. I’m gonna warn you, I’ll give you the full details. I won’t censor anything. Heh, you can probably find anything you wanna ask me on the internet though.”

“Umm… we-well... actually.” He starts nervously.

“Ohh, you have something already”

“S’stupid, nevermind.” He says looking away.

“What? Hey, I won’t judge.” You prod.

“Can ya… Can ya actually hear yer own heartbeat?”

You briefly stop filling out information to sputter a laugh.

“Pffft ya. I thought you were gonna ask something more personal? Yes I can hear it.”

“And it can speed up’n change’n stuff.”

“Yeah, if you're doing something physically demanding, your muscles need more oxygen so your heart pumps faster to move it through your body faster.”

“Heh, that’s actually, pretty cool.” His mouth twitches upwards in a smile.

“Did… did you just say something was cool about humans?”
“S’not just humans, animals got hearts n’ shit.”

“Ohhh, look at you. Thinking positive things about humans.”

“Humans can all get dusted fer all I care.” He growls back.

“Wow, thanks.”

“Shit… uh.” He sweats a little looking to the side.

“You know I don’t care about your racism.” You say going back to filling out your information.

“Ain’t racism if’s fact.”

“Ouch deep burn much. You’re totally racist.”

You reach a box labeled birth date and try to remember when your current ID says you’re born.

“You know, it’s not just me who can hear it. I can let you hear my heartbeat if you want.” You offer.

“I-I can?” His sockets widen.

“Yeah, you can feel it too.”

“Yeah.. that was inna video.”

“What video.” You look over at him confused.

“We had ta get ‘integrated’ ta move outta quarantine’n they made us watch a bun'cha stupid shitty
educational videos on humans'n yer bodies. Also had ta watch some dumb ass videos about behavior and proper touching'n we had ta pass some idiotic tests about it too. Fuckin' acted like we were all gonna molest yer women when we came out'r somethin'.”

“Hahahah, what? They made you watch sexual harassment videos. So good! You guys need to make me some of those for me apparently.”

“Ya apparently.” He growls.

You put down your phone turning to him.

“Soo… do you want to hear it.”

“Wh-what…. Right now?”

“Yeah. If… you want too.”

“Uhh, s-sure.”

“Ok I’m gonna lay back, all you gotta do is put where your ear should be right here. And you should hear it.”

You point to the spot on your chest where your heart is, and lay back on the armrest.

“Uhhh.” Sans face starts turning red.

“What.”

“Ya sure its ok.”

“Just resting your head there is fine as long as I say it's ok.”
“O-Ok.”

Sans slowly moves down the couch over to you, looking nervous. He lifts himself onto his knees as he crawls over your chest. He looks down at you with his little red eyelights, face slightly red, skull sweating. His sharp grin turns down as he slowly lowers the side of his skull onto your chest hovering for a moment, before letting it come to a rest. He lays there for a few seconds before you see his face twitch in recognition. You find yourself listening as well, interested in hearing what he hears at this exact moment.

“I-Its louder than I thought.” He comments.

“Yeah. That's about a third a cup of blood pumped per beat.”

“Huh…”

He keeps his skull there, breathing lightly. There's a slight humming sound coming from his body. You feel yourself match his breathing instinctively, battling the urge to stroke his skull. You mustn't turn this into a hug. So you keep your arms limply at your side, small skeleton resting his head on your chest, sweating slightly with nervousness. You wait quietly while he listens to your life beating into the tips of your body. The blood that keeps you alive, so similar to what you take weekly from others. You really need to get around to that later on today.

After what seems like an awful long time of waiting you decide to speak up.

“You didn’t fall asleep did you?”

“Wha… n-no.” He pulls himself off you quickly, face dusted red.

“Sound was jus’…. Relaxin’.”

“Do you still want to try feeling it in my wrist?”
“Ahh.. n-no, well actually sure.” The red faced skeleton responds.

You hold out your wrist and demonstrate where to place your fingers. He copies your position, moving around his phalanges a little until he finally finds it. His bones are initially cool, but warm deep down. You take the opportunity to study his hand. It's pretty neat to see all his bones moving with nothing to move them. If you look hard enough, there are very small spaces between each separate bone. They just kind of float as they stay connected to each other. The texture is smooth like porcelain, different than what you have come to expect from bones over the years. What's really cool is the tips of each phalange are sharp, like claws. You wonder if he files them down, or they naturally come like that. In the back of your mind you imagine him adding just a little more pressure and easily ripping open the delicate skin on your wrist. Maybe that's why he was being so gentle about it.

After a moment he lets your wrist go and leans back into his spot. He looks at the tv as you look back at your phone.

“Swear the bar ain’t movin’.” He comments.

“It's probably installing the update now.” You respond.

You come across an strange input box for your profile marked ‘type’ and click into it curious. It drops down from Unlisted with a bunch of odd words.

Cat
Chilldrake
Dog
Froggit
Moldsmall
Snowdrake
Madjick
Wolf

It takes you a moment to realize these are monster types. You notice the lack of a choice for human, (or vampire) and instead take your time scrolling through all the different types. There's a lot. It's kinda amazing how many there are. There's even one called Jerry. What? You scroll to the end,
noticing there isn't a selection for zombie monster. Good, zombie games should be okay then. You decide to pick a monster that sounds cool and go with Madjick for your monster type on your profile. You finish up by picking the username Hem0philia, and hit enter.

You’re taken to a display page showing some of the information you entered. You don’t want to put a picture of yourself on a monster social media platform, so instead, you download a picture of your favorite enemy from Silent Space 4 and set it as your icon. Finally you click the friend search button, and look up BadSkull86. Sure enough it’s there, you smile a little at his picture. Papyrus is posing in dramatic lighting. A glow emanating from one of his sockets. You click the request friendship button next to his profile picture. Not knowing what else to do on the Undernet with no friends yet, you close the app.

“Soo… What's the second most asked question you get?” You ask as you both wait.

“How do I eat.”

“Dang, I already know that one.”

You’re starting to think you should just go get your console and bring it over when his console finally finishes the update and starts the game.

“Fuckin finally.”

You keep your mouth shut about his impatience at playing a game he claims to not enjoy, and select to download your profile from the cloud so you can play from your last save point. As its loading you turn to him.

“Soo, you aren’t gonna freak out again from the cut scene are you?”

“I’ll be fine.”

“Okay, but just so you know, I like the right side of my body more. So when you go to murder me again, focus on the left side.”
“I ain’t gonna murder ya! Don’t want that shit on my soul.”

“It’s allright, I’ll just haunt you for the rest of your life about it.”

“Least then ya wouldn’t be able ta hug me.”

“I would find a way, just to annoy you.”

“Ugh” He shutters a little. “Sides, ghosts'r monsters not dead humans.”

“Oh yeah I forgot.”

Your profile loads and you start the game from the last checkpoint. Both of you standing before the door to the boss room.

“Ya said that little shit’s gonna show up again?” he asks.

“Yeah, it totally shows up like I predicted.”

“Whatever lets just go.”

You open the door and the cut scene starts. You look over nervously as it plays, but he's taking it pretty well this time.

It turns out defeating the boss requires Sans character to coax his little buddy into fighting for control within the greater creature, while you run around holding the boss monster down with various debris from the room. At the end it sacrifices itself to send the thing into space on a pathway towards the closest burning star.

You look over while the credits are rolling to see Sans with enormous tear streaks silently falling down his sockets.
“Skulls, are you crying about the death of your little buddy.”

“Wha.” He checks under his sockets and his face reddens when he discovers the tears.

“I ain’t…. I-I’m just rememberin' stuff.” He turns his skull away from you as he wipes the rest off of his face.

You want to comfort him, but no hugs allowed today, no hugs allowed. Instead you grab the other games you brought over and decide to explain them to him so he can choose.

“So this one's kinda like an RPG but with guns instead of swords. You level up and continuously find more and better weapons throughout the game.” You hold up the next game. “This one, Lost planet, is an action third person, over the shoulder shooter where you have to survive on a frozen planet and collect thermal energy from your enemies to power your weapons and gear. And this one.” You hold up the third game. “Is part of a series of games that are made all the time. You basically take on the role of a hero and lead your army through fights against other heroes and armies. It's a typical button mashing action game, where there can be hundreds of enemies on screen at any time.”

You hand him each game after explaining and he takes a look at the covers.

“Yeah, I gotta admit I ain’t got any fuckin’ clue about half the shit ya just said.”

“Oh… uhh… just pick whichever cover looks coolest then.”

So of course he hands you Boarderlands. Figures. You put the disk in, and another updating screen appears.

“Fuck this. Does everything have ta take forever to play now.” He complains.

“Yeah, that's modern day gaming for you.”

“This shit sucks.”
“At least it allows them to fix problems in games after they are released. Of course, now they release games with more bugs than they use to be because they can patch them after.”

“It says its gonna take over an hour.”

You look at the estimated time. It does indeed say it will take over an hour.

“We could just go to my apartment, the update should already be on my console.”

“Fuck it, fine.” He says in defeat.

Before you both leave you hand him Viva Pinata telling him he can borrow it.

“This looks like a fuckin’ little kids game.”

“How about you tell me what you think once you’ve played it.”

He rolls his eyes and tosses it on the floor near his cardboard TV stand. You grab your things including your extra chair and change apartments. As you walk out of his apartment you smile to yourself. That ended up much better than expected. Much better.

Chapter End Notes

Also the reason I don’t give my skeletons glowing dicks is because I feel like that’s been added as a way to make them more sexually compatible and attractive from a human’s perspective in fics. I think that having an exploration of a species that is completely incompatible sexually, biologically, and evolutionary is really cool. It's like, look we are totally and completely different, now we gotta learn to get along/love each other and live together peacefully, and I really like that. Overcoming differences is really cool. Besides I could totally love a guy if he don’t have no dick.

Now imagine a world where UF Papyrus has to watch sexual harassment videos about humans… with both Sans and Undyne in the room. And then take a test.
Orentation

Chapter Summary

You and Sans go to Orientation.

Chapter Notes

Another serious chapter. Hopefully the next one will be more silly... ahh who am I kidding, its gonna be great.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You wake up a little earlier than usual this morning. After playing Borderlands with Sans last night, you eventually had to force him to leave your apartment at nearly 2:00am so you could get your drinking done. You snuck out quietly so he couldn’t hear you, and, after two hours of searching the park, managed to find a loan guy wandering around to drink with. He smelled awful, but you'd been out there forever and you didn’t want to try again on Sunday. Besides, you hate getting those annoying urges to bite when you go longer than a week without drinking.

You groggily reach for your phone checking it’s messages. You usually don’t get many on the weekends. The company you work for prefers it's employees not to work on the weekends, so they don't have anything for you. Your phone opens to a notification from the Undernet app. You slide the notification and Undernet pulls up a message from BadSkull86.

Message: BadSkull86

WHO IS THIS? I DON’T BELIEVE I KNOW ANY MADJICKS WITH SUCH A GROTESQUE FACE. YOU ARE NOT GREAT ENOUGH TO ELICIT MY FRIENDSHIP AND PERSONAL UPDATES. BE GONE WITH YOUR REQUESTS IMMEDIATELY.

You have to stifle a laugh as you type a reply.

Message: Hem0phelia

It's your bro’s neighbor. They didn’t have a selection for human so I picked a random monster type
instead. The picture is a video game enemy I like.

You get up and start getting ready for your day. Today you have to take your car in to get its windshield replaced. You quickly check the weather app on your phone. A perfectly beautiful dreary autumn day. Excellent, you can drive without the fear of passing out. As you finish getting ready, you receive a message back from Papyrus, along with an indication that you are now both friends.

Message: BadSkull86

I WILL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE MAKER OF THIS APP IMMEDIATELY TO FIX SUCH AN AWFUL MISTAKE. FRISK SHOULD HAVE MENTIONED THE PROBLEM EARLIER... FOR NOW, LEAVE THE BOX AS UNLISTED SO OTHERS WILL NOT FALL TO SUCH CONFUSION. AND MAKE SURE YOU CHANGE THAT HORRENDOUS PHOTOGRAPH. THE APP CLEARLY STATES PROFILE PICTURE, NOT VIDEO GAME CHARACTERS!

You are quickly realizing that Papyrus may be a huge stickler for rules and regulations as you type out your response.

Message: Hem0phelia

Are you sure it's ok for me to be a human on here?

As you head into your bathroom you get a reply back.

Message: BadSkull86

OF COURSE IT IS, WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU BE!

You can’t argue with that logic. You change the offending information on your profile and select a picture of yourself to use. It’s a simple picture of you smiling at the camera. A moment later you get a notification telling you that BadSkull86 liked your new profile picture. Oh no… what have you gotten yourself into.
You finish getting ready for the day during which you receive 3 status updates from BadSkull86. The first one talks about BadSkull86 masterfully memorizing his training manual before a certain incompetent previous guardswoman. The next one, BadSkull86 artistically prepares the perfect breakfast lasagna. And BadSkull86 going shopping for more artistic cooking materials. It's never going to stop, is it…? You hit like on all his updates, it's important to keep up appearances with the people you are trying to befriend. Then, you grab your keys and a roll of duct tape heading out.

After covering the hole in your windshield with duct tape as best you can, you make a stop at your storage unit. You grab your motorcycle and riding gear, loading it in the back of your small car. You need something to drive to orientation later in the day, and this was small enough to fit in the back of your car, if only barely. You had to take one of the seats out, but you got it to fit.

You bring your car into a local auto glass repair shop and they take your car in for repair. You order the most expensive glass they have, with as much UV protection as they can throw on it. Then, you unload your motorcycle and gear in front of a bunch of burly men who keep insisting they help you, only to later stare in awe as you easily lift the whole thing out of your car by yourself. You will never get tired of those faces.

You drive back to your house on your motorcycle about a half an hour before you need to leave for orientation. Once inside, you set your helmet down and listen for any sound from San’s. None. Someone better not think they can avoid their deal with you by sleeping in. You shoot him a quick text.

You: Skulls, you up yet? Orientation’s at 12. I’m gonna drive us both.

You wait for a response. After five minutes of nothing you decide to give him a call. You move into your hallway to see if you can hear anything. Sure enough, the light sound of a ringtone carries through the paper thin walls. A moment later you hear a low groan, followed by a thud, and the ringing stops.

“Skulls! Get up, or you're going to be late for orientation.” You yell through the wall.

“Wha…? Leave me lone…five more minutes” A drunken growl answers.

You start bang on the wall.
“Get your bony bottom up and get ready for orientation, or I’m going to come over there and hug you till you wake up!”

“I’m up, I’m up.” He yells back. “Sides, the doors locked n’yway.” He grumbles, but you still hear him.

“Don’t doubt I’ll find a way in there!”

“Shit, I’m going.”

You keep listening at the wall until you hear him banging around his apartment. Good. You pass the time on your couch reading a new batch of status updates from BadSkull86. He had a few comments on his previous status about memorizing his training manual. All by another person named DeathFish21. You assume this is the aforementioned Undyne from the context of their comments. Something about coming over and having a test to see if he really had it memorized, and could his stupid skull actually comprehend any of it. The conversation quickly spiraled out of control into one of the most ridiculous flame wars you have ever read.

**DeathFish21:** I’m having my Alphy write a test right now. We’re gonna end this here.

**BadSkull86:** SURELY YOU JEST. THAT IMBECILE OF A CHEATING SCIENTIST WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWERS FROM THE SIDELINES LIKE SHE ALWAYS DOES. I REQUIRE A FAIR TEST, NOT AN EXERCISE IN MOCKERY.

**DeathFish21:** You better not be badmouthing my Alphy, or we are gonna have to have another cook off.

**BadSkull86:** PLEASE, ANY COOK OFF WITH YOU IS A DESTRUCTION OF THE CULINARY ARTS. NOT EVEN MY BROTHER CAN TOLERATE SUCH FILTH.

**DeathFish21:** You could only win a cook off if it was a contest to make the deadliest poison. I feel sorry for the judges every time I watch their faces eat your disgusting food.

This continued until they were threatening to burn each others houses down, before it stopped abruptly with DeathFish21 saying they were coming over right now. Your phone pings again and
you get another status update from Papyrus.

**BadSkull86:** ABOUT TO DESTROY AN IDIOT GUARDSWOMAN IN A COOKING CONTEST. ANYONE WHO WANTS TO WATCH HER PITIFUL DEMISE MUST SHOW UP IMMEDIATELY.

If you didn’t have prior engagements or you would have definitely wanted to watch this.

Sans

After a rude wake up call from his neighbor, Sans was in a bit of a sour mood. Checking the time, he sleepily gets up from bed, and digs through his hampers of unfolded clean laundry for something to wear. Then, he marches to the bathroom to take a shower. He starts the water, taking off his clothes and giving himself a look over in the mirror. He glares at his reflection. Same old cracked bones, same old tired eyes, same old me…

He steps into the heated water and grabs some soap, lathering up. He really didn’t want to get up this morning. He was having a hard time sleeping last night after you told him to go home and get some sleep. Kindly reminding him that he had to go to orientation with you tomorrow. What really bothered him the most was he heard you sneak out almost a half an hour later.

What were you doing out so late at night? Were you actually trying to go out drinking? He's pretty sure from the stuff you said earlier about your diet, you didn’t actually go out to get wasted. Not only that, you acted like you were going to go to sleep as soon as he left. Why didn’t you? And why were you lying about it? Were you really a prostitute like he thought? Did you miss work to play games with him?

He'd stayed up waiting for you to come back. Nearly three hours passed until he heard your footsteps at the door. You went out for three hours in the middle of the fucking night, doing what? Maybe you just needed to get some sort of dumb human hygiene thing from the store. Female humans are suppose to be high maintenance right? But seriously, three hours?

He was surprised earlier when you gave that huge speech about wanting to be friends with him. He'd yelled at you, called you names, and insulted your species. Instead of being angry or crying about it, you said you wanted to be friends. Friends with him. Nobody wanted to be friends with him. He's lazy, disgusting, and good for nothing, with one fuckin' HP. And besides, he didn’t want to be friends with you. Friends with a human. But you said all those nice things. You said them so bluntly, like you weren’t lying, and he couldn’t stop himself from agreeing.
He couldn’t stop himself because you reminded him of Frisk. Not the murdering Frisk. He shutters. That Frisk was long gone. You reminded him of the Frisk who befriended all those monsters when they tried to kill them. Succeeded in killing them. The Frisk who wanted to be friends with him after all he had done to them. You reminded him of the first person to show him hope in a dark pit of despair, and he couldn’t say no to that sort of person.

Sans turns off the shower and reaches for a towel. Shit, it's still in the hamper. He walks out of his bathroom, bones dripping, to his room and digs through the hamper for one of his towels. He dries off and throws it on the floor. He’ll hang it up later. Maybe...

Sans puts on his clothes and shuffles into the kitchen looking for something to eat. He opens his fridge to a random assortment of ingredients and a half filled industrial bottle of mustard. Not in the mood to do any actual cooking, he uncorks the mustard and starts chugging it.

It should bother him that he wasn’t able to use magic on you last night. Something like that only happened when he was sick or his magic was acting up. He felt like he was in good health. At least, better than he had been previously. He couldn’t even get a grip on your soul. It was like your soul was taking the magic he sent it, and ignoring it. Humans weren’t suppose to be able to resist magic like that. It made him feel uncomfortable, being unable to use magic on you properly, and unable to read your soul. But besides that, and your strange behavior of going out at night, you never gave him any indication that you were dangerous. Personally he felt the only danger you were was to yourself.

Sans checks the time on his phone. Close enough. He tosses the now empty mustard bottle in the trash and focuses a mental image of your apartment in his mind before gathering his magic. Hey if you're okay with it, might as well take a shortcut.

You check the time, five minutes till you need to leave. You start typing a five minute warning text to Sans when a dark shadow looms behind you. You feel your skin prickle at the intrusion and you act on instinct.

You reach over your head and grab the apparition pulling them downwards, flipping them onto the couch under you. They grunt as the air is pressed from their lungs. You hadn't meant to slam them that hard, but they were surprisingly light. As you look down at them the first thing you notice are wide blank eye sockets.
“Holy frick Skulls, you scared me. How did you get…. Oh… right.” You quickly realize how, as you release your prisoner.

“What the hell.” He coughs. ”Attack me when I say hello why don’t ya.” he says getting up.

“You didn’t say hello, you suck up all creepily behind me.”

“I was about ta say it.” He says giving you a glare.

“So teleporting into my apartment’s gonna be a thing now.”

“Ya said yer ok with it.”

“Heck ya, just don’t creep up on me if you don’t want to die.”

“Sure whatever.” He rolls his eyelights. “Ain’t yer car all busted up, how’r we gonna git there.”

“Good question. You ever been to the farms south of Ebott?” You say walking over to your door grabbing your helmet, and slipping on your shoes.

“No.”

“Then it looks like I’ll have to drive us.” You open your door and step out, Sans following close behind.

“But’cher car.”

“Don’t worry, I’ve got something better.” You motion him over to your motorcycle. “Had it in storage cause it's going to be winter soon and I only get one parking spot.”
“Ya… ya got a motorcycle!” You notice the hint of excitement in his voice.

“Yeah, you aren’t scared of riding are you.”

“As if!” He’s looking down at your motorcycle with wonder in his eyes. “What type’a engine’s it got.”

“Uhhhh, I think its around 600cc, sportsbike. Bought it a few years back.” You hand him a helmet. He gives you a look before he takes it. “Trust me, you’re going to want it. It’ll keep your eyes…sockets from watering when we get on the main road.”

He stuffs it on his head as you put yours on as well.

“You know how to ride one of these?” You ask.

“Jus’ gotta lean when ya turn, right?”

“Pretty much.” You kick the stand up and back the motorcycle out of the parking space, pointing it out the lot, before straddling it, and starting the engine.

“Hop on back and hold on.”

You hardly feel any shift in weight on the motorcycle as he straddles the back. You wait for him to grab you around the waist, but he doesn’t.

“I meant hold onto my waist.” you call back.

“I-I’m fine.” he shouts back. You notice his hands gripping either side of the motorcycle seat for support.

This little… You shake your head slightly, rolling your eyes as you set your visor down, revving the engine once before you peel out of the parking lot as fast as you can. Sans grabs your waist in desperation, trying not to fall off from the sudden change in acceleration. You cackle into your
The drive takes around twenty minutes, as it’s nearly out of the main city. Sans initial panic at your driving eventually dies off and he holds your waist lightly as you travel. You can feel him leaning with you in the turns, but his low weight makes it less necessary than if you were hauling a fully massed adult. You park your vehicle in an empty lot, next to a large cornfield, a few buildings, and an enormous warehouse. You let Sans dismount first before you get off yourself.

It takes him a moment to remove his helmet, but when he does… You were not expecting that face. He’s smiling, really smiling from ear to ear. None of that fake stuff he usually keeps his face at. His eyelight almost take the shape of little hearts as he keeps eyeing your bike.

“Sooo, I’m gonna guess you’re a motorcycle guy.” You say as you remove your helmet.

“J-Jus’ a little.”

“If you want to ride it later, be my guest.” You both start walking towards the large warehouse near the parking lot.

He frowns.

“Can’t, government still ain’t approved monsters driving yet. Says we got too many variables ta account fer.”

“So what… monsters have to walk everywhere.”

“Pretty much. Or use public transportation n’ taxis. We’re suppose ta be able ta get’r licences before my bro finishes training academy, s’one of the agreements for lettin’im join.”

“When’s that?”

“He’s done near the end’a November.”
You pocket this interesting and valuable information for later as you both follow the handwritten sign for actors, leading you to enter the building through a side entrance. You step into a medium sized room with a few fold out tables and chairs. There’s some curtain clad changing stations hugging the wall, along with lockers and a large storage closet. About 20 people are already sitting around in the room. You immediately try and see if you can spot the other monster Jenine mentioned, but you don’t find them.

As you enter a sudden hush falls on the room. Several humans are bumped by their peers out of conversation as they signal for them to look at who just walked in the room. Humans lean over one another to get a good look. One tiny girl audibly screeches in happiness.

“Ohhh MY GOD!”

Nervousness practically leaks from the skeleton man next to you. Not a single one of these people are even trying to pretend they aren’t looking at him. He slows in his steps, ending up behind you as you lead him into the room.

“They’re staring cause they think you’re cool.” You whisper back to him.

A short plump lady hurries her way up to the both of you as you enter.

“My goodness Y/N, you made it. And may I ask who this is you brought with you?” Jenine questions.

You move over allowing her and Sans to look each other up and down. She's nearly the same height as him.

“Names S-Sans, the uhh Skeleton.” He doesn’t hold out his hand.

“Ahh yes, I’m Jenine Thomas, Haunt Planning Committee Leader. Thank you so much for coming. Y/N mentioned she may be bringing a monster to help us out this year.”

Sans gives you a look. You smile, but keep your face forward.
“We are so happy that monsters are willing to participate in this event, if you should need anything, or have any problems while working here, any of the staff heads and I will be contactable. We have a strict non discriminatory policy here.”

“Ye-Yeah sure.” He sputters.

Jenine smiles and hurries off to speak to another group approaching behind you.

“Smooth Skulls, very smooth.” You comment.

“What?” He barks at you as you giggle.

You both pick a spot at an empty table. Before you can sit down, the tiny girl who yelled as you entered makes her way across the room to you.

“Y/N you brought a monster with you!” She nearly screeches, in a bubbly high pitched voice.

“Yeah, he's my totally cool neighbor.” You say, leaning back in the chair.

“Oh my GOD, and he's a SKELETON! It’s so perfect! Names Tiffany by the way, Tiffany Whiles.”

She holds out her hand to him, and he takes it hesitantly.

“Sans…” He barely growls out.

“Your bones are like, the coolest EVER!” She squeals as she shakes it. “We are so gonna kill this year.”

After she finishes vigorously shaking his hand, he quickly lets go and drops it back into his hoodie pocket.
“So, anyway Y/N, how have you been, I haven't talked to you since like, last year.”

“I’ve been good, sold my house.”

“You sold it? Where are you living now?”

“Apartments by the park and gas station.”

“That old run down building.”

“Yes. Waiting on my duplex to finish in the hills.”

“You have a duplex in the hills! That's like, the most expensive place to live”

“Its an investment property.”

“Oh my god! Can I please visit?”

“Won’t be finished for another couple months.”

“Gahhh, I bet it has the greatest bathtubs.”

“Only the largest, and most unnecessary.”

Sans has been looking between you and Tiffany this whole time, clearly very confused. Had he really heard that right? You were some super rich person living in the poorest apartments in town. Soooo, you weren’t a prostitute….

Your conversation with Tiffany is cut short by an animistic growl overhead.
“Sans… You’re here?”

“Ice?” Sans asks, looking up.

You also look up and stare into the face of the large wolf monster who had been bringing you take out from Grillby’s last week.

“OHHH MY GOD!” Tiffany screams.

Sans pulls his hoodie up as Ice Wolf stares from him to you and back again. He licks his lips and shows his row of sharp teeth. Or maybe that’s a smile…?

“Ye-Yeah, I decided to volunteer.” Sans says, digging his face deeper into his hood.

“You, volunteering…” His yellow eyes look him over, then he glances once again over to you.

“Th-There’s a first time for everything.” He replies.

“Hi, I believe we’ve met before.” You cut in holding out your hand. “Names Y/N.” You catch a horrified look from Sans as you shake the large wolf monster’s hand.

“Ice Wolf.” He growls.

“Interesting name.”

“No, it is very plain.” He responds.

“Alright alright, if I can have everyone’s attention.” Jenine Thomas shouts from the front of the room.

You all go quiet. Ice Wolf takes a seat at your table while Tiffany runs back to her spot.
“Welcome to another year of Death Hallows Haunt. I’m Jenine Thomas, the planning committee leader, and I will be going over orientation with you all today.”

She gives a signal and one of the people behind her begin to pass out a packet of papers that make its way down the tables, each person taking a stack of the sheets.

“As many of you know, this year we have two monsters joining us on our acting team, please remember to be kind and courteous when dealing with them, as we have a no tolerance policy towards discrimination. In a moment we will be going through the rules outlined in the packet, and then we will split you up according to your haunting zones. From there, you will be following your zone leader on a tour of the facility and its safety measures. We are still working on the decorations, but they should be done in time for the first showing this Friday. Let me remind you that each of you will be required to participate in 12 of the 15 show days, and should you be unable to make a day, please call as soon as possible to notify your zone leader. This is a no contact haunt, and we prioritize scaring forward to help keep groups moving along…”

You all sit quietly listening to her talk about the various rules and regulations outlined in your packets, while filling out and signing the packets saying you understand said rules, and proper safety instructions. At the end you fill in your ID and sign a few more documents about volunteer hours, or for those getting paid, taxes and social security documents. The overview takes a long time, and Sans start to nod off near the end.

Finally all your names are called by various zone leaders. You are placed in the same zone as Sans, and two other guys, probably because they want to keep him with someone he’s comfortable with. Good idea Jenine, you think to yourself.

You follow a wild bearded, balding, portly man named Jonas, as he leads you through the unfinished maze of the warehouse, showing you where various fire extinguishers are hidden, along with emergency exits, should you or a guest need to use them.

You get to your zone and he looks at his notes before he assigns you all your station.

“I GET TO USE A CHAINSAW!” You scream.

“Mmm yes, this year you get to use the chainsaw.” Jonas reaffirms.
You are so happy. Usually they use your height to their advantage and just give you a costume and makeup to scare with. Every year you enviously eyed the guy with the chainsaw. Seems that this year they were finally going to let you have it.

You get to stand hidden around a corner revving the chainsaw as a distraction away from looking too closely at Sans who was going to be standing in the middle of the room amongst a pile of assorted fake skeletons. Then once he broke pose you were to chase them out of the room with the chainsaw from behind.

Jonas, leans over to you and whispers.

“We don’t want anyone touching or hitting him, that will be your job. We decided the guests can’t focus on him for too long if they're being chased with a chainsaw.”

Ohhh thank you Skulls, your racial issues have finally bestowed upon you your most deepest desires of your heart. Chasing people with a chainsaw in a dimly lit warehouse.

“Yeah, I’ll try my best to keep an eye on him.” You whisper back. Inner mind still celebrating your newly appointed position of chainsaw person.

After the other two people are assigned their positions, you all perform a practice walk through with your zone leader. Sans seems less than enthusiastic about the whole thing, but you’re pretty sure that, acting aside, just his appearance alone will scare the living hell out of anyone. Afterwards you all head back through the warehouse into the little back room and finish signing your paperwork, and distributing costumes. There are snacks set out on the tables for all of you. Sans avoids them entirely.

You both approach one of the ladies handing out costumes. She looks Sans over once before asking.

“Soo… how much are you willing to take off?”

“Wh-What!” He sputters. You start giggling behind him.

“We would prefer to have you in as little as possible. Let the customers think you're a skeleton prop. It works best if we can show off more bones.”
You’re holding your stomach as you start full belt laughing. He turns around and glares at you.

“Shut the Fuck up.” He whispers.

This only makes you laugh more.

“Whatever you’re comfortable with we can accommodate.” The lady says as she gives you a stern look. You try and get ahold of yourself.

“Pair a shorts’ll be fine or whatever.”

“Size?”

“Uhh, medium.”

She goes into the costume closet behind her and digs through various pieces of clothing before emerging with a package of tiny dull colored, ripped and bloodies shorts.

“Try it on and tell me if it fits.”

He heads over to the line in front of the changing stations to wait his turn. Several people are already changing on the spot, their costumes allowing them to try it on over their clothes, or… some of them don’t care. Actors…

You’re assigned a dull green jumpsuit, already bloodstained. You don’t have to try it on because it was a one size fits all sort of deal. Your phone buzzes in your pocket.

**Skulls:** I ain’t gonna do this

You look around for him and realize he's in one of the changing stalls. You type a reply.
You: What's wrong?

You phone buzzes back immediately.

Skulls: I just don’t wanna do this its fuckin stupid

You’re pretty sure you know what’s up. You walk over to the lady handing out costumes and whisper something. She goes back into the closet and brings out a torn beaten and yellowed bloody white wifebeater. You head over to the dressing room and flip the shirt over the curtain.

“She said to try this on too.” You say through the curtain. It disappears and you hear some cloth rustling. You wait for a while, watching actors hand back in their costumes as the people checking them out write down some numbers and tag them, before hanging them back up.

Ice Wolf hands his costume back to one of the workers. He has a young looking girl and boy following him around bashfully talking to him. He starts laughing, showing his needle sharp teeth, lips curling upwards. The girls face reddens, as she covers it.

Sans emerges from the changing room holding his costume.

“Does it work for you?” You ask.

“Yeah… s’fine.”

“Good.” You didn’t want to admit it but, you were a little nervous that he was going to quit right then and there.

You follow him as he goes to hand back his costume.

“Now remember, we will be meeting an hour before our doors open to the public on Friday. Please have your costumes on as soon as you arrive, and we will have our makeup artists work on you as quickly as possible. Then please get to your stations so our zone managers can coordinate
accordingly.” Jenine calls as everyone exits.

As you make your way out of the building, Tiffany runs up to you.

“Hey, a bunch of us are going to go out. You both should come. Ice Wolf is coming too.” She points behind herself.

Ice Wolf stands with a group of several humans from both the acting and lighting groups. Sans fidgets in place, clearly uncomfortable about the idea.

“Nahh, I think we’re gonna pass.”

“Ahhh, ok then.” She runs off to join her group.

You walk with Sans to your bike, handing out the helmet.

“Oh wait, you can probably teleport back on your own.” You offer. He does look pretty uncomfortable, having been in the spotlight around humans for several hours.

“Ahh… I’ll uhh. Ta-take the ride back.” He says, taking the helmet, and averting his eyelights.

You want to tease him… You want to tease him so bad. Call him out for wanting to hold you from behind or something. He's so lucky you're being nice right now. Ah, being aware of people's feelings sucks.

“Ok.” Is all you can allow yourself to politely say.


“I’m just in a good mood is all.” You shove the helmet on your head before your face betrays you more.
This time when he gets on the bike, he puts his arms around your waist properly.

Chapter End Notes

In defense of the actors at the haunt. I would totally stare open mouthed at any real monster who walked in to work with us at a haunted house. Wouldn’t even try and hide it.
Courts and Teleports

Chapter Summary

You discuss Burgerpants court case. Sans is a literal poop head.

Chapter Notes

I tried to do some research on how an aggravated assault case would work, specifically when Reader was not the one being assaulted. I know nothing and will be making most of this up… Pretend it sounds professional. The only time I have ever been involved with the law was a speeding ticket back in high school that I got removed off my record by taking a 4 hour safe driving lecture class.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It’s Tuesday, and you’re getting ready in your room looking for the perfect outfit. Something that will make you look professional, while also making you look vulnerable. You decide to pair a button up blouse with a knee length frill skirt. You choose brighter colors that what you personally like. The popping color makes you look young and useless.

You check the weather app on your phone. Warm, cloudy, and with a chance of rain. Good. You grab an umbrella along with your bag and head outside, making sure to lock your apartment. You consider driving your newly fixed car, but decide not to in favor of stretching your legs. The local court building wasn’t far, and you'd spent all of yesterday working longer than usual hours due to a new update coming out with lots of bugs and problems. You take the scenic route through the park over to the building, letting your skin bathe in the warm wet air. Maybe it will rain by the time you're finished.

You enter the building twenty minutes later. They give you instructions to head up some stairs and wait in a lobby for a representative to meet with you. When you get to the top of the stairs, you are met with a familiar face. An extremely nervous looking orange cat monster is seated against the wall, fidgeting.

“Hey, its Burgerpants right?” You call as you walk over to him. “Can’t forget a name like that.”

“He-Heya little buddy.” He answers barely glancing at you before looking back down into his lap.
“Uhh, are you ok?” You say as you walk over to him and lean down a little.

“Life... could be better” He's fidgeting with his claws moving each of the nails on top of one another.

“They’re taking care of your case properly… aren’t they?”

“It’s not like I’ve done much with my life anyway…” He shifts his yellow cat eyes. Shoulders slumped, his ears rest against the back of his head. “I… Uh get that you were trying to be helpful. But I really shouldn’t have reported anything to the police.”

You scrunch your eyebrows. He didn’t do anything that could get him in trouble. What was he so worried about.

“Uhh… what’s wrong?”

“I uhh-”

He starts speaking when a door to your left opens and a man in a suit calls your name. He introduces himself as Mr. Limwere the attorney in charge of Burgerpants aggravated assault case. You follow him inside, looking back at the nearly terrified cat monster sitting alone in the waiting room as the door closes. You flounce yourself into the puffy chair across the desk from Mr. Limwere. This office should be working to help this guy out, not make him feel terrified. You're starting to get annoyed.

“I called you in today to get verification on your statement with the police, and make sure it matches with Mr. Burgerpant’s statement. If you would please look over these forums, I will then ask you a few questions about what you saw during the night of his attack.”

You skim through the pages that indicated the statement you gave the police. They looked pretty accurate to you.

“They look pretty good to me.” You say.
“And if you would sign here and here, confirming your statements were taken correctly.”

He points to several blank lines on the pages. You sign them.

“Now if you could Mrs. Y/N, I have some more questions about what you saw.”

Mr. Limwere asks you to describe in detail what you saw that night. You have to explain several times that you have very good vision in the darkness, when he asks how you were able to tell there were only two men, and identify which one was doing the kicking. You explain that you felt someone was being attacked and couldn’t get away, when you decided to approach. Finally he asks what happened when you did finally approach.

“I need a more clear statement from you. What Mr. Burgerpants has told me needs to line up with your statement.”

You glance out the little window on the door towards Burgerpants. It was too high to see anything. Why was the cat so nervous. He looked as though he wanted to cry.

“And what did Burgerpants tell you?” You ask.

“Please Mrs. Y/N, a statement from you first. Both unique viewpoints are important so that we may proceed.”

What was the problem. You can’t seem to figure out why Burgerpants was so distressed. He didn’t do anything wrong. Maybe he saw you bite the guy. Did he know what it was you were doing. Did he report it. He seemed to think you were using magic, but said he wouldn’t tell anyone. That was a few weeks ago, maybe he changed his mind.

“Well… I decided to walk up and stop the fight.” You start.

“And you weren’t scared. Approaching two aggressive men in the middle of the night.”

“Yes?” You lie. ”... But I was more concerned for the person being attacked. I did it on impulse I guess.”
“And when you approached what did the two men do.”

“The guy doing the kicking shouted at me to leave and then tried to threaten me, before passing out. The other guy tried to run and I tried to stop him. He fell and also passed out.”

There, that should be close enough to what happened…

Mr. Limwere leans forward as he asks you.

“You didn’t see anything strange. No magic from Mr. Burgerpants. He didn’t do anything to the men.”

“What! No, he was laying on the ground in a ball the whole time… What are you…?”

Crap! Are they going to try and pin magic use on Burgerpants.

“Mrs. Y/N, I need you to tell me honestly what you saw. The accused are claiming that Mr. Burgerpants used magic in self defense. While it is recognized that Mr. Burgerpants was clearly being attacked, magic use on humans and in public spaces are strictly prohibited by law. We are not sure of the long term effects of magic use on humans, and thus it has been banned completely.”

Crap, why hadn’t you thought of that. Usually, when you use vampiric hypnosis, people have no idea why they pass out. It was a great excuse when you need it. Most people wouldn’t think ‘hey maybe I got hypnotized by that girl over there and that’s why I can’t explain what happened.’ Vampires may be a myth, but now there are monsters with magic, humans can blame monster magic for the things they can’t explain. You nee a solution fast. Burgerpants didn’t do anything wrong.

You look into the attorneys face as you answer his question, debating some minor persuasive hypnosis.

“He didn’t use any magic. He was lying on the floor the whole time. Those men probably got scared and passed out because of my height. They probably thought I was more threatening that a young woman in the darkness.”
You hoped you weren’t going back on your story too much, claiming that the men were afraid of you instead of the other way around. You simply couldn’t let this monster get in trouble for something you did.

Mr. Limwere sighs before writing some things down.

“This isn’t going to look good in court.”

You lean back in your chair annoyed.

“How would it look bad. Those guys weren’t even hurt. Burgerpants was on the ground getting kicked while they talked about dusting him? I’m pretty sure confirmed intent to kill or cause bodily harm is much worse than possible magic use in self defense.”

“Did he use magic in self defense?” Limwere asks again.

“No he didn’t.”

“Perhaps you are unsure what magic use looks like.”

Oh, you wanted to yell that you knew what it looked like, and what it felt like… Their souls didn’t come out. There was no magic use. Instead, you keep your mouth shut. You don’t want people to know you’ve been around monster magic. You can’t get your neighbor in trouble.

“Mr. Limwere.” You lean closer to him and look into his eyes, feeling your blood surge. “I get the feeling that you don’t trust your own clients testimony, and more importantly… mine. I suggest you do your job and figure out a game plan with the information you’ve been presented. I will be attending the trial and I expect you to perform the duty you are paid to do. Is that clear?”

Mr. Limwere’s eyes are glassed over as you finish lecturing.

“Ye-Yes…. My job…”
“Good. Do you have any further questions or stupid things for me to sign.”

“Nnnnnn-no.”

“You pull your chair out and head over to the door opening it violently. You take one last look into the office with a half knocked out attorney, before you slam the door. You look at Burgerpants who is obviously very confused at your outburst from the room. You march over to him in a huff, pull out a piece of paper, and write down your phone number.

“That guy isn’t doing his job, so I’m going to do it for him.” You slam the paper into one of his fluffy paws, taking a moment to enjoy how it feels before you stop yourself. “Don’t feel pressured into changing your story. Just keep telling the truth all right.”

“Uh, what?”

“If something happens, call me. Otherwise, keep going the way you’re going. You aren’t gonna get in trouble for something you didn’t do.”

“I… little buddy what are ya…”

“You’re gonna be fine. Just trust me.” You say, before winking and leaving. A moment later you hear him being called into the office behind you.

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You stomp down the stairs in clear annoyance. Can’t anyone do the things your tax dollars are paying them to do. You walk to the front of the building and stop as you look through the windows.

“No, no, nooooooo.” You shout, garnering looks from the other people in the building as you seemingly shout at nothing.

Beautiful perfect daylight is radiating golden light shafts through the windows. It is like the angels of heaven have descended after weeks of cloudiness and given the world its first bath of sunlight. What a horrible day. The worst weather ever. Go die sun.
You look at your umbrella contemplating the trip. Maybe if you had worn a long sleeve hoodie and pants you could make it home with light burns and minor sickness, but your skin was currently showing on your arms and legs. Stupid useless outfit. Previous experience tells you that an umbrella wasn’t going to cut it. Not with this sun.

You sit on one of the nearby waiting chairs, now very annoyed, already feeling the reflected daylight in the building making you sick. When you get stuck like this with no one around to help you, you have one of several options. One, wait it out. Nighttime always comes, and it's autumn which means the sun is setting earlier each day. You suspect that the building will close before nightfall, and decide against this idea. Besides, wasting a whole day stuck in a building that isn’t yours is not something you enjoy.

Two, attempt to get home. You can sometimes hop building to building if you're fast enough and wait for your rapid healing in between. This works best if you have your skin mostly covered, which it isn’t right now. It’s the most painful option, and one you have only used in the most urgent of cases.

Three, have someone help you out. Vampiric hypnosis isn’t just for biting and lying to people. Maybe you can force someone to give you their coat and pants, buy you a new outfit, or even drive you home. This is probably the best bet you have. You look around for a suitable victim when you have another idea.

You open your phone and type a message to Sans.

You: Hey, have you gone on lunch yet?

You put the phone down and wait. You’ve never texted him during work. Maybe he doesn’t respond to texts during work hours. You continue your backup plan as you eye a woman who walks by heading towards the bathrooms. You are about to get up to follow her when your phone pings.

Skulls: y

You type out a reply.
You: You can teleport with people correct, can you come pick me up and take me home during your break.

You wait for a response and watch the hallway for the lady in the bathroom.

Skulls: I aint a delivery boy get urself home

You: I can’t I’m stuck.

He responds back quickly this time.

Skulls: how are u stuck walk ur ass home

You: I can’t, it's complicated. Oh mighty skeleton lord, please use your awesome magic to save this damsel in distress.

It takes him a whole ten minutes to respond back. The lady had already left the bathroom, and you are starting to regret letting her go.

Skulls: where u at

You: Do you know where the courthouse is.

Skulls: No

Shoot, you forgot he has to know where he's going.

You: It's by the park. 11th and 23rd. I think Ebott Pizza is nearby. I’m stuck inside.

Skulls: Ill find it. Be there in 15. U O me
Your fingers hover over the keyboard on your phone when you decide to stop before he changes his mind. You wait the fifteen minutes in your chair, feeling a little self conscious sitting there with no purpose being in the building.

After fifteen minutes are up you start looking around but don’t see any angry skeletons in sight. You wait an extra five minutes before you text him.

**You:** Are you still coming

He doesn’t respond, making you a little nervous. You decide to call him. You click his name and put your phone to your ear waiting.

“I’m right here ya dingus.” An angry voice calls out.

You look up to see Sans clicking ignore on his phone as he walks up to you from the entrance of the building. His hands are stuffed in his hoodie and he's glaring at you. Typical Skulls. You stand as he approaches.

“N’ whys’it that ya can’t walk yer ass home. Ain’t even that far from here.” He questions quietly.

“Well… umm. The truth is… I’m allergic to the sun.”

His red eyelights stay focused on yours, as though searching for some butt end of a joke he can’t seem to find.

“Bullshit.”

“I’m not lying. I can’t go out into direct sunlight.”

“Ain’t no way that’s a thing.”
“It is, but… it’s really rare. Its called Solar Urticaria.”

“But I’ve seen ya…” He seems to think for a moment before finishing his sentence.

“Nope, it was always cloudy.” You answer for him.

“How’d ya get here then.”

You notice a few people giving you strange glances as they pass. You try and keep your voice down as you answer.

“It was cloudy and rainy when I walked here. The weather report said it would be all day.”

He keeps looking at you in disbelief.

“…There just… aint no way that shits real”

“Do you really think I would call you to come get me for no reason.”

He gives you a blank stare, as though the answer to that question should be obvious to you.

“Prove it.”

“Wha...”

“I aint fallin’ fer yer dumb shit. Prove it.”

He removes his hands from his pockets and folds his arms waiting.
“... Ok I will then.”

You stomp over to the light shining through one of the windows, casting a shape on the floor. Your body already protesting its close proximity to its most ancient foe. Sans follows close behind still in disbelief watching you.

You hold out your bare arm before taking a deep breath before you plunge it into the light. Hot pain tears through your arm and you can smell the stench of burning flesh. You skin quickly turns from red to spotted black as the beautiful golden rays of daylight rip through your corrupted flesh like a wolf sinking its jaws into the throat of its prey. It was as though hot irons were being thrust through your arm, burning and searing every nerve as they passed by. You force your arm to stay there for just a bit longer. You can tolerate pain. This is nothing but a passing feeling.

You are tied to a table. Not because you are going to run. You need to be held down from the pain. He makes an incision down your arm, pulling the flaps of skin aside as you bleed. It hurts. But you are fine, you can continue. He pulls at the bloody muscle inside and you flex watching it contract. The muscles bulge as they do the job of moving your arm. He brings the knife down again and cuts through the muscle. It hurts, but you continue. He opens the window slowly, letting the light hit your now exposed bone. The flesh around it melts bubbling and dripping. You scream. Stop. It hurts. You can’t pull your arm away. You said stop. Why won’t it stop.

You snap back to reality as something hard pulls your arm back.

“I get it, I get it. Stop!”

Sans continues tugging on your upper arm forcing you away from the window entirely. You realize you’re breathing heavily, with tears tucked at the edges of your eyes. Maybe you left it there for too long. You look at the damage to your arm. Yeah, you were only suppose to let it turn red, not let it melt. Melting flesh is not a symptom of Solar Urticaria…

Several people are watching you as Sans pulls you further and further from the window. Crap. You decide to move away from the prying eyes and start walking down the hall towards the bathrooms, shaking off Sans grasp.

“What the hell were ya thinkin’, standing there with yer arm burnin’ off!!. Sans whisper yells as you walk down the hallway.

“Ya shouldn’t be the one sayin’ sorry.”

“What?”

“Don’t space out when yer doin’ shit like that.”

“Oh… uhhh yeah.”

You stop in front of the bathrooms and bury you arm in the cool water of the drinking fountain. The skin is already on its way to repairing itself. Slowly kneading back to its original texture. You try and block San’s view of your arm with your body. Humans shouldn’t be able to heal melted skin quite as quickly as you.

You hear the sound of crinkling wrappers as you continue to run your arm under the water.

“Here, take it.” Sans tapps your other arm and you turn your head to see his outstretched hand holding what looks like a bright pink gumball.

“What.”

“S’ monster candy… Should fix some a that…” He nods in the direction of your damaged arm.

“Oh… uh thanks.”

You take the candy with your good arm and pop it into your mouth sucking on it. It tastes like a strawberry cream sucker, but it melts with the texture of chocolate. At the end it evaporates like all monster food, and you feel a tug at the injury on your arm. The skin quickly changes completely back to its regular texture, and begins to turn its regular color again. You are left with only a little bit of splotchy red marks on your arm, and even those seem to be fading. Interesting, monster food seems to speed your healing faster than you naturally heal.
“Humans got the worst fucken’ diseases.” Sans says behind you.

“Yeah I guess… So what…? Don't monsters have diseases?”

“Ain’t got nothing like melting in the sun.”

“I wasn’t melting, it was an allergic reaction.” You retort.

“Whatever, how are you even alive with shit like that?”

“I didn’t have it when I was born, but as I got older it just sort of happened. Why do you think I work from home, and have most of my hobbies indoors?”

“Ya work from home?” He asks, surprised.

“Yeah I’m a software developer, didn’t I tell you.”

“No.”

“Wait, did you think I sat around all day playing video games?”

“I don’t really know much about ya except fer yer games, n’ yer haunted house shit.”

“Oh… well Yeah, I guess that’s fair.”

You turn the water off, drying your arm on your shirt.

“And now you know about my super rare disease… So what types of diseases and sicknesses can monsters get? I’m gonna guess you're immune to human illnesses, seeing as you aren’t made of cells.”
“Mostly got issues with magic. Corruption from ingestin’ or being round bad magic n’ soul sickness when ya don’ take good care a yerself. There’s also monsters that fall down.”

“falling down?... I’m gonna to guess that has nothing to do with tripping over stairs.”

“Nah… S’when a monster loses the desire ta live.”

“Oh... so... it's like depression.” Huh... monsters can have mental health problems just like humans. “So… they just kind of lay around.”

“Yeah, till their soul goes out.”

“...Wait, their souls go out?”

He did say monsters have very sensitive souls when it came to emotion. But to actually die directly when you lose the will to live.

“Yeah, happens when you’re forced to live under a shitty rock by a bun’cha shitty people.”

“Oh…”

You feel the eyes of several people looking at you down the hall. They didn’t see your arm burn did they. You may be able to convince Sans that the burn was normal, but most humans would think there was something very, very wrong with you.

“Anyway. Can’t take ya back with all them starin’ at me. S’there a place we can go ta.”

Or… maybe they weren’t staring at you. They were staring at Sans… You look at the door in front of you.

“There's a bathroom right here.”
“I ain’t going in that shit.”

“No you go in there to take a shit.”

“I’m a monster I don’t shit.”

You are caught off guard. Well of course a skeleton monster wouldn’t poop, but… monsters don’t use the toilet at all...

“I feel like I should have expected that, but for some reason it still surprised me. Monsters, really don’t have to pee or poop.”

“Fuckin’ no!”

“Not even the more solid ones who can eat human food.”

“NO! Gross shit like that’s fer humans.”

“And nearly every living animal that exists…” You murmur. “Wait, so where do your waste products go. Do not tell me that monsters perfectly use up everything they eat, drink, and breath and create no waste.”

“Anything we don’t use we… co-convert to magic n’ sweat off n’ stuff.” He says shifting his eyelights.

You stare at him, and he starts to sweat under your gaze. Its tinted red, but it still functions like the sweat your use to.

“In other words all that stuff on your forehead is monster poop.” You state.

His face reddens, and you snicker.
“It ain’t shit!”

“It’s totally shit!” You laugh some more. “for someone who uses the word shit so often… And fuck, and ass… You don’t even have the stuff for any of that.”

“Maybe I should just leave ya here.” Sans says slowly, his grin stretching dangerously.

You stop laughing immediately.

“Nooo, I’ll die.”

“Ya look fine ta me. Ya can just wait out the sun.”

“But the building closes before the sun goes down.”

He rests his hands behind his head as he looks up at you, bony eyelids half closed.

“I ain’t interested in giving someone a shortcut who keeps calling me a shithead.”

You cough as you attempt to choke down a laugh… Then you clap your hands together in prayer, bowing slightly.

“Oh great Skeleton. Lord of teleportation. Please save this poor damsel from the terrors of the dreaded sunlight.”

He slaps a bony hand over his forehead, but you can hear him snickering.

“What the fuck? why do you keep calling me that?”
“The Skeleton Lords are from a video game.”

“...I shoulda known.” He rolls his eyelights.

“Anyway… This bathroom is probably our best bet at some privacy.” You say as you push the door open slightly, looking around inside. You’ve both been standing outside it for a while talking now, and you’re pretty sure there isn’t anyone inside it.

“Ergh, but they're so gross.” He winces.

“You HAVE a bathroom in your house.”

“N’ I know exactly what goes on in there, which is nothin' at all.”

“I’m totally gonna use it next time.”

“Welp, look at the time. Better get back to work.” He swivels on the spot, and begins to walk away from you.

“I mean... I will respect your wishes and keep my bodily excretions contained in my own home.”

“Heh, that's what I thought.” He says pushing past you and into the bathroom.

You follow him inside looking around. You really hope there isn’t some girl who has been hanging out in here. A male monster caught going into a public female bathroom would not look good. Even if he couldn’t really do anything to either her, or the bathroom.

“This place reeks of human.” He comments glowering.

“It’s nowhere near as bad as a gas station bathroom. Those are the worst.”
“Whatever, lets just get outta here.” He's holding his hand out to you.

You reach out to grasp his hand in yours.

“Ohh, alone in a girls bathroom holding han-” You start to tease.

“Do not finish that sentence…” He warns.

You shut your mouth as your hands meet. Suddenly you feel the world change directions. Gravity seems to be swirling in all directions, pulling you out and pushing you in. You feel your body stretch past its limits. And then it's all over. The world straightens itself out and you find yourself behind your couch in your living room holding San’s hand. You drop to your butt as you try and reorient yourself, still gripping his hand.

“Ya can let go now.” He says, eyelights looking down at you with mirth.

“Oh… yeah.” You let go of his hand and stand yourself up.

“Anythin’ else ya dainty ass princess.” He scoffs at you.

“Oh, well if you’re gonna ask, I could use-”

“Shuttup, I was joking.”

He waves his hand to silence you. You laugh, glad he's able to bounce jokes with you, instead of taking them personally like before.

“I’m going back ta work, ya took almost my whole lunch break.”

“It's hasn’t been that long.”
“I took a shortcut as close s’ I could, but I still had ta walk a bunch ta find that buildin’.”

“Oh… thanks for helping me out.”

His face reddens a little as he turns away from you.

“I-I was only doing it ta make ya owe me.”

“But Skulls, didn't your bro say payment in the form of promiscuous behavior is prohibited by-”

“Shuttpup what the fuck!” His face reddens. “It’s Grillby’s dumbass, Grillby’s!”

You laugh.

“M’ going back to work.”

He waves walking through your kitchen before disheartening right before your eyes. You continue laughing as you sit back down on your couch, opening your laptop. You phone pings and you open a message from Sans.

**Skulls:** I want 2 bottles of mustard with my order. 2!

Chapter End Notes

I got my Switch at midnight wuuuu... Sorry if I don't update next week because of Zelda... Its not my fault I have problems.

Let me also say thank you to all my readers for your excellent support. I'm glad that so many of you are enjoying this story. I read each of your comments sometimes multiple times, always obsessively. So as a bonus, I've decided to do several mini side stories as requested. If you have anything I talked about and would like more of a small story on, leave a suggestion. I already have had several requests for the scene where Sans and a group of monsters have to watch human sex ed, and sexual harassment videos. Maybe the scene where Sans and Paps decide to live apart? Leave a comment or idea and I'll consider it.
Also I drew some art
https://www.tumblr.com/blog/theskeletongames
Sans and his socks

Chapter Summary

You go to Muffet's. Sans has sock issues.

Chapter Notes

I knew I was gonna miss last weeks update. Could see it coming a mile away. Stupid Zelda. So here is an early update for this week, and also the longest chapter.

I’ve been thinking about trying this for a while now, but felt a little afraid of actually doing it. In this chapter, rather than labeling every time I switch POV, it's just going to swap quickly back and forth in rapid succession several times at one point. It’s kinda a test to see if it can read and make sense. I’m only doing it because I feel that both thought processes are integral to the story right then. Most of the time I will label any time it switches perspective and try to keep to one person's perspective when possible, but in this chapter, that's what I’m doing… I have no idea if it's ok to do this in writing. Good thing I’m not a real writer or anything.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's Thursday and you want to get out of your house. You’ve been confined inside because of the unusually sunny autumn days this week. Sure you could always walk around at night, but there isn’t anything open at night besides bars. Besides, you didn’t want to walk around doing nothing in the middle of the night, you wanted to go to a store… Specifically, you wanted to go to Muffet’s and get something small to eat, while chatting up your favorite monster lady. You also wanted to talk to her about that debt you were suppose to be able to get rid of. You were pretty confident you could get her to clear it. You were both good friends right?

The intense curiosity of what it was that Sans owed Muffet had been gnawing at the back of your head for a while now. His reaction when you told him you knew about it seemed to say that it wasn’t money he had been borrowing. He seemed pretty angry when you mentioned that you knew about it. Actually, with how he was acting… he almost seemed embarrassed, like the debt was something humiliating he didn’t want people to know about. All the more reason you wanted to know what it was. That red angry skull of his was so much fun to tease.

You take another look at the covers on your windows. You can tell by the bright lights peeking in through the edges that it's still really sunny out. You lay back on the arm of your couch sighing as you think of your options. You could probably go out if you covered yourself completely. It was relatively cold outside, which meant you could get away wrapping a scarf around your entire face without drawing any attention. Layered clothing protected you from most of the burning effects of the sunlight, but not the nausea that would form in the pit of your stomach.
Screw it! You finished your work early today and you want to go to Muffet’s. You storm off into your room and find your typical sunny day outfit, which includes a long sleeve shirt, thick oversized hoodie, balaclava, leggings under pants, gloves, long socks and a scarf wound tightly around your head with the hood up. You can feel yourself getting hot standing in your own apartment, so you decide to leave immediately before the sweat sets in. You’re pretty tolerant to cold, but the heat gets to you just as much as any human. You march out of your house into the blindingly beautiful sunlight, already feeling the effects of its rays weakening you through your layered clothing.

On your way, you browse through your phone. As usual, Papyrus had already started his day with a bunch of updates in the morning before they abruptly stop while he’s at police academy. He posts about anything, from how well he slept, cooking breakfast, or even, the daily weather. Over half of these messages usually contain some sort of aggressive response by DeathFish21 trying to provoke a fight or competition. You got a serious kick out of the newest post when Papyrus announced that he would get to the academy early, and DeathFish21 claimed they would be there even earlier. Somehow both of them seemed to be racing each other while waging an Undernet comment battle. It ends with them both claiming to be the victor as one says they reached the building first, while the other reached the classroom first.

As you make your way to Muffet’s, you’re surprised to find that the bakery no longer has the protesters in front of it you’ve grown use to. You would have guessed they would be out in droves today, what with the perfect weather, telling people the food would bring humanity to hell or something stupid. You enter the shop and are greeted by a different sound than usual. People… Noisy people mumbling, laughing, talking, and using their phones.

Muffet’s is packed! You were not expecting this. There were sometimes a few stray monsters and humans here and there buying things, but today the store is absolutely packed. There’s a several foot long line filled with humans waiting to be served winding all around the small purple bakery. The few tables and chairs have all been taken, and several more humans are milling around waiting for their hot orders to be finished. You look for Muffet and spot her behind the counter simultaneously working two cash registers and pulling out the pre made baked goods with her multiple sets of arms. The humans in line are clearly impressed in her talent at multitasking. They keep leaning over one another trying to get a look, snapping pictures and videos with their cellphones, and squealing in awe every time she does something interesting.

You spot several of muffets spiderlings scurrying around back moving ingredients and treys in tandem. You had to admit you were impressed, you weren’t aware they could bake as well. You had only seen them minding the tables and trash so far.

You move to the back of the line and shrug off your scarf and gloves, feeling the heat of the building packed with human bodies getting to you. Luckily the long line of humans shies away from the sunlight pouring in from the windows. You won’t have to wait in direct sunlight. A few moments later a group of two young human girls get in line behind you, looking around the store in wonder.
“Oh my god, I can see the spiders working in the back.” One of the girls squeals as she gets on her tiptoes to look past the throng of humans.

“...I don’t know if I’m going to be able to eat any of this stuff... Wha-what if I find like, a spider leg or something inside.” Another girl says also trying to get a look in the back.

“Geese Shella, don’t be racist. They’re monster spiders, not real spiders. Besides, if they did that, they would get in trouble.”

“I get that they aren’t real spiders, but it still freaks me out!”

“Shhh, don’t say that here!” She shushes her friend. “Its rude.”

You listen to their conversation quietly, unable to stop yourself from hearing it, and not really caring either way. You feel a little bad for Muffet, but you understand that some people can be pretty terrified of spiders. Hopefully her customers aren’t bothering her too much. Maybe you should ask her how she’s doing with all the extra attention when you get up to her. You notice the girl who’s scared of spiders continues to look into the back baking room in worry.

“I can’t believe the monster at the front desk has so many arms. She’s like, the coolest monster I’ve ever seen. She’s like, a human spider or something.” The first girl says.

“Yeah, I don’t think I’ll have a problem talking with her. Maybe she has something the spiders haven’t touched.”

You sigh inwardly to yourself. They are going to get to the front, and realize there’s a sign displaying in all its glory that the baked goods contain spider monsters. You had talked to Muffet about this once, and she explained to you that the little spider monsters have very short lifespans. When they die, she uses their dust mixed with monster sugar to create the fine sweet textured confectionaries that couldn’t be matched anywhere else. According to Muffet, spider monsters love sweets and wish their dust to be put into something they love when they die. Thus, the delicious desserts made with spiders are actually of cultural significance to their species. That day, you had bought as many sweets as you could carry home, cherishing the amazing flavor, and eating off them for the next two weeks.

The line was actually moving quite quickly and, as you neared the counter, the two girls behind you
began to get more and more nervous in their actions. You finally get close enough to read the sign about spiders in the food, and the girl behind you gasps.

“I can’t, I just can’t.”

“Shella, just try it. Please. Everyone says it's amazing”

“But it says there are spiders in it.”

“I’m sure it's a joke for halloween.”

“I won’t be able to eat anything.”

You decide to step in here. Sparing Muffet a customer who she didn’t have time to explain the intricacies of her species to. You turn to the girl named Shella.

“It’s not crushed up spiders, it's monster dust from the generation of spiders before. It enhances the flavor and texture of the sugars.”

“Ohh, really…” She looks at you taken back “that’s... Is it really ok to eat that.”

“It's a cultural thing for them, they were doing it before they came above ground.”

“I’m not trying to be racist or anything, it's just spiders…” And she trails off.

“They aren’t spiders, just monsters shaped like them. They can understand what you’re saying, and everything.” You mind automatically thinks about another monster that looks like something he’s not.

“Shella it's going to be fine. I’ll finish it if you can’t.” Her friend cuts in.
“I-I’ll try.”

The line finally moves up and you are at the front. Muffet greets you.

“Hello Dreary! This is a first for you. Showing up on such a nice day like this. Ahuhuhu.”

She smiles at you with her small fangs, black eyes crinkling. You notice her cute little dress outfit has decorations of lacy webs intricately designed on it today. You absolutely love it.

“Yeah, I came in to talk with you about some things, but I guess you’re busy today.”

“Oh, yes Dreary. Who knew that halloween themed pastries, made by a spider monster, into monster food would sell so well. Ahuhuhu. I did.”

She laughs into the side of her arm, keeping her hands free of her mouth.

“Though, I wasn’t quite expecting this level of support from the human community. Apparently some people wrote reviews about my shop online, and now everyone wants to try it! I have a fully loaded schedule for the end of the holiday season catering. Of course I upped my prices, but that didn’t change anything. Ahuhuhu.”

She looks happy and content in her full shop of customers. You decide that you probably aren’t going to be able to talk to her about San’s debt with the building being like it is today.

“Supply and demand, you should milk them for all their worth.” You agree, thinking back on your own profiteering when you sold your house.

“Precisely! Now I’m guessing that you want something with strawberries.”

“Yeah, mmm, how about you give me three different things.”

“Of course Dreary!” She practically beams.
She wraps the three items with one pair of spindly arms while she rings you up with another. You notice several groupings of the black fluffball spiders skittering to the display and filling one of the empty spots with a plate of more baked goods. As you get a closer look, you spot tiny little plastic covers over the legs they use for carrying food and you can’t help but smile at how cute it is. Good to know the legs used for baking are kept clean and separate from the legs used for moving across surfaces. Tiny spider hygiene is adorable.

You pay Muffet what you owe, noticing a much lower difference in price for the goods than were displayed.

“And Dreary. If you want time to talk with me, an hour after the store opens is your best bet.”

You take the bag from her as she smiles and turn to leave the shop. You stop at the door and re wrap yourself in your clothes. As you leave you quickly glance at the two girls who were behind you in line. Muffet was talking animatedly with Shella. They were going to be just fine.

You get home and throw your excess clothes off into your room. You feel a little overheated from wearing so many layers while walking in the sun. You decide to slip into pajama shorts instead of pants to cool off. You look through your drawers and find a cute pair decorated in little purple bats for the holidays. May as well match, you think to yourself, and you dig out the decorative socks you bought earlier last week for halloween. You slide them on and inspect them. They slip up to your calves and have little lacy spiderwebs at the top. You look at the cartoon printed bones that run along the front and wiggle your toes, watching the pattern move with your foot. You love Halloween.

You go back into the kitchen and immediately open the pastry box to a cartoon skull shaped pastry, spider muffin, and strawberry cheesecake decorated with little cat shaped edible confetti. You decide to start with the cheesecake. Pulling one of those tiny dessert forks out of your drawer of silverware. You slowly thin off a slice of the multilayered cheesecake and taste it.

You savor the rich creamy flavor of the cheesecake. The middle is tinged pink from where the cake has been mixed with strawberry puree. The crust is flakey and delicate, melting in your mouth. You smile in heaven at the perfect contrast between tangy strawberries and sweet sugars that line the top and drizzle down the sides of the cake. Like a cherry on top, the whole thing disappears from your mouth with a magical sensation just as you swallow it. Thank you spider dust, for being so delicious. You wonder to yourself if all monster dust is as sweet as the taste of these treats. Maybe they have different flavors depending on the monster. You remember that the purple liquid monster food you threw up smelled sweet as well. Was magic some sort of ultimate sugar… maybe you
should ask Sans.

A moment after thinking that thought you hear the definitive sign of San’s arrival from work. Loud rumbling music pounds through your walls with low guttural singing and blaring guitars. You are disgusted at yourself for knowing this exact song perfectly. He really needs to get some new music.

The last time you both played games together was Saturday night. This week had your free time taken up playing games instead with SlyPancake. You had promised him you would replay Silent Space 4 and try out the other main character while he recorded it. Later he would upload the best parts onto his YouTube channel. It was pretty funny when you got to the part with the little monster chasing you around. You had to stifle your laugh multiple times as you thought about Sans reaction to the little creature. SlyPancake seemed annoyed that you played the game without him, so you kept most of it to yourself and instead feigned surprise reactions.

You were secretly hoping that Sans would text you on his own wanting to hang out. But besides him picking you up from the courthouse on Tuesday, you hadn’t heard from him at all. No, you reassured yourself, you needed to be stubborn. He was going to have to contact you first this time if he wanted to hang out. Otherwise, you weren’t gonna do anything together at all this week until the haunted house gig tomorrow. He had agreed to be friends with you, and he needed to show some interest in the friendship himself if you were going to continue it.

You lean back in the middle of your couch and hook your legs over the armrest. Now that you finished the game for a second time last night, you needed something new to play. You had a small library of games you haven’t touched but had bought during a seasonal sale. Maybe you could try out some of those. You pull your laptop onto your stomach and begin browsing through your vast online library looking for something interesting to play.

Sans gets off work at a regular time today. He takes a shortcut home, happy to avoid walking the streets where people could easily stare at him. He ports into to his silent apartment, already a pigsty once again. Dirty work clothes litter the floor along with crusted over trash and empty industrial bottles of mustard. He smiles at the growing sock pile he created on the line that separates his kitchen from his living room. They were starting to take on the sour sweet smell of rotten magic as they festered on the floor. Maybe he would whip up one of his classic sock tornadoes. He sighs, it’s pretty great living alone. Nobody to tell ya what to do, and nobody to nag ya if ya don’t clean up yer mess right away. He strips off today's socks as well, adding it to the growing collection.

Sans picks up the remote to his speakers and flips them on. The familiar loud noises of his favorite music hits him, drowning out the lonely sound of his quiet apartment. He flops himself onto his couch and checks his cellphone, rolling his eyelights in annoyance when he realizes what he's doing. There shouldn’t be anything there. He always checks it right after he gets off work and there hadn’t
been anything then either.

He eases himself into a laying position on his couch as he waits. His neighbor would definitely hear his music turning on and know he's home. Maybe you had time to play something today. Not that he really cared or anything. He's just fine lazing around on his couch all day. Alone. Listening to his repetitive music. Nobody bothering him to do anything, or say stupid shit. He could always take a nap instead. Though, his last few attempts at napping after work had ended in failure…

Sans suddenly slams a bony fist against his couch in frustration! Why haven't you asked him to play games at all this week? He glares at the ceiling… Stupid human… and you said we were friends. Hurry up and text already. Quit getting his hopes up, only to make him wait around.

Sans sighs… what is he doing? He tries to remind himself he doesn't care about anything. Nothing matters at all, so why should he care about hanging out with a dumbass human. They’re annoying and spend the entire time messing with him. Just take a nap instead and forget her like she forgot about you. She's probably bored of you anyway. You're just a mean ugly monster with one HP. Nobody likes you. You lie about your life a Grillby’s. You moved out of your brother's house because you were causing problems for him. You should just lay here and…

Sans thoughts are cut off by the sound of very light music carrying into his apartment from the other wall. It’s definitely the sound of a video game. She’s playing something without him! Why the hell didn’t she invite him over?! She really is just messing with him! Sans feels a flair of hot anger shoot through him. W-Who cares about that dumbass human bitch anyway!

He gives up waiting and stomps to his fridge, looking for something to eat. He opens it to several miscellaneous leftover ingredients from the past two Saturdays of family mealtime, and the last few gulps of the final industrial sized monster mustard bottle. Shit, he doesn’t have anything left to eat. Maybe he should order something from Grillby’s. It would take his mind of the asshole next door. He opens his phone about to call Grillby’s when he remembers the deal you made with him on Tuesday. You owe him… Ha! Maybe he should remind you of your place. You need to pay up. You can’t just ignore him once it's inconvenient for you. He gleefully types out a message on his phone.

**Sans:** have you forgotten. U O me

He waits with a smirk on his face, keeping his phone unlocked staring at the screen. You’re usually pretty fast at answering texts, but that was also because you started most of them. A moment later he gets a message back.
**NewContact3:** Yeah sure, wanna come over and play some games while you wait? You can bring your computer and try out this new one I started.

Sans smile drops a little as he reads it. He wasn’t expecting that. Weren’t you avoiding him now that you strung him along? He types a reply back, trying to keep his cool.

**Sans:** don’t have a computer

He gets a message back instantly.

**NewContact3:** Sorry Skulls… I was wrong about us ever being able to be friends.

He stares at the message in disbelief. After all the time and effort you put into pretending to like hanging out with him. Now you were going to suddenly drop him. Was it some sort of game for you to get him to admit he was okay with you? He can feel his magic twisting into a knot of anger. He holds his phone above his head about to throw it when it buzzes again. What now?! He brings it back down and looks.

**NewContact3:** Cause friends don’t let friends go computerless! I’m totally gonna make you get one this weekend :D

Ohh… She was jus’...

**NewContact3:** Also, come over whenever and I’ll find something couch co op we can play while your food arrives.

The burn of embarrassment marches up his face as he reads that last line. Stupid fuckin' human. You gotta be clear about these things! If you want him over, hurry up an ask?!

He takes a moment to compose himself, standing in front of his fridge. He breathes in and out a few times letting his emotions settle. Don’t let the dumb ass get the best of you…

When he feels confident he’s calmed down, he takes a shortcut over. He imagines the inside entryway to your apartment, with the kitchen table and couch visible before his magic swirls around
him, carrying his body through the void and out into your apartment. He looks around spotting your knees hanging over the far end of the couch's armrest.

Sans clears his throat announcing his presence, remembering what you said last time about sneaking up from behind. He watches as you pop your torso up from the couch, laptop sliding down your stomach as you look him over. When your eyes find him, a smile crosses your features. Tch… what's so good ya gotta smile?

“ Took ya long enough ta pay me back.” He says, scowling while stuffing his hands into his hoodie pockets. He walks over to his spot on the couch nearest the doorway, and plops himself down, nearly melting into your fancy plush couch.

“I was waiting for you to ask me. It wouldn’t be very good payback if I was forcing it onto you now would it?” You slide the laptop off your lap as you get into a sitting position. Sans is about to retort, when he notices it. As quickly as possible, he tears his face away from you and looks anywhere else.

Shit… W-What are you wearing! F-Fuckin why? You’ve never worn something like this before. The heat burns into his cheeks as his soul replays what he saw over and over. He pulls his hood up to block you from his view as his face starts to glow.

“Sooo… same as usual, but with an extra bottle of mustard?” You ask as you pull your phone off the table and start searching for Grillby’s number.

“Huh…? Uh ye-yeah...” Sans sputters, refusing to look your way.

You raise an eyebrow at his strange behavior before clicking on Grillby’s number. You hear the familiar lazy drawl of the monster who answers the phone at Grillby’s.

“Is’s Grillby’s whaddya want?”

You order Sans typical meal, plus an extra bottle of mustard. The monster chuckles when you tell him your apartment number. Seriously, what do these guys think Sans is doing at your apartment that’s so funny to them? You’ve told them multiple times you were only playing video games.

You put your phone down and notice Sans sitting uncomfortably on your couch staring off in the other direction.
“Skulls… you ok?” You ask, noting his strange behavior.

“Y-Yeah…. Wh-What'r we playin?” He asks, keeping his face averted from you and tucked deeply into the fur of his hoodie.

You get up moving to your vast library of games.

“We could go back to Borderlands, or try something new. It's your choice.” You say as you bend down looking through your titles. You get an itch on the back of your leg and scratch at it with your other foot. Sans makes a strangled noise behind you.

Sans stares at you as you bend over in front of him, the lace on your caves proudly displayed. His magic heats his face as it races through him. Fuck! Did you know? Were you messing with him again? You always seemed to figure this shit out about him. He wasn’t interested in humans at all that way, but he had one weakness that would traverse any species. Fuckin’ damn decorative socks! Those abominable lacy creations would always make his magic run wild.

You slowly bring your foot over to your other leg and scratch at the fabric with your toes. Fuck you for having fuckin’ nice legs! Tall n’ long n’ perfect. His red eyelights expand as they look them up and down. He notices the perfect curvature of your caves as the flesh is hugged by elastic holding the socks up. Your skin bulges slightly where they are held, only to be covered delicately by the decorative lace at the top. The worst of it, he notices, being the print. You have to know what you are doing else, why would you be wearing lacy socks with fuckin’ bones printed on them! Did Boss tell you?

His eyelights zero in as you dig your big toe into the fabric behind your calve, pushing and pulling at the sock, causing the little white bones to move ever so slightly. San’s magic races harder, and then it begins to sink into a pool lower and lower to a place he's all too familiar with. He feels the sensation of his magic glowing and he panics tearing his eyes away.

"Fuck!" He gasps and grabs the throw pillow next to him, jamming it onto his lap to cover it up. He leans his hot face into it, squeezing as he tries to think of anything else to get his mind of the images he's seeing.

You look back when you hear the nose seeing Sans doubled over on your throw pillow.
“Uh… you okay, are you feeling sick or something?” You ask again.

“Fuck you! You’re the worst.” He snarls at you from the pillow.

“…what…?” You stare at him as he sweats heavily under his hoodie. The pieces of his skull poking out are bright red, bordering on a pink glow. “Skulls… I have no idea what you’re talking about. What am I doing this time?”

“You know what your fuckin’ doing!” He snarls again, slightly muffled by the pillow in his face.

You stand there looking at him leaned into your pillow, sweating. What is he talking about?

“I’m… uhh… picking out a game?” You offer, feeling yourself giggle slightly at his strange behavior. You wait for him to answer as he breathes heavily into your pillow. “Skulls I really don’t know what I’m doing this time.”

“You’re fuckin’ wearing that shit!” He growls as he squeezes the pillow harder.

You look down at yourself wondering what he's talking about. The only thing you're wearing that’s any different from what you normally wear are the pajama shorts, and halloween socks. Wait... the socks are printed with skeleton bones… and he's a skeleton. Are you being insensitive to his species? You didn’t think he'd care about something like bones printed on socks, but maybe that really offends him?

“Oh. I’m sorry.” You apologise quickly. “I wasn’t trying to misappropriate you, I just thought the design was cool and all… You know… cause I like halloween... I’ll take them off now.”

You sit down on your spot on the couch as Sans pokes his head out from the pillow.

“You’re whatting me now?” He growls, trying to keep his eyelights leveled at your face.

“You know… misappropriating you… cause I’m wearing skeleton socks…” You respond.
You pull your leg up and hook your fingers under the sock, beginning to peel it off. Sans eyelights drift downward and land on what you’re doing. They quickly dilate to nearly ten times their natural size. His face glows like a hot stovetop.

“DON’T FUCKIN' DO THAT HERE!” He screeches, tucking his head back into the pillow.

“I’m taking them off!” You answer back.

“FUCKIN’ DO THAT IN YER ROOM!”

You look over at him hiding his face in your pillow. For a guy who claims he doesn’t care about anything, he's really overreacting about this.

“You are being way too offended about this. I didn’t know it would bother you so much.” You answer pulling the sock down further.

“So what, ya hear about my sock thing, ’n ya think I would jus’ laugh about it!” His voice is shaking. “Yer fuckin’ sick.”

A sock thing, you haven't heard about a sock thing.

“What sock thing!... what are you even talking about?”

“MY FUCKIN’ SOCK FETISH WHAT ELSE?!” He yells in the other direction away from you, as he clutches harder at your pillow.

Wut…. wait... WHAT? He has a what! You sit there stunned with your sock half pulled off your foot. So he was… not mad because of you culturally misappropriating him… He was mad... because he thought you were teasing him about his… sock... thing… And he wasn’t hiding his face out of anger and disgust at you wearing something resembling his species. It was because he was getting really really turned….

Crap! You feel the heat move into your face. You messed with him about doing sexual things with you because he didn’t like humans, and thus, would never find you appealing. That's why it's so
funny to you. You know for sure he isn’t interested in you at all because your ass dress did nothing for him. He’s not suppose to EVER find you sexually….

Seriously socks!

“Y-You have a sock fetish?” You question slowly.

“Ain’t that why yer wearin’ um?” He says to the wall. “Cause someone told ya, and ya thought it’d be funny.”

“No!” You answer in horror.

“Then why’s it they got bones on em?”

“Socks with bones on them are a Halloween staple… and I like Halloween.” You say defensively.

“Ya...Ya really didn’t know.” He asks the wall.

“Skulls. I assure you, I didn’t know.” You start to get up from the couch. “Besides... I could have sworn you aren’t into humans anyway.”

“I ain’t!” He growls back. “S’ just a sock thing.”

You look down at the socks on your feet. Really? They’re just a pair of stupid holiday socks. Nothing sexual about them whatsoever.

“These aren’t even thigh socks, tights or fishnets.”

You hear another weird strangling sound come from the pillow around Sans face as he grips it tighter.
“What the heck! Don’t imagine it!” You say horrified.

“Then don’t fucken’ describe it!” He yells back.

“I didn’t, I only named actual sexy sock types”

“It’s fucken close enough!”

“Wh-Whatever… I’m going to go take them off… A-Away from you.” You march out of the room into the kitchen, down the hall, and into your bedroom where you quickly strip them off in the privacy of your own bedroom, along with your shorts. You replace the outfit with your typical pajama pants.

Seriously… socks… He should’ve told you if it was such a big deal. You feel a smile crack onto your face. Okay, maybe you understand why he didn’t. It is pretty funny now that he isn’t thinking those things about you. Yeah, it's really funny. You would’ve definitely teased him about it.

You return to the living room with Sans sitting up out of the pillow, hood on covering his face. His skull still sports that familiar bright red hue, albeit dimmed immensely. He turns his skull towards you as you reenter the room and it lights up a little as his eyelights automatically fall down across your lower legs. You feel a little self conscious.

“What the heck! Don’t look at me like that.” You say, a little offended. His eyelights snap away, quickly looking straight forward.”

“I ain’t looking at shit.”

“Uhh huh.” You narrow your eyes at him as you walk back up to your shelves of games. “And here I thought I wouldn’t have to worry about stuff like this coming from you.”

“It ain’t you! It’s the damn socks! Fuck those things.” He argues angrily, keeping his eyelights forced away from you at all costs.

You decide you really want to get to playing a game so you can both stop thinking about what just
happened. You grab Borderlands and load it up, sitting back on your side of the couch. You hand Sans a controller and you both start the game, waiting through the loading screen in awkward silence.

Five minutes later you're back to laughing hysterically as Sans curses out one of the suicid psychos chasing after him with a bomb in his hand.

“He only wants to give you a hug. You should let him.” You laugh as you watch his character run.

“I'll give him a hug with my bullets! N’ why the fuck are ya just standing there watching.”

“You got this. It’s time for you to leave mommys nest and learn to fly on your own.”

Sans character turns around to shoot the approaching enemy when it catches up to him and explodes. The resulting impact causes his character to fly up into the air before falling limp on the ground.

“Now I’m fucken’ dead.” He says glaring at you.

“I’m on my way to get you. Relax.” You giggle out. “Besides you flew magnificently, just like I taught you.”

“Do ya even know what fuckin’ teamwork is.”

“If I took out every enemy for you, you wouldn’t have anything left to do.” You keep laughing as your character stops to revive his. “Besides, I always get to you in time.”

“Tch whatever.”

You’re character finishes reviving his, and you both continue wreaking havoc on the desolate planet together, bickering the entire time.

“Also, come up here. I found some new snipers in a crate for you.”
You watch him wiggle around below you looking for where you hopped up. After a moment he gets frustrated.

“How the fuck’d ya get up there.”

“To the left, see those boxes.”

He locates the boxes and starts to climb them up to you. You always let him have first dibs on new weapons before you, so you wait patiently as he inspects each gun's stats against his own. You're both interrupted when you hear a knock at your door.

“Foods here.” You get up and grab your bag off the table locating some bills as you open the door to the familiar face of Ice Wolf.

“Order for Y/N” He states simply.

“Hey Ice Wolf.” You greet as you both exchange your goods. “Are you excited for tomorrow. Cause its going to be amazing!”

His toothy snout pulls up, exposing glistening fangs in that horrifying smile of his. He answers in his low gruff voice.

“I am excited.”

“Where did they put you?”

“Near the beginning. There are many barred windows and chains.”

“Wow, that's almost the very start of the haunt. You basically get to set the pace for the rest of us.” You comment.
“The beginning is important?” He wrinkles his snout.

“A little bit. Don’t worry about it though. I’m sure you’ll do great. People will be coming back just to see you again.” Ice Wolf narrows his eyes.

“Humans are strange.”

You shrug watching the expressions cross his face. You had to admit, it was pretty cool seeing a deadly wolf face looking confused.

“Heya Ice.”

Sans had shuffled up behind you now, hands once again shoved into his hoodie pockets, annoyance written across his skull. The color of Ice Wolf’s nose begins to change to red as he looks slowly between you and Sans for a moment.

“Sans… a question... when courting a huma-”

“Sorry Ice. Got stuff we gotta do. Talk to ya later.” Sans reaches out and nearly slams your door in Ice Wolf’s face. You stand there stunned for half a second before turning to Sans.

“What the heck Skulls. Why’d you do that.”

“Ice Wolf ain’t really the type to go ta if ya want good conversation. Sides’ I’m hungry.” He waves at you dismissively before grabbing the heavy bag of Grillby’s out of your hands, and sliding into a chair at your table.

“I was fine talking to him. He seems like a pretty cool guy. Besides he wanted to ask you something.”

You notice Sans sockets widen slightly as sweat forms on his skull. He continues to unpack the bag of Grillby’s onto your table when he notices the box of sweets you already had sitting out.
“Ya already go somewhere today?” He tries at changing the subject.

“Yeah, I went to Muffets.” His eyelights jump back to the box on the table as though it's going to attack him.

“N’ d-did’ja talk ta her?” He asks before stuffing the enormous mustard dripping burger past his sharp teeth.

“I couldn’t. She was busy. The whole place was packed with people when I came in. I’m going to come back later when it isn’t so full.”

“Tch, whatever.” He growls past his food.

“Hey, I said I would do it, and I will.” You slide into a chair across from him. “You gotta trust me Skulls.” He doesn’t look very convinced as he keeps eating his burger, mustard dripping messily all over your table. “By the way. Are you ever going to tell me what you owe her for, or do I gotta ask her myself.” You say grinning a little.

Sans sockets go wide before he starts coughing on what he's eating. When he finally catches his breath he looks up at you.

“Pass! I pass on this question. Ya said I can pass n’ I’m doing it now.”

“Ok, but you have to give me a reason, remember?”

“I’s private n’ don’t ask er! Do not ask!” He chokes out.

“Okay, okay, fine. I won’t ask her.”

“Yer still gonna do it. I can fucken’ tell.”

“Would she tell me if I asked.” You smile evilly.
“Do not ask her.”

You drop your head into your hands attempting to stop smiling.

“You’re still thinking about it.” He says worriedly.

“I’m trying to convince myself not to, but you aren’t making it very easy.”

“Jus’ don’t do it.”

“I can’t! Now that you’re acting like this about it, I’m all curious.”

“Don’t be.”

“It doesn’t work like that.”

He sighs, placing his clean hand over his face. “Fuck.”

“... How about you come in with me when I talk to her. That way you can keep me from asking, and make sure everything gets squared away.” You offer.

It’s the best solution you can think of, because you really don’t trust yourself on this one.

“Shit… I ain’t goin near that place.” He says shivering slightly.

“What, scared of a cute little spider girl.”

“There’s a difference between bein’ scared. And bein’ a dumbass.”
“Uh huh, sure.” You lean your head on your hand smiling at him.

“Listen, I ain’t sure how ya do it, but Muffet’s crazy. Ya go in ta make a deal with er, n’ya come out owing triple what ya should without getting what ya want.”

“Don’t worry Skulls. You’ll be with me. I’ll protect you from the itsy bitsy spider lady.” You laugh.

“I’m bein’ fuckin’ serious.” He says glaring.

You sigh as you try and compose yourself.

“The way I see it, you have several options. I either go in myself and, even if I don’t ask, she’ll probably tell me all your dirty little secrets. Or, you go in with me and make sure we don’t talk about things I shouldn’t. Or I don’t pay off your deal at all, and we drop the whole matter right now. What’s it going to be?”

Sans shoves another mustard drenched fry into his mouth as he thinks it over.

“Tch, fine! I’ll go.”

“That’s the spirit.” You beam at him over the table.

“You fuckin’ bravery souls r’all crazy.”

“You mean awesome.”

“Fuckin’ all have death wishes.”

“I would rather die awesomely than live in fear.” You retort.

He rolls his eyeslights at you as he pounds down his last bottle of mustard.
“Whatever I’m done. Let’s get back ta playing.”

He gets up from the table and sits down at his spot on the couch. You quickly wipe a wet towel over the mess he made on your table and throw away the trash before you hurry over and join him.

Chapter End Notes

If Sans made a gaming channel on YouTube called Gaming with an Angry Magical Skeleton, I would totally watch it.

There seems to be a lot of inconsistencies on the general consensus of Underfell San’s personality that have made it difficult to write him. However, there is one thing I am very sure about. Underfell Sans is a sock man. He's got that sock fetish. Which is funny because he leaves his own socks everywhere. It is one of the few facts that remain the same in every story. So, I had to do it justice.

Any ideas what he owes Muffet. Just interested in what people think it is. Also Haunted house day one, next time. I already got a head start on it. And those shorts or whatever you call them are coming along. Don't know when they will be done though.
Haunted House Day One

Chapter Summary

It's time for that haunted house.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Skulls…. Skuuuulls… SKULLS!” You knock louder on your neighbor's door, trying to be heard over his loud blasting music.

“What!” Sans flings his door open wide, glaring at you. He’s only wearing a tshirt and shorts. His boney feet are bare, clearly indicating that he isn’t ready in the slightest.

“We gotta go now, or we’re gonna be late.” You say excitedly.

“Don’ worry about it.” He answers waving his hand as he turns back into his apartment. “We can just take my shortcut n’ save on travelin’ time.”

“But what if we get invited to go somewhere after.” You ask following him inside.

“Then ya can hitch a ride r’ whatever.”

You sigh in defeat. He wasn’t ready anyway. You're going to have to use his magic to get there on time, or wait for him to get ready now and be late. “Fine. I’ll take the skeleton express this time.” You walk into his apartment and a horrible sweet stench hits your face when you close the door behind you. You cover your nose with a sleeve, eyes darting around taking in the filthy conditions of his apartment.

“Skulls man… what the heck… It’s disgusting in here.” You have to yell a little to be heard over the sound of his booming speakers.

You pause when you spot the thing. Smack dab in the middle of his kitchen and livingroom. The only thing you can describe it as, is a self sustaining tornado of filthy socks.
“What! How did you? What!.... What is that?!” You ask still covering your nose and pointing with your other free hand. Sans sees you and picks up his remote turning off the blasting music.

“What?” He asks.

“That. Is that what I think it is?” You shake your finger at the tornado.

“Like it? S’my best one yet.” He smiles at you as he grabs his hoodie slipping it on.

“Is that a tornado of dirty socks?”

“Hey now… Tha’s my artistic master piece thank you.” Sans smiles to himself. Boss would never tolerate the existence of one of his filth tornadoes in the house, let alone a fully displayed one in the living room. The extra space let him put together the biggest and most amazing one yet.

“How do you keep it spinning like that?” You ask.

“Heh, yer probably not gonna believe me, cause it’s a pretty big secret, but I use this thing called magic.” Sans answers, chuckling and doing jazz hands. He turns and begins to look through the drawers in his kitchen.

“Ok, but how do you use your magic to keep it spinning like that?” You ask again, leaning onto his couch’s armrest as you watch him slowly shamble about his house getting ready.

“It’s kinda hard ta explain ta someone who ain’t got shit. S’ like explaining color to a blind person. All I can really say’s that I put some magic in it, n’ start it up spinning, n’ it does its thing.”

“So… will it keep spinning forever?” You ask in amazement.

“S’long as it get’s fresh trash every few days.”
“Wait, its fuel is trash.”

“Heh... Thought ya didn’t know how it works.” He responds, pulling out another drawer and moving the contents around searching.

You can’t tear your eyes away from the spinning socks. Its mesmerizing, disgusting, and stinky all at the same time. You walk over to it looking closer.

“Can I ride in it?” You ask, already leaning over. Sans continues to rummage through his drawer looking for something.

“Heh, sorry lady, ya make fer pretty good trash, but yer a little too big fer it.”

He hears a slam and looks over at you. You stuck your butt into the tornado imbalancing it, and causing it to carry you into the couch, slamming you into the back and piling his dirty socks on after.

“I just said ya can’t ride in it!” He yells.

“You said it too late!” You respond, giggling as you sit up, brushing the socks off you.

Sans bursts out laughing at the sight of you pulling his dirty socks off your head. He clutches his sides laughing harder as you make a face when you find a particularly filthy one down your shirt.

“Hoooooleeeey shit! ya see a tornado of filthy socks and yer first thought is to try and fuckin' ride in it?!  What kind of dumbass are ya?!”

“It seemed like a good idea at the time.” You counter, still chuckling slightly. Sans looks back into drawer and finds something, he puts the small item in his phone while you kick the socks back into a pile on the floor.

“That was one a the best ones I ever made too.” He pouts shutting the drawers.

“I know you like socks, Skulls. But seriously, you made a tornado monument to your kinckyness.”
You tease.

He swivels on the spot, glaring at you, face glowing red.

“Ya-Ya promised we wouldn’t talk about that!”

“No, I promised I would never speak about that incident. I’m still gonna tease you about your sock thing.” You laugh.

“Tch, fuck you.” He heads over to one of his piles of clothes on the floor and begins kicking it around until one of his shoes pop out. “’N’ I ain’t interested in my own fuckin’ socks stupid.” He pulls a ball of socks out of his pocket and puts them on. Then he slips on the shoe.

“Don’t forget to wear comfy shoes. We’re gonna be on our feet the whole time.” You remind him.

“I only got comfy shoes. Fuckn’ ain’t stupid enough ta wear anything else.”

He begins sifting through another pile and finds the other matching shoe slipping it on. He has them both set up so he doesn’t have to retie the laces when he puts his feet inside.

“You ready to go yet?” You ask.

He sighs… “Yeah, yeah. M’ready.” His eyelights look at the floor, and you see a wave of worry pass over his skull.

“You’re gonna be fine. Trust me. It’s gonna be fun!”

“I ain’t worried okay!” He growls back. He sighs again longer, and holds out his skeletal hand towards you. “Whatever let’s go already.”

You walk over and reach down, grasping his hand in yours. The familiar twist of space being warped in all directions flips your stomach. Just as quickly as you can think, it's over and you are both standing in the cold parking lot of the attraction. You wobble a little, but catch yourself quickly.
Sans flings your hand out of his own and starts marching through the lot.

There’re more people milling around the lot than the last time you were here. Luckily more people equaled more cars, and they hid you both when you ported out. With the sun setting an hour earlier, the parking lot is instead lit by large electric floodlights that paint deep shadows on the both of you. Sans pulls his hoodie up across his skull, casting his face in darkness as you approach the building swarmed about with humans.

The decorations are out in full force. There are props of witches, ghosts, cats, and yes, skeletons. Large spiderwebs hang across the welcome sign reading "Death Hallows Haunt." Humans line up around several concession stands buying sweets, candies, hot chocolate, and spiced apple cider. Some of them are in costumes wandering in and out of the crowd. You watch as they huddle in groups, vapor rising from their breath and swirling in the light against the cold air. They pull in their winter coats against autumn weather, drinking hot drinks to stay warm, laughing, talking, and texting.

The nearby cornfield must have been newly cut into a maze. Lines of humans are outside the entrance buying tickets to get in. You see a few people carrying small pumpkins and other Halloween memorabilia near a section where Halloween fair style games are set up. The air of the place smells cold and crisp, and sweet and spicy, just as autumn should. The crowd isn’t very large yet, but it looks like it's going to be a much more popular event than it was last year if you compare the amount of people on the first day.

Sans swivels his hooded skull below you back and forth as he takes in the festival packed with humans enjoying themselves. You wonder what he thinks of all this.

“Pretty fun huh?” You say as you make your way around the crowds heading to the back side of the warehouse.

“I didn’t know they were gonna set all this shit up…”

“This is day one. Just wait. There will be a lot more when the final week hits.”

You both walk by a life sized naked skeleton set up with some zombies next to it. Yes naked. That is now a word that can be used to describe skeletons apparently.

“Uhh… that isn’t gonna bother you is it?” You ask.
His skull flicks away from watching the crowd to the displayed decoration. You wait a tick as he stares at it, unable to see his reaction from your position behind him.

He sighs into his hand continuing to walk past it.

“Fuckin humans.”

You giggle silently, wondering if it looks like some kind of weird sex doll to him. You both cross the fenced off area to the back of the warehouse, getting a peek at the line at the front of the building that’s forming an hour early for the haunt. It's going to be a good event this year.

The back door is already cracked open with a rock, a sign attached to it reads volunteers only. Sans opens it to a warm gust of air and a bunch of humans scurrying around putting on costumes and sitting at tables lined with assortments of makeup, fangs, fake blood, and prosthetic wounds. Those who have simple costumes or masks are helping the others get ready. Several girls are applying makeup in a line to the more important actors.

You spot Ice wolf sitting with one of the girls avidly talking and matting his fur with blood. Hes shaking his head every once in awhile, indicating he's listening. They have him in a pair of ripped jean shorts. He definitely works out or something. Even with all of his thick fur, you see the rippling muscles running up his chest, and his arms are enormous. He's the perfect image of a werewolf. He’s gonna be awesome.

Sans slows in his lead, so you take over and walk him to the costume closet where the same lady from before is checking out costumes to the actors. You give her your names and she goes into the back grabbing your dull green jumpsuit and mask, and Sans’s shorts and wifebeater.

You decide to take your clothes off before putting the jumpsuit on. You don't want to get overheated if your running around. You tag into the line for changing stations and wait. Sans is quiet beside you. It's pretty obvious he's nervous. He always gets quiet when he's nervous. Your stall becomes free first, and you enter. Quickly, you shed your clothes, but keep your underwear on, and get into the jumpsuit.

You emerge to find Sans already in his changing station. As you wait, you notice the guy with long blond hair in line behind Sans is leaning to the side a little. The curtains that protect the changing stalls are cheap and old. You can easily look through the small gaps in the sides if you try.
“Don’t man... “ You say as watch him.

You get that he's curious, but you aren’t going to let people do that to your friend. He quickly straightens himself face reddening at being caught.

Sans takes a lot longer than you feel is necessary to change, but eventually he emerges and you get your first glimpse of him in costume.

It's easily the most bare bones you've ever seen on him. The shorts are much shorter than his typical black basketball pair. Barely covering the top of his femurs with ripped threads poking out in all directions. The old bloodstained wifebeater is nearly threadbare on one of the straps. You easily see the top of his ribcage and all of his clavicle. You also get a good look at his neck, or vertebra, for the first time and you feel your face twisting into a smile at how cool it is as it forms into his ribs. Even more amazing are his scapula, floating just behind the ribs in the back. How does it work... Gahhhh! He's so cool!

“Wh-What?!?” He growls at you, hugging his changed clothes to his chest.

“You look awesome!” You say smiling.

“Sh-Shuttup.” He spits, refusing to meet your eyes.

A few people stop what they're doing to glance and point at him. Sans starts shifting nervously from foot to foot. He's clearly feeling self conscious, so you take the lead and move to the lockers to store your stuff. You eventually find one that isn't being used, and load it with your clothes. You decide to share with Sans, so you hold a hand out for his. The locker's a little high for him so you figure you can put it in for him. He hesitates before handing his stuff to you.

As you load it in, you can’t help but notice a familiar print on one of the pieces of fabric. Hearts... Wait! That means...

“Skulls.” You whisper. “You took off your underwear?” His face reddens immediately.

“I had ta!” He whispers back. “Fuckin’ tiny ass shorts don’t cover um. N’ fuckin’ stop looking
through my stuff!”

It wasn’t really a big deal. They usually wash this stuff right? In fact… why do skeletons even wear underwear? Humans did it because their bodies leaked fluids and stuff down there, and the underwear protected your clothes from those leaks. It’s not like skeletons need something like that… do they? It’s probably just another instance of monsters imitating humans or something, you tell yourself… Or maybe he sweats a lot down there.

You shut the locker door and asses the lines at the tables with girls applying makeup. You lead Sans over to one of the shorter ones. You probably don’t need any makeup, seeing as you have a mask, and nearly full body costume. But they might want to put something on Sans.

As you wait, you hear the bubbly voice of Tiffany call over the crowd.

”You finally get the chainsaw!” She runs up to you barefoot in a little girl's pure white dress with darkened bloodstained vomit flowing down the front, and splashes at the bottom as though she’s been running through filth. Her blond hair is tied back, and she holds a long black wig in her hand. Her makeup is already finished. They darkened her skin with grey foundation, decorating purple veins across it, and black blood stains running from her eyes all the way to her chin. She's wearing red contacts as well. A perfect little possessed girl you think to yourself.

“ Heck yes! I’m gonna finally beat you this year.” You smile down at her as she stops in front of the two of you.

“As if! I always win every yeaaaar OH MY GOD!” She screeches when she sees Sans standing next to you.

“YOU LOOK SO GOOD!” She fans herself as she nearly vibrates in glee.

Sans stares at her in utter horror, eyelights dark. When he doesn’t say anything, you get a little worried and bump him slightly with your arm.

“It’s just Tiffany dude, relax.” His eye lights brighten slightly and he seems to snap out of whatever he was thinking.

“How’d she getter eyes like that!” He sputters.
“Red contacts.” She answers for you. “Watch this!” She holds one of her lower eyelids down and proceeds to move the colored contact away from the center of her eye with her finger. As the clear red dot moves away from her iris, you see its true natural color beneath. She lets go, and blinks a few times, snapping it back into place.

Sans stares in awe. “I didn’t know humans could do that.”

“Pretty cool right?” You ask. “We got all sorts of contacts that can change the way your eye looks. Different colors, animal eyes, they even have little shapes now.”

“Mmmmm…” She thinks. “maybe I should have switched to red and black demon eyes this year.” She muses as she looks Sans over. “Oh well… I’ll still win. Even with you being a real monster and all.” She smiles at Sans as she puts her hands to her hips.

“Win what?” He asks, folding his arms.

“Best Haunter. I’ve won it every year.”

“Pffft, humans find you scary. Yer jus’ a little girl.” He says grinning while looking down at her.

“I’m 28 thank you.”

“Tw-teny’ eight! The fuck yer teny’ eight.” He growls in surprise.

“She’s twenty eight.” You confirm. Then your face breaks into an evil smile. “How old are you Skulls?”

He rests his hands behind his head “Tweny’ six.” He grins back at you.

“Hah, he’s the baby then!” Tiffany laughs.
San’s face drops. “No fuckin way shes older!” Hes glaring at you.

“Ohhhh, thanks Skulls! you think I’m a cute young little girl.” You tease.

“How old?” He growls.

“Its rude to ask a girl her age. Or is that not a monster thing.” You smile more.

“Ya ain’t fuckin’ old enough fer it ta be rude.” He’s getting annoyed you aren’t answering his question. “T-Tweny’ seven…. Tweny’ eight… no way yer over thirty!” He gets more annoyed as you continue to smile at him. “Thirty five?!” He screeches.

“Older than you.” You respond.

“That ain’t… there’s no fuckin’ way yer older!”

“I am definitely older.” You confirm. Tiffany continues giggling next to you.

“Tch whatever.” He rolls his eyelights.

“Don’t worry little babybones, these old ladies won’t let you get all scared in a dark creepy haunted house.” You tease.

“Place ain’t even creepy. Humans gotta be complete dumbasses ta find any a ya scary.” He says closing his eyes looking bored.

She smiles at his taunt. “Oh really.”

“You gonna show him the thing?” You ask.

“Oh yeah! I’m gonna show him the thing.” She climbs her tiny body onto the table next to you both
and begins to bend back. Lower, and lower, until suddenly her weight carries her onto her hands and feet and she walks towards him. Eyes wide, mouth agape. She moans horribly as she contorts her limbs.

Sans stands transfixed, sweating that strange red sweat. Suddenly Tiffany lunges forward across the table at him. Sans mutters one word “N-Nope.” Before he slams into you as he backs away. You burst out laughing as he loses his footing and you have to grab his shoulders to keep him steady. Tiffany stops her motions and falls flat on the table laughing as well.

“Oh MY GOD, did you see his face! I can’t believe I scared a monster.”

“I ain’t scared a nothin’!” He growls back reaching for a hood that isn’t there.

“It’s alright Skulls, she’s had 300lbs dudes crap themselves in terror. One guy knocked himself out completely when he ran into the wall trying to get away. We had to stop the whole thing while we sent him to the hospital.”

“I thought we were jus’ pretendin’ ta be scary, not hurt anybody.” He says swatting your hands off of him.

“It’s rare, but it can happen.” You respond. “Besides, we had that huge safety lecture. Everything should be fine, especially if you didn’t fall asleep halfway through it.”

“What? Me? I would never... I was listenin’ the whole time.” He grins resting his arms once again behind his head.

Tiffany giggles. “I could hear you snoring across the room.”

“Musta been Ice Wolf. He breathes really loudly.”

“Oh huh, sure.” Tiffany smiles wryly.

“Yo, Tiff! Can you do some of these guys make up!” Someone shouts across the room.
“COMING!” She yells as she hops around to look at who called her. Once she spots them, she takes off running, but not before shouting back “I’m still gonna win this year!”

The makeup lady, whose line you’re waiting in, finishes adding the fake wound on the guys face. He gets up looking at himself in the mirror, before he off towards his group. Sans takes his place in the chair, folding his arms and sweating a little as the lady looks him over.

“Hmmm..... You don’t really need much.” She replies. She seems fascinated with his face.

“That’s what I said, but she said I should ask.” He growls.

You shrug as he looks accusingly at you.

“Oooh. I got an Idea.” She shoves her hand into the makeup bag next to her and pulls out a series of creams and brushes. She stands up and brings one of the red pens to the top of his skull, drawing something. Sans looks uncomfortable at the sensation of a human he doesn’t know getting close to him, and touching his head. She spends quite a while on him. Pulling out different pens, brushes, and creams. You laugh when she awkwardly asks him to close his socket lids.

“Fuck! Yer pokin’ it too much.” Sans complains, squirming while keeping his sockets tightly closed. The lady stops for a moment trying to reassure him before she continues to paint across his left lid gently.

“Skulls, you don’t even have any eyes to poke.” You laugh out.

“It still feels like shit.” He whines.

Before she finishes, she pulls out an enormous container of fake blood, dabbing it on a large brush, she flicks it across some of his bones wildly, letting it splatter and pool in different places. Finally she finishes, and hands him a mirror. His sockets go wide as he looks.

“Ya gave me... brains?”
You start laughing at his reaction. “Don’t tell me I’ve been hanging out with a brainless guy playing video games.”

The makeup on his skull had indeed added what looked like brains. She marked a fake cracked gash in the side of head with gooey brains dripping down his face. The gash is marked all the way down his face passing through his left socket.

“It looks good.” The lady says reassuring him.

“Yeah whatever.” He hops of the chair going to stuff his hands in his pockets, when he realizes he doesn’t have any, and instead rests them behind his head.

“Thank you.” You say for him as you both walk away. San's simply relieved he isn't being poked and prodded anymore.

You make your way through the room looking for your zone leader Jonas. You find him talking with one of the other leaders. As you walk up to him he spots you and stops his conversation.

“Ah, good. You both made it.” He checks your names off a list and heads over to some locked cupboards. He unlocks them and pulls out the rubber chained electric chainsaw from one. He holds it up to you explaining how it works, and asking you to demonstrate it back to him. The chainsaw is nearly all for show. It makes loud sounds, but there isn’t anything dangerous on it whatsoever. It's really easy to use, being electric.

When he's content you know what you’re doing. He pulls out a radio hooked to an earpiece and hands it to you. It fits perfectly in your enormous jumpsuit pocket and you set it up in your ear. You used this last year, being the captain of your previous zone as well, but he goes over the various controls and lines, refreshing your memory. He has you test call him, and one of the other zone leaders before he's satisfied.

Finally he hands you another control. Oh yes… OOOOh yes! This is the best chance you're ever gonna get to beat Tiffany!

The haunted house you're working at runs like this. Tours of 2-5 people are sent into the building in timed intervals. The warehouse is set up like a maze, forcing people to walk through blacked out corridors designed to disorient them. Usually, the wider open rooms are separated by thin strips of material hanging from a doorway, or small hallways that lead into the other rooms. The hallways
force people to form lines, and keep them focused on what's in front, allowing actors to pop out from the sides or behind, surprising the guests.

Contrary to popular belief, the front of the line receives the least amount of attention. If you scare a group from the front, they may attempt to stop or flee backwards. This causes problems when you are trying to keep each tour separated from one another, so most of your scaring comes from the middle and back, pushing the tours to flee forward through the attraction. This tactic is called scaring forward.

You’re attraction also gives each of the tours something for their own personal hope. A leader gets to hold a specially built flashlight, designed to help them navigate the dark hallways of the attraction. Unbeknownst to them, the flashlight has a built in receiver to the controller you have just been handed. The flashlights are cycled in a specific order, so all you have to do is know the current flashlight coming through and, whenever you want, you can press a switch on the controller to force the flashlight off. Cutting off the only source of the groups light and hope.

You have to force the tears of joy back as you take the controller. You're so happy. You place it in the pocket on your other side like you were just handed a newborn baby. Your life is the best right now. There could be nothing better.

“Ya look like a damn idiot grinnin’ like that.” Sans comments as you move through the attraction to your area.

“Shush you… You’ll never understand my love.” You say hugging your chainsaw.

You both get a good view of the now set up and fully decorated attraction as you make your way to your station somewhere near the end. The actors mill about in their costumes and makeup, getting themselves accustomed to their positions for the coming tours. You pass by Tiffany in her own personal room, now wearing her long black wig. She sits on a mattress with a hole sliced in the center for her to hide in and climb out at the guests. She smiles wickedly as you pass, and Sans shutsters next to you.

“I’m gonna win.” She singsongs creepily through her long black hair.

“No your not.” You sing back removing the remote from your pocket and shaking it as you pass.

“No fair!” She calls puffing up her cheeks. You stick out your tongue. She sticks hers out back.
“I’m still gonna win!” She shouts as you and Sans pass out of her area.

When you get out of earshot, Sans turns to you. “Yer both fucken’ idiots.”

“Hey, remember no cussing around the guests.”

“I’ll try and fucken’ remember that shit. But I make no damn promises.”

“I’m serious Skulls, we aren’t suppose to curse.”

“Yeah, yeah, I got it.” He rolls his glowing eyelights. They shine brightly and clearly, what with them being one of the only few sources of light in the blacked out haunted house.

You get to your station and check over the electronics you’ve been given while Sans stands by his post. It’s a massive square gravestone surrounded by skeleton and bone decorations in the center of the room. Hanging from the roof are an assortment of different bones and rib cages, all splattered with bright red blood. Sans doesn’t seem very impressed. Remark ing at how stupid it is that humans think skeletons can bleed.

You check on the other two guys in your group. It’s their job to collapse on the tour as they flee from the room. They’re both in undead face paint and costumes standing on opposite sides of the doorframe facing outwards. You radio in that your group is ready and walk back to your position behind the entrance to the grave room.

You wait there, leaning against a spot on the wall that isn’t covered by decorations, waiting for the attraction to open. You glance over to Sans who’s fidgeting against the gravestone in the center of the room. There’s a collection of sweat on his forehead. You hope his makeup doesn’t run. He’s definitely nervous.

Maybe you should say something to help him settle down. Hmmm... but what should you say? if you try to comfort him by telling him he’s gonna be fine, he’ll probably just yell at you about how he isn’t worried. You decide to go with something else.

“So… uhh. How many people can you teleport.”
“What?” He says, startled from his thoughts.

“You know… with your magic. How many people can you take?”

“Don’ know exactly… three r’ four I guess. Why?”

He doesn’t know? If you had magic powers, you’d push them to their limits the first chance you got. You messed around with your own abilities years ago, testing their potential. You could basically hypnotize an infinite amount of people as long as they stayed within a specific radius near you. However, you found that more people within your hold meant less control. At some point the only command you could give was to stand still, and stare blankly ahead.

You also pushed your healing as far as you would dare. Excessive healing required blood, but if you had enough, you could easily regrow whole limbs and organs within a few minutes. It's actually quite hard to kill a vampire. You have to kill them all at once. Something like slicing their heads clean off. Seriously Skulls, why don’t you know how much your magic can handle?

“If I were you, I would have had those stats locked down a long time ago.” You say.

“I already told ya. Magic ain’t like that. Ya can’t jus’ give it a constant rating and rely on it to be the same every time.”

“So, some days you can teleport two people, and other days like, a whole building?”

Sans sighs. “That ain’t it either. Magic’s tied ta the soul. And a soul’s where all our emotion n’ thoughts come from. My shortcuts’r fer moving me an’ people I know ta places I’ve been. That’s why it’s called a shortcut n’ not a teleport like ya keep sayin’. Ya don’ take a shortcut ta a place ya ain’t been to. And ya don’ take builden’s with ya either. Ya also don’t take people naked when ya take a shortcut, that’s why yer clothes come. I can take people with me, but I gotta use more magic exponentially ta do it, so it tires me out faster n, if I go alone. N’ yes, ya can take some stuff with ya, but nothing ya can’t pick up’r move yerself. Magic’s based off what’cha think about things, and if ya think it should go with ya when ya travel, then the shortcut’ll take em.”

“So what if I force myself to believe I can hold my own car.”

“Ya better have a damn good way of lyin’ ta yer subconscious, or that car ain’t goin’ nowhere.”
You need to find a way for Sans to teleport you while you're holding your car, without him knowing you are somehow bizarrely strong enough to hold your own car. You really really wanna try it.

“Can you teleport out of anything… Like what if you jump into water, or what if you jump off a cliff and teleport mid fall, do you come out with the congruent speed of your fall and splat onto the floor.”

Your mind quickly thinks to a certain portal game.

“My shortcut uses warped space remember. Any speed collected before the warp’s gonna be lost ta entropy in the void.”

“The void…? Wait, wait, wait. You're actually throwing away energy?!” You say amazed.

“Heh, didn’t take ya as a sciency one.” He says raising a brow bone.

“I’m a software developer!”

“Oh… Yeah… w-well the energy ain’t lost, it goes through the void n’ becomes magic. Lot’s a monster’s magic pushes n’ pulls outta the void. Like my phone’s storage app. So it ain’t lost its… stop giving me that face!”

You realize you're standing with your mouth open.

“Sorry… it's just so… amazing. Also, I didn’t know you were such a nerd.” You say smiling.

“I-I ain’t!”

“You totally are.”

“Maybe I won’t tell ya about my magic if yer gonna be a fucken’ ass about it.”
“Hey… nothing wrong with being a nerd. Nerds are cool now. Besides, I like that you know all this stuff. ts much better than a guy who doesn’t know anything.”

A small glow of red moves itself under the two pinpricks of light that indicate Sans eyes.

“So about the water… also what if you’re chained up, or locked in something like handcuffs?” You ask.

“Tch, ya got way too many questions, Lady. Like I said, it works with how I perceive situations. It’s a shortcut, not a teleport. If I feel like I ain’t gonna get outta it, then I won’t be able ta.” He answers, sounding a little annoyed.

“Oh… So that’s why you didn’t teleport away from me when I was tickling you.”

You watch as the red glow resurfaces. Shoot, that wasn’t all you did…

“Y-Yeah…” He answers simply. The two red pinpoints of light turn away from you.

Your radio blips and you are given the message to set up. An initial group of managers and zone leaders will be making a test tour through the attraction before they start letting guests in.

You cup your hands over your mouth. “PLACEMENTS!” You yell. The phrase is repeated throughout the attraction as other zone captains call their area to order. You pull the mask over your head and prep your fingers over the chainsaw.

Sans starts to sweat harder by his gravestone surrounded by fake bloody skeletons. Hopefully, only you can tell how out of place he is next to them, with sweat all over him and not the others. It should be too dark for regular humans to see, right? You can probably only tell because you have excellent vision in the darkness.

The attraction slowly falls silent as everyone waits. A collective breath is taken as everyone gets ready to act. Then you hear it. The sweet sounds of screams. Probably from the actors, considering the leaders shouldn’t be scared of their own creation. One scream… then more… a wolf howl pierces through the air followed by more screaming. The sounds get louder and louder as the first
Finally you hear yells coming from the hallway behind you. Your eyes quickly check on Sans as you wait. His eyelights are blown wide as he stares at the door you're hiding next to. The widened lights cast a deep red glow through the room. He looks nothing like a human skeleton at all, you think to yourself. Just a nervous little dude who has no idea what he's doing.

A flashlight beam streaks past the streamers that separate your room from the hallway. It falls across San's centerpiece and moves to some of the skeletons tied to the roof. You hear laughter and people talking. Suddenly, a group of four humans, all of which you recognize burst through the streamers, taking in the room. Sans stands frozen. They pass by, ducking under the dangling bones. You give him a chance to break pose, but he doesn’t.

You rev your chainsaw loudly and scream in your craziest voice. “TIME TO JOIN ME IN PURGATORY!” Before vaulting over the decorations at the group. You swing it dramatically as they push to get to the door on the other side. Once they pass, you listen to the two guys chase them while groaning and screeching down the hall.

“Skulls, what the heck! Don’t leave me hanging.” You chastise him as you walk back.

You feel bad. San’s obviously isn’t comfortable with any of this at all. Maybe you shouldn’t have made him volunteer. If he doesn’t get any better by the end of the night, you decide to let him quit.

“I-I don’ know what ta say.” He says, still sweating nervously.

“Anything, whatever you want. Just jump out and screech, it doesn’t matter. I just screamed ‘time to join me in purgatory’ at four people I know. Nobody cares.”

“Phhht, that was pretty stupid.” He says chuckling.

“We can’t let Tiffany win. Tiffany always wins. Stop worrying about what other people think. It’s dark, nobody can see. Go nuts.”

“I don’t give a fuck bout’ what anybody thinks.” He answers.
“Then prove it. Tell the first tour you’re gonna kill them or something. They’ve been lined up for a long time waiting for you to threaten them.”

“Fuck fine!” He says, averting his eyelights.

“And no cussing.”

“FINE!”

You both quiet as you hear the first real tour approaching your zone. Screams and moans getting closer and closer. The flashlight beam hits through the streamers, but this time Sans eyelights are nowhere to be seen. A group of three young guys enter. The beam passes through Sans face, and continues to move around the room searching for anything out of place.

“I bet there’s a person hiding in the back.” Someone whispers, laughing a little.

“Skeletons aren’t scary, go back to that creepy girl.”

They walk through the room, slowly searching for the actors they expect to be waiting in the shadows. You keep low in your spot, peeking between the decorations. The one holding the flashlight walks up to Sans. You suddenly remember the remote in your pocket.

“These skeletons look so fake and dumb, look at how stupid this one’s face is. Wait... why is it wearing these dumb looking shoes?”

He reaches out about to touch Sans face. You press the button. The flashlight goes out.

“Dude why’d you turn it off.” One guy calls.

“I didn’t, shits busted.”

He shakes the flashlight trying to get it to work again. Suddenly Sans moves from his spot to behind the boys. They can’t see him, having no night vision.
"Heh, heh, heh." A low gravely voice pierces through the darkness. “Why did the skeleton kill a human?”

One guy jumps forward slamming into one of the hanging bones.

“The fuck, shit.” He exclaims trying to keep his footing. The other guys try and look around searching for the source of the voice.

“Cause he was feeling bone...”

You flick the switch on the remote again and the flashlight brightens. He stares into Sans empty sockets as Sans bears down on him, chuckling through his sharp teeth. His face contorts in slow motion, slowly forming into a scream. You rev your chainsaw jumping out of your position as Sans low baritone laugh fills the room against the cries of the humans, scrambling to leave it. A moment later you hear the guys in the hallway do their thing as the first tour of the year gets a taste of the Death Hallows Haunt.

Chapter End Notes

Soo, for any of you who’ve worked in a haunted house before. This may not seem perfectly accurate. But I had to get some character stuff in, and I didn’t want to spend forever on details that aren’t interesting. Also I had to make characters have conversations, so changing the story from my own personal experiences working in one was important. I also added a lot of stuff to the house that I wish mine had as well. I always wished we had those flickering flashlight buttons.

For any of you who missed it, I added a side story for this. You can find it here. The Skeleton Games Sidequests

Added some new pictures to my tumblr TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
My Skeleton Stalker

Chapter Summary

You finish up at the haunted house. Time for Friday night drinking.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“A pun… really.” You chastise Sans as you both reset to your positions.

“Hey, it worked.” Sans flashes a sharp smile at you from his position by the gravestone.

“You couldn’t say something simple like I’m gonna kill you?”

“Listen Lady, ya gotta have class if yer gonna scare people.”

“Oh! so now you’re gonna lecture me about scaring people.”

Sans rests his hands behind his head looking at you lazily sockets half closed.

“From what I heard, ya ain’t never won any Best Haunter awards.”

“You!” You point at him. “You’re just lucky you’re a skeleton.” You fire back, unsure how to respond to his very true comment. He laughs his deep baritone laugh at you.

“Heheheh. Maybe I should win that award n’ show ya jus’ how easy this stupid shit ya thinks so great is.”

“I can’t believe I ever felt bad about making you come here!” You pout. Deep down you’re happy. Sans looks like he’s having fun. You didn’t make him come here to torture him. You wanted people to do stuff like this with you because you love it, and you want others to experience the same joy and happiness it brings you.
“Heh, humans! Ya think ya can even get close ta pretendin’ yer half as scary as us, with yer dumb makeup n’ costumes.”

“Hey, I saw your face when Tiffany crawled at you. Humans can be scary.”

“I wasn’t scared.”

“You noped right out. Literally.”

“Tch, whatever. Ya still ain’t even come close ta me.”

“I have a chainsaw.”

“Yeah, n’ its doin’ all the work. Yer, jus’ a silly human in a costume.”

“YOU! Thinking your so great-”

You stop when you hear the next round of screams get closer to your room. You duck your head behind the decorations waiting for the tell of the flashlight to stream into the room. Sans straightens himself against the gravestone and does his best to freeze into a position that blends in with his surroundings. You notice a significant lack of sweaty nervous skeleton as he almost relaxes against the stone.

This time a group of 5 enters. A mixture of three boys and two girls, all young teens. The two girls cling to a boy each. The boy without one laughs from the rear about something that happened earlier. One of the boys being clung to is just as scared as the girls. He puts on his best brave face, but you can tell he’s scared. The tell for a scared guy who’s trying to hide it, is how nervous and aggressive they become. Getting angry isn’t going to trick anyone, you gotta relax. Besides, you can practically smell the fear rolling off him. He’s definitely a scaredy cat.

The streamers burst forward as they enter, scanning the room and its decorations. The lead couple immediately flashes the light across Sans face. Probably due to the fact that his glowing red eyelights are visible this time. You wonder how much he can control them. He keeps them focused on a point just beyond the couple holding the flashlight.
“Dude, they put LED’s in its eyes!”

“It’s just a robot.”

“Why's it wearing tennis shoes?”

They skirt around the hanging skeletons and begin to make their way past the gravestone. The girls making complaints as they move through the bones.

“Hurry up. I wanna get out of here.”

“I told you I hate haunted houses.”

“Are its eyes following us?”

The girl in the second couple continues to look into Sans eyes as she passes him, clinging to the arm of one of the boys.

“Its soooo creepy.” She whispers.

Sans lets his grin stretch ever so slightly before he cackles breaking pose.

“Aw comon sweetcheeks.” He moves from his spot slowly shrugging his shoulders and lifting his palms as he follows after the couple. “Can’t blame me. Guess I was just bone this way.”

The girls mouth hangs open as the guy eyes widen. She screams. He yells. The extra guy starts laughing.

“NOOOOOOOOO!”
“Fucken what!”

You flip the switch on the remote blacking out their flashlight as Sans laugh rings through the room. You rev the chainsaw moving from your position to chase their fleeing forms, the third guy laughing the whole way out.

“Hahaha, I told you they got monsters this year!”

You walk back to the other side of the room as you glare at Sans.

“What! That was a good one.” He shrugs again.

“Are you gonna tell horrible puns to everyone that comes through here.” You say through your mask.

“No I wouldn’t do that.” He smirks. “I’ll only tell the best puns ta everyone that comes through ere’.”

You sigh in defeat. At least he found a way to make this enjoyable.

As you pass the gravestone you notice him bending down and doing something. He pulls up as you walk by, and shoves his pair of shoes with his socks stuffed in them towards you.

“Here, put this in yer spot’r whatever.”

You take the shoes from him looking worriedly at his small bony feet.

“Umm… you know we're gonna be standing for a few hours.” You comment.

“Skeletons don’t get sore feet from standin’ like ya dumb heavy ass dainty humans.”

Oh yeah… you forgot he doesn’t weigh very much. That, and he has thicker bones. Guess he won’t
have problems being on his feet all day with a combination like that.

“Soooo, you’re getting serious now.” You smile a little behind your mask as you begin your taunt. “And here I thought you said this whole thing was gonna be stupid and racist.”

“Tch… m’ jus’, showin ya how stupid n’ easy it is. S’not like I care or nothin’. Jus’ gonna win that dumb award n’ shove it in yer dumbass face.”

You smile gleefully to yourself. “Just so you know… there are actually a few awards they give out at the end of the haunt party.”

“There’s a party?” He questions.

“Yeah… You really were asleep during orientation.”

“I told ya, it was ice wolf’s breathin’ hard.” He smiles.

You sigh. “The staff usually takes us all out to a restaurant at the end and gives out awards. Best haunter is one of the only two that they give a monetary amount for. They have other awards—”

“Wait! Ya get money for it” His sockets go wide.

“Yeah, couple hundred bucks or something, I don’t remember.”

You wonder why Sans looks so interested. Didn’t monsters come out of the mountain dripping with gold. Actually… why did this guy live in such a cheap dirty apartment using cardboard boxes to hold his old beat up television. You could have sworn that the majority of monsters had tons of money to go around when they were finally let out of quarantine into the city. It's why you sold your house in the first place. Maybe he was a really frugal guy… no… That didn’t seem to match his personality.

“N’ what about the other one?” Sans asks.

“What?”
“The other award? With money?” He looks a little impatient.

“Oh… Thats… hehe… If you make someone go number 2 at least once.” You giggle.

Sans looks at you in confusion. “What?…” He questions.

“You know. Heh... Crap themselves.”

He blinks his sockets a few times staring straight at you.

“I thought that was jus’ an expression. You sicko’s can actually shit yerselves in fear?”

You giggle harder. “It’s more common the guests pee themselves, but very rarely ever year someone craps their pants in fear. I guess it would be hard for a guy without muscles to understand, but it's something that can happen when humans get scared.”

“Yer all fuckin gross!” He says disgusted.

“I don’t wanna hear that from you Mr. sweatyface.”You snort into your mask.

“Tch… Sh-Shuttup.”

You both stop your conversation when you hear the screams travel to your hallway. You quickly push San’s shoes behind some of the decorations in your hiding spot and look over. Sans has somehow moved himself into a lounging position on top of the square gravestone. It's a pretty flimsy decoration, but he doesn’t weigh much so it doesn’t matter. He looks a little more blended in without his bright red tennis shoes giving him away, but his pose looks ridiculous.

This time the group only hovers on his face for a second before he breaks his pose.

“Like whatcha see. Or are ya all just bonely.”
He jumps off the gravestone at them as you chase them out. Yeah… he’s gonna do this all night.

You finish your night with Sans tactics getting more and more ridiculous. You have to remind him on several occasions not to touch any of the guests. A limitation that really seems to piss him off. There’s a few times a couple humans tried to touch him, but you're pretty good about keeping them moving by chasing them out the room once he did his thing. Most people naturally walk away from someone waving a chainsaw around even if they aren’t afraid of you.

You get a radio call about the last group coming out and you fling off your now sweaty mask in triumph.

“Finally! Fucken’ done with this shit!” Sans sighs from his spot as you walk over and hand him back his shoes.

“What? Were you almost out of puns?”

“Heh, nope. I got a skeleton of um.” He starts putting his socks and shoes back on.

“Great… I can’t wait for tomorrow…” You reply dryly.

“Heh. I heardja laughin’ at um.” He grins wider.

“I was laughing at the people running in fear of a punning mini skeleton.”

“Ya mean ya were having skelefun watching my work.”

“NO! It is over. No more puns! It's been hours of them. I’m so done with this.”

“Ya mean yer skeledone with this.”
You stare at him blankly. Messy sweat filled hair on you, and his own makeup smudged across his skull. You turn and silently walk towards the exit.

“This is what I get for forcing you to come here isn’t it?” You say as you walk ahead of him.

“Ya know I’m humorous.” He snickers.

“Skulls I swear.” You warn.

“We ain’t loud ta swear remember.”

You palm your face and sigh as he cackles next to you. You smile under it, but you make sure he can’t see. You were hoping he would have fun working the haunt with you. But this. You never imagined he would enjoy it this much.

You both make your way back to the preparation room. Several of the actors cheer and celebrate the first successful day as they change out of their costumes. The line for the attraction had been packed until closing time. There wasn’t a single lul in guest frequency at all. The atmosphere of the room is jovial as everyone talks excitedly about how things went.

You and Sans retrieve your things from the locker and head over to the line in front of the changing stations. This time Sans changes back into his clothes relatively quickly. He emerges with his jacket back on looking much more comfortable being able to once again put his hands in his pockets.

“Soo… uhh, I guess we can find a spot outside to get outta here.” You start.

“Yeah… I’m done fer tonight.” He says, leaning into his own clothes.

You return your borrowed costumes and step outside into freezing weather. Sans heads over to an area with bushes around the back of the building.

“I’m… uh… gonna guess it wasn’t that bad?” You ask as you follow Sans.
“What?”

“Working in a haunted house. Remember I said if you completely hated it, you could quit.”

His cheeks flush with red for a second before he looks away. “S’not… that bad.” He answers.

You decide not to tease him, if only because he’s attempting to be honest for once and you don’t want him to change his mind.

“Then it looks like I need to make good on my promise.”

“Ya better. I ain’t doin this shit fer free.”

“I know, I know. Don’t worry.”

You both get behind the bushes and Sans looks around checking for people. When he doesn’t see anyone he pulls his hand out of his pocket offering it to you.

“Let's get outta here.”

You grasp it and feel your world turn upside down before you are spit out in the entryway of your apartment. Before you can say anything more, Sans flicks your hand out of his, and with a lazy wave and a simple “Night.” He teleports out of your apartment. A moment later you hear him moving around next door.

“Goodnight Skulls!” You call back through your wall.

You move to your bathroom and look yourself over in the mirror. Your hair is a wild nest of sweaty mess from wearing a mask for several hours. You body also feels a little sticky with sweat, so you decide to take a quick shower before you head out.
Tonight's drinking night, and the haunted house ends at the perfect time to go hunting.

You exit your shower feeling refreshed and begin to towel dry you hair when you notice heavy swearing coming from your wall. Huh…? The noises continue as you get dressed in something warm for outside. When they don’t stop for several minutes you get fed up.

“Skulls, what the heck? What are you complaining about?!” You yell at your wall.

Your phone stats ringing and you answer it to an immediately angry sounding skeleton.

“This fuckin’ shit ain’t coming off!” He yells.

“Slow down… what?” You hear his shower running in the background.

“Fuckin’ blood n’ shit painted on my head.”

You start laughing.

“The hell!! Don’t laugh, how do I get it off?!” He growls.

“Have you tried using soap?”

“Yes I fucking tried using soap! That's the first thing I fuckin' tried!”

“Well, it's probably waterproof makeup, and that can be hard to get out. I have some makeup removing soap you can try that should work.”

“Fuckin’ why would you make shit that doesn’t come off with regular soap n’ water?!”

You search through you cabinet and find an extra bottle of makeup remover.
“It helps prevent it from running if you sweat. I’m coming over now with the soap by the way, so unlock your door.”

You walk down your hallway and out your door carrying the soap. The air is cold on your still wet hair. You knock on Sans door and it immediately opens to an irritated dripping wet skeleton wrapped up completely in a bath towel. The blood splatters have now turned into nasty smears across his shoulders, arms, and face, and the drawing on his head is an entire smudged mess of red and black. It looks as if the makeup has seeped a little into his bones. He is not a happy skeleton.

“Ooooo, I’m getting to see a whole new side of you tonight.” You comment at his attire as you hand over the soap.

“Fuck off!” He yells as he takes it from you and slams his door in your giggling face.

“Skulls, I love you. Don’t be mad.” You call at his door.

“Go to hell!”

“Tell me if it works.” You call out before going back into your apartment to finish getting ready.

After you’re done drying your hair, you get a text from Sans

RadSkull: It worked

Oh… he actually told you. That was unexpected.

You slip on some shoes and find a coat. You figure you’re gonna go drinking in the park again, so there isn’t any need to dress up. You shoot Sans a quick text back.

You: Nice, you can keep it. You’re gonna need it.
You grab your bag and head out your door quietly making sure to lock it behind you.

Sans does not consider himself the smartest monster in the world, but he knows he’s not a stupid one either. And he noticed, through the embarrassment of having to answer his door to you in nothing but a bath towel, you were not dressed in pajama pants. You always wear pajama pants unless you are going out to do something. And while he isn’t entirely sure what that something is that you claim to be doing on Fridays, it's definitely not going out to drink alcohol.

He knew you well enough by now to know you aren't the type to go out partying hard and getting wasted. Looking past your annoying idiotic personality, you're actually a responsible person who didn’t need to socially drink to unwind every weekend. If anything, you would probably choose to sit in the back of the bar and watch everyone else get drunk for entertainment, but you yourself are not the type to participate in drinking.

Sans thoughts are confirmed once he's out of the shower. He hears the light jangle of keys at your door, and later steps going past his door to the stairs of the apartment. He hurries to his shoes and pulls on his coat as he thinks of a place he can take a shortcut where you won’t see him.

It's not like he cares about you. He's simply interested in what a social shut in would have to do on Fridays in the middle of the night. Specifically, why wouldn't you give him a straightforward answer about it.

For one, you were usually brutally honest about everything. So honest, he didn’t want to know half of what you had to say. The perfect example of someone who didn’t understand the meaning of too much information. Nothing about what you were doing right now matched your personality. He just wanted to know what it was you were hiding. There's no other reason for why he want's to follow you. He definitely isn't worried about you walking around late at night or anything. By yourself. Dangerously.

Sans gathers his magic and takes a shortcut to the top of the apartment roof. He squints against the darkness, looking for your retreating form. Finally he catches it moving out of the light of a streetlamp away from the complex towards the park. Little puffs of cold breath trailing after you. He gives you a couple seconds to disappear before he takes a shortcut behind a building closer to you.

He peeks around the corner and watches as as you continue walking towards the park. You suddenly stop and look behind your shoulder. Sans swings his head behind the wall and holds his breath. Shit, did you see him? Nah. It's too dark. There's no way you could have spotted him from that far away in the darkness. Sans waits a couple seconds, then chances another peek around the corner of the building and spots you further away. Your walking towards the entrance to the park. Good, you didn't notice him.
He waits a moment, then takes a shortcut into one of the trees near the entrance of the park, careful to keep his balance when he ports out onto a branch. Heh... This reminds him of the good ole days. Followin’ a human through the woods. Minus the snow a course. Though sometimes the days weren’t so good. Sans frowns and shakes his head. Focus on finding the idiot.

He spots you walking through the park ahead, hands in your coat pockets. You're looking back and forth as you walk down the path, almost as though you're searching for something, or maybe someone? Sans continues to port into the trees just behind you as you move through the park in an almost random pattern. You even circle back on the same path several times before you sit down on the bench in defeat looking up at the sky.

You certainly weren’t drinking like you said you were, but what are you doing? As far as Sans can tell, you’re just wandering around aimlessly through the park. Maybe you were on a midnight walk? Though why the hell a young female human would think walking around in the middle of the night was a good idea is beyond him. He knows what humans do to each other. Wandering around in the middle of the night is completely asinine.

Sans stays in the tree watching you wait on the park bench. He checks the time on his phone every couple minutes to see how long it’s been with you just sitting there. Remembering to keep its light shielded away from you as he looks. It’s almost a full thirty minutes before anything happens. You only make your move when another loan human walks down the parkway path. You get up off the bench as the man approaches and stare. Sans listens, but he doesn’t hear anything. You’re just looking at the guy, and he’s standing there looking back. What the hell are you two doing?

You turn heel and walk in another direction with the guy following you. What? You both didn’t say anything. Do you know this guy? Was he meeting you here for something? Was he threatening you. It doesn’t look like it. Sans ports to another tree as you both make your way towards the park restrooms. You open up the girls bathroom and he follows you inside.

Sans stairs dumbfounded as the door swings shut. A-Are you really doing that?!!! The hell! that's so gross. Why? He just got over his idea you were a prostitute. He'd been surprised when you got all defensive about the sock thing too. Initially he thought you were a promiscuous person. He hadn’t expected you to act so embarrassed about it, but you seemed pretty annoyed that he was thinking inappropriate things about your legs. And here you are again, walking around with a guy in the middle of the night, going into secluded spaces to do WHAT? Did he really want to know? Images of the movie he watched while in quarantine race through his soul. Something about a human with a tail between their legs, and eggs…

NOPE! Fuckin’ no. Sans stops that train of thought immediately. Humans are gross and he doesn’t wanna imagine what those two are doing in the bathroom together. You probably only got defensive
over the sock thing that day because he was a gross ugly monster, and you didn’t want him thinking about you like that. You’re a sicko who likes to find random dudes to fuck on Fridays. There, mystery solved.

Sans huffs in the tree. For some reason coming to that conclusion leaves him feeling pissed off. Why the fuck do ya need to keep him around if yer gonna go out having sex with random guys? Fuckin’ hang out with those guys instead. One a’ those freaks should be willing ta play games with ya for yer entertainment. Shit! Why can’t you jus’… He jus’ don’t wanna be friends with someone who does gross stuff like that! Specially’ inside a nasty ass park bathroom!

A moment later you both exit the bathroom. Shit… That was fast. I-Is it normally that fast for humans…? The guy stumbles around and you have to hold him up by a shoulder as you lead him out the door. The fucks wrong with him? You let him go and he wobbles away from the bathroom, catching his step before he walks like a zombie slowly down the path.

Suddenly, Sans phone starts ringing and he nearly jumps out of the tree as he slams his hand in his pocket to silence it. He looks over at you to check if you noticed, but you’re simply leaning against the brick outer wall of the bathroom with you phone… against your ear.

Shit!

Sans pulls his phone out of his pocket to check who just called him.

"Bzzt"

**NewContact3:** Skulls, I know you’re in that tree.

How the fuck? How did you know! There’s no way you should be able to see him.

"Bzzt"

**NewContact3:** Wanna explain why you were following me all night?

 Fucking Shit! Sans feels his face glowing red. He quickly pulls his hood over his head to hide it.
"Bzzt"

**NewContact3:** Are you gonna come over, or are you gonna stay in that tree.

He does not want to go over to you. Ever! Fuck you, he was sure he stayed far enough away and always in the darkness. His cover was perfect.

"Bzzt"

**NewContact3:** Skulls, I can literally see you in that tree from here.

“How the fuck can you see me from there!” Sans screeches from his tree branch before he can stop himself.

**NewContact3:** Just get out of that tree and come talk to me.

“Never! Fuck you! Ya probably smell like toilet n’ shit!” He shouts again.

“Why are you mad at me?!” You call from the brick wall.

Why is he mad at you? He feels so angry for some reason. Almost like you'd betrayed him. The sight of you standing there all calm and collected after what you just did in the bathroom pissed him off. He wants to yell at that dumb idiotic face. Tell you how disgusting what you just did was.

“Come over here and talk to me like an adult please!” You shout again.

Tch… maybe I will go over there n’ tell ya what a gross dumb bitch ya are, he thinks. Sans gathers his magic and ports out in front of you with a glare on his face.

“So… are you going to tell me what I did to piss you off this time. Personally I feel like I should be the angry one, what with you stalking me the whole night.”
Sans eyelight start to burn brighter.

“I didn’t stalk ya. Ya were being fuckin’ weird.”

“I told you I go out on Fridays…”

“N’ what, have a good ole fuck with strangers inside a dirty ass bathroom.”

You’re mouth drops open slightly before you eyes scrunch up gleefully. “Phhhhtt what?” You choke on a laugh.

“Ya-ya were… f-fuckin that guy.” Suddenly Sans feels a lot less sure about what he thinks you were doing in the bathroom.

“Skulls… I remember a certain someone saying I have a dirty mind. But you, my good friend, take the cake.”

“Then what were ya doin’ with that guy?” Sans demands.

“Not having sex with him! Do you really believe I’m the type of person who goes out to have random sex with people in dark areas at night.”

“I don’t fucken know! Maybe if ya weren’t so damn weird about what yer doin’ every Friday!”

“I told you I wasn’t doing that last Friday either.”

“Then what the fuck are ya doin’. Buyin’ drugs? I don’t fucken’ know what yer doin’ out here in the middle of the night with a bunch of random fucking guys.”

“Why does it matter so much to you anyway?” You say in annoyance.
“Cause yer my friend ya stupid dumb ass!”

You stare in surprise at the skeleton standing before you.

“Sh-Shit!” Sans pulls his hood tighter over his head as the whole thing reddens slowly from the cervical vertebrae upwards. He wants to teleport away, but that would admit defeat. He has too much pride to let you win.

Your face morphs slowly into a smile as you register what he said.

“Heh…?” You start to gloat.

“Sh-Shuttup! I-I didn’t mean that! I-I was jus’! Stop lookin’ at me like that!” He screeches.

You proceed to start giggling as he attempts to hide his glowing red face deeper into his fur.

“You can go get fucked by random strangers n’ see if I care!” He yells as you smile.

“But I know now that you do care Skulls. Ohhhhh! I feel so loved.” You take a step towards him.

“Stay the fuck over there. I am not hugging ya!” He snaps, stopping your approach.

You take a long sigh before you continue. You suppose you could try and be as honest as possible without giving away what you're actually doing. You need to be careful with him. Unlike other people who have accidentally found out about you, you can’t go about erasing his memories when something happens. It’s a little worrying that you're unable to use your ability on him. You want to continue hanging out with him, but he needs to stop snooping into your Friday business immediately.

“Skulls… I’m not going out on Fridays to have sex, buy drugs, or do anything strange. It’s just…. ”

You try and think how to word it so he has a satisfying answer without actually telling him what you
“So I have this very rare, uh… condition.” You start.

“Really, ya got another shitty disease? Are all humans just a bunch a weaklin’s full of dumbass diseases?” Sans growls.

“They all kinda tie into each other actually. Um… So I have to do this thing once a week, kinda like a ritual. If I don’t… I get really sick. It isn’t anything weird or sexual, and it isn’t dangerous or anything like that. But I have to find another person to do it with each week.”

Sans gives you a skeptical look. “N’ what’s this dumbass ritual?” He demands, raising a brow bone.

“Remember how you aren’t allowed to talk about stuff that happened underground. Well… people who have the uh… condition. We aren’t really supposed to talk about the ritual.”

San’s definitely isn’t buying it. He fidgets a little before he takes a long sigh.

“Ya… ya know…. ya can just ask?”

“Ask what?”

His eyelight won’t meet yours.

“I’m sayin’ if ya gotta do this shit every week so ya won’t get sick, ya can just ask me ta help ya instead of going out in the middle of the night with a stranger…”

Your eyes go wide with shock. Sure he didn’t know what he just suggested but, you did not expect him to offer help.

“What!! No! Definitely no! I do not do this with people I know.”
“H-How the fuck is it better to do with strangers in the middle of the night?”

“It's really awkward to do it with someone you know.”

“I thought ya said it ain't anything weird r' sexual?!”

Your mind goes to many of the movies and fictional renditions of vampires you've seen... Ok, sooo... it wasn’t suppose to be sexual, but humanity definitely thinks it is. It probably ties in with biting and domination kinks or something.

“Well... it's kinda weird. Also I don’t think I can do it with you... because... um.” He stands there looking up at you impatiently. “Well... I’ve never tried doing it with a monster before, so I don’t know if it would work.”

His face is instantly pissed but behind the anger... there's little bit of hurt.

“F-Fuck you!” He yells.

“Listen Skulls... I don’t have anything against your species. You know that.”

“So what. I ain't good enough for ya, cause I’m a monster.”

“It's not... Trust me... Its biology. Humans have stuff that monsters don’t, and vice versa. I kinda need something that only humans have.”

“Like what? I thought ya said it's a fuckin’ ritual.”

“I-it’s complicated. I know how to do it with a human safely so everything’s fine and it gets done quickly. I’ve never tried it with a monster. Personally, I don’t even know if it would work with a monster. My bet is that it won’t, and you could get hurt.”

“Ya just said it ain’t dangerous!”
“Because I know what I’m doing when it’s with a human.”

“I feel like yer jus’ makin’ shit up.”

“Skulls… I am going to assure you. You do not want to do the ritual with me. It would definitely freak you out. And I i’m pretty sure monsters can’t do it.”

He folds his arms defensively and looks right into your eyes with his eyelights.

“I ain’t scared. Try me.”

“I…. I already did it today so-”

“Fine, next Friday then. I bet I’m better than a bun’cha dumbass humans.”

“Skulls, you really don’t-”

“I can do a fucken ritual jus’ fine.”

Crap… what are you suppose to say to convince him otherwise. Its like you offended him by telling him that monsters can't participate in your weekly drinking. He really doesn’t like being told humans can do things he can't.

“As a person who knows what the ritual entails, and as your friend. I am going to advise that you do not want to do this.”

Sans stands there angrily, his arms folded. Why won’t you let him help you? Surely it's better he does the ritual with you instead of you going outside at night where it's dangerous just to find a stranger. Weren’t you supposed to be… f-friends. Friends help each other n’ shit. It shouldn’t matter if he’s a monster. He’s a much better choice than those trash. Why won’t you come to him with your problems? Why are you such a damn idiot?
“I can fucken do it.”

“I politely decline.”

“Too bad… I… I ain’t lettin’ ya go out at night doing stupid shit.” His eyelights look away from you..

“Wait… what.”

“It’s… It’s dangerous ya dumbass!”

“Skulls… I know I joke about how much of a weak dainty girl I am. But I’m definitely not in any danger, I’ve been doing this for years.”

It’s the people you drink with who are in danger...

“Are ya a complete idiot! Jus’ cause nothin’s happened yet don’t mean it ain’t gonna. I know what’cha humans do! Ya wanna get fucken’ raped! How bout kidnapped r’ murdered.”

Wow… he really is worried about you.

“Look.” You dig through your bag. “See I got the pepper spray. I’m totally fine.”

“Ya always say yer fine! Ya always say everything’s gonna be okay. Then ya go out and do something stupid, n’ the next thing ya know’s yer dust.”

“A-Actually-”

“Meat… whatever. People always say their gonna be fine. They can handle it. They’ll be back later. N’ then, they don’t come back. Their fucken’ dust in the snow. Everyone becomes fucken' dust in the snow cause they won’t listen when ya tell them not ta do somethin’ stupid!”
What's he talking about? He looks really upset. He starts breathing harder.

“Skulls it's not snowing-”

“Why can’t ya jus’ listen n’ stay inside when it's dangerous. Why does everybody gotta go outside n’ get killed because they think they can handle it. Why won’t they listen to me. Why does everybody leave! Why does everybody think they ain’t gonna die!”

His eyelights dilate slowly as he talks.

“Skulls!” You place one hand gently on his shoulder. “Hey! It’s ok. I’m really not gonna die. Nobody’s gonna die.”

His eyelights shrink when you touch him.

“Sh-Shit…” He flicks your hand off him.

“...Um…” You stand there awkwardly for a second as he looks at anywhere but you.

You knew that Sans cared about you a little. He did come to your ‘rescue’ last week. But you didn’t realize just how much he cared. Was he actually that attached to you? So much that he didn’t like you going out in the middle of the night alone. Normally if someone bothered you about your drinking night like this, you simply erased their memory of it, and continued to sneak out uninhibited. Sadly you can't use your quick fix on Sans. You can't just take away his memory so he wouldn’t have to worry about you. Making friends with a monster's proving to be more difficult than you thought.

“I… Uh. I’ll think about what to do so you won’t be worried.” Is all you can say.

“I-I ain’t fucken worried!”

“You just admitted that you are… come on Skulls.”
“Maybe if ya’d stop being such and damn idiot. Why-why can’tcha jus’ let me help ya.”

“It’s complicated. Can you try to trust me when I say, you do not want to help me with this issue.”

He looks away from you, takes a breath, and sighs.

“Tch fine, don’t see why a buncha stranger’s better’n me.”

“I’m gonna advise you not to be jealous of those people.”

“I ain’t fuckin’ jealous.”

“Mmmhmmm sure.” You laugh a little as you hold out your hand.

“You’re still friends with me right? Wanna take me home with that awesome magic of yours.”

He looks down at his feet, scratching at something in his pockets.

“Y-Yeah… whatever.”

He grabs your hand and the world spins before you’re spat back out in his usual spot near the entryway to your apartment.

“So I guess this is goodnight for sure this time.”

“Yeah, s’whatever.”

He waves as he walks away from you before disappearing before your eyes. Gahh… that magic never gets old.
You hear him moving around his apartment. Then suddenly.

“FUCKEN SHIT!” He screams.

“Skulls… what the heck!” You shout back through the wall.

“Boss’s coming over tomorrow!”

Why should that matter.

“I forgot to fuckin' clean!”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry I'm a bit late with this. For some reason I didn't feel like writing lately. I was a little disappointed with this chapter, as Sans felt a little off... But well, he is suppose to get plenty angry sometimes. I'm trying to have him get explosively angry less and less now that he knows the reader better. The conversation by the bathroom was initially planned completely different in my head, but often what I plan, and what comes out end up very different. I kinda just let the characters talk and whatever happens happens.

23 chapters in, and Sans finally audibly admits your friends. The slow burn is on guys.

Sidestories for this fick are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Cleaning with Sans

Chapter Summary

You help Sans clean his apartment

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You’re standing in the middle of Sans apartment after midnight with your shirt sleeve covering your nose. The entire place smells like sweet honey that's gone bad while sitting out in the sun for far too long. That, and the fast food stench of Grillby's grease and mustard. You stare wide eyed at the torrential mess of dirty clothes and garbage that lays at your feet. How did it even get like this so quickly? Even if you never picked up a single thing in your apartment for a whole week, there's no way it would even get half this bad. He has to be doing this on purpose.

“Skulls… how do you even manage to be this messy? It was relatively clean last Saturday.” You say in slight shock.

“Tch... Ya gonna jus’ stand there complainin’r are ya gonna help me do this?” Sans scowls as he collects the remains of his filthy sock tornado from earlier into his arms.

“Yeah, yeah. You’re lucky I love ya little dude.” You say, still disturbed at all the mess.

“N’ stop sayin’ shit like that.” He growls, fumbling with the socks.

“What? Don’t like being called little?” You smile behind your sleeve.

“The other shit.”

“Ahhh, but I know you love it.”

“What I would love, is fer ya ta shut yer trap'n get ta work.”
You grab the trashcan in the kitchen and begin to scour the counters and table, throwing all the empty wrappers away into it. Seriously the trashcan is nearly empty and in the same room, he could have easily thrown his trash away instead of leaving it all over the place.

“By the end of the night you’re gonna be in love with me for all the cleaning I’m gonna help you with.” You say gleefully as you work.

Sans continues to attempt to pick up his socks, but a few keep slipping out of his arms.

“As if. I would rather love fer ya ta dust inna ditch.”

“My body is made of meat thank you.”

“Whatever, meattify inna ditch.”

“I think you’re looking for the word rot.”

“Fine. I would love fer ya ta rot inna ditch.”

“Thank you, much better.”

Sans gets annoyed with the socks and a moment later you watch as he drops the whole pile on the floor. You’re about to mock him for losing to a pile of socks when he raises his hand. A blue outline covers the pile with a few extra socks and, with a twitch of his hand, they suddenly float upwards. You don’t know when it happened, but you dropped the trash bin on your foot.

“Skulls! You have psychokinesis! What! When! Why didn’t you tell me.” You nearly scream as you dance on the spot.

“The fuck is psycho-whatsits. It’s jus’ blue magic. N’ stop yelling.” He growls, as he walks past you towards his bedroom.

He keeps his hand still in the air, the pile of socks trailing ahead of him.
“But it's so awesome!” You say as you watch.

“I’m jus’ cleaning a pile of dirty socks off a floor. N’ yer supposed ta be helping. Where's all that love n’ shit I’m suppose to be feeling fer ya amazin’ cleanin’ skills.”

You quickly gather the spilled trash bin from off the floor and begin stuffing the trash back into it. Sans returns from his room a moment later, holding a hamper with nothing but dirty socks in it.

“Skulls…. Skulls…!” You say as you work, slowly following the trash into the living room.

“What!”

“Ya gotta tell me how you do that?”

“How the fuck am I suppose ta tell someone with no magic how it works?”

“I don’t know, I’ll take whatever explanation you have. I wanna know what using magic feels like.”

Sans leans against the armrest of his couch, sets his hamper down, and grins that lazy sharp toothed grin at you. He raises a brow bone, before he lifts his arm out of his pocket. His freshly dirtied pair of heart print boxers surround with blue light, slowly lifting off the floor. Lazily, he flicks his hand and it tosses itself into the hamper.

“I dunno… I don’t think’n idiot like you would get it. It's like if ya were ta try splainin' what taking a shit feels like ta me. I ain’t got no muscles, n’ you ain’t got no magic.”

He continues to select clothing one at a time off the floor, flicking them into the hamper. Relishing in your face as you watch him work from the corner of your eyes.

“Weeeell, if you wanted to know so badly, all you had to do was ask.” You say, a grin forming on your face. ”It feels like squeezing.”
“STOP! I was being sarcastic. I don’t wanna fuckin' know how yer gross body works.” He growls, flicking another pair of boxers into the basket.

You smile back at his smug face as you continue picking trash off the floor. “…imagine how you somehow drink from a straw.” You continue regardless.

“I said I don’t wanna know!”

“But instead of pulling liquid in.”

“STOP!!!”

“It's like pushing-”

You’re straightening up from collecting trash when you feel the hamper slam onto your head, dirty socks spilling out around you in the darkness. You stand still… a little shocked actually. The gross smell of soured magic all around you. You grab the edge of the hamper and lift it off your head, peeking out at Sans who’s hand is still in the air. He looks a little shocked as well.

“Ya… ya weren’t shutting up so…” He says quietly, sweat beginning to form on his skull.

“So you threw your filthy laundry on my head?” You say, as you pull a sock from the front of your shirt.

“Ya talk about filth n’ ya might as well become one with it.” He growls, partial grin on his face.

You both have a momentary stare off in silence. Ohh… hes gonna get it. But not now. Not while his guards up. He's too good at escaping.

“Sides', ya said I could throw ya in'ta a wall when ya deserve it…” He shrugs nervously as he watches you.

“So you magically threw your gross magical sweaty clothes on me! Skulls! I know what monster
sweat is."

“Most of it evaporates!” He growls back.

“Dude, this stuff is rancid!”

“Well maybe ya shouldn't talk shit if ya can’t take it.” He says, smiling at his wording.

You fake sigh in defeat as you pull the entire hamper off your head. Sans flinching a little when your eyes flick over him.

Later… you're gonna get him later.

“Whatever, let's get back to cleaning.” You say as you pick up the hamper.

You place it back in front of him and continue piling trash into your own bin. Once you move away, he starts to magically throw his dirty clothes back in the hamper. This time at a much faster and less showy rate.

You finish picking up the trash, and head over to the sink. Finding an old rag and some soap, you lather down the counters and table with water. How are there so many mustard stains everywhere?

“Ya jus’ kinda imagine it, let yer magic out, n’it works.” Sans says quietly from the other room. “S’long as ya got a good strong mental image’a what ya want, it usually does it’s thing.”

Oh, he’s actually gonna tell you.

“If ya need ta move yer arms'r whatever with it, ya can jus’ tell. Ya feel it when ya ain’t doing it right. It kinda tugs at ya funny'n you’ll adjust till it's right.” He says as he collects clothes from behind you.

“What does it feel like to 'let out your magic’?” You ask, fully interested.
“Kinda like somethin’ hot rushin’ through ya. I usually got magic moving through me at'a regular speed. But when I need ta actually materialize n’ ability, s'like n’ extra burst'a energy surges through ya.”

Huh… That actually sounds a lot like when your blood rushes. You feel a lot of heat, energy, and power push through your veins to the tips of your fingers, awaiting your call.

“Every type'a monster’s got their own specific type'a magic, but there are a few abilities that’re shared. Most monster’s can learn fire magic, fer example, but some'r naturally better’n others at it.”

“So you can throw fireballs?” You ask, feeling yourself getting excited.

You try to stay calm as you ask. Sans is more willing to talk in a relaxed environment. If you stay calm, he'll probably tell you more.

“Eh… Never was very good at fire magic myself. Boss can make a pretty good stream of it if he really want's ta. Fire magic ain’t really a skeletons specialty.”

“Heh… tell that to Ghost Rider.”

“Who?” He asks.

“He's a fictional superhero who becomes a fiery skeleton when his flesh is consumed by hellfire.” You try and explain.

Sans rolls his eyelights… “Fucken humans.” He grumbles.

You scrub harder into an old clod of mustard that's giving you problems. It's thick and off color. Really, how does this happen in one week?

“So, what’s your specialty?” You ask.
“Space time warpin’, n’ bone attacks. Also blue attacks, which’r gravity based. Thus connected ta space time.”

“You just mentioned space time warping like it’s not amazing.” You say in amusement.

“It ain’t.” He says simply.

You push harder into the stain getting annoyed. “Skulls… that is like, the coolies thing ever. If humans could get a hold of anything that would allow them to teleport around, or even teleport objects, it would collapse the entire transportation industry and help shrink out carbon footprint. It would upset the literal balance of the human world, which is basically the whole world, seeing as monsters only live in this city.”

“As much as I’d like ta see that, it’s specific ta me. Ya humans can sit there n’ keep producing yer toxic waste fer all I care. Produce it till ya kill yerselves.” He growls back.

“But you've got that interdimensional box thingy on your phone. I can use it, and I’m not a monster. Couldn’t someone copy even a small version of your ability and get it working with technology?”

He stays quiet for a moment, picking up laundry in silence.

“It would take a huge source a magic ta run somethin’ like my shortcut onna phone app. Even onna small scale, like fer moving pocket object’s round, the magic use would be enormous. Sides’, it doesn’t work unless ya been there recently, so ya’d have ta get information fer where ya wanted ta go. Then ya’d have to getta magic chip ta cross signal with regular technology n’ convert the variable data in ta concrete numbers. Specifically ya'd have to come up with a map a the world n’ have it stored on yer phone. N’then, ya'd have to get the map data n’ convert it inta magitek language so the app could communicate back n’ forth with all the areas. N’then! After all that, ya'd need a way ta keep the map updated. It’s gotta be recent information or the shortcut won’t work…”

You watch as the angry skeleton before you, drops off the face of the planet into some sort of nerd hole. Did he mention something called magitek. Is that… is that a programming language? You feel yourself getting more and more excited. As he talks, you pull out your phone's mapping program and wave it at him.

“Soo… something like this.” You call from across the room.
“Wha..?” He looks up from collecting the last of the laundry at your phone.

“We already have most of the world mapped, and our phones can easily access it.” You say, grinning.

“What! All'a it?” He asks.

“Nearly all of it. Skulls you really need to get with the times. I’m gonna be embarrassed hanging out with you if you act surprised with my almighty human technology.”

“Lemmie see that!”

He walks up to you and you hand over your phone. You've loaded your apartment address into the mapping program, and his sockets widen as he looks.

“Here, you hold like this with your finger to move the camera around.” You say as you demonstrate while he holds the phone. "If you tap these arrows over here, you can move through the view ports. See, it's our apartment.”

He watches you mess with the screen for a bit before you remove your finger. He puts one of his bony fingers on the screen and slides it around. Nothing happens.

“Why ain't it fuckin' working?” He growls in annoyance.

You watch as he appears to be doing it correctly… oh… wait...

“Skulls… by any chance… do monsters bodies not hold electric charges?” You ask.

“We ain’t suppose ta hold ’lectricity. Our bodies'r made'a magically charged particles, remember.”

“Oh… well you aren’t gonna be able to use this then. The majority of phones use capacitive screens
which require you to be able to hold an electric charge.”

You expect him to complain about humans making a shitty product or something, but instead he looks at the screen a little closer.

“Huh… splains’ why Boss changed is’ mind about gettin’ n’up ta date phone. Bet ya could make one based off’a magic charge pretty easy though.”

“Wait, if you can’t hold electricity… How did that buzzer work.”

Sans sharp grin widens. “Most'a the stuff that fell underground gets pretty wrecked n’ looses all its electricity’ inna water. So I modified it ta work with'a magic charge instead.”

You narrow your eyes at him as he hands your phone back.

“Skulls… what was your occupation underground?”

Sans swivels on the spot and goes over to his now overflowing hamper. Sweat forming on the back of his skull.

“Jus’... Jus’ worked as a sentry under my bro, remember.” He says, keeping his face turned away.

“Had any hobbies… interesting hobbies… maybe, nerdy tech hobbies?” You ask. Pressing for answers.

“A-All I did was my sentry work. Maybe sold a hotdog'r two atta stand, m’too lazy ta do anythin’ else.”

“Mmmmmhmmm hotdogs… sure.” You say as you scrub at a another stain.

He picks up one last pile of clothes and slowly puts it into the hamper keeping his back turned towards you.
“Heh… c-customers were always annoyed I was outta mustard.” He chuckles.

“Skulls. You suck at lying.” You say in annoyance.

He stops in front of the hamper.

“I ain’t lyin’… I’m jus’.” He sighs. "Look... it ain’t somethin’ I wanna talk about.”

He picks up the hamper and moves it near his entryway door.

“Oh… well… that’s all you have to say and I’ll shuttup. Um... You know, people who understand how things work are considered quite valuable above ground. You really shouldn’t be embarrassed.”

“I ain’t fuckin’ embarrassed… s’jus’... shit happened, n’I don’t do that anymore.”

“Oh... okay that's fine...” You say.

You aren't gonna push him if he really doesn't wanna talk about it. Right as you're about to stop asking you remember something he said.

“Umm, can I ask one more question before I drop the subject?”

He sighs, “What,” and turns to face you.

“Did… did you just mention a programming language for magic?” You ask. Hoping he'll answer.

His grin is back on, and it quickly stretches beyond his sockets.

“I dunno… maybe.” He says gleefully.
“Is there a way I can get a hold of said language?” You ask in earnest.

“I thought ya said ya got almighty human technology… what'cha need my archaic behind’a times shit for?” The smile on his face manages to stretch further as he watches you with his shit eating grin.

Oh... this little skelescum. He knows what you want. Why does he always gotta be a little butthead about everything? He is playing a dangerous game with you tonight.

“I just… want to look at it. See how it handles variables, objects, and database management systems when magic doesn’t work on constants. How does it work when your information is based on concepts rather than constants? Whoever wrote it had to be a dang genius.”

He lifts a hand and scratches behind his skull, making that strange bone scraping sound you’re starting to get use to.

“Well, it don’ matter what'cha want. The king ordered we don’t go round handing out r’ stuff’n knowledge out ta humans without proper documentation n’ approval. N’yer human government agreed ta prosecute anyone who tries ta steal it off us. What'cher basically asking me’s illegal.”

You lean your body onto the now clean kitchen table groaning, still clutching the mustard stained rag.

“Noooo… This is so dumb. Bureaucracy can go die. We need to hurry up and stop hating each other so I can have access to your awesome magical monster technology.” You moan as you watch him walk past you.

You clap your hands while holding the rag in front of your head. “Just… just a little peek, Skulls. I promise I won’t tell anyone.” You say, pleading.

He glares at you as he passes, heading down his hallway.

“S’far as yer government’s rules about magic, I don’t give a damn. But I ain’t goin’ against the king. I already put my bro inna nuff’ trouble cause'a stupid shit I pulled with humans underground. M’not gonna do it again.”
You rub at a small dent on his table as you pout. “Okay…”

A moment later, he comes back with a cheap old vacuum cleaner. You're duly amazed old vacuum cleaners like this still exist, and that he appears to have it in working condition.

“How’s yer bathroom cleaning stuff?” You ask before he can turn the archaic monstrosity on.

“S’all under the bathroom sink.” He answers.

You nod your head and proceed to walk out of the kitchen, down the hall, and into his bathroom. The sound of his vacuum turning on following you out. This is the only room you haven’t been into, besides popping your head in last week. You immediately notice leftover water stains from his earlier shower, and you walk through a few puddles across the floor. There's a singular damp towel hanging on the wall with familiar red makeup stains on it.

You open the cabinet under his sink, looking around for his cleaning supplies. All you find are a simple all purpose bathroom spray and a small sponge. It makes sense he doesn’t have any toilet paper under here considering... You look over at the toilet rack and notice it’s empty too. He's definitely not prepared to have any human guests over.

You pull out the spray and sponge and take a look at the items on his sink. He has the normal necessities of toothbrush and toothpaste, though you've never heard of MTT Sparkle Death flavored paste. He also has a few other things you've never seen, including a container called bone moisturizer, joint gel, liquid magic wash, and a very large file.

You carefully move all his things off the sink and onto the floor, getting it ready to be scrubbed down. You'll have to give his faucet and mirror a good wash. They're covered with white and red splatter stains. Courtesy of the haunt's makeup of course. Besides the stains, there's something else on the sink you can't identify. Across and around the edges are particles of some sort of white powdery residue. You take a closer look, trying to figure out what it is. It's a bunch of transparent white dusty particles. They almost seem to give off a glow.

You go ahead and begin to scrub the mirror anyway, wiping it dry with the only hand towel he has hanging up. Then you clean around his sink, wetting up the strange dusty powder. It gives off a mild smell of vanilla and sugar once it gets wet, contrasting highly with the overpowering rotten stench of Sans apartment. It smells nice, but its nothing like Sans. What is this…? Nothing in any of his bottles
or containers have this in it.

You finish with the sink and look at the toilet. Besides a layer of dust, and what looks to be more of that strange powder, its untouched. You quickly wipe it off and move to the shower bath combo. Streaks of red flow down the tub, probably more remains of the haunt makeup. Along the edge of the tub is another bottle of magic wash, and of course, your bottle of makeup remover.

You clean the shower remarking at how much easier it is without hair getting all over it. Guess he wouldn’t have any body hair, he just has… bones. It's so strange to think about. You're in the bathroom of a species who doesn’t share any of your core evolutionary traits. Even a cow has more in common with you biologically speaking. He’s so different… come on, he has bone moisturizer… Yet, everything is still very human… He still brushes his teeth. He still showers. Gahh, you are so happy you stayed alive this long. You could have missed being here. Now. Making friends with such an interesting guy. You wouldn’t trade these moments for anything.

The vacuum clicks off, and a moment later you hear Sans wheeling it down the hall and into the closet. He pokes his head in, lightly glaring… or maybe that’s just his natural face.

“Almost done,” You call as you finish scrubbing more of the red bath ring away. “By the way… what was with that weird powder you had all over your sink?”

“What, ya mean dust.”

“No, it was white.”

“Yeah… s’ my dust.”

You instantly get worried.

“I… I thought… You aren’t dying are you?”

“Wha… no. S’jus’ dust that comes off naturally.”

“Oh… Yeah I guess human skin and hair sheds off too.”
He makes a face when you say that.

“Hey. I just cleaned up your sheddy mess. You got it all over the sink. Did I make a big fussy face about it? No!”

“S’till gross.” He waves as he walks back out.

You finish cleaning the tub and walk into the kitchen. Sans is already there, replacing his now empty trash with a new bag. The few cups he had in the sink have been washed and organized in his cupboards. The stench in the house would be going away, if he didn't leave his overflowing hamper of dirty laundry sitting by the door.

“Anything else left to clean, o overbearing skeleton lord.” You ask.

He yawns, which is always weird because his mouth just seems to stretch without opening. He looks over his kitchen and living room quickly before shaking his head.

“Good, then get yourself to sleep, it's really late.” You say as you walk over to his entryway and slip on your shoes.

“Yeah, yeah…” He yawns again from behind you.

“And Skulls…”

“Mmmhmm.”

You swing around quickly and pull him into a tight hug, managing to bring his feet off the floor in the process.

“Goodnight.” You whisper evilly into his earhole.
His body instantly freezes.

“Pu-Put me the fuck down!” He yells as he starts to struggle with his arms pinned to his sides.

You let him down laughing at his surprised face.

“That’s for dumping your laundry on me.” You say smugly.

Once his feet hit the floor, he immediately backs away. You continue laughing at his sleepy, yet rage filled face.

“G-get out!” He snarls.

You let yourself out as you laugh, shutting the door behind you. Your apartment is quiet when you enter and you decide to pass your remaining waking hours playing video games before you hit the bed. You want to try out a new game that just came out. It's got a bunch of talking animals and is almost completely dialog. Something about a cat in a forest.

When it gets late enough for you to finally sleep you shut off your computer. You head down your hallway and stop when you hear strange grunting and whimpering noises coming from your wall. It's been awhile since he’s done this. You stop and listen for a moment. It really does sound like he's having some personal time, but he said he wasn't doing that.

“Skulls… you ok?” You call softly.

The noise continues.

“Skulls.” You try a little louder. You hear a sob. Is he… crying.

“SANS, WAKE UP!” You shout, starting to bang on the wall.

You hear a loud thump followed by a groan.
“You’re doing that thing again!” You say through the wall.

“S-Sorry...” His voice weakly calls back.

Well… that’s a rarity. You aren’t looking for an apology though.

“It’s fine… You alright?” You ask.

“Yeah...”

“Okay... but seriously, get some sleep.”

He doesn’t respond, so you go to your bathroom and brush your teeth. After you’re done, you listen at the wall for a bit. The apartment is silent. You head into your own bedroom and lay down.

You really do worry about this guy. He may growl, and snarl that he’s ok, but to you, he seems like a little guy in a world full of people who don’t understand him. You get the feeling he’s hiding a lot of repressed issues under all that anger. From what you’ve heard about the underground, you can understand why he isn’t very good at expressing himself. Contrary to what Sans claims monster souls are made of, it didn’t exactly sound like a place that fosters love and compassion about one’s feelings.

You’re trying your best to be a good friend, but you’re worried it may not be enough. Something really bad happened down there, and he’s still suffering from it. Enough that he has minor flashbacks like that one earlier. Heck, he had a major attack the night he smashed up your TV and apartment.

You shake your head. While you do want to help him out, you shouldn’t get too fond of him. It always hurts the most when you get attached. No matter what you want, you’re a vampire. While you haven’t always enjoyed being alive, you were relatively content with your life right now. Sure, you like having friends here or there to ease the passing boredom of moving through time, but you need to be careful about getting too attached. You aren’t sure how long monsters live, but it’s probably nowhere near as long as you. Watching another person you’ve grown attached to grow old and die is not on your list of fun things to do if you want to continue with your current state of contentment. Unlike your human friends you can’t toss him away easily with a simple mind wipe once he’s gotten too close. A monster like him is gonna be much more difficult. Hopefully his hatred of humans will keep him from getting completely attached to you.
You sigh as you listen to the static hum of silence in the room. You'll try to be careful, but it's really hard when you enjoy his company so much. Some people may think he’s a mean guy, but you actually enjoy his enthusiasm when it comes to him shouting and swearing at you. The best part is, it's pretty obvious he doesn't want to say half those things. It's like he doesn’t know a better way to communicate. Heh... He’s like a cat that wants to be pet, but is afraid of hands.

You roll over onto your side and make a mental note to see what happens if you try and pet his head. You laugh a little as you imagine his face. It amazes you how expressive a skeletons face can be. Watching his little red eyelights change in brightness and shape. Who knew eye sockets could be dark and soulless one second, then lidded, angry, or surprised the next? You snicker as you remember some of his reactions to you teasing him. His round head heating like a little cherry in both anger and embarrassment. That's always the best.

Perhaps tomorrow you'll get to see more of that.

You wake in the late morning and stretch your limbs groggily. Checking your phone, you hop out of bed. There's a few emails from work, but you won’t have to pay attention to them until Monday. You open the undernet app and smile. Papyrus took pictures of all the groceries hes gonna bring over today. Guess he’s gonna cook some sort of noodle dish.

You hit the like button as you get out of bed and get ready for the day. You decide to get started on laundry, but the sun is a little bright out. You quickly dawn a sweatshirt and pull the hood up, before grabbing your laundry basket with your hands pulled into the sleeves. The sun beats down on you as you walk to the laundry room. You angle your head out of the light inside your hoodie. It makes you feel a bit nauseous, but the room isn’t far so you ignore it.

As you walk along the building, you notice someone standing in front of the door. He lives on the other side of the complex. You try and remember his name… Frank or something. Mid thirties. Balding. Often has a girlfriend over.

He’s scratching his arm when he looks up at you in worry.

“Uhh… there’s a… a thing in there.” He seems to be warning you.

“A what?”
You get excited. Maybe it's a raccoon. You love animals, even if they hate you. For some reason they can sniff out the vampirism and automatically start barking, hissing, or growling at you. Unless you raise them from birth, animals seemed to think you were the devil incarnate.

“Ya know… one of those things.” He says, looking nervous.

“You quickly move to the laundry door and unlock it, peeking inside. All you see is a passed out Sans slouched in one of the waiting chairs.

You sigh turning to the balding man as you hold the door open a crack. “They are called monsters, not things. You got me all excited over a wild animal or something.”

“They’re basically… that doesn’t bother you.” He says, scratching a bit more at his arm as he shifts his weight from foot to foot nervously.

“Um, not cool.” You give him a look. “You know, he lives next door to me. He’s a pretty fun guy once you get past his shell.”

“Ya’ve talked to it-them.” He seems surprised.

“Maybe you should try it next time, before judging based off appearances. Trust me, he won’t bite. Heh… he might growl a bit. He’s a little standoffish like that.”

“It’s not that… well I mean, they just look so, creepy ya know.”

“Yes… that’s a general feeling that may surface when dealing with a species that aren’t evolutionary related to you.” You state.

He continues to stand there eyeing the door. You pick up your laundry basket, starting to feel your nausea worsen without your layers of clothes to protect you. As much as you would like to stand here discussing with this guy about the fun of overcoming species related issues, you need to get inside.
“I’ve got laundry to do, and a dorky little skeleton dude doesn’t bother me, so I’m gonna head inside. My advice… give them a chance before you decide to be scared of them. You never know, they could turn out to be totally cool.”

You kick the door open wider with your foot, and shuffle inside with your laundry basket. You look over at Sans as you walk inside. He’s drooling slightly as he slouches in the chair. Did he really wake up earlier than you to do his laundry? You check on the washing machines and notice they aren’t running.

“Skulls… Skulls wake up!” You say quietly.

He continues to sleep, so you put down your basket and walk up to him. There are enormous bags under his closed sockets. You reach your hand out and gently flick his forehead. He jumps in his seat almost falling off the chair.

“Shit! What!” He snarls, eyelights glowing. He stops panicking when he sees you laughing in front of him.

“I see you are also a connoisseur of Saturday morning laundry.” You say, laughing. “How early did you get up this morning?”

“I don’ know…” He moans, slowly reaching for his phone. He takes one look at the time and yells, “Shit!” before typing out a reply.

Once he's sent it, he walks over to the machines. He pockets his phone and begins to empty the clothes into his hamper. You bring your own laundry over and load up a machine as well.

“I was tryin’ ta get the laundry out early'n let the place air out.” He yawns.

“Mmmm… you know. This door always stays locked. You can probably leave your laundry down here without sticking around. If your stuff goes missing it's pretty obvious it's someone who lives here.”

“N’what if I don't want nosy humans touchin' my stuff.” He says, glaring at you.
“What! Who would do something like that. Not me…” You laugh looking guilty.

You load some quarters into the machine along with detergent, and you fiddle with the half broken dial trying to find a setting you like. “Soo… when’s he coming over?”

“Inna hour. N’ya ain’t invited so ya better keep ta yourself this time.”

“Okay.. okay.. I wasn’t planning on it anyway.” You say as you click on the machine and listen to it start. Once your done, you pull your sweatshirt back over your hands and hood over your head.

“Have fun with your bro.” You say as you leave.

Sans gives a small grunt as he continues stuffing his wet clothes into the machine.

Once inside your apartment, you immediately throw off the sweatshirt. You decide to continue that cat game from last night. You get yourself comfortable on the couch with your laptop, and start it up. An hour later you hear the familiar sounds of Papyrus’s voice booming through the wall. You continue playing through the noise, wondering if you should grab your headphones. You’re about to get up when you hear a knock at your door. You put your laptop down and walk to your door. You open it to two pinpricks of red light glaring up at you.

“Uh… yes?” You answer as you look down at Sans. He's sweating a bit. His face scrunches up into a scowl and he folds his arms defensively.

“Boss… ah… n’vited ya over fer dinner.” He says simply.

Your face breaks into a smirk.

“N’ stop looking so damn smug about it.” He growls.

You quickly slide your shoes on, and walk over to where you threw off the sweatshirt, pulling it on again. You tuck your hands in, and pull the hood over your head. Sans gives you a funny look.
“Ya gotta do that every time ya go outside?” He asks.

“It comes with the status of being allergic to sunlight.” You reply.

“S’fucken wierd.”

You shrug your shoulders and attempt to walk out your door. Sans blocks the way.

“Umm?” You question.

“I… uh… I gotta warn ya.” He won’t look you in the face.

“I… uh… I gotta warn ya.” He won’t look you in the face.

“About?”

He takes a deep breath.

“He takes a deep breath.

“About my bro’s cookin’. “

Chapter End Notes

I do bird fostering for when people suddenly need to get rid of their birds and they need a temporary home for them while they are getting adopted. On one occasion we had a cockatiel come in who was super afraid of hands, but always wanted to be pet. You had to pet him with a chopstick or he would bite the ever living piss outta you. Luckily I got him through his fear somewhat, but it was always hilarious to me. For some reason that bird reminds me of Sans...

Hope everyone had fun this chapter. I know finals are coming up for the peeps in school. Good luck and work hard! I know you can do it.
We're missing the third wheel!

Chapter Summary

You get threatened by skeletons. Papyrus and you have some real talk.

Chapter Notes

Had to take a break last week. But don't worry, I'm not quitting this story any time soon. Sometimes I just need a break, or more time to write the chapter. I actually wanted to finish the whole dinner this chapter, but it ended up being longer, so the dinner will be broken up into two parts now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“What…? It can’t be anything as bad as yours was last week. He even had a cook off with someone and won.” You say, facing Sans in front of your doorway.

Well… claimed he won. Apparently this DeathFish21 character disagreed quite heavily when Papyrus posted the results on his Undernet account.

“Heh… Undyne ain’t any better n’ him. They’re both equally bad.” Sans chuckles.

“So… like, how bad are we talking.”

“Lady… my cookin’s last week’s like the blessin’s of heavens mana n’ comparison.”

You stare at his face for a second looking for a joke that isn’t there. He’s serious.

“Am… Am I gonna die if I eat it?”

He scratches the back of his head slowly, keeping his eyes averted.
“It… It can’t kill… The kid ate it n’ was fine… So ya should be… alright?”

He looked more like he was trying to convince himself than you. You start to get worried. While your body does have the capability to digest food that isn’t blood. It doesn’t do it very well. You’re only able to consume small amounts of it every few days. You’re also pretty sure your superior sense of smell made it more difficult to consume food that didn’t pass your extremely high standards. Smell being related to taste and all that.

“Skulls… I have a weak stomach. That’s why I mostly drink my meals.”

He gives you an annoyed look.

“Ya got such a weak constitution. S’like everythin’s out ta kill ya. N’ ya ask me how I’m still alive with one HP.”

“It’s all a matter of perspective.” You smirk in your head. You have a few weaknesses sure, but compared to your strengths. This is nothing. “I mean… I’ll try my best. But I can’t promise it won’t come back up. I’ll tell him I’m not very hungry or something if it gets too bad.”

Sans gives a long sigh before he folds his arms defensively.

“Yeah… It ain’t gonna work like that with’im. I’ll… uhh. See what I can do… About the food.”

You look him over trying to figure out what he’s implying.

“What does that even mean.”

“Jus’ don’t eat it’n I’ll take care of it.” He won’t look at you.

“O…K?”

He sidesteps away from your doorway and lets you pass. You move ahead of him towards his door and he follows. You grasp the handle about to push the door open when you feel a force slam it shut.
There's a faint blue glow surrounding it. Suddenly the air behind you becomes pressured.

“Skulls?”

You turn around to a blank faced skeleton. Sans slams one hand on the door blocking you from moving as his eyelights glare upwards. The pressure in the air intensifies as he looks at you.

“I know ya were jus’ jokin’ last week. But if ya ever threaten Boss again like that.”

You stare down at his face. He’s serious about warning you. Your own face slowly breaks into a smirk, challenging him.

“Hoh?” You lean down matching his face. “And what’s gonna happen if I do?” You ask in a low voice.

You watch as sweat breaks out on his skull. His usual sharp grin down turned. Suddenly his eyelights go out.

“Yer gonna have a bad time.”

You both stare each other down. He’s very serious. This guy must really love his brother. Suddenly your smirk widens and you start giggling.

“Holy Skulls…. I can’t believe you’re threatening me.” Your giggles turn into full on laughter at the small skeleton standing before you, attempting to threaten you in vain.

His eyelights turn back on, and you spot a dash of red run past his cheek bones. He removes his arm and steps back.

“I-I ain’t… I-I was jus’ sayin’.”

You laugh harder as he gets more flustered at your response. “It’s going to take a lot more than your doofus blank face to scare me.”
“I-It wasn’t… I-I was jus’ makin’ sure ya-.”

“Hahaha! You’ve destroyed my stuff with bone attacks, heheheh! Magically smashed me into walls, hahaha! And snuck into my house with a waifu pillow. And I still wanted to become friends with you. Do you really think that your cute little face is ever gonna scare me at all.”

The small dash of red is now a full on hot iron.

“What the fuck! Don’t say shit-”

“You! Threatening me! Seriously ME! Hahaha! You haven’t done that, -haha, since Radbrad. What? Are you missing him or something?”

“Like hell I would miss that little shit!”

“Hahaha! Don’t worry Skulls, he is forever a part of me. My inner twelve year old boy. Hehehe! You don’t need to miss him.”

“I-I was just tryin’ ta- STOP FUCKEN LAUGHING!”

Of course his yelling only makes you laugh harder. You brace your back against the door and hold your stomach as your eyes start watering.

“Oh my stars, Skulls, -hehehe! Don’t you even know me by now”

He folds his arms and looks downward.

“I-I do... It’s just-”

“And even if I somehow come off as untrustworthy to you. Hahaha! Do you really believe you have the charisma check to intimidate me.”
“Wha.. the fuck ya talkin-”

“Oh my gosh.... Hahaha… I can’t believe you don’t trust me with your brother!”

“Ye-Yer a human… so...”

You attempt to catch your breath for a moment as you process what he said. You lean harder against the door wiping your eyes from the tears that have gathered there.

“Skulls… really with the speciesism, again?”

“Look, ya-ya ain’t so bad…” He shifts in his position. “But humans have done a lotta shit”

“So what! I’m me! You know me!”

“I know… it’s jus-”

Suddenly you feel the weight of the door disappear from behind you. Your eyes go wide as you feel your body, now missing its support from behind, slowly start to fall backwards. Before you can hit the ground, you feel two very hard, yet firm arms catch you. You look up into the blank glaring sockets of Sans brother.

“Hey… Papyrus.”

“SANS! WHY IS THE FILTHY HUMAN FALLING FOR ME.” Papyrus growls out at his brother.

Sans stares at his brother through the door frame for a moment. Then, his grin suddenly stretches past his sockets. He chuckles.

“DON’T BE AN IDIOT SANS. I MEANT LITERALLY. IT IS ALREADY OBVIOUS SHE IS
Sans smiles further and his sockets crinkle.

“Dunno boss. But at least ya gotta nice catch.”

“SANS! WHY MUST YOU DESTROY THE SANCTITY OF OUR FAMILY MEAL TIME WITH YOUR DISGUSTING PUNS.”

“My digesting puns r’ great fer mealtimes.”

“SANS!”

“Yeah Skulls. Don’t destroy my family meal time with your disgusting puns.” You laugh.

“Ya ain’t even fam-”

“SANS! THIS FILTHY HUMAN CREATURE HAS ALREADY GIVEN YOU A CODE NAME! FROM WHEN HAS THIS STARTED?”

Sans stands there awkwardly for a moment, unable to respond. You decide to answer in the silence still held horizontally off the ground.

“It’s… just a part of his gamertag…”

Papyrus grabs and flips you, with surprising ease for a person with no muscle, and sets you down, now facing him. His arms squeeze your shoulders roughly as he looks you eye to socket.

“I DEMAND A CODE NAME IMMEDIATELY!”

Oh… shoot… coming up with nicknames on the spot almost always turns out terribly.
“Wha… uh… I’m not really all that great with nicknames.”

“NOT A NICKNAME, YOU IMBECILE. A CODE NAME. NICKNAMES ARE FOR USELESS FRIENDSHIPS, CODE NAMES ARE FOR WARRIORS.”

You immediately think of his own Undernet username BadSkull…

“Umm… bad guy…”

Horrible, you are just horrible at this.

“TCH… NEVERMIND. YOU ARE CLEARLY TERRIBLE AT THIS.”

He releases your shoulders and moves back into the apartment towards the kitchen.

“QUIT STANDING THERE LIKE AN IDIOT SANS, AND GET INSIDE!” He calls.

Sans shuffles into his own apartment and shuts the door. You give him a look and he shrugs. He walks over to his beat up couch and sits down staring at the already turned on TV. You follow hovering over your own preferred spot. Before you sit down, you decide to politely offer your services.

“If you… uh… need any help in the kitchen.” You start to offer Papyrus.

“WHAT! AND HAVE YOU RUIN MY MASTERPIECE. NEVER! YOUR PRESENCE HERE WOULD ONLY DISTURB THE DELICATE BALANCE OF MY PROFESSIONAL GRADE COOKING. FEEL FREE TO LAZE ABOUT ON THE COUCH WHILE I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, CREATE CULINARY GENIUS. NEYH HEH HEH.”

Papyrus holds up the utensil he was currently cooking with and slams it against the ceiling as he poses. You take a moment to stare, before shrugging and seating yourself on the couch. You direct your attention to the TV. It’s playing a show featuring the robot you looked up last week. The one
Sans claimed as the most attractive monster. He's co hosting some sort of survival game show where humans had to perform various acts of physical capability along with solving puzzles. Every time one of them failed they fell into a pit of water. It was interesting to note that Mettaton kept commenting on how tragic it was that they weren’t falling into acid or boiling water.

“So… wait… How does he film these shows if monsters aren’t allowed out of the city?”

“They gottum’-” Sans starts before he’s interrupted.

“What’s this human? Are you perhaps, interested in the work of the amazing Mettaton, the killer robot!”

Papyrus appears gripping the back of the couch having overheard your question. He’s holding a spoon covered in tomato sauce.

“Ah yeah… he seems pretty cool.”

Sans rolls his eyelights on the other end of the couch.

“Cool? Foolish human, he is beyond cool. Mettaton is a prime example of monster excellence. He exerts mastery over the three fundamentals important to every monster. Pain, punishment, and puzzles. All while looking magnificent at every angle. It is no surprise the pathetic human government made an exception for his travel out of this dull city for the purpose of filming more of his glory.”

You try and focus on Papyrus’s face as he speaks, but your attention is caught as some of the sauce begins to collect on the spoon he’s holding and starts to slide down the handle.

“Uhh… Boss…” Sans eyelights are also on the spoon. “Sh-shouldn’t ya-”

“SANS, DO NOT INTERRUPT THIS IMPORTANT CONVERSATION. AS I WAS SAYING HUMAN. METTATON RECEIVED SPECIAL EXCEPTION TO TRAVEL AND FILM THIS SHOW AS SOON AS WE WERE LET OUT OF QUARANTINE. IS IT NOT TRULY A FINE EXAMPLE OF ENTERTAINMENT MASTERY?”
He was giving you a look as though he expected an agreeing answer.

“I… uh… havn’t seen very much yet. But I’m liking what I’ve seen so far.”

You’re trying to be honest. Television isn’t really your thing. You watch a few shows, and yeah, a good amount of anime. But you only have time for so much. And most of that time goes to games.

As you answer the tomato sauce sinks lower on the handle of the spoon. Getting dangerously close to Papyrus’s hand.

“YES… I SEE THAT I WILL NEED TO... EDUCATE YOU IN PROPER ENTERTAINMENT VALUE.” Papyrus shifts his sockets. “OF COURSE A HUMAN SUCH AS YOU, WHO WISHES TO COURT ME WILL NEED THIS INFORMATION. IT PAINS ME TO DO SO, BUT I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WILL SUFFER THROUGH REWATCHING THE BASIC CATALOG WITH YOU FOR YOUR SAKE. NEYH HEH HEH.”

Sans places his skull in his palm on his side of the couch and sighs.

“PERHAPS AFTERWARDS YOU WILL BE A SMALL STEP CLOSER TO REACHING MY HIGH DATING STANDARDS, THOUGH I SERIOUSLY DOUBT IT. WE WILL START AT ONCE... AFTER DINNER IS PREPARED OF COURSE.”

Just as the sauce almost hits his hand, he turns away from the couch and stomps back into the kitchen. Looks like there won’t be any tomato accidents today.

You lean into the couch and continue to watch the show with mild interest, when your phone buzzes in your pocket.

**RadSkull:** do you even know what you just got yourself into

You look over at Sans who’s still watching the TV before typing out a reply.

You watch as Sans reads your response and shoots his eyelight over at you. He smirks silently, then goes back to watching the TV.

Don’t answer like that… What does that even mean. Skulls, what's your bro gonna do?

You're jarred from your thoughts as you listen to the sounds coming from the kitchen. There is definitely a pot boiling over, but that’s not what’s bothering you. Some sort of loud pounding is also happening in the background. You peek over the couch to see Papyrus, now with his hands ungloved, slamming his bone fist onto an almost pulverized onion. The items on the counter are bouncing with every pound. Next to him a pot of noodles are boiling over. Next to that, a pan of meat is sitting unattended on a glowing maximum heat stove top. Dark smoke starting to waft upwards away from the pan.

You decide to stop looking and simply slide lower into the couch away from the horror happening behind you. You hear chuckling from across the couch. You grab your cell phone and type out a message, trying to talk to Sans without his brother overhearing.

You: Skulls… is he punching an onion?

Sans gives you another low smirk as he reads your message.

RadSkull: Into submission yeah. Isn't that how u cook

You: The only thing you're supposed to punch in the kitchen is dough after it rises.

RadSkull: just wait till u find out his special secret seasoning.

The smell of burning meat begins to waft into the room from the kitchen.

You: What is it?
You read the message and quickly peek over the edge of the couch again trying to figure out what he’s talking about. You can’t see much of the items on the counter with your low perspective and Papyrus’s tall form in the way, but there doesn’t seem to be anything strange or out of ordinary in his collection of ingredients.

Suddenly the smell of burning intensifies and you notice a small fire break out on the pan with the meat. You’re about to open your mouth to say something when the fire alarm goes off. With all the skill and grace of practiced movement, Papyrus clicks the fire alarm off as though he was expecting it, and pulls the meat off the stove.

You turn around and try to focus on the TV, but you can’t believe what you just saw. Is… Is he using the fire alarm as a cooking timer? A small smile passes over your features. Holy crap, this is awesome. You didn’t even know it was possible for someone to be so bad at cooking, they would purposely use the fire alarm as a timer. The best part of all of this, is he somehow seems to think he’s really good at it. Your phone buzzes in your hand.

RadSkull: u better not say anything bad about his cooking

You look over and see Sans glaring at his phone.

You: Has nobody ever told him…

RadSkull: Nobody thats still alive

You scrunch up your face at the last text… Is Sans implying… his brother… killed people.

You: I’m pretty sure this Undyne person's said something about it

RadSkull: Undyne can say whatever she wants. Theyre friends

You: They are? I was under the impression they hated each other.
RadSkull: Trust me they are. Even if they think they aren't they are. U dont have that status, so u get to say nothing

You: I think I’m somehow his girlfriend…

Sans face scrunches up as he reads your last text. He glares at his phone and types harder.

RadSkull: U ARE NOT!

You smile a little as you read his text. You definitely hit a nerve there.

You: Somebody’s being protective.

RadSkull: My bros just humoring u because u dont completely piss him off

You: It’s called being nice Skulls, I’m nice, to your brother. And he enjoys my company because I’m nice.

RadSkull: Nice is the last word I would use to describe U

You: What? I’ve been nothing but nice to you.

RadSkull: Yeah, because fucking with me is being nice.

You: I don’t recall fucking you. Not even once.

Sans quickly glares at you from across the couch before looking back at his phone.
RadSkull: this is exactly what im talking about.

You: Then you need to stop talking about having sex with me.

“Gyahhhhhhh!” Sans screeches, tossing his hands in the air. “Why are ya so…” Sans looks worriedly over the couch to where Papyrus is cooking. He quickly quiets himself and relaxes back into the couch. Meanwhile you silently giggle in your own spot. Sans gives a sigh and goes back to typing.

RadSkull: anyway Ill take care of the food. I dont want u throwing up my bros cooking in front of him, so remember not to eat it.

You: You got it skelelord.

“SANS!” Papyrus suddenly yells from the kitchen. “I DO NOT HEAR PROPER SMALL CONVERSATION TOPICS BEING DISCUSSED WITH MY GUEST WHILE SHE WAITS. YOU MAY HAVE CONTRIBUTED NOTHING OF WORTH TO THIS HOUSEHOLD, BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN YOU CAN BRING DISHONOR TO OUR FAMILY. ENTERTAIN HER IMMEDIATELY!”

If only words could describe the smug smile that slides across your face when you register Papyrus’s request. You straighten up on the couch and turn your body to face Sans.

“Yeah Skulls. I require entertainment immediately. Boss's orders.”

Turbulent rage fills his face as he looks back at you. You can hear his bones cracking in his fists as he squeezes them in his pockets. He heaves a calming sigh and moves his eyelights away from you.

“...Wh-what... What's yer favorite color?”

You nearly bite down on your tongue to stop yourself from laughing before you answer.

“Bright embarrassed red.” You choke out.
“What the fuck kinda color s’tat?”

“SANS! LANGUAGE.”

You smile and continue the small talk, already knowing his answer before you ask.

“What’s your favorite color?” You ask back.

“Red… r’ black. Either’s fine.”

You nod your head. Exactly what you expected.

“Favorite food?” Sans asks.

“Strawberries… or perhaps something, red.” You say, smiling and looking into his eyelights.

He scrunches his brow bones in confusion. Guess he didn’t get it.

“I already know your favorite food.” You state.

You watch a longing look pass over his features. Eyelights once again almost resembling hearts. After a moment, he thinks of another question.

“Uhh… favorite… type’a music?” He asks.

“Video game music.” You answer. “Or really it could be anything that isn’t overly simple and repetitive.” You realize what you said just contradicted itself, but you pay it no mind. “I also already know this one about you. Mr. Metalhead.”
Sans smiles shyly and looks down. You’re actually pretty surprised at all the useless knowledge you’ve gathered about him in such a short time.

You hear the oven opening and closing, and suddenly Papyrus is marching in front of the both of you.

“NOW PITIFUL UNCULTURED HUMAN. I SHALL EDUCATE YOU WHILE THE FOOD COOKS TO PERFECTION. SANS QUICKLY, THE TAPES!”

Sans stares at his brother for a moment before he speaks.

“Boss… ya got all the Mettaton stuff at yer house. I didn’t take any of it. Sides’, I don’t gotta VCR.”

You feel your face twitch. They were still using VHS in the underground. You secretly wonder if the show was shot in that old square standard definition TV format.

“I-I KNOW THAT! I-I WAS JUST…” Papyrus glances at you before he leans over to Sans and whispers something where his ear should be.

“Can’t he just, take a shortcut or whatever?” You blurt out.

Papyrus looks up at you in surprise, before turning on his brother with malice.

“SANS… WHY DOES THE HUMAN KNOW ABOUT THAT!”

Sans starts to sweat as he looks up at his brother. You suddenly realize that Papyrus didn’t know about the two of you hanging out. Papyrus only thought you had been bribing Sans last week in order to get information about him. Not only that, Sans wasn’t suppose to be using magic around you.

“I-I…” He stutters, unable to answer. His eyelights looking around the room frantically.
“NEVER MIND, YOU USELESS BROTHER. IT IS OBVIOUS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN BREAKING IMPORTANT HUMAN MONSTER RELATION LAWS RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE. MAY I REMIND YOU THAT BREAKING THE LAW LEADS TO HUMAN PRISON. DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY DO IN PRISON SANS. I DO. I WAS ALLOWED A TOUR OF THEIR FACILITY. IT’S TORTURE SANS. YOU WILL BE TORTURED BY HUMANS FOR YOUR FOOLISH MISTAKES. AND I WILL BE KNOWN AS A FAILURE OF A MONSTER, WORKING FOR THE HUMAN POLICE WITH AN IDIOT BROTHER IN PRISON.”

Sans sweats harder and harder as his brother bears down on him.

“B-Boss… I-I.”

“HURRY UP AND GET TO MY HOUSE THIS INSTANT BEFORE I REPORT YOU MYSELF, AND BRING ME BACK THOSE TAPES!”

Sans practically scrabbles off the couch in desperation before he vanishes in the air in front of you.

You watch wordlessly as the guy you’ve been having fun and hanging out with for the past two weeks, gets verbally torn to shreds by his younger brother. A brother that Sans seemed to genuinely care and worry about for some reason. You want to say something in San’s defense. He didn’t deserve to be treated like this. But you weren’t sure how to do it without Sans getting pissed at you. You’re initial annoyance at Papyrus’s rude behavior had cooled last week over the dinner you had together. But now you felt like unleashing a tirade of forceful lectures about proper family behavior on the tall imposing skeleton who you were now sharing a living room alone with.

“Papyrus. I don’t think-” You start to stand.

“HUMAN! NOW THAT MY FOOL OF A BROTHER IS GONE. I WISH TO HAVE A DISCUSSION WITH YOU AT ONCE.” Papyrus quickly flops on the now empty end of the couch, turning to face you before you could stand. His arms, gloved once again, were folded defensively.

You slowly sit back down and control your face as you feel yourself getting slightly irritated. It was you who needed to have a discussion with him.

Papyrus looks you up and down slowly. Narrow sockets taking you in, before he blurts out.
“WHAT IS THE NATURE OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH MY BROTHER?”

You feel your eyes widen. Is he really asking what you think he's asking…? About you and Sans… Is Papyrus actually interested in you… romantically, or is he just worried about his brother. You aren’t really sure.

“You feel your eyes widen. Is he really asking what you think he's asking…? About you and Sans… Is Papyrus actually interested in you… romantically, or is he just worried about his brother. You aren’t really sure.

“It has come to my attention that your relationship is obviously… different than was initially divulged to me.” Papyrus says slowly.

You falter for a second, thinking before you answer. “Well… yesterday I got him to admit that we’re friends—”

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Papyrus narrows his dark sockets further.

“Yes. I’ve been inviting him over a lot, and yesterday he… got a little worried about me going out by myself and told me not to do that anymore. Then he proclaimed we're friends… pretty loudly actually.”

“And Sans said this himself… are you sure you understood him correctly. He is nearly unintelligible when he speaks. One would think that English is not his first language—”

“Yeah, he said it pretty clearly… you know, you really should stop calling him—”

“This is excellent human!”

Papyrus rises onto his knees on the couch and grabs you by your shoulders.

“Wha…?” You’re forced to look into the excited sockets of the tall monster before you.
“MY USELESS BROTHER. FINALLY MAKING HIS FIRST HUMAN FRIEND. IT ONLY MAKES SENSE THAT A HUMAN SUCH AS YOU, WHO HAS AN UNCONTROLLABLE LUSTFUL DESIRE FOR ME THAT FORCES YOU TO RESORT TO UNDERHANDED METHODS TO COURT ME, WOULD ALSO BECOME HIS FIRST HUMAN FRIEND.”

“But… I thought-”

“HUMAN! YOU ARE PROBABLY NOT AWARE, BUT MY BROTHER HAS BEEN EXCEPTIONALLY TERRIBLE IN TRANSITIONING TO THE ABOVE GROUND LIFESTYLE. WHILE I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, OF COURSE, HAVE BEEN NOTHING BUT PERFECT. NYEH HEH HEH. MY USELESS UNNECESSARY HUMAN FRIENDS ALREADY RANGE IN THE THOUSANDS, NAY TENS OF THOUSANDS! AND I ALREADY, AS YOU HAVE PROVEN QUITE CLEARLY, HAVE MANY CROSS SPECIES HUMAN ADMIRERS WHO WISH TO COURT ME.”

You stare into his sockets blankly. Confused. Every obvious lie that comes from his fanged teeth continuing to amaze you.

“TCH… I WILL HAVE TO EXPLAIN FURTHER. I CAN TELL BY YOUR IDIOTIC FACE THAT YOU ARE DULL WITTED AND CAN HARDLY COMPREHEND WHAT I AM SAYING.” Papyrus settles back into his seat before clearing his throat?

“When we monsters first arrived on the surface, we found human culture to be vastly... different than our own. Of course the human Frisk warned us that it would be, so I was well prepared. We made a promise to Frisk that should they break the barrier, we would do our utmost best to peacefully integrate into human society. In other words... prevent the starting of another human monster war.”

“Oh… Well that's good.”

“Yes of course it is. Count yourself lucky to be alive as we speak worthless human!”

You’re pretty sure that even with their excellent magic, monsters would have been obliterated by the military should they have tried to wage any sort of war once they got to the surface. There just weren’t enough monsters to even consider them a contender against the entire human race. Good job Frisk.
“BEING AS AMAZING AS I AM. MY INTEGRATION WAS NEAR INSTANT AND PERFECT. HOWEVER MY USELESS BROTHER…” And here Papyrus sighs. “CONTINUES EVEN TO THIS DAY TO FOOLISHLY OVERTLY DESPISE HUMANS.”

“Oh… Well, I actually knew that. He really doesn't like humans.”

“Yes… Well. He did not transition well to the surface life as I, the great and terrible Papyrus have. The two of us lived together while underground but, he was horrible at taking care of himself. I often had to do everything for him. Cleaning, cooking, laundry, I even got him up everyday for work, and checked to make sure he was doing it properly. Day after day, night after night, I was constantly forced to manage my brother in fear that he would waste away on his own. After moving above ground my worthless brother actually managed to get even more useless. Never wanting to leave his room, yelling and growling like a complete idiot all night long, falling asleep more often during the day, and most worrying of all, refusing to come out and eat my perfect heavenly cooking. When I confronted him about his abhorrent behavior, he demanded to move out. Tch… Like he could take care of himself on his own.”

Papyrus glares as he folds his arms.

“However, as you may have... overheard last week, Sans moved out under the pretext that he fulfill a list of proper living conditions. I created these conditions myself of course. And implanted within them were a means to remove Sans back into my care should I feel that his time away from me was not an improvement. You could call it, a carefully planned and executed jape, made by I, the great and terrible Papyrus. Nyeh heh heh!”

Papyrus raises a gloved hand into the air posing triumphantly.

You listen quietly and nod your head as Papyrus tells you all of this. The story matches up with what you knew about Sans. He was rather lazy, didn’t want to do things, didn’t clean, ate the same greasy unhealthy food every day, and had some sort of issue with nightmares at night. It seems like Papyrus didn’t understand what these signs meant. San’s probably didn’t know what they meant either, but you did. You’ve had your own fair share of issues in the past to know exactly what these signs mean. The fact that they worsened considerably with a major life change, like moving above
ground, meant that they probably aren’t a simple personality quark either.

“YOU SEE PITIFUL HUMAN. THERE IS A FACET ABOUT SANS NATURE THAT CANNOT BE CHANGED NO MATTER THE LECTURE OR TORTURE INFLECTED UPON HIM... SANS WOULD RATHER FALL DOWN OF HIS OWN ACCORD THAN STOP EATING GRILLBY’S. SO OF COURSE, I MADE THE RULE THAT HE COULD ONLY CONSUME IT ONCE PER WEEK, ASSUMING THAT SANS WOULD HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BREAK IT. AND, SHOULD THE NEED ARISE TO FORCE HIM BACK INTO MY CARE, ALL I WOULD HAVE TO DO IS ENFORCE HIS BREAKING OF THAT RULE.”

Your eyes widen. Oh… and last week… Papyrus was accusing Sans of eating too much Grillby’s when you cut in and covered for him.

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND NOW, HUMAN.”

“Yeah… I guess... I stopped you from forcing Skulls to move back last week.”

“STOPPED ME… NYAH... AS IF YOU COULD DO SUCH A THING PATHETIC CREATURE. NO. I CHANGED MY MIND OF COURSE.”

“Wha?”

“A HUMAN WORKING TOGETHER WITH SANS, GETTING HIM TO MOVE HIS LAZY BONES AND LEAVE HIS HOME FOR SOMETHING OTHER THAN WORK AND GRILLBY’S, COVERING FOR HIS DISGUSTING HABITS. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF.”

Papyrus relaxes a little as he shifts his sockets away from you to the side. In a quiet voice, that you would almost describe as normal compared to his regular one, he continues.

“I decided that… With such improvements… Sans, perhaps, may actually benefit from staying here. Perhaps… in someone else’s care… a-around different people.”

Papyrus takes a long sigh before he looks back at you. This time studying your eyes.
“SO I SHALL TELL YOU RIGHT NOW, HUMAN.” Papyrus starts, once again in his loud voice. He leans forward on the couch, attempting to loom over you. “I HAVE DECIDED TO ALLOW HIM TO STAY HERE, LIVING NEXT TO YOU. SHOULD YOU MISTREAT, HARM, OR BETRAY MY BROTHER IN ANY WAY, MY PUNISHMENT FOR YOU WILL BE SWIFT AND MERCILESS. THERE WILL BE NO TRACE LEFT OF YOUR BODY. NO ONE WILL EVEN KNOW WHAT BECAME OF YOUR WORTHLESS EXISTENCE. THE WORLD WILL BE RID OF ONE LESS FOUL HUMAN, AND NONE WILL BE THE WISER!”

Papyrus’s skull is now inches from your own, and you are forced to look into the deep black pits of darkness that exist behind his sockets. For the second time today, you are being threatened by a skeleton monster.

“And so again I will ask, Human! What is the nature of your relationship with my brother!?”

You take a deep breath before you answer, unfazed by his threat at all. In the back of your mind, you're starting to wonder how scary these guys actually are. Weak people usually don't go around threatening people.

“Papyrus… I gotta say. I sat down hoping to give you a lecture about taking care of family properly.”

“Of course I take care of my family properly. Whatever gave you the idea that I don’t!”

You scratch the back of your head unsure how to answer this question without totally offending him. You decide to deflect it by answering the previous question instead.

“Heh… yeah… well. As far as Skulls goes… I’m trying my best to be a good friend to him. I mean… he’s a pretty funny guy.”

“UGHHH Human, do not let his deplorable jokes infest you as well.”

“Urrgh… I didn’t mean those terrible puns.”
“UHHHH.” Papyrus groans a hand to his face.

“Blegh.” You groan back.

...

“No... I mean, I think he’s fun to hang around with.”

“REALLY! YOU HONESTLY ENJOY MY BROTHERS COMPANY?” Papyrus asks eyeing you.

“Yeah… is that weird or something.”

Papyrus takes a moment to think before answering.

“SANS AWFUL NEGATIVE AND DISGUSTING PERSONALITY DO NOT MAKE HIM THE MOST... POPULAR OF MONSTERS.”

You feel your eyebrows raise as you realize what Papyrus is implying.

“Wait, wait, wait…. Papyrus… Are you saying that Skulls… has never had any friends.”

“OF COURSE HE HAS HUMAN. I HAVE BEEN HIS GREATEST AND MOST IMPORTANT FRIEND HIS WHOLE USELESS LIFE.”

“Yeah… but, come on Papyrus… you’re his brother.”

“THAT CHANGES NOTHING!”

You lean back against the armrest thinking… He’s had to have had a friend besides his own brother. Doesn’t he hang out at Grillby’s? Does he just sit there eating by himself… alone. What about
growing up. Everyone's had at least one friend growing up. He’s never really mentioned anyone else...

“Well… I definitely think his… uh… interesting personality is pretty fun. Both of you are actually really cool guys.”

You spot a small flash of red lace across Papyrs’s face.

“OB-OBVIOUSLY I AM HUMAN. THERE IS NO NEED FOR FLATTERY…”

You smile realizing that right now is a perfect moment to mess around. You scoot closer to Papyrus’s end of the couch.

“I mean… you’re my friend right? Being buddies on Undernet and everything.”

“OF-OF COURSE YOU WISH TO BE FRIENDS WITH I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS!”

Papyrs’s face darkens a bit. You smile more as you lean forward.

“Yeah… but do you view me as a friend, Papyrus.”

“FR-FRIENDS ARE A USELESS SOCIAL COMMODITY. THEY WILL ONLY PROVIDE WEAKNESSES THAT COULD POTENTIALLY BE EXPLOITED WHEN IN BATTLE AND-.”

“Yeah… but Papyrus. You’re not underground anymore. There aren’t any wars or fights going on that I can see. If you don’t see me as a friend, then how do you see me. You have to say it clearly so I can understand.” You smile wickedly as you watch the skeleton next to you flounder trying to talk about something as difficult as his own feelings.

“I-I… TO ME YOU ARE SI-SIMPLY…”
“Don’t tell me it’s because I’m human.”

“OF-OF COURSE NOT. HUMANS AND ALL OTHER CREATURES ARE EQUALLY BELOWEATH ME.”

You move closer into his space. You’ve already figured this guy out. In fact, you’re pretty sure you understand monsters in general by now. Whatever went on underground, it wasn’t friendly. The monsters were probably fighting among each other. Now that they were above ground where everything is peaceful, these same war hardened and angry shelled monsters were being forced to be introduced to friendship and love. Something that they probably wanted, but didn’t feel very comfortable with. This guy’s gonna be so much fun...

“Then what is it. Surely you didn’t send that invitation to me on Undernet for nothing, eh Big Boss Paps?”

“HU-HUMAN! YOU HAVE PRESENTED A CODE NAME.” Papyrus tries to scoot away from you, but he doesn’t have any more room left to run to on the couch.

“Nope, not a code name. This one’s definitely a nickname.” You scoot right up next to him and drape an arm over his shoulders. You get close to his ear and whisper. “And do you know why that is?”

The red starts building up on his face.

“Be-because nicknames…. are for friends.” He whispers back.

“Yes… and that means that?”

“We’re….. friends… I-I mean… OF-OF COURSE WE’RE FRIENDS… HU-HUMAN! YOU ARE MUCH TOO CLOSE TO ME. I-I UNDERSTAND THE ALLURE OF MY PRESENCE MAY BE IMPEDING YOUR JUDGEMENT. BUT THIS KIND OF BEHAVIOR IS-”

“Relax Paps.” You pat his shoulder with you hand. “It’s just two friends sitting on the couch together. Alone… unsupervised.”
“...We’re missing the third wheel....” Papryus breathes under his breath.

“Wait… wut…” You start to ask.

“What the hell're ya doin’!??” You hear a voice growl from behind the couch.

“SANS!” Papryus practically dives off the couch away from you, before marching up to his brother and violently grabbing the grocery bags filled with video tapes and a VHS player. “YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME YOU CAME BACK!”

“I jus’ got in Boss.” Sans glares over at you. You respond with a sheepish grin and a shrug.

“GOOD, THEN LET US GET STARTED AT ONCE!”

Papyrus marches over to San's old TV and begins to unload the bag with a VHS player and cables. Sans quickly follows behind him.

“Ere’ Boss, let me help ya with that.”

Papyrus stops trying to set up the player immediately and lets Sans take over. It’s pretty clear that Papyrus isn’t the brother you go to for technology help. Instead Papyrus begins to dig through the grocery bag full of tapes, mumbling to himself as he looks at each one. He seems to find something he likes and he grabs it holding it up.

“WE SHALL START YOUR EDUCATION WITH THIS.” He holds up tape labeled, “Mettaton the Killer Robot vs human with gun.” in black permanent marker. “IT IS HIS MOST PERFECT DEBUT FILM, SET IN HOTLAND. IT TELLS THE HISTOR- FABRICATED TALE OF A VIOLENT HUMAN ENTERING THE UNDERGROUND ARMED WITH A GUN, AND METTATON’S MASTERFUL TAKE DOWN AMIDST INCREDIBLE ODDS. A CLASSIC OF ALL CLASSIC FILMS.”

Sans finishes setting up the tape player, and Papyrus shoves the tape into the VCR slot, pushing play. The screen immediately begins with a shot of the robot screaming and something loud happening in the background.
“SANS, YOU FORGOT TO REWIND THE TAPE!” Papyrus quickly stops the tape and hits rewind.

Sans rolls his eyelight and looks at you sitting in the middle of the couch.

“Move…” He growls quietly.

“Eh… but what if I want to sit between two hot dudes?”

“SANS THE HUMAN CAN SIT WHEREVER SHE WANTS. THEY ARE OUR GUEST!”

Sans hesitates taking a long look at the floor before he decides to sit down on the couch next to you. He crams himself into the corner of the armrest as best he can to avoid touching you and stuffs his hands into his pockets. You resist the urge to harass him and wait patiently for Papyrus to finish setting up the tape.

“FINALLY!” Papyrus shouts.

He presses play on the VCR and slings himself onto the opposite corner of the couch. Unlike Sans, he makes no attempt to avoid contact with you. He slams one of his gloved hands on your head and holds you firmly facing the TV.

“NOW HUMAN! BE AMAZED AS YOU WITNESS GREATNESS IN THE MAKING.”

Chapter End Notes

Some people said they wanted some Papyrus/reader. This is probably as close as you are gonna get. This is still going to be a primarily Sans fic though. As much as I love harems, the character development tends to suffer when you write them, and I end up feeling bad for the guys who get neglected.

Ohhh Papyrus and his third wheel needs. It's like screaming I need an adult.

Sidestories for this fic are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
The old Mettaton movie is indeed shot in standard definition, with large black bars taking up the sides of the screen to accommodate the difference in the old film format vs the TV’s wider and newer format. There seems to be a graininess to the film due to the old camera type, and the sound is balanced terribly. The microphone pops loudly as an announcer calls out the title of the film as it’s displayed across the screen. “THE AMAZING METTATON VS. HUMAN WITH GUN!!”

The movie starts off with several establishing shots of monsters coming and going in their daily lives. You have to suppress a giggle as you can’t help but notice the distinct style and choice of clothes they’re wearing. It was like watching a hot topic meets biker gang catalog with monsters for models. Black and red runs rampant as the main colors of choice. Their accessories even stuck to the theme of spiked leather, piercings, and studded fingerless gloves. You even spot several of the animal monsters sporting colored and dyed mohawk fur.

What really amazes you, as the establishing shots fly by, is how the underground looked… Or at least, you supposed it looked. You’re pretty sure there weren’t any special effects in this movie, and you were seeing the underground in its rawest pure form.

First of all, they had buildings underground. Lots of building. Hotels, restaurants, and family homes were all stacked against each other. The architecture seemed chaotic, with some of the buildings looking as though they had been built on top of one another. There was also a wide variety of scenery. Burning hot landscapes with lava, beautiful water pools, towering cities, and was that… a giant trash heap?

You immediately wanted to ask how all of those things were under the mountain, but the film already moved on to a shot of an old rune covered door amidst a snowy wooded landscape. Suddenly, the door cracked and you watch as eerie glowing eyes peek through the darkness.

You lean over to Papyrus and try to whisper a question you couldn’t keep contained any longer.
“Hey… Big Boss Pap?” You ask. "Was there actually snow underground? Like… under a mountain?"

“OF-OF COURSE THERE IS HUMAN. WHY DO YOU THINK IT’S CALLED SNOWDIN?”

The shot immediately switches to the familiar face of Mettaton in his square calculator form, who’s talking to a short rabbit monster that seemed to be in an authoritative costume much to large for them.

“But where does it come from?” You ask, discontent with your answer.

Papyrus slaps his hand back onto your head and turns your face once again towards the TV screen.

“SILENCE HUMAN! YOU ARE MISSING IMPORTANT CONVERSATIONS. HOW WILL YOU UNDERSTAND THE MOVIE IF YOU ARE CONSTANTLY SPOUTING NONSENSE FROM YOUR MOUTH.”

In your defense. The dialog was relatively simple. The characters were basically telling you the plot in a straightforward fashion rather than acting out the scenes. A human had entered the underground with a gun, and many of the areas were being evacuated to prevent casualties. The amazing Mettaton the killer robot was being sent out to stop the rampaging human in their tracks and deliver them to the king.

This was not a high quality movie, but you still found it culturally interesting that a bunch of scary leather bound monsters were terrified of one human entering the underground. It was like you were in the twilight zone and monsters were scared of humans instead of it being the other way around. This movie was definitely reinforcing what you were already coming to understand. Monsters… were somewhat afraid of humans.

So far there weren’t any actual shots of the human yet. Just a bunch of running monsters from a shadow that vaguely resembled one, and several gunshots. What really amazed you were the piles of silvery powder that were very obviously poured in front of the camera out of a bucket to show monsters dying. The overly dramatic music indicated that the scenes were gruesome and horrifying, as though you were watching a maimed bloody dead body, but it was just a pouring of silver dust. You could only stare in wonder at the strangeness of it all.

The scene switches from snowy woodlands to a beautiful iridescent water village. There were large glowing plants and algae along the surface of the water. You saw this place at the beginning of the
film, but were awed as you got to see more of it. If it weren’t for the fact that the film was obviously a low grade production, you would have guessed that the scenery was somehow CG.

“The underground is a lot prettier than I imagined…” You comment.

“What… Are you a complete idiot. There is no worth in such useless aesthetics human,” Papyrus huffs.

“Hoh… but your attractive aesthetic is worthwhile in my eyes, Boss Paps.” You lean into him a little to dig in the point. He’s just as pointy and uncomfortable as his brother, but a lot larger. You feel his breath hitch a bit as your body makes more contact with him.

“That… Of course I am… Attractiveness is of more importance than useless pretty water.”

“Oh really… Then which one am I… Pretty or attractive?” You lean into him further trying to look into his sockets as he watches the TV. His face already building up with red. Heheheh...

“Hu-human… W-what are you… y-you are too close!”

You feel the clothing around your neck tighten as you are practically thrown back into the middle of the couch. You keep your eyes locked to the screen. There’s a seething ball of malice and hate on the other side of you. Shoot… you almost forgot about him being there.

Your phone vibrates in your pocket. Discreetly you remove it and check it out of Papyrus’s view.

RadSkull: Do u want to die

You type out a reply back.

You: I was just initiating friendly conversation?
RadSkull: dont u dare fuck with my brother

You: I don’t recall having sex with- You are mid typing the message when you get another.

RadSkull: and u better not say some lame shit about having sex with him u know what I mean

Dang… he's onto you.

Suddenly a hand slams onto your head and your are forced to keep your eyes on the TV.

“WATCH CLOSELY! THIS IS THE SCENE OF IMPORTANCE.”

Mettaton meets the human at a crossroads amidst a watery area, filled with huge piles of trash. He’s cornered them with their back against a large waterfall overshadowed by a huge trash pile. He was shouting at them to show them self. The human’s eyes glow in the darkness, and then suddenly it steps forth from the shadows.

You are quickly forced to slam a hand on your mouth and hold your breath. Why… why is calculator Mettaton wearing a large striped sweater with glowing googly eyes taped onto his body and an obviously fake cardboard gun strapped on top of his head? Why is he wearing a cowboy hat. Why is he both the hero and villain? What is this movie? It’s so awful and bad, it’s amazing. You can feel hot tears prick at your eyes, and then slowly roll down your cheeks from holding in the painful laughter.

“CRYING FROM THE GREATNESS I SEE. YES I TOO HAD THIS SAME REACTION WHEN I FIRST WATCHED THE REVEAL IN MY INFANCY. OF COURSE THERE WERE NO TEARS, AS THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS NEVER CRIES. BUT I DID INDEED FEEL INTENSE EMOTION AT THIS CLIMACTIC SCENE. FOR NOW YOUR PITIFUL WEAKNESS SHALL BE OVERLOOKED AS YOU ARE AT LEAST DISPLAYING THE CORRECT EMOTIONAL STATE AT THIS MOVIES GREATNESS… UNLIKE SOME IDIOTS IN THE ROOM!”

You are very certain who the idiot is in the room, as they sigh out on the other side of you.

Police Mettaton and googly eyed human Mettaton have a confrontation. A yellow construction paper cutout of a soul is pinned onto human Mettaton’s chest. They begin to sling bullets and magical
attacks at one another. The bullets clang with an obviously fake sound effect off of Mettaton’s body, but the magical attacks look real, until they reach into human Mettaton’s area. It’s clear that whoever made the movie simply composited a slice of film from two separate shots to create the illusion of Mettaton fighting himself.

Suddenly human Mettaton falls to the ground with a scream. The yellow heart, now tied to a string, begins to float up and away when Police Mettaton grabs it… Wait… what. Why did he grab the soul…? Can you take a human’s soul? You’ve never heard of such a thing. You eyes go wide as you watch him cradle it to his chest.

“Wait… what?” You start to ask.

“Shit..” Sans mutters beside you.

You turn to Papyrus to ask about the soul, when the startling sound of the fire alarm makes you all jump. Sans moves quicker than you ever expected from the lazy monster, and hits the eject button on the VCR.

“L-Looks like dinners ready… ri-right Boss?” Sans asks.

“TCH… AND WE WERE JUST GETTING TO THE BEST PART.”

Papyrus drags himself from the couch and goes into the kitchen, turning off the fire alarm on the way. You hear the sound of the oven opening. Suddenly smoke billows into the room, and the stench of burning intensifies. The fire alarm beeps once again, before Papyrus hits it off immediately, clearly expecting it the second time as well.

Sans turns his face towards you nervously. Beads of sweat collect on his skull, and he’s clearly clenching his hands in his coat pockets. If you were unsure about what you saw before, you are completely sure now. The reaction of a sweaty nervous Sans only confirms that you were not suppose to see that scene. A scene that demonstrates monsters can somehow do something with dead human souls…

Sans stands in place quietly watching for your reaction. His bones start to softly rattle as you watch him start to shake. You decide to save this conversation with him for later. He looked like he was about to have a panic attack. You didn’t want to get him all freaked out over a few questions that would probably not change your opinion of monsters in the slightest. You also didn’t want to give
Papyrus another reason to verbally attack the little skeleton. He already looks like he may have a soul attack right on the spot. You look into San’s eyelights and give him a quick wink in an attempt to divert his attention.

“I uh… better get my chair again. Unless you’re ok with me sitting on Paps lap. I know I’m all for it!”

He immediately stops clenching his pockets and his worried face morphs into a glare.

“Do-don’t you dare…”

You giggle as you get off the couch and head over to the door, leaving to get a chair from your apartment. Papyrus hears it shut and looks up from checking his cooking.

“HUMAN…? SANS WHY DID THE HUMAN LEAVE! YOU TOLD HER ONE OF YOUR STUPID PUNS DIDN’T YOU. THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT. THIS IS WHY YOU DON’T HAVE ANY FRIEND-”

“She’s just out ta get another chair Boss.”

“WE-WELL OF COURSE SHE IS! SHE WOULDN’T WANT TO MISS OUT ON MY GRAND MASTERPIECE… NOT THAT I CARE EITHER WAY IF THE USELESS HUMAN JOINS US OR NOT.”

Sans shuffles into the kitchen and grabs the plates and silverware out of his cupboards. He hopes your indifference to what you saw in the movie means you didn’t think anything of the scene with the human soul. He was worried you were gonna question him. Monsters agreed to keep the fact they took human souls from children a secret. The capability to absorb them was also kept strictly secret. It was the ability to absorb souls from humans that had started the previous monster human war in the first place. Their banishment underground was entirely due to the misunderstanding that monsters wanted to kill and take human souls.

Sans sets the table as he tries to calm himself down from his earlier panic. By the time he realized the movie had a scene about taking human souls, it was already too late. If word got out that him or his brother showed a human information about soul absorption, well… things could get pretty bad for the skeleton family.
Sans finishes setting the table and looks over at his brother. He's busily cutting the lasagna into servable sections.

“Heya… Boss?”

Papyrus grunts.

“We may not wanna finish that movie with ‘er.”

“WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT SANS. OF COURSE THE WORTHLESS HUMAN WILL HAVE A DIRE NEED TO SEE THE ENDING. TO TAKE AWAY THE PRIVILEGE OF METTATON’S CLASSIC WOULD BE AKIN TO NEXT LEVEL TORTURE. YOU AND I BOTH KNOW WE GAVE THAT UP WHEN WE MOVED ABOVE GROUND.”

“Yeah.. but Boss. It’s showing ‘you know what’ about soul absorption.”

Papyrus stops mid cut, bones paling a little.

“…I-I… ALREADY INFORMED HER THAT IT WAS ENTIRELY FICTIONAL. BESIDES, THE HUMAN WILL HAVE NO IDEA WHAT A HUMAN SOUL LOOKS LIKE”

Sans shifts nervously. Shit… she totally knows...

“What if she saw somethin’ about it on the news.”

“TCH… I-I SUPPOSE… THAT I WILL HAVE TO TELL HER OF THE TERRIBLE NEWS… THAT THE TAPES ENDING DOES NOT FUNCTION. SHE WILL BE QUITE DISTRAUGHT I’M SURE. SUCH A DISGUSTING SIGHT INDEED WHEN SHE FINDS OUT. SHE WILL SEEK COMFORT OF COURSE. IT WILL BE ALMOST UNBEARABLE, BUT I SUPPOSE I WILL SUFFER IT TO KEEP OUR SPECIES SECRET SAFE…”

Sans sighs… He’s also a little worried about you practically climbing onto his brother. It clearly made him uncomfortable.
“She wasn’t bother’n ya was she?”

“What are you even talking about Sans?” Papyrus asks as he sets the glass dish of smoldering food on the center of San’s card table.

“When she was messin- touching ya.”

“It is not her fault Sans! I am clearly so attractive that the human can not control her urges to be near me. If you were as popular as I, you would understand that bodily contact is normal behavior from your friends and admirers.”

Tch… there wasn’t nothin’ normal aboutcha. Their ain’t no human in their right mind that would try’n touch a monster like himself as much as you have. Ya just got some weird need for thrills n’ like ta mess with people n’ shit.

San’s door opens and you walk in carrying one of your fancy set chairs. You place it down in front of the only chairless set of silverware and sit. Papyrus and Sans follow soon after.

You get a good look at the food you were warned not to eat. It’s… lasagna… maybe. The entire top of the dish is blackened. You see noodles peaking through the side of the glass dish that help you identify what you are about to consume.

Papyrus begins by serving your plate first. He turns out a huge square portion of the food onto your plate before handing it to you.

“Thank you Boss Paps. It looks amazing!”

“Of course it does filthy human, it was made by the great and terrible Papyrus.”

Papyrus’s natural glaring face briefly twists upwards before he serves another portion on his own plate.
You examine the food before you as you set the plate down. Yeah… it’s probably lasagna… probably. The entire top and bottom are burnt black and crispy. In between are what seem to be layers of slimy overcooked noodles spilling with watery tomato sauce. There's also some sort of crispy black pieces of what can only be deduced as the burning pan of meat from earlier.

While you’re looking at the food, you feel two sets of sockets bear down on you. You glance up and notice Papyrus eagerly watching you, Sans sweating nervously beside him. Sorry Sans… you have to try at least one bite. Papyrus is waiting for you to try it. One bite can't hurt right?

You cut into the wet mushy inside, yet crispy burnt outside of the lasagna, and watch as more watery juice sauce spills out onto your plate. You load a bite onto your fork and bravely plunge it into your mouth.

It’s disgusting… Oh stars… why is it so bad. The texture alone is enough to make you want to gag. Mushy slime and flakes of burnt smash together as you briefly attempt to chew. Suddenly your teeth slam into something hard and you feel a sharp pain hit your mouth. Bear with it! You attempt to swallow against your body's protests. It does not want this food to enter you. Finally you get it to move to the back of your throat, and it all disappears… at least it almost all does. There’s still that something hard in your mouth that refuses to go down.

Papyrus, who has been watching you the whole time, begins to look impatient.

“WELL HUMAN! IT IS DELICIOUS OF COURSE! SAY IT QUICKLY! NOW!”

“Ye-yes it’s pretty good.” You somehow manage to choke out. You hear faint chuckling coming from the side of the table that doesn’t have a skeleton currently trying to poison you.

What the frick is this hard thing in your mouth? Why hasn’t it disappeared? You roll it around on your tongue trying to figure out what it is. It tastes… metal?

“PR-PRETTY GOOD! TCH… DO NOT BE SHY HUMAN. IT IS OF COURSE, AMAZING.”

You can’t take it any longer. You reach up at your lips and pull the object from your mouth. You bring it in front of your face, and your eyes focus on it in horror.
It’s a stud. A metal stud. One of those metal spiked studs that go on leather gloves and clothing. Why Papyrus why?

“EXAMINING MY SECRET INGREDIENT ARE YOU? EXCELLENT. AS THEY SAY, YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT. AND YOU LOOK AS WEAK AS THEY COME PITIFUL HUMAN. TOO MUCH EXTRA USELESS WEIGHT IN THE CHEST AREA. THUS I ADDED EXTRA STUDS TO TOUGHEN YOU UP THIS TIME. NO NEED TO THANK ME.”

“Pfffftttt, S’tat why yer such a stud Boss.” Sans chuckles had been building from the moment he watched you take that first bite. He is now laughing his head off across the table from you.

“SANS YOU WILL BE SILENT THIS INSTANT!”

For the love of all that is holy Skulls, do not make a pun about this horrible tragedy of cooking, you mentally scream. You set the stud down on the side of your plate.

“HUMAN WHAT ARE YOU DOING! DO NOT BE WASTEFUL. EAT IT!” Papyrus slams a hand on the table, causing the plates and cups to bounce dangerously.

“Umm… I don’t think my weak species can safely digest metal.”

“OF COURSE THEY CAN. THE HUMAN FRISK EATS MY FOOD ALL THE TIME AND IS COMPLETELY FINE. IN FACT THEY SEEM STRONGER THAN WHEN I FIRST MET THEM.”

Your eyes quickly dart over to Sans who’s still silently shaking with laughter, tears pricking his sockets, and hand covering his teeth. He shakes his head, answering your silent question that no, Frisk does not eat the studs.

You take a long look at the stud, debating what to do. Should you eat it… It would probably just go through your digestive tract undigested without major problem. But you really shouldn’t be putting stuff like this into your body on purpose. Also… Papyrus can not keep believing that eating metal studs is ok. The lies have to end somewhere.

“I don’t know how Frisk’s body works… but humans are not made to consume metal. I definitely
can not eat this.”

You feel your phone vibrate in your pocket. You look over at Sans who’s shaking his head while glaring at you. No Skulls… this needs to be said. It's time to stop.

“WHA- HUMAN… YOU WILL EAT MY MASTERFUL COOKING! I HAVE INVITED YOU OVER. I HAVE PREPARED THE MEAL. I HAVE ENTERTAINED YOU. CONSUME IT NOW OR I SHALL NEVER LET YOU DATE ME!”

Your annoyance starts to rise as Papyrus yells at you. You told him very clearly and politely that you can’t eat it. You can’t do what you can’t do. You search your brain for something to say. This guy was not the type to argue with. He would probably throw a full on tantrum if you go the direct confrontation rout. Besides, you needed to keep on his good side if you want to keep hanging out with Sans. A thought hits you and a smile graces your face briefly before it changes into a pout.

“Bu-but… if I get too strong… then you won't want to date me…” You deflect the topic.

“What! Why would being to strong be a bad thing.”

“Because… you know… I’m a girl… and I’m already as tall as you are.”

Papyrus narrows his sockets at you. He looks as though he doesn’t quite believe what you just said.

“Humans are completely incomprehensible! Being taller than their female mate is a requirement for dating. Are you all completely mad! And who would ever be interested in dating someone weaker than themselves. Your dating standards are no better than the animals you consume. Pathetic, useless, and backwards. How you have managed to populate the entire earth is a puzzle that even I, the great and terrible Papyrus can not fathom the answer to. You are all moronic, dimwitted, and idiotic to the extreme-”

You feel yourself gaping as you watch Papyrus go into a full on tirade about human perceptions for dating. Apparently monsters didn’t give two fricks about women being taller or stronger than men. The notion that you were too tall, or too manly to be a girl, that had plagued you your whole life wasn’t even an issue for them. You’ve spent countless lifetimes pretending to be weak and useless not just to hide your vampirism, but also to blend into a society filled with stereotypes you didn’t
match. Holy crap you loved monsters so much right now!

“I’ve decided” You announce throwing your hands on the table and standing. Papyrus stops his rant and looks at you. Sans eyelights follow, and he sweats nervously.

“I definitely can’t digest metal Paps. But if it will make you happy, I’ll do it.”

You grab the metal stud and pop it into your mouth, swallowing. It moves down your throat uncomfortably, but you don’t care. Papyrus just made your day, and you aren’t going to ruin his back.

“HU-HUMAN!… WHAT ARE YOU! YO-YOU WISH TO DATE ME THIS BADLY…”

“You know what Paps, yes! If you want to go on a date sometime, sign me up. I don’t normally date people, but today I’m feeling lucky.”

You hear Sans choke from across the table, followed up by coughing.

“W-W-WELL TO BAD! EATING THAT DOES NOT MEAN YOU HAVE MET MY STANDARDS AT ALL IN THE SL-SL-SLIGHTEST.”

Papyrus’s face is already turning red like a tomato.

“Fine, that's fine! Whatever.”

“FINE!” He yells back.

You sit back down feeling a bit elated even though you now have to figure out how to finish the rest of the disgusting food. You stare at your plate. Over half the lasagna is missing…

You quickly raise your head and look at Sans. He’s giving you a pissed glare as he piles a tiny bite of food into the gaping black expanse behind his teeth. You notice that his plate is already almost empty. Where did the food go. There’s no way he ate it that fast.
Your phone buzzes once again in your pocket and you glance up at Papyrus before you check it. He’s eating the strange creation of food sitting on his plate, silently, face still red, sockets avoiding you.

RadSkull: just pretend to eat it! This is why i said not to

RadSkull: why cant u just shut up and eat quietly

You type out a reply

You: I had to at least give it a try for your bro. Thanks though.

You look up from your phone and notice more of the food missing off your plate. Is Sans somehow teleporting it away? You glance at him, but he’s casually looking off in the distance as he moves the food around on his plate. You pretend to scoop some of the food around like you're loading it onto your fork, and notice to your horror that there are still two more studs embedded in it. You imitate taking bites and start to feel antsy with the table being so quiet. Sans comes to your rescue when he clears his throat.

“So uh… Boss how’s academy comin’.”

“AMAZING AS ALWAYS SANS. AS IF IT WOULD GO ANY OTHER WAY. I AM AT THE TOP OF MY CLASS WITH ALL MY SCORES, AS PER USUAL…”

“The… uh, humans treatin’ya alright…” He asks nervously.

“WHY BOTHER ASKING. EVERY HUMAN THERE IS PRACTICALLY BEGGING TO BE MY FRIEND! WHAT HUMAN WOULDN’T, WHAT WITH MY COMPLETE AND TOTAL PERFECTION IN ALL AREAS…”

Papyrus gets quiet for a moment before he takes a breath and sighs.
“...OF COURSE IT WOULD BE NICE IF THEY WOULD STOP TAKING MY TRAINING EQUIPMENT. IT DOESN’T MATTER HOW MUCH THEY LOVE ME, TAKING MY EQUIPMENT SO THAT THEY MAY WORSHIP ME THROUGH IT AT A LATER TIME WILL NOT MAKE THEM REACH MY HIGH DATING AND FRIENDSHIP STANDARDS.”

You catch Sans left eye briefly flash red, and his hand squeeze harder around the fork. You feel like your getting pissed off as well.

“Th-they’re takin’ yer stuff.”

“IT IS NOT THEIR FAULT THAT THEY LOVE ME SO MUCH SANS. AND BESIDES, UNDYNE HELPED ME FIND ALL OF IT STRATEGICALLY HIDDEN FOR LATER USE IN THE TRASH.”

“Do you know who’s doing it?” You ask. Feeling very much pissed off now.

“FEELING JEALOUS OF MY SECRET ADMIRERS ARE WE HUMAN. OBVIOUSLY I DO NOT KNOW WHO THEY ARE, AS THAT IS THE POINT OF A SECRET! THEY ARE MOST LIKELY TOO INFATUATED WITH MY PERFECTION TO COME FORWARD.”

You’re actually a little surprised at how much this is pissing you off. Papyrus is definitely a giant jerk bag, but it’s not like he's hurting anyone. Besides, anyone who says that tall girls are fine just the way they are, is a good person in your book.

“Maybe I'll give Undyne a call later…” Sans mutters under his breath.

“What was that Sans! You know I can’t understand your idiotic mumbling.”

“I-I was jus’ askin' how Undyne’s doin’.”

“ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS AS USUAL. DID YOU KNOW, SHE ACTUALLY THOUGHT HER SCORES ON THE PHYSICAL EVALUATION WERE BETTER THAN MINE. AS IF! I WATCHED HER MILE RUN, IT WAS PATHETIC. SHE ONLY LAPPED THE SLOW FEMALE HUMAN POLICE GROUP ONCE! DID YOU KNOW THAT FEMALE HUMANS HAVE LOWER STANDARDS FOR PHYSICAL EXPECTATIONS.
PREPOSTEROUS. AND OF COURSE SHE WAS OUT OF BREATH AT THE END. SHAMEFUL AS USUAL. IT IS IMPORTANT TO ALWAYS OUTDO HUMANS IN A MANNER THAT MAKES IT SEEM AS IF YOU WEREN’T EVEN TRYING!”

“Wooooh, you lapped them?” You ask, now in awe. Usually the people in police academy are in pretty good shape.

“OF COURSE I DID NYEH HEH HEH. IF THE RUN DISTANCE WASN'T SO SHORT, I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WOULD HAVE LAPPED THEM AGAIN. SADLY I WAS ONLY ABLE TO BASK IN THEIR DESPAIRED FACES ONCE AS I PASSED THEM. WATCHING IT A SECOND TIME WOULD HAVE BEEN GLORIOUS. NYEH HEH. TRULY THE PHYSICAL CAPABILITIES OF HUMANS ARE COMPLETELY WORTHLESS. AND HERE I WAS HOPING TO TRAIN WITH THE ELITE ONCE WE ARRIVED ABOVE GROUND.”

“That’s awesome. You definitely live up to the title Boss Paps.”

“H-HUMAN! I-I’VE ALREADY TOLD YOU THERE SHALL BE NO DATING!”

“Nahh, that was just me telling you you're awesome, no strings attached.”

Papyrus quickly shoves an enormous bite of food into his mouth in an attempt to hide his glowing face… Ok that was kinda… adorable?

“S-SANS… IT IS NOW TIME FOR YOUR WEEKLY REVIEW.” Papyrus attempts to change the subject, face still red.

“Wh-wha… Boss… in front’a the-”

“YOU PASS.”

Sans sits in his chair wordlessly. Stunned.

“Bu-but Boss ya havn’t.”
“SILENCE SANS. I DO NOT EVEN NEED TO WASTE MY TIME QUESTIONING YOU. I ALREADY KNOW EVERYTHING. IN FACT. THE HOUSE WAS EVEN CLEANER THIS WEEK THAN IT WAS LAST WEEK. I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT MYSELF. IT IS ALMOST AS IF… SOMEONE WAS HELPING YOU...”

Sans eyelights lock onto yours, and you both agree through the silence to say nothing about you helping him clean all last night. You look back down at you plate, and notice that besides some leftover juicy sauce, there isn’t anything else on it. San’s plate is also empty.

“HUMAN… I SEE YOU HAVE FINISHED YOUR PORTION. YOU WISH FOR MORE, I CAN TELL.”

“Actually, I’m pretty full.” You rub your stomach. “I’m not a very big eater.”

“THAT IS OBVIOUS JUST BY LOOKING AT YOUR WIMPY STRINGY ARMS. TCH.. NO NEED TO BEG. I WILL ALLOW YOU TO BRING SOME OF THE LEFTOVERS HOME.”

“Uhhh… yeah. Can’t wait to have some of that for breakfast tomorrow.”

“SANS! THE TUPPERWARE! QUICKLY!”

Sans shuffles out of his chair over to one of his cabinets and begins rummaging around. He brings back a large container, and Papyrus fills it to the top with the monstrosity of the meal sitting on the table. He slams it down in front of you and grabs your plate, taking it to the sink. Papyrus clears his throat for a moment before turning to face you.

“IT-IT IS WITH GREAT SORROW THAT I MUST INFORM YOU… SANS DESTROYED THE TAPE WHEN HE EJECTED IT.”

Your eyes look over to Sans who’s clearing off the remains of the table. He’s starts to nervously sweat again.

“Oh really… can you at least tell me the ending then.”
You’re pretty sure the tape is completely fine. Looks like you were correct in thinking you were not supposed to watch that scene with the human soul. Sans shifts uncomfortably at his brother’s side.


You decide to let it slide. They were both uncomfortable. You’re gonna question Sans about it later anyway, without his brother in the room to berate him.

“DO-DO NOT WORRY HUMAN. THERE ARE OTHER MOVIES AND SHOWS… I HAVE THEM ALL RECORDED. LAMENTING OVER THE LOSS OF THAT ENDING WOULD BE UNSIGHTLY.”

“Uhh… yeah. Sure. I’m up for watching more.”

Papyrus walks over to the bag of tapes and begins searching through them once again. You notice that he places any tape marked “METTATON VS. HUMAN” aside. There are quite a few of them. You take a seat next to Sans who’s already melted his body lazily into the couch.

“AHħ THIS WILL DO FOR NOW.”

Papyrus pulls a tape titled “FORBIDDEN LOVE, METTATON IN PARADISE” from the bag and goes over to the TV to set it up. He flops down on the couch next to you, and for the next few hours, the three of you binge through as much Mettaton as you can.

As it starts to get late, Papyrus stretches at the end of a several episode marathon of Mettaton cooking videos. You had to admit you were pretty bored by now. The show was only interesting because it was so bad, but once that wore off, there wasn’t much for you to enjoy in terms of entertainment value. Sans had fallen asleep on the armrest of the chair long ago. He was breathing gently, and drooling slightly through his teeth.

“I UNDERSTAND IT MUST BE HARD FOR YOU HUMAN, BUT I MUST STOP US HERE.”
“Oh.. uh sure Big Boss.”

You also get up and stretch, waking Sans in the process. He lazily lifts his skull from its awkward position and sits back up. Papyrus collects his tapes and VCR back into the plastic grocery bags and walks over to the door, putting on his enormous boots. When he finishes, he looks at you as though he wants you to say something.

“Uhh… yeah Paps?”

“SPIT IT OUT! I KNOW YOU WANT IT.”

“Wut?”

“I KNOW YOU ARE SHY, BUT IT NEVER HURTS TO ASK. IF YOU WISH TO COURT ME, YOU MUST BE BOLD.”

Oh no… does he actually want you to ask him out on a-

“FINE! I WILL GIVE IT TO YOU THEN…”

Papyrus yells out a number, and you stand there silently for a second before it clicks.

“Oh.. OHHH!” You open your phone and walk over to him. He says his number for you again, and you give him your number in return. You put him in as Big Boss, because everything’s a video game for you. You are about to walk over to the table when Papyrus stops you.

“HUMAN, ARE YOU A COMPLETE MORON. MUST YOU DO EVERYTHING THE WRONG WAY!”

“I guess… I forgot… what did I forget?” Papyrus really needs to work on telling you things more directly.

“WHEN EXCHANGING NUMBERS FOR NON BUSINESS PRACTICES YOU MUST
“Always always provide a photograph. You dull minded humans always forget this.”

“Oh… I can send you one.”

His face goes red for a second.

“A-actually… I-I would prefer if…”

You watch the totally huge and scary skeleton flounder for a moment.

“I-I always…”

“He wants a picture with ya.” Sans whispers quietly from behind you, so only you can hear.

Oh. Papyrus has a phone that can take pictures. It’s still an old flip phone, but it’s a step up from Sans’s...

“Let’s take pictures to put with our numbers.”

“Humph, of course you would want to. Feel lucky to get a photograph with I, the great and terrible Papyrus.”

You move beside the towering wide chested skeleton, your heights matching, and throw an arm over his shoulder. His black leather jacket barely pads his pointy bones from poking into you. He holds his phone up and you give your best smile. He snaps the picture.

You watch him search through his contacts on his old flip phone, and you have to stop yourself from laughing. There is a very large section of contacts starting with the letter H. Human Case Worker, Human Slow Trainee, Human Red Trainee, Human Captain, Human Frisk, Human Checkout lady. Pictures pop up briefly with each of them, and you notice that nearly all the people have horrified or fearful faces. Particularly, the checkout lady looks as though she’s about to pass out from fear.
He skips the H section, and instead moves to the S’s. He stops on the contact, Sans’s Human, and you quickly stifle a laugh. It’s probably because your neighbors right? You’re Sans’s human neighbor?

He adds the picture and you can’t help but smile. This one has you beaming in it, and Papyrus looking nervous with your arm around him. Very opposite to all the pictures you saw before. What can you say, you’re amazing...

“You should totally send me that picture Big Boss.”

“TCH… I SUPPOSE I HAVE NO CHOICE.”

He sends it to you, and you save it to his contact.

“I UNDERSTAND THE NEED TO TEXT ME ALL DAY, BUT SHOW SOME RESTRAINT AND KEEP IT TO A MINIMUM. I AM NOT REQUIRED TO RESPOND TO ANYTHING YOU SEND ME, AS IT IS BOTHERSOME, AND I DO NOT CARE IN THE SLIGHTEST. AND THERE SHALL BE NO CALLS AT INAPPROPRIATE TIMES DURING THE NIGHT!”

You nod your head in agreement, that seems reasonable.

“THEN… G-GOOD B-… I WILL ALLOW YOU TO SEE ME LATER!”

And with that, Papyrus charges quickly out the door.

Sans lets out a sigh from beside you. Papyrus can really be stressful.

“Yes, your bro doesn’t actually want to date me… does he?” You ask, enjoying the quiet of a Papyrusless apartment.

“I already said he ain’t interested.” Sans responds.
“I feel like that’s more your opinion on the matter.”

“He jus’ .... likes ta think yer interested, he could care less...”

“Oh thank stars.” You breathe.

“Ya gotta problem with my bro.”

“No... It’s just that... I don’t really date people. Your bro’s a bit hard on the outside, but I think he’s growing on me. He’s actually kinda cute.”

“The fuck! Don’t fucken say shit about him like that! Yer gonna make me throw up.”

“Ahhh, are you getting jealous. Don’t worry Skulls, you will always be my number one cute skeleton.”

“What the fuck is wrong with you!”

“Hahaha, ahh come on, just admit it a little.”

“Nobody in their right mind would admit that shit.”

“Oh I bet I could find plenty of people if I tried.”

“Ya fucken would not.”

You go over to the table and grab your extra chair, piling the tupperware filled with poison onto it.

“Also, don’t forget, we got haunt work in an hour.”
“Yeah, yeah…”

You move to the door, but before you leave you look at him. Now is as good a time as any to ask.

“By the way… interesting thing I saw today.”

He sighs. “what!”

“What’s this thing about monsters taking dead human souls.”

His skull instantly pales as the magic drains from it.

“Wh-what’r ya talkin’ about.” He starts squeezing the pockets of his jacket.

“Wow you suck at lying.”

“It-it.. it ain’t nothin’ ya gotta worry about.” Sweat condenses on his skull.

“Good cause I wasn’t.”

“Y-ya weren’t?”

“You guys aren’t doing that up here are you?” You ask.

“Course we ain’t.”

“Then there’s nothing to worry about.”

“…The fuck! Do ya not give a shit about anything. Why doesn’t that freak ya out!” He raises his
“You just said you aren’t doing it up here.”

“Yeah, butcha all buried us under a mountain jus’ cause we could do it!”

“… Wait… what?”

“Why d’ya think we were under a mountain inna first place.”

“…. Oh.”

Nobody knew why they were under that mountain. All the monsters said about their imprisonment was that there was a war long ago against the monsters, and monsters lost. Looks like the war was started because humans feared their ability to take souls from the dead.

“Don’t worry, I’m not gonna say anything. I fully understand that it would be pretty bad if humans found out you could do that. Whatever you guys did underground, it’s behind you right?”

“…I don’t get how this doesn’t freak ya out.” He folds his arms.

“Remember what I said earlier… You know me Skulls, and I know you. I know your bro. I know Muffet who works down the street. I know a cat who’s working late shifts at MTT. And I know this awkward wolf dude. None of you seem like the type to do something like that. I’m not gonna judge a whole species of people because of some stupid stuff that was done in the past during terrible conditions.”

“So what, ya think that everybody can become a good person if they just try.”

“Yeah, I know they can!”

You know it, because it’s you. With thousands of kills on your hands, you had made an effort to stop. If anything, you were living proof that the worst person could change. These guys didn’t
deserve to be judged for the crap that happened underground.

“Tch… ya just… ya just don’t get it. People can’t jus’ change. It’s there on yer soul, forever.”

“So what, they can if they want to.”

“Just because ya say it, doesn’t mean it’s true.”

“Too bad, the past is the past.”

“People repeat the past, that’s why it’s bad.”

“People also invent new things, that’s why the future is awesome.”

“Yer… yer just an idiot!”

“Well you’re stubborn.”

“Yer a damn fool.”

“You’re too self depreciating.”

“Yer completely and utterly crazy.”

“You’re super cute so shut up.”

“THAT AIN’T EVEN WHAT WE WERE FUCKEN ARGUING ABOUT!”

“Hahaha, too bad, you’re still stuck with me as your friend. I don’t care how hard you try to get out
of it. You can't convince me you're a mean ole sweaty deadly monster.”

“Yer gonna get yerself killed cause ya think nothing bad’s ever gonna happen.”

“No way! I'm living forever… forever and ever. I’m gonna watch monsters and humans finally work together. I’m gonna go into space and see everything. And when the universe is about to implode on itself, I'll still find a way to live.”

“What the fuck are ya even talkin’ about.”

“You’re just mad cause now you have to live with me as your friend for the rest of your life.”

“You are completely insane… fucken bravery souls are the worst fucken humans. Dumb as shit, n’ think nothing can hurt ‘um. They ain’t got any fucken perception’a danger.”

“Man, these bravery souls sound really awesome! I would definitely want to be friends with one.”

“GAAAAAAAAHHHHH, Why the hell ‘m I even arguing with n’ idiot like you!”

“Cause you’re worried about me, and you love me.”

“I fucken do not!”

“That’s not what you said last night.”

“Ohh, everything’s a fucken sex joke with ya.”

“Nope, just a regular sex joke.”

Sans covers his face with his hands and leans his head into the headrest of the couch. Then he screams.
“There, there. Let it all out Skulls. You know I’m right.” You giggle as you watch him yell his frustrations into the couch. You may let Sans get away with being mouthy and rude to you, but you won’t let him get away with his treatment of himself. Whatever terrible crap he did underground did not matter to you. And you weren’t gonna let him think that it did.

Sans keeps his head buried into the couch as you pick up your chair and poison, smiling gleefully.

“Well, Skulls, I see you in an hour Skulls.”

You let yourself out of his apartment, his face still groaning into the couch.

Chapter End Notes

I hit 303 pages with this chapter in google docs. Holy crap! Also apparently I'm an old fart who uses double spacing after a period. I guess that was a typewriter thing to do. I remember my teacher making us do it that way on the computer wayyyy back in school though. I'm trying to force myself not to, and it's killing me.

Sooo, who’s more tsundere, Papyrus or Sans?... or maybe the reader?

Writing UF Papyrus chapters is making me try and get into his head to see what motivates him. I used to view him entirely as a jerk bag, but now that I have to think through his lends, it’s getting harder and harder to hate him. It’s still only gonna be a Sans/Reader story.

Also no haunted house next chapter, we're gonna skip it and say you both went. Instead it's time to get Sans a lappy!

Sidestories for this fic here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Three crazy girls, and a Sans

Chapter Summary

Sans gets socially wrecked by three crazy girls.

Chapter Notes

A bit of a shorter one this week.

You wake up early Sunday morning. Feeling refreshed after a fun night working the haunt shift. Sans stepped his game up further with even more over the top puns. Though, halfway through, the bags under his eyes got the better of him, and he started to fall asleep on the spot. He barely had the energy to give you a shortcut home afterwards. He didn’t bother to port you into your own apartment, instead he ended up slamming you both into his card table and stumbling to bed like a zombie.

You stretch your body, feeling your muscles slowly relax into place. You grab your phone and check the weather app. Very cloudy. Ah yeah! You decide today’s the day and get up. You check any other notifications you’ve gathered overnight, before you get to work waking up your cute angry neighbor with a nice caring phone call. He loves those in the morning.

You select his number and wait. A moment later you hear Sans cell phone tone carrying through the wall, followed by a slam. Your call didn’t go through...

You wait a few seconds more, and hit his number again. You hear one note make it through your wall before the call is denied.

“GO TO FUCKIN' HELL!” He screams through the wall.

You snicker. This time you decide to send him a text message as you walk into your bathroom to take a shower.

You: I’m taking you to Muffet’s today, so wake up.
You wait a moment for his reply, or at least some sort of sound indicating he’s getting up. When you don’t get one, you’re forced to take drastic measures.

**You**: I’m picking your lock. I hope you don’t sleep in the nude, cause then I’ll hug the crap outta your cute naked bones.

“DON’T YOU FUCKIN’ DARE!” He screams.

Well that did it. You hear a crash, and then his little bone feet clacking across the kitchen towards his door. Guess he doesn’t sleep naked. You hit send on the message you prepared as he reaches his door.

**You**: Just kidding. Now get showered or whatever.

“FUCK!”

You listen for him stomping around, making sure he doesn’t immediately go back to sleep. When you hear his shower water start running, you decide it’s safe to start your own as well. You get out feeling clean and refreshed. Drying your hair quickly, you pull on an outfit for out of house use.

When you finish getting ready, you walk into your living room to a small skeleton lazing across your couch with his head propped up on the armrest. Arms tucked behind his neck, he glares at you.

“Ya done primpin’ yerself yet, yer takin' forever ta get ready.”

“I could probably perfect my makeup for a few more hours if you want.”

He rolls his eyelights in response.

“Don’t wake me up if yer just gonna make me wait fer ya ta get ready.”
“I didn’t take that long.”

He yawns as he sits up slowly, scratching at the back of his head.

“Whatever, let’s jus’ go so I kin get back ta my sleep.”

“You’re coming with me somewhere special afterwards anyway.”

“Like hell I am.”

“Ahh come on, it’s a fun place.”

“Why do I gotta be there with ya, go by yerself.”

“But I need you there.”

“Fer fuckin’, what?”

“Cause I’m getting you a computer, remember.”

His sockets widen for a moment. Then he starts to fidget in place as he answers.

“N-No ya ain’t.”

“Um… yes I am.”

His eyelights briefly look away from you as a dash of red goes across his face.

“L-Look… I… uh, don’t got the money fer that type a’ stuff right now.”
“I said I’m getting you a computer, not, I’m forcing you to buy a computer.”

“Wha… no ya ain’t.”

“Why not, I’m paying for it.”

“I ain’t gonna owe ya fer that shit.”

“Who said you have to owe me.”

“How else am I gonna pay ya back.”

“You won’t have to.”

He gives you a long glare as he looks you over.

“So what, yer just doin’ it outta the kindness of yer soul.”

“Yeah, why not. We’re friends right.”

“Bullshit! yer already makin’ me pay fer ya damn TV. Yer gonna try n’ get me ta pay off a computer as well.”

“I am not! This one’s a gift, alright.”

“A gift’s just n’ ulterior motive ta make someone owe ya a favor.”

“Skulls, I swear you won’t owe me anything.”
“Ya say that now, but I ain’t stupid, that’s how shit works.”

You sigh out in annoyance. These monsters are terrible at handling kindness.

“Fine, I’ll have you owe me.”

“Nah... I’ll pass on anymore’a that shit.”

“Listen to what I want you to pay me back with first.”

He sighs as he folds his arms glaring at you. “...What?”

“I want you… to play more video games with me.” You say doing jazz hands.

“Th-That ain’t payin’ ya back fer nothin’!”

“Yes it is.”

“No it ain’t!”

“Ok… ok… hear me out.” You pause as you think how to argue this. “I want you to be able to play more video games with me, but you don’t have a computer. By buying you a computer, I’m basically buying someone fun to play video games with. It’s not about you getting a computer. It’s about me getting you a computer so I have more options of fun things to play with my friend. Thus, you playing a wider variety of video games with me is what I’m actually buying, not the computer.”

“That’s the dumbest argument I have ever heard.”

“But it’s a completely true argument.”
“It’s a complete pile of bullshit’s what it is.”

“It can’t be bullshit if I meant every word.”

He looks away from you sighing in defeat.

“Ya really... ya really wanna waste yer money on this.”

“How is it wasting money when I’m buying it for my totally awesome skeleton friend.”

His cheeks redden as he keeps his eyelights to the side.

“I-I ain’t gonna owe ya fer nothin’ later, even if ya change yer mind. S’yer fault ya wasted yer own damn money’n got nothin’ in return.”

“But I’m gonna be getting your fun presence in return! Besides, there’s no such thing as wasting money on gaming computers, they are life’s number one necessity.”

He stays quiet at that. You can tell you’re winning the argument.

“Let me buy this for you! You know you want it.” You say earnestly.

Sans shoves his hands into his pockets in defeat. His face still slightly red as he refuses to look at you.

“F-Fine! whatever! But I ain’t gonna owe ya fer nothin’ later.”

You give him a wide smile before checking your sweatshirt and bag. Moments later you leave the apartment, short skeleton in tow. You lead him to your car and you both get inside. You’re about to back up when you notice Sans didn’t do something...
“Uhhh… you gonna put your seat belt on?”

“He looks confused.

You snap the belt that’s nestled between your chest to indicate what you’re talking about.

“Oh…”

He reaches around looking for it, before struggling to figure out where the latch is.

“Wow… I can’t believe you haven’t been in cars enough to not do that automatically.”

“We ain’t exactly gotta highway underground.”

“True, but you’ve been above ground long enough.”

“Can’t drive remember. N’busses don’t got these.”

You start backing your car out of the parking lot.

“Don’t tell me this is your first time in a car.”

He pauses for a moment thinking. “Military use ta drive us ’round a bit. They didn’t have these stupid belt things though.”

“That’s it?”

“Who else’s gonna go drivin’a monster ’round?”
“Good point…”

You have to admit it’s pretty strange to have a friend so unused to the world around you, he doesn’t even know how to put on a seat belt. He doesn’t feel like a foreigner either. The whole thing is just bizarre.

“What’s all this shit for.” He points at the dashboard.

“Music. You can pick whatever you want.”

As soon as those words left your mouth, you instantly regret them. San’s smile shifts wider and he quickly starts playing with the dials, obviously looking for something.

“Frick… nevermind, let’s drive in silence.” You try to save your ears.

“Nahhh ahhh ah, too late! Ya already offered.”

He lands on the metal station and his smile stretches even farther, then he starts cranking up the volume.

“NO Skulls NO!” You have to yell over the now pounding music. This is what you get for having a car with nice speakers.

“SKULLS YES!” He shouts back gleefully.

You reach your hand over to the dials, but Sans swats it away.

“You, focus on drivin’… Lady.”

“I CAN’T HEAR ANYTHING!”
“Heheheh that’s the point.”

“SKULLS I NEED TO AT LEAST HEAR THE CAR.”

“What!”

“I SAID, I NEED TO AT LEAST HEAR THE CAR!”

He continues to deflect all your attempts at turning the music down. It isn’t until you get to a stoplight that you immediately slam your hands on the radio, trying to turn it down while Sans fights with you.

“This is too loud!” You growl.

“It’s good the way it is!”

“I can’t hear anything.”

“Tough it up, human.”

His bone hands are actually pretty painful to fight with, on several occasions you have to manipulate your hands out of the way to keep them from getting mauled by claws. Finally you manage to move his hands out of the way, and get the music down a little. You cup the control as soon as you can so he can’t change it. You glare over at him.

“I’m not driving with it that loud!”

Sans meanwhile is laughing his head off. “Heheheh come’on, don’t be a party pooper.”

“You can have it set to here, and no louder.”

“Tch… stingy ass human.” He pouts.
“I’m buying you a computer! How am I being stingy!”

“Yer missin’ the light.” He points out the window grinning.

You immediately hear a car honking behind you, and you look up to a clear road ahead and a green light. You step on the gas a little harder than you would want, and feel the car lurch forward. Sans immediately goes for the dial.

“Don’t you dare!” You warn.

He rolls his clawed pointer phalanx across the dial smirking. “What’cha gonna do ta stop me?”

“What’cha think I’m gonna do?”

“Heh, ya can’t do yer stupid hugs thanks to these stupid belts. Sides, ya gotta drive.”

“We’re one stop away from our destination.” You warn.

“That means.” He rolls his finger across the dial. “We need to enjoy what little times’s left.”

He cranks the dial all the way up as you scream.

“YOU ARE SO DEAD SKULLS!”

“NO DUH, I’M A SKELETON!” He yells back.

You pull into Muffets parking lot, music blaring, as you contemplate all the fun punishments you are about to give the small skeleton. Once the car rolls to a stop it becomes a race as both of you attempt to get your seat belts off first. Sans has a head start, as he didn’t need to keep his hands on the steering wheel, and he quickly disappears once his belt is off.
You fling open your car door and look around. He better not have teleported back home. You will be much less patient about the whole thing if you have to drag his bony butt back here. You suddenly remember why you were forcing him to come with you in the first place and smirk.

“Guess I’ll have to ask Muffet about the whole dealio by myself!” You call to the parking lot. “I wonder what naughty secrets you’ve been hiding!”

“DON’T YOU FUCKIN’ DARE!” You hear him scream from above you.

You look where the voice is coming from and spot him standing on top of the building. Your grin widens.

“Later Skulls!” You call as you open the door and waltz inside.

“You!” You call as you see him appearing behind you and almost slamming into the shutting glass door.

“WAIT! SHIT I’m coming!” He screeches, appearing behind you, and almost slamming into the shutting glass door.

“Eh? What was that? I thought you ran away!” You laugh as you make your way over to the counter.

You take in the shop on your way. Empty. You timed it just right, after the morning rush, and right before any lunchtime customers. You walk up to the counter and are met with a single tiny fluffy spider standing by the register.

“Is… uh… Muffet in?” You ask, unsure exactly how much these spiders understand.

It waves a pair of tiny legs before scuttling off. Sans slides up beside you, and you can tell his obnoxious bratty mood from before has all but evaporated. He’s hunched himself into his coat and that strange magical perspiration is already developing all along his skull.

“She’s not gonna eat you, stop freaking out.” You whisper.
“Ahuhuhuhu, Dreary, don’t be silly. There’s hardly anyone I would be opposed to eati-” Muffet appears from the back room, and stops when her five beady eyes land on Sans form. You smell his fear.

“What is he doing here!” She demands. “Dreary is he bothering you? He’s been bothering you hasn’t he? The sick pervert. Don’t worry I’ll make sure he disappears.” She flicks her fingers, and hundreds of tiny spiders mas at Sans feet.

“Wait, Muffet. That’s not what I’m here for.” You protest.

“Sh-shit!” Sans tries to move away, but the spiders have already spun his shoes onto the tiled floor. They quickly move up past his socks and onto his leg bones.

“Muffet it’s ok! I brought him here with me today.” You say again.

Muffet meets her five eyes with yours, before she flicks her fingers again. The spiders stop in their efforts, and several of them move off of Sans now grounded legs. Sans sweats bullets as he reaches down trying to swat the spiders off him.

“Oh, Dreary you should have said so in the first place… He’s really not bothering you?” She leans over the counter smiling, pointy small fangs glistening. Sans pulls a particularly large spider from between his leg bones and throws it. “Sans stop messing with my spiders!” She screams over at him.

He stops immediately.

“No… Actually we’re kinda friends now.”

“Ahuhuhuh, Dreary you’re always so funny.” She bursts out laughing. “Friends with this disgusting, perverted, one HP…” The laughing subsides as she looks you in the eyes. “You’re not joking…. Oh my……”

“Nope.” You answer smiling.

“SANS WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO MY HUMAN!” She screeches turning on him.
“I didn’t do anything I swear!” He shouts back. “She was the one who wouldn’t stop bother’n me!”

She looks back at you.

“Yeah, pretty much.” You say smiling even more.

“Ugh, Dreary you really should not be friends with this creep.” She laments.

“Huh? Why not?”

“B-Because it’s Sans!”

“Is there something wrong with him?” You ask, curious.

“He’s a total disgusting perverted creep who uses his brother as a shield to hide behind when his idiocy catches up with him.”

“Woooooohhh, wait…” You turn to your bound skeletal buddy. “Skulls, have you been a total disgusting perverted creep this whole time without telling me?”

“I-I haven’t done any’a that shit at’all!” He growls back.

“Hahah... and this whole time I thought it was all me.” You laugh. “Well… I guess there was that whole sock thing.” You say lowly, more to yourself…

Sans continues to sweat steadily with worry as he tries to remove his feet from the floor. Okay, he may have played up the perverted character underground a little too much, but it’s not like he actually did anything to anyone. He had to save face at Grillby’s, and that was the easiest way to go about it. Besides, he’s definitely not interested in humans. And, even if he was, you would be the last human on the planet he would go for. Ever!
It wasn’t his fault the one thing he asked Muffet for just happened to turn out the way it did. How was he suppose to know who was behind that big ass door in the middle of the woods. He didn’t even want pictures like that. He just wanted to see what she looked like.

“So anyway, Muffet… I kinda, made a promise to clear his debt with you.”

She glares over at Sans.

“Tch... he makes a friend, and the first thing he does is use them to clean his messes. Typical Sans.” She folds a pair of spindly arms.

“Well…. I actually got him doing something in return so, it’s not for free.”

“Dreary… I’ve gotta tell you something.” She leans forward beckoning you closer. “If you wanted a slave, Sans is the worst person you could have picked. Not even his brother could get him to clean properly.”

“Hahaha, oh… no. Oh stars no” You laugh. “Trust me. I’ve helped clean that trash heap once before. No, I got him volunteering at a haunted house with me.”

She squints one set of eyes past you, looking at Sans.

“Really… him… volunteering. You do realize that he falls asleep at every job he’s ever worked at.”

“Heh, yeah I’ve noticed, he was practically passing out all last night. But it’s ok, I’m fine with it. Did you know-”

Sans looks between you and Muffet in utter horror. Fuckin' hell. Why the fuck did he ever agree to come to this place. Fuckin' two crazy ass bitches talking about him while he has to stand there and watch. Literally the worst women in the world making fun of him while hes tied to the floor. The only way this could be any worse was if Undyne showed up. Then it would be three crazy ass bitches.

The bell to the store tingles as the door opens.
“Yo NERD! I’m here ta pick up a cake! Ya better have something-”

Sans turns his head to glare at the asshole who's shouting, and his face morphs into even greater mortification when he realizes who it is. Why did he have to fuckin’ jinx it! Undyne stops shouting when she realizes who’s standing in the front of the shop with her.

“Holy skeletons it’s SANS! Hah, I thought you were scared spineless of this place.”

The world hates you Sans… This can be the only explanation for your life at this moment in time. The world wants to watch you crash and burn into a fiery explosion of social suicide. How in the fuckin' hell is any of this possible right now. He shoves his hood on lamenting the fact that he is still rooted to the floor and can’t escape.

“Fuhuhuhu, Muffet’s already got you all tied up already I see. Typical Sans. Here just let me.” Undyne grabs Sans around the chest and starts pulling.

“Undyne stop! Don’t touch-” He tries to shout through her iron grip on him.

The web is strong, but it’s no match for her amazonian strength as she easily rips him free of the ground.

“Ahuhuhu Undyne dear, you really should have left him there, I don’t like that filth poking around my shop.”

“Ahh c'mon Muffet, I can’t let you mess with Papyrus's bro too much.” Undyne’s walks up to the counter. Her eyes finally land on you as she continues to hold Sans like a rag doll near her waist.

Stars, that’s a very large fish lady. So this is Undyne, the dual Captain of the Royal Guard, and Papyrus's "friend." If you had to describe her, it would be something like a human fish. A muscly human fish. Dang, those biceps are perfect. She wears a beaten black shirt, sleeves ripped of, and long jeans covered in holes. Her hair is a beautiful silky red, held in a high ponytail, and her skin is utterly gorgeous. Shining iridescent blue scales cover the entirety of her body.

She looks you over with her one singular beady yellow eye, the other under a black deadly eyepatch.
Her mouth parts into a smirk and you are surprised to see rows of yellow needle sharp teeth. These monsters really know how to rival your own fangs.

“Ya got somethin' ta say ta me human, hah?” She glares at you, challenging.

“Well… you’re holding my friend a little rough over there.” You answer. Watching him slouch in her grasp. You aren’t actually worried. Besides his damaged pride, Sans seems perfectly fine.

“Fuhuhuhu! What!” She looks down at Sans who's trying to hide the entirety of his small frame in his jacket. “Holy Sans, you have a friend! Fahahaha, and a human one at that! No way! No way!”

You immediately love this loud, inappropriate woman, and decide to introduce yourself.

“The names Y/N by the way. I’ve heard a lot about you.” You say holding out your hand.

She glares at you hard with her one beady eye before slowly taking it. Her grip is strong. You feel the scales of her palm dig into your hand.

“Well… an’cha a brave human… Never had one offer ta shake my hand first before.” She keeps looking you up and down as she shakes your hand. “N’who’s been talkin’ bout me. This little scum.” She shifts Sans on her hip. The poor guy looks like he wishes he could disappear.

“A little bit, Paps tends to do more of the talking actually.”

Her single eye dilates in on you.

“Oh… you know Papyrus too. Well ain’t that a just a breath of fresh air. A human who ain’t cowerin’ away from good ole Papyrus. How tall are ya anyway. Never seen a girly human that could look me straight in the eye.”

“Guaaaaaaah, for the love of all hell, put me down ya crazy bitch!” Sans finally shouts from her hip. Anger written across his face.
She smiles crookedly down at him through her teeth, and you start laughing as you watch him struggle.

“Nah… I think I’m gonna keep ya here for a bit longer.” She shakes his limp body a little. "Papyrus would be pretty pissed if his bro went n' got dusted in front’a me. Yo Muffet, ya aint’t still planning on dusting this idiot right??” She shouts.

“Ahuhuhu, not yet, we were just discussing some issues regarding his old debt.” Muffet smiles.

“Stars Sans! Ya gotta debt with Muffet?” Undyne says in awe. “I didn’t know you were that ballzy. What’ja even need from her.”

“None’a yer fuckin' business, now put me the fuck down!” He snarls, trying to look menacing. It doesn’t work.

Muffet leans over the counter as she smiles, lightly covering her mouth with one of her many hands. “Ahuhuhu, you wouldn’t believe what he asked for, the dirty pervert.”

Undynes single yellow eye narrows, and she grins with those crooked teeth. “Oh…?”

“Guaaaah, It’s private." Sans screeches, trying interrupt the conversation. "Ya said ya wouldn’t tell anyone!”

Muffet immediately frowns. “You said YOU would pay double for my silence Sans. Not somebody else. And now, here you are, getting this human to clear your debts, with me not seeing a single cent of gold from you.”

Undyne looks at you, now in amusement. She leans towards you grinning as she talks.

“Listen girly." She whispers loudly. "You seem alright for’a human, so I gotta tell ya. If you wanted a slave, Sans is literally the worst monster ya could’ve picked.”

“I’m not her fuckin' slave!” Sans yells venomously from beneath the both of you.
You're inwardly dying of laughter at this moment. You try to keep your breathing even as you listen to the three monsters talk. Seriously, why do they keep thinking you would want a slave. Is that something they did? Is this why San’s can’t believe you’re just gonna buy him a computer, no strings attached.

“I don’t know.” You whisper back. "He seems like he could be an entertaining slave.” You say giggling. "I bet I could make him do lots of fun things."

“What the FUCK!” Sans yells.

Undyne wrinkles her single eye in disgust. “Please do not tell me that means what I’m thinking it does.”

“IT DOESN’T!” He screeches.

“No, oh stars no! I was meaning more for… you know what nevermind.” You say.

“Gah, sorry, this guy was a pretty big pervert underground. Did you know Papyrus had him wearing a collar with his name on a dog tag.” She smiles crookedly.

“No… what? Why?” You look down at Sans about to ask him silently why, but he’s ducked his head so far into his hood you’re afraid you may never see his face again. You can however, spot the familiar glow of red radiating out of the fur.

“Papyrus thought it would keep him safe or something. Sans wore it for a damn month before I finally told Papyrus what it meant when two people did that. Never seen him run out of trainin’ that fast before.”

“Phahahaha that is the greatest thing I’ve ever heard!” You laugh.

“I know right. Papyrus wouldn’t look me in the eye for a week.”
“Hahah, Well, I’m not planning on using him for anything like that. I got him volunteering at a haunted house with me instead.” You correct.

“Volunteering? Hah! You do realize this guy falls asleep at every job he’s ever worked at? He was literally the worst sentry that ever existed.” Undyne laughs.

“Ahuhuhu, I already tried to tell her that Deary.” Muffet laughs lightly from behind the counter.

“It’s kinda hard to fall asleep at a haunted house anyway.” You tell them.

Even with Sans half asleep during his shift last night, he was still mostly able to perform his part. Sleeping on the job really wasn’t that big of an issue.

“So… wait... what’s this haunted house thing anyway?” Undyne asks, now studying the desserts displayed behind the glass case.

“It’s none’a yer damn business.” Sans growls now completely limp at her hip. He’s definitely accepted his fate.

“It’s a seasonal attraction they got running out in the farms for Halloween.” You answer.

Undyne pauses as she looks down at Sans.

“Fuhuhuh, what! They got you in a zoo or something playing the scary monster for humans. Man Sans! I thought you had more pride than that.”

“That ain’t what I’m fuckin' doin’!” He screeches.

“Then what are ya doing?” She asks.

“Heheh, he’s basically in a zoo playing scary monster for humans entertainment.” You laugh.
“Don’chu fuckin' make shit up!” He growls, glaring daggers at you from her hip.

“All right, all right, that’s not entirely true…. I guess.” You say. “You should come check it out. The directors aren’t discriminatory… actually we haven’t had any monsters come through the haunt that aren’t working there yet. I know I would find it pretty fun to scare a real monster.”

“Don’t fuckin' tell her to come!” Sans demands, still completely ignored by the both of you.

“Huh… It might be kinda interesting…” Undyne says thinking. “Ya maybe… Maybe I’ll see what ya humans think’s scary.” Undyne grins flashing her needle teeth. “I bet it’s hilariously stupid.”

“Hey… don’t knock it till you’ve tried it.” You say grinning back. “I’ll scare the pants off you.”

“Heh, is that a challenge girly.”

“It’s a promise.”

“Oh, you are so on!”

Meanwhile Sans is pulling his head deeper and deeper into his hood making lamenting sounds. He probably wasn’t expecting any monsters to even think about coming through the haunt.

“Yo Muffet! What’s this green looking one.” Undyne asks, pointing at a mint green looking cake.

“It’s a layered green tea cake.” Muffet answers.

“That’s like Asian stuff right?”

“Yes, I do believe they like their green tea, Deary.”

“Get me a whole onna those!”
“Coming right up.” Muffet moves over to the till and begins to ring her up. Several small fluffy spiders scuttle out from the back room with a box, clambering down onto the counter from a thinly veiled web system.

“Anyway Muffet, I’m serious about this debt thing. I’ve got money, and I’ve got myself that can pay it off.” You say.

Muffet sighs as she hands the box over to Undyne.

“Dreary, I suppose I could… allow a transference of debt.”

“YES, great! Thank you!” You say clapping your hands.

She sighs again before looking down at Sans.

“You’d better be thankful for this one Sans. She’s worth a lot more than you could ever afford.”

He keeps his head buried deep into his fur, staying quiet.

“Welp!” Undyne grabs Sans by the collar and sets him back down roughly next to you. “Looks like you’re basically owned by a human now. Best of luck to ya Sans! Maybe next time ya won’t make deals ya can’t pay off.” Undyne waves, and walks to the exit. Before she leaves, she turns towards you.

“Oh and girly! You seem pretty cool. Make sure the punk stays alive. He’s only got one HP.” With that, she waves and walks out the door. Bell tingling gently as it shuts.

“Let me get my documents then.” Muffet says, waving a hand.

Several spiders come from the ceiling carrying a purple folder decorated in silver lining. She pulls it from them and shuffles out a page of paper. She spends some time writing something across it, before flipping it on the counter and moving it towards you. You take your time reading it.
It’s a pretty standard official document stating you understand that the burden of debt will be shouldered onto you and your posterity… wait posterity… Heh, not like you can have any. It will be paid off in the form of goods and services in equal to the amount of…

“O-One hundred thousand! Skulls what did you buy that costed over one hundred thousand dollars.”

“Technically I gave you over a fifty percent discount.” Muffet states. “Gold’s worth a lot more aboveground.”

Sans doesn’t respond. He keeps his eyelights downturned. Face glowing lightly through his hood. You shrug your shoulders and decide to sign the document anyway, handing it back when your finished. Muffet places it into the envelope, lifting it up so her spiders can carry it away.

“I don’t have that kinda cash on me at the moment, but I can bring you a check next time I come in.” You say.

“Ahuhuhu, dreary, the document says goods and services. Emphasis on the services. Take your time with the payment, I won’t even charge you any interest this month.” You can’t help but notice Muffet looks very miffed about the whole deal. She turns her eyes downward and glares at Sans.

“You’d better do everything she tells you, and take care of my dear Dreary. She’s sensitive to sunlight you know…”

“Tch… yeah, yeah, I already knew that.” He growls.

“And you’d better not do anything disgusting… Dreary please do be careful around him.” She says turning to you.

“I ain’t fuckin’ interested!” He shouts.

“I think I’ll be alright. He’s just a cute little one hp monster.” You say patting his head a few times before he slaps your hand away.
Muffet makes a disgusted face as she watches you.

“Dreary… you really need to improve your definition of cute.”

“Hahah, maybe. Also… can I get a couple things. Definitely another one of those strawberry cheesecakes, that one was my favorite.”

She’s already reaching into the glass case selecting several different pastries before your done talking.

“Skulls you want anything?”

“What! N-No! N-Nothing!”

He's being strangely quiet again.

“Come on, I’m paying.”

“I said I don’t want any’a this disgusting-” Muffets eyes flash dangerously. “Delicious sugary food.” He changes midway.

Hm, you actually don’t know what he likes when it comes to sweets. May as well throw everything at him and see what hits.

“Actually... today I'm feeling lucky. Gimmie one of those cherry ones, a chocolate one, and one of those blueberry ones too.” You say pointing at several different pastries.

She bags all the goodies and you smell the super sweet sugar wafting from it. This is how monster food should be. Delicious. Not poisonous and full of metal studs. She hands you the bag and you stare at her for a moment, waiting.

“You need to ring me up.”
“It’s on the house Dreary… Why should I charge you when I’ve finally got a way to get that debt repaid.”

“But you worked to make these, I gotta pay you something.”

“Dreary, I insist.”

You take the bag and nod, mentally telling yourself to get her some sort of gift later. Maybe when you come in to pay her next time.

“Later then.” You say waving.

“Goodbye Dreary.” She waves at your retreating form. "And do be careful."

You open the door, and exit the shop, quiet skeleton walking behind you.
I originally didn’t have Undyne show up in this chapter. But… it just sorta had to happen. Poor Skulls. Don't worry, he can handle social embarrassment pretty well.

I know I said he was gonna buy a lappy this chapter, but it'll have to wait till next time.

I added two new pictures to my tumblr, check them out!

Sidestories for this fikk are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Chapter Summary

You pet San's head.

Chapter Notes

We’ve been getting a lot of tsun tsun lately and not enough dere dere. So this chapter, I bring you dere Sans.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You both get into your car. Sans instantly curling up into a protective ball next to the window after he puts his seatbelt on. He’s hidden his skull under his hood, letting it dangle limply. After a few minutes of driving in agonizing silence you have to say something.

“Come on skulls.... It wasn’t that bad.”

“Jus’ let me dust…”

“I didn’t even find out what your debt was. Mission accomplished!”

Granted, you feel like Undyne had spilled some other personal histories about Sans that he would prefer to keep buried forever. You still can’t believe Papyrus made him wear a collar like he was some kind of dog.

“Though, seriously… How you managed to wrack up a debt worth the cost of a small house is beyond me.”

“I-I….”

He goes quiet, curling into a tighter ball.
“Yeah?” You ask.

“I told ya, it ended up being more’n what I was gonna pay. She was fucken blackmailin’ me…”

You can’t really argue with that. Muffet may be your friend, but you can tell she wouldn’t hesitate to destroy someone she has no feelings for. Maybe that’s why you like her so much. Kindred spirits and all that.

“Seriously, what did you buy?”

He goes back to being silent again. You get it, he isn’t gonna tell you. You decide to ask about something else that’s been bothering you.

“So… I really gotta ask… Was there some kinda cast system or something underground?”

“A what?”

“You know…” You think how to phrase the question without sounding completely offensive. Nope, it’s gonna be offensive no matter what. “I keep hearing monsters bringing up your one HP like it’s a bad thing… Are soul stats like, equivalent to social status or something?”

He remains silent…

“Skulls?”

“I’m thinking!”

“Oh.”

“….Weak monsters…. didn’t usually survive… down there.”
“So what… did you guys kill them or something?”

Sans stays quiet, looking out the window.

“I’m gonna take your silence as, it was something like that…”

Ok, now you feel like a jerk for bringing it up. You were trying to figure out why all these monsters seemed to hate him, not make him feel like crap.

“Well… I’m glad you made it out. Otherwise I would be all lonely and by myself in that apartment.” You say, trying to be cheerful.

“Th-that ain’t… ya got plenty’a friends…”

“Yeah, but you’re the only person who actually comes over.”

“S’jus’ cause I’m bored.”

“Me too! Glad we can both entertain each other.”

Sans is slowly unwinding from his ball. He keeps his skull turned towards the window as he sighs out slowly.

“S’more like yer just makin’ funna me.”

“Skulls… I’m not entirely sure how many friends you’ve had in your life, but you need to understand something. When two people are friends, you know what they do? They make fun of eachother. That’s what friends do, Skulls.”

“Tch… more like yer the only one makin’ funna me, n’ nothin’ back.”
“You were just being a little dirtbag about my radio earlier.”

“N’ I had ta run fer my fucken life!”

“Hugs are not gonna kill you.”

“Who knows what the fuck else ya would’a done.”

“You got me Skulls, I was planning on confessing my undying love for you on the spot, forcing you to bear my children, then murdering us both in a suicide pact for committing the heinous act of cross species breeding.”

“What the hell!” He shouts, finally uncurling from his ball.

You laugh… how do skeletons even have kids? Heck… how do monsters even have them? You are completely confused on the subject. You’ve been wanting to ask from the moment you got to know him, but you’re very sure he would never tell you. In fact, you’re still holding out on asking him how he even does it… He said he doesn’t have a dick. Whenever his body does something strange, like breathe, or eat, you usually assume it’s some kinda magic. You just can’t imagine how one would reproduce with magic. The only hint you have to go off of is soul crushing, and that really doesn’t seem very pleasant.

“Seriously Skulls. I’m so glad you didn’t die down there. Living in that apartment by myself was about as much fun as watching paint dry.”

“It… it wasn’t that big a deal… n’ I was fine with Boss around n’ all that.” He says looking away.

“Yeah… making you wear a collar apparently?”

“Gaaaaahhh, don’cha dare bring that up with him. EVER!”

“Haha, I wish I had a picture of it!”
“I’m serious. Don’cha fucken say nothin’!”

“I…… probably won’t.”

“Yer planning on it! Yer totally planning on it. I can see it in yer eyes!”

“Come on Skulls! Don’t you want to see your bro’s totally flustered face when I say it?”

“Not with him thinkin’ I told’ja ‘bout it!”

“Oh…. uh… yeah…”

Papyrus would probably get pretty pissed at Sans. That’s not what you wanted… Papyrus definitely cared about his brother, but he wasn’t the best at showing it. Seriously though… he thought a collar would help keep him safe.

“It really wasn’t right of him to make you wear that collar...”

“Drop it, I don’t fucken care n’ymore, it happened a long time ago.”

“No, I mean…heh... you’re more of a cat than a dog. Hahaha! He should have got you a bell and neko ears instead.” You giggle.

You can feel his glare piercing straight through you.

“What the fuck is wrong with you!” He screeches.

“Dogs are loyal and love you from the get go, but with cats you gotta spend time and-”

“Shut the fuck up ’r drive us off a cliff already so I can escape this hell.”
“Noooo, no dying! Besides, your bro threatened he would erase my existence from this very world if anything bad happens to you.”

“HE WHAT!”

“He was all like ‘DON’T YOU DARE HURT MY PRECIOUS CUTE TINY BROTHER OR I’LL DESTROY YOU.’” You say, poorly attempting to imitate a Papyrus’s voice.

“He did not!”

“Yes he did.”

“When?”

“When you were going to get the tapes from his house. He was also like ‘I LOVE MY BRO A LOT, BUT RIGHT NOW YOU’RE THE BEST PERSON FOR MY SANS, SO I’M GIVING YOU MY BLESSING TO MARRY HIM.’”

“Yeah, that’s totally a shitty lie…” He says, now staring out the window.

“Hahaha, ok… so the part about us getting married was, but he definitely said the rest.”

“That sounds nothing like em’.”

“Well, he probably used the words, useless and worthless, a bunch while saying it, but because I can tell he didn’t mean any of that, I filtered those out.”

Sans continues to look out the window as the scenery passes, reflecting off the glass.

“He-he wouldn’t say nothin’ like that.”
“He did.”

“Tch… ya jus’… ya jus’ don’t get him at all. I do, so I know he wouldn’t say that.”

“Wow Skulls….. You don’t even understand your own brother.”

“I do understand him. Yer the one’s pretendin’ ya get him after seein’ ‘em twice.”

“Well, maybe not completely, but I think I kinda get him.”

“I’ve been with him my whole life. N’ I know he wouldn’t say that shit.”

“You can think whatever you want Skulls, but I’m not lying.”

You pull into a self storage facility and drive over to your unit. Sans furrows his brow.

“This don’t look like a computer store.”

“It’s not.”

His sockets expand in a look of panic. He grips the belt on his chest.

“Wh-where-”

“It’s where I keep all my stuff that doesn’t fit into the apartment. Holy crap Skulls, don’t freak out.”

“I-I ain’t.”

You narrow your eyes at him as your car comes to a stop.
“Sure...”

“Wh-why’r we stoppin’ here?”

“Cause I got some extra parts for the computer you can have.”

You walk over to the white paneled garage door and unlock it. You pull it open to reveal an enormous amount of boxes all stacked and labeled on top of one another. You can’t help but notice Sans eyelights immediately slide to your motorcycle leaning against the far wall.

“Yer a hoarder?” He states more than asks.

“No I am not a hoarder.” You say, offended.

“This’s way more stuff than any one person needs.”

“Excuse me… Do not talk about my babies like that.”

You prefered the word, collector. It wasn’t your fault you lived a long time, and liked to collect electronics. The two combined made you end up with a lot more things than most people. You go over to one of the stacks of boxes near the front, and begin to take it apart, aiming for a specific box.

“Why’d ya put it back?”

“…? put what back?” You ask as you dig through the box.

“Yer motorcycle.”

“Huh? Oh… because we only get one parking slot at our apartments.”
“Ya should use it instead’a the dumbass car.”

“Motorcycles aren’t very good in the winter, and my car has more utility.”

“Is it gonna get that much colder?”

“Yeah, it snows a lot here.”

“It’s gonna snow?” He asks in surprise.

You look over at him for a second trying to figure out why he’s confused.

“I know I saw some snow in those Mettaton tapes, don’t tell me you’ve never se-.”

“Yeah I’ve seen snow, I lived in Snowdin! I just didn’t think it was gonna snow here’s all!” He huffs out quickly.

“Oh… Unless you live in very specific warm areas, it tends to snow during the winter months.”

“Huh… ’s fucken weird.”

“Yeah… ok… I’m pretty sure you’re the weird one this time.”

“Nah, yer all fucken weird’s far as I’m concerned.”

“I am completely normal thank you.”

“Ain’t nothin’s normal aboutcha.”
“Just normal ole me, living a normal life, in a normal apartment, with a normal skeleton neighbor.”

“A normal human wouldn’t go outta their way ta hang out with monsters.”

“You have never played pokemon then… Here catch!”

You toss something at Sans, and he almost fails to keep it from falling to the ground.

“You can have it.”

He looks down at the flat smart phone in his hands.

“I… I can’t use this ya dingus.”

“Do whatever you did with that buzzer.”

“I ain’t got the tools fer that.”

“There are gloves you can buy that will let you use it, or sell it… I don’t really care. I have a newer version so I don’t need it anymore. You need to have another option besides that old grandpa phone.”

You go back to sifting through the box, finally finding what you want near the bottom.

“Yesssss!”

You pull out the small box containing an almost untouched solid state drive, and a stick of ram. They were the remains of your previously upgraded laptop before it got crushed during your move. You inspect them for damage before putting them back in the box. You look up and notice Sans has disappeared.
“Skulls?”

No answer. You start to walk through the rows of boxes looking for him.

“Hey Skulls?!”

Still no answer. You hear the sound of something rustling. You walk towards it, finding him near the back where you store some of your really old stuff. He’s standing there holding your old IBM looking deep in thought.

“Find something you like.”

“Wha?... oh uh… Jus’ remembering. Can’t believe ya got something like this back here.”

“Wait… have you used an IBM before.”

“Th-they were inna trash pile, n’ a couple monsters fixed em up n’ used um’ a bit.”

“Heh, they are pretty sturdy. Guess they could probably survive a trip inside a mountain. I still remember the day I bought it. I was so excited I could hardly get it outta the box to set it up!”

Sans narrows his sockets at you in confusion.

“The manufacturing date on this is 1981… How fucken old are ya!?”

Crap… oh crap! You messed up. Your eyes instantly lock with his and you feel your blood rush as your body reacts on instinct. It wants to erase this conversation. Stop, it won’t do anything. Stop reacting!

“L-Lady…” Sans starts to sweat.

You realize you’re glaring him down, and you force yourself to stop. Calming your bloods desire to erase, to stay hidden. You slam your hands over your eyes.
“AHHHHHHhhhh! Sorry, sorry, I uh… bo-bought it at a collectors show.”

“What the fuck was that!” Sans growls.

“What was what…?”

“I saw that, what the hell!”

“I-I’m just feeling a little sick.”

“Bullshit! What’s up with yer eyes!”

“I have them, and you don’t.”

“Yeah n’ apparently both of our’s r’ red! N’ only onna us’s suppose ta be!”

“No they aren’t, look their normal.” You say looking back into his eyelights. They should be normal now.

“Their still fucken red!”

“What!” You slam your hands over them again. Why are they still red? You feel calm, your blood is calm.

“This is… uhhh.”

“Why’r ya cover’n them? N’ don’t tell me it’s some kinda lame ass disease again?”

“I-it’s…” He probably doesn’t even know what a vampire is. What are you suppose to say? I’m a weird type of human that periodically has to drink other humans blood at night. Shoot, why won’t they turn back.
“I was lyin. They were normal when ya looked back up...”

“...”

The manipulative little skeleskum! He got you. He fricken got you. And now he knows you’re trying to hide it. Why did he have to be so much fun you ended up making friends with him? You know you can’t use your hypnosis on him. How are you gonna keep this a secret without it?

You slowly peek out of your hands. Sans looks nervous. Hes clenching his pockets again as he glares at you.

“They… um… sometimes do that...”

“Bullshit! Yer fucken lyin, n’ we both know it.”

“It’s another disease.” You answer, getting worried.

“Oh really. What kind? I would really like to hear what kinda fake ass disease a human’s got that can turn their eyes red randomly.”

“S-sometimes blood gets into my irises... and-”

“Just say it! Yer a fucken mage!”

His shout echoes through your storage unit and you immediately stop everything you’re doing to stand there looking him in in the eyelights. In the silence that’s left, all you can hear is your heartbeat.

“I.... am?”

Wait… no you’re not. You vaguely remember talks about mages back when you first got turned into a vampire. Something about their clans diminishing in power and strength. You can’t be a mage. It’s
just your eyes giving off a similar effect from your vampirism. Mages weren’t even around when you were turned.

“Human mages kin get red eyes when they’re usin’ magic.” Suddenly his sockets widen, and he takes a step away from you… “Ya-ya were tryin ta cast shit on me!”

“I-I wasn’t.”

You weren’t trying to cast—… Ok so maybe your body was instinctively trying to put him under your vampiric hold, but… you weren’t gonna do anything bad if you could anyway… ok maybe hypnosis isn’t the nicest thing… but you weren’t gonna…. He’s your friend… The back of your mind reminds you that even if you don’t bite your friends, that’s never stopped you from using your power over them… Tiffany was proof of this…

“Yes you were! I can see it on yer face!” Sans yells. You can practically smell the fear radiating off him. He’s scared, but more than that, he looks hurt.

“I didn’t mean to do that!” You try and reason.

“Ya… ya humans r’ all fucken liars!” He takes another step away from you.

“I’m not… Skull’s there’s a reason for this.” You plead. You’re worried he may go into one of his attacks again.

“Fucken lure me intah this shithole ta dust me!” He raises his arm, shaking.

“Skulls, I’m not a mage!”

He’s breathing heavily now. “N’ then yer gonna kill Boss too. N’ yer gonna kill everyone.”

“Skulls, stop!”

“Just cause I only got one fucken HP, don’t mean I can’t fucken stop ya.” Hes sweating heavily
now. Large droplets stream down his face and patter to the floor. His eyelights go out, before his left eye begins to flicker to life. A large circle of yellow and red rapidly flash into a glowing deadly eye.

Your heart rate speeds up. There’s a tug in your chest. Suddenly your bright orange soul is glowing in front of you. You’re once again immediately awed at its presence. It shines so brightly, the room becomes dim in comparison. Golden orange light shafts wash over your face casting intricate patterns of crystal light over your body. You wonder what it feels like if you touch it. The outside texture looks smoother than any glass you’ve ever seen. Drawn to it, you reach your hand out, the light dancing off your palm.

A large orange translucent bone slams into your chest. You take a step back from the force of it.

“What the heck Skulls, I’m trying to look at my soul!” You yell.

Oh yeah, he wanted to fight you or something….

“I ain’t fallin’ fer yer stupid shit n’ymore.” He yells back.

You bring your attention back to your soul. It’s supposed to have stats or something. All you see is your name displayed beneath it. Where are they? How do you see your HP! Maybe if you poke it….

Another bone slams into your chest. This one white. Ok, this is just getting annoying, now you have two large bones getting in the way of your curiosity. You look up and spot Sans across the room with his hand in the air.

“I said, I’m trying to look at my-” You stop when you notice his face. Those are tears dripping from his sockets, not sweat. Sans, he’s crying...

“I shoulda fucken known! Nobody cares about me enough ta buy me shit!” Hes trembling as he holds his arm up. He looks so sad. Sad and hurt. Like the weight of the world is crushing him. You need to stop him, stop this. Why do you always get distracted by unnecessary things. Your friend needs you.

“Skulls It’s fine, I’”
Sans feels his soul twisting with emotion. He’s been betrayed. He knew he shouldn’t have trusted you. You can’t trust humans. You can’t trust anyone. This is why he was living alone. Why did you have to break all his walls down? Humans are horrible. They act nice so you’ll let your guard down around them. He should have seen it the first time you said something nice about him. Nobody says nice things about him. He’s useless worthless trash, and even worse, he’s trash for believing you. Believing in you. There’s no such a thing as a good person, just people trying to get your guard down.

Another bone materializes in the air above his hand, this time a blue one. If the other two attacks aren’t gonna work, maybe this one will.

“Skulls, come on.” You start walking towards him.

“Stay the fuck back!” The bone goes shooting towards you. You could probably dodge it, but none of the other bones seem to be doing anything. You take it in your shoulder as you move forward. This one also lodging itself halfway through. “Do-don’t come over here!” He looks so terrified.

You stop in your tracks. “Look, I’m not even fighting you.”

“Yer lyin’. Yer jus’ gonna laugh about the stupid ass monster ya tricked after ya dust me.” More tears drip off his skull. He brings his right arm up and scratches at his now empty socket, as it continues to drip with liquid. His bones grind together uncomfortably as he scratches it.

“If I wanted to kill you, I would have tried a long time ago. Why would I wait until now.” You plead.

“You all sick freaks who like pretendin’ yer nice, n’ then murderin’ us when our guard’s down!”

You remember the conversation you had with him about malicious humans who strike when monsters drop their guard.

“I’ve told you this before and I meant it, I’m not gonna hurt you Skulls!”
“I can’t trust ya! Ya’ve been lying ta me this whole time!”

“No I haven’t, I’ve been mostly truthful. I’m just not suppose to talk about some things, so I don’t.” You watch his hand falter for a moment. “I can tell you it has nothing to do with killing monsters.”

“I-I ain’t gonna fall fer yer shit!”

“Fine! Go ahead and attack me! I bet I make a sexy pincushion.”

This time he summons a group of bones. With a light flick, they all come flying at you. You don’t even dodge as they all slam into your body. You now look like a multicolored pincushion.

His attacks oddly don’t hurt at all. They push you back a little when they hit, and there’s seems to be some sort of slight vibration in the bones, but nothing more than that. If anything the bones are more of an annoyance than an attack. You attempt to lean yourself onto your butt and carefully sit cross legged on the floor. You fold your arms awkwardly over the bone attacks now lodged throughout your body.

“Get up and fight!” He calls.

“Don’t wanna.”

“I’ll really kill ya!”

“Do it then.”

He goes quiet for a moment. At least he’s stopped attacking.

“I just… I don’t fucken get ya!” He cries.

“Yes you do… you just don’t want to accept the fact that I’m a human, and I legitimately like you, and enjoy spending time with you. Do you honestly believe that I want to hurt you or any of the other monsters I’ve met.”
“Humans always say that. They make friends whi’cha one day, n’ murder ya the next.”

“I’m not talking about humans. Don’t group me in with people I’ve never met. I’m talking about me! Look me in the eyes and tell me you think I want to hurt you. Tell me to my face I’m a monster killer.”

He keeps his arm raised.

“I-I can’t trust y-”

“NO! Say y/n is a filthy monster killer.”

“SHUTTUP!”

“Say it!”

“Leave me alone!”

“SAY IT!”

“I-I CAN’T!”

He sobs. His cries echoing across the unit. The light in his left socket goes out. His old eyelights slowly return. Fresh tears pour from his sockets, but he keeps his hand held high. His right hand clutching at his face.

“I can’t… I can’t... why can’t’cha jus’ let me hate ya? Why, wh-why d’ya gotta be so fucken weird.”

“Being weird implies that you're comparing me with other people Skulls. I’m me. That’s all I am. Completely normal me.” You start to get off the floor. It's a little difficult with a bunch of bones poking out of you.
“I hate’cha so much! I hate ya! Why do I gotta feel this way!” You finally get your balance and start walking over to him. “Jus’ leave me the fuck alone. Stop bothering me! I don’t wanna be bothered! I’m tired of dealing with your shit! Jus’ die n’ leave me alone!” You stop in front of him. “Go away!” He yells, taking a step back as something large begins to materialize above his hand. You feel your hair stand on end as the room fills with energy. The lights flicker and pop. Wind whips through the indoor unit, and your blood races harder, sensing the danger.

You focus on his face, squatting down so that your eyes are level for once. Slowly reach out your hand.

“Don’t touch me!” He yells, clenching his sockets closed. His hands shake, but he still hasn’t run from you yet.

You place your palm gently on the top of his skull. Its surface, cool on your fingers, yet you can sense a wealth of warmth running just beneath it. A sensation of power, of energy. A light humming vibrates lightly on the edge of your fingertips. He feels so alive for a skeleton. So alive and so afraid.

“I-I don’t want ya ta touch me. I don’t wanna be touched. Everythin’ hurts. Just leave me alone!” He cries, still letting his head rest under your hand.

“I know. I get it.”

“Y-ya can’t know. Nobody gets it.”

“I get it.”

You move your hand rubbing his skull lightly, and watch his body immediately relax at your touch. His hand slowly drops, and he covers his dripping face with it. Whatever he had summoned disappears. The electricity in the room vanishes as everything seems to relax all at once.

“It’s okay.” You say. “You’re gonna be okay.”

He wails, tears pouring from his sockets as you rub small circles onto his skull. Heh, when you wanted to watch his reaction to you petting his head, you didn’t mean this. Tears bubble from that
unknown place behind his sockets, and drip down his cheeks. His whole face is smeared with red, sockets puffy from crying, nose hole watering. Your exposed soul casts a beautiful golden glow around his face. Your heartbeat slows with his body's own gentle hum. Calming the both of you together.

You let him get it all out. All the stress and fear. He’s needed this. It’s been building up for such a long time. Longer than you’ve known him for. You want to hug him, but that would be too much. That, and you’re basically a human porcupine of bones right now. So instead you keep rubbing his skull slowly and gently, going over every small dent, divit, and ridge. Feeling the smoothness, the hardness, and the roughness of his skull. Trying to remember the places you liked being scratched the most, and hitting those spots with gentle touches.

He doesn’t lean into your hand, but he doesn’t shy away either. His breathing is labored as he sobs, convulsing slightly with each breath. You continue petting and scratching his skull silently, as he stays standing, grasping his face with his hands. Crying away his frustrations and fears into the little bones of his fingers. You wait patiently till it's over, watching your soul sparkle across his tears. Reminding him to be brave.

After what seems like a long time, his breathing mellows out to a more stable rhythm. His hands move from his face and he nudges your arm off him.

“Ah.. okay.” You let your arm hang limply at your side as you attempt to stand back up properly. The bone attacks are really getting in your way.

“Would you mind.. Umm… getting rid of these. I can’t really move.” You say sheepishly.

“The-the fuck are ya s-s-so fucken d-damn weird!” He sniffles out, wiping his face on his sleeve. “I told you, I’m normal.”

He sighs pulling his hood over his face to hide it, before he waves his hand. Your soul jumps back into your chest, and the bone attacks disappear. You sigh out your held breath. Freedom, finally.

He keeps wiping his eyes with his sleeve, the whole thing quickly becoming soaked. You hope he trusts you now. With monsters, intent is everything. You don’t know what else you can do to show you have zero negative intentions towards him.
He keeps sniffing, and you wish you had some tissues or something… can he even blow his nose hole thing? What would come out. Shut up curious brain and focus.

“I… uh… found what I was looking for earlier. Are you still up for going to the store or…”

“Ye-yer still gonna b-b-buy me shit af-after dat!” He coughs slightly, and you can’t help but smile.

“Yeah…? Unless you don’t want me to…”

He pulls his furred hood further over his skull. Why would you even want to be friends with him after what he did. A weak stupid monster. Ya just…. Ya just don’t make any damn sense. This is why he can’t stand being around you. You’re too confusing and weird. You don’t buy people things when they try to kill you.

“S-sure… I can still g-go.” He sniffs.

“Okay…”

You lead him through the storage unit to the front, and his eyelights once again land on the motorcycle. Sans stops moving as he looks at it.

“Ya-ya said ya only ge-get one spot right?”

“Yeah…”

“I-I. uh. ain’t usin' mine, s-s-so…”

“Ohhhh! I didn’t think about that!”

You hurry over to your car and open the back doors, already attempting to remove the back seat. You emerge from the trunk with Sans watching you pull the whole thing out.
“I didn’t know ya co-could do that.” He says.

“Most cars can.”

You’re about halfway out of the trunk with the seat, when a blue light surrounds it. It floats away from you and sets itself neatly down next to the motorcycle. You’re struck with curiosity as you watch.

“How much can you move with that?”

“Sm-small ta medium large objects.” He responds, smudged red face still hidden in his hood.

“That’s all you’re gonna say… isn’t it?”

“S’all I kin say…”

Before you can even walk over to your motorcycle, Sans has already lifted it with blue magic, and is stuffing it into your car.

“So… umm… Why didn’t you use your gravity magic on me like you did before.”

Sans flinches at your question before continuing to guide the motorcycle in the car.

“Di-didn’t really feel like it… N’ was tired of b-breakin’ yer stuff.”

You stare at him wide eyed. He protected your stuff… Even as he was trying to kill you, he refused to break your things again.

“Thanks!”

“I-I-It’d be a damn shame if all this shit got wrecked… Sides, I… tried ta use that on ya when ya
were ticklin’ me, n’ it didn’t do nothen’, so I figured it wouldn’t here neither. I-I didn’t do it for you.”

“Thank you Skulls!”

“I said I didn’t do it fer ya.”

“I know, I know.”

You close the trunk of the car, and lock the unit once your done. The both of you get into the front seats, and your nose is hit with the super sweet smell of Muffet’s pastries. You hold the bag out to him, and he regards it for a moment before taking it from you, and digging around inside. You start the car as he pulls out a large flaky sugar dripping cherry turnover, looks it up and down, and stuffs half of it behind his teeth. Mental note, Sans may like cherries.

You pull out of the lot and head to one of your most favorite stores.

Wha… what type’a shitty spell’s that anyway…” He asks from beneath his fur as he munches on the pastries. He sniffs a little at the end, nose still dripping from before.

“I tried to tell you, I’m not doing any of this on purpose.”

“What the hell kinda mage are ya then?”

“I’m not a mage, skulls! I’m pretty sure I would know if I was one.”

“Then what was that sh-shit…”

“You gotta be more specific.”

“Why were my attacks just sitting there like yer a fuckin’ gross dead human corpse!”
Wait?... His attacks act like he's hitting a corpse when they hit you?! It’s gotta be the vampirism. What else could it be?

“I don’t know, it did that last time too remember?” Sans looks as though he’s debating if you’re really telling the truth or not. He’s feeling better, but you need to get this guy to trust you. “I don’t even know what your attacks are suppose to look like.”

“Soul attacks r’ suppose ta disappear once they apply damage to a soul. The only time they don’t’s when ya hit’n inanimate object, or somethin’ without a soul. Like a corpse. Cept… usually it’ll react physically if it hits’n inanimate object. When my attacks hit you, they sink in, n’ don’t do any physical r’ soul damage. It’s like you’re both alive n’ dead atta same time. S’fucken creepy.”

That sounds very much like a problem from your vampirism. You decide you have to be as honest as possible. This whole mess happened because you weren’t being honest.

“I… uh… think I know why your attacks ended up like that.”

“Ya do?”

“Yeah… it’s why my eyes turn red as well.”

He waits in silence for a tick.

“… What is it!”?

“I’m not supposed to talk about it.”

“Why! Why can’cha tell me.”

“I’m not a mage, so you don’t have to worry about that. It’s something else… just… don’t worry about it.”

“It’s freakin’ me out….”
“I understand that… but there isn’t much I can do about it. You can’t tell me stuff either. Just accept that I’m not hiding some sort of monster killing secret.”

Heh, maybe he would be happy to find out you're a vampire. Preying off the evil terrible humans. But you really shouldn’t tell him. All remaining vampires have made promises to keep the knowledge of themselves strictly secret. No more expanding the race, no more thralls. That's why you were all living peacefully with luxurious lifestyles. Because you all kept your mouths shut, and kept any regular humans that needed to know, under strict control. Monsters can’t be controlled. You can’t tell him anything.

You pull into the parking lot of a strip mall and look over at your skeletal neighbor and friend. The blotchy red streaks on his face are gone. His sockets are only slightly puffy, looking more like he hasn’t had a good night's sleep, and less like he was crying his sockets out in your storage unit. You also notice a small spot of cherry jam stuck on the side of his face.

“Hey Skulls…”

“What…”

“Hold still.”

You reach over steadying his skull with one hand. You wipe the jam off his cheek with the other, before licking your finger clean.

“Hmm… cherry flavor isn't that bad.”

“W-W-W-What the hell! What’r ya doin’!” His face glows a deep red.

“You had some jam-”

“Fuckin' tell me, n’ I’ll do it myself. Don’t eat shit off my fuckin' face!”
“Hahahaha.”

“Shutup!”

You remember your comment from the time you were RadBrad. Ah Skulls, You're as easy as pie, a nice delicious cherry pie I can eat right up.

Chapter End Notes

I like that you guys have named the reader vamp chan.

I have never rewrote, edited, and rephrased a section of writing as much as I had to this chapter. I really wanted the moment to be emotional. Sadly once you start revising something, rereading it over and over makes it hard to tell if it’s emotional anymore. Hopefully it came out that way, I’m a logical person, not emotional, so it can be hard for me to write. For me, saying why vamp chan makes her decisions is pretty easy, but I’m bad at talking about how she feels about them. Luckily my readers are good at coming up with their own thoughts on it.

Also, this just sort of happened as I wrote it. Originally you were supposed to stop at the unit, grab the stuff, and leave. But for some reason Sans wandered off while I was writing, and things sort of happened.

I added one more picture to my tumblr this week.

Sidestories for this fick are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Halloween Screams

Chapter Summary

Too many things happened this chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The bell rings as the door to “Dave’s Custom Computer and Repair” swings open. The both of you step inside, Sans immediately taking in the place. The store has that old burnt dusty machine smell. A constant whirring sound runs in the background, as fans from different computers pump air through them. It’s a small shop, holding a few racks of merchandise, along with some tables set up in the front adorned with different computers on display.

An older man, missing nearly all his hair, looks up when you enter. He’s standing in the back, hunched over a computer, reading something on monitor next to the cash register. You immediately make a beeline towards him. He pushes his glasses up in surprise as you enter.

“Y/N… I wasn’t expecting you to visit so soon. Didn’t you get a new laptop from me just over a month ago?”

“It’s been nearly two months… And I’m not here for me today. Look Look!” You point both your fingers at the monster standing awkwardly next to you with his hands stuffed into his pockets. “Brought my neighbor in with me.”

Dave leans over the counter, and his face doesn’t even attempt hide the surprise when he finally gets a good look at the skeleton. Sans only glares back in response.

“Ahh… one’a those new monsters, eh? Curious... I haven't had the pleasure of having one in my shop yet. The name’s Dave Guilman.” He holds his hand out, and Sans takes it hesitantly, shaking it once before quickly letting go.

“Sans…” Sans responds, still glaring. He quickly stuffs his hand back into his pocket.

“Don’t worry about him.” You smile at Dave. “He looks like a big ole meanie, but he's actually a
soft fluffy pillow deep down.”

“S-Shuttup, I ain’t like that at all!” Sans growls.

“Heheh... sorry, he’s not a meanie I guess.” You laugh.

Dave looks down his glasses at Sans for a few seconds more, before turning back to you.

“So then, what exactly are you here for.”

You place your hand on Sans shoulder.

“Turns out monsters have been living in the dark ages underground, and I need to remedy that immediately. I’m here to get this little dude a computer.”

Sans immediately smacks your hand away.

“Laptop or desktop?” Dave asks.

“We’re living in the crapholes south of the park, so a laptop…?” You realize you should probably ask him first. “Skulls, do you want a laptop or a desktop?”

“Ain’t desktops suppose ta be better?” He asks.

“They can be, but laptops are nearly as good nowadays, and they take up less room. Laptops work better when you’re living in tiny apartments, you won’t need a desk and chair, and they’re portable.”

“Whatever, I’ll don’t really care.”

“Lappy it is then!” You smile.
Dave leads you to the front of the store and starts showing you some of the different laptops he has on display. You gravitate to the most expensive ones immediately. If it’s for playing games, you’re gonna go for broke. No point in getting a computer that can’t play the newest games for the next several years.

Sans inspects some of the information cards on display in front of the machines. His eyes go wide as he reads them.

“Wait! It can hold how much on’a hard drive?”

“Heheh, Skulls… your grandpa side is showing.” You smirk.

“This’s more’n the all’a shit we got runnin the core!”

“The core?”

“N-Nothin… just n’ old server rack we had underground…”

He keeps looking at the machine like he can’t believe it. You tap him lightly on the shoulder and lean in.

“The solid state I got from my storage unit is way better, we’re mostly looking for something with a good graphics card, nice screen, and is the right size for you.”

“Ain’t bigger better?” He asks, looking at the largest laptop.

“You would think that, but the largest ones are annoying to move around. I prefer the one just a size smaller. It’s a laptop, not a small flat desktop.”

Eventually you find him one that he seems to like. He even holds it in his lap checking its size and if he liked the keyboard. You also have him pick out a mouse. Something simple, with hardly any extra buttons on it. You both walk up to the register so Dave can ring you up.
“Give me an extra windows key as well, I’m gonna upgrade some stuff anyway, and these things are always loaded full of bloatware.” Your eyes catch something interesting behind the counter. “And throw in some of those stickers!” You point to a sheet of skull, bone, and flame stickers.

Sans rolls his eyelights at your choice, but you notice he doesn’t protest it.

Dave rings everything up, and you get out your card. Sans makes a strange sound to your right as you swipe it. Is he coughing? You ignore it, and put everything on your card. You say a quick goodbye to Dave, before exiting the store. Skeleton holding a large shiny box, and a bag of stickers.

Sans is initially quiet on the way home. He clutches the box in his lap, the rest of the car taken up by your motorcycle. He's definitely thinking about something.

“So… before you start it up the first time. I’m gonna do some upgrades… okay?”

“Sure…”

“And then we can play all the games!”

“…k.”

“That computer should last you several years. I got you a good one.”

“Yeah… whatever.”

“And you should be able to play everything on the highest settings!”

“… got it.”
“You don’t sound very excited.”

“I am...”

“That sounds so enthusiastic.”

He takes a deep breath before looking at you.

“Why’ja buy me one’a the most expensive ones inna store...”

You feel your mouth twitch upwards. “If your gonna drop money on a gaming computer, you gotta go big, or go home!”

“I-I really ain’t gonna owe ya fer nuthin…”

“Heh, actually you will.”

“I told’ja I wasn’t gonna owe ya!” He says looking surprised and angry at the same time.

“You have to at least play a few games with me.” You smile.

He pauses, palming his face. “Y-yer a damn idiot....”

“Just call it my way of paying you back for putting up with me and all my crap.”

“What crap! I’m the one that’s attacked ya once, n’ tried ta kill ya another time. Ya haven’t done shit.”

“I thought you said I’m mean, horrible, and annoying... or something.”
He looks away, watching the buildings pass as you drive. His grip tightens harder on the box at his chest and he sighs.

“Y-ya… ya don’t bother me that much. S… jus’ sometimes…” He says, quietly facing the window.

Your mind instantly wants to tease him about this latest confession, but you control it this time.

“B-besides… I like buying computers anyway. So it’s nice having an excuse to get another one.” You say.

“Tch… yer jus’... yer fucken wierd’s what ya are.”

“Nope, completely normal.”

He goes silent again, watching the scenery pass. After a few minutes, you hear the slow breath of a sleepy skeleton. Sans is fast asleep in your car, clutching at the box you just bought him.

You pull into the apartment driveway and turn towards Sans. He’s still fast asleep, and you almost feel bad you have to wake him. You watch him sleep for a moment, noticing how calm he looks, chest rising and falling slowly. None of those piercing hate filled glares. None of those fake smiles trying to cover his emotions. Just a calm monster, sleeping away peacefully in your car, holding a brand new computer. Actually, he looks pretty good like this.

You do the only thing you can think of doing in such a situation and pull out your phone turning on the camera. You snap a picture of him sleeping while clutching the box. It’s makes for a good picture. It has a new computer, and a cute guy in it. Both things that you like.

You quietly put your phone away and get to waking him up. He obviously doesn’t like to be touched, but just a little bit seems ok. You reach over and poke him on the forehead.
“Skulls, wake up!” You whisper gently.

“Gahhhhhhhhhhhh!”

He snaps his teeth at your finger, and you barely pull it away in time before they slice it off. Dang those teeth are sharp. He quickly orients himself and glares at you.

“Don’t bite me!” You exclaim. “I have no doubt your teeth can slice through a finger easily.”

“N’ don’t go pokin’ my face while I’m sleepin’.”

“I was just waking you up, sheesh!”

He answers you with his standard glare.

You both get out of the car, and you immediately crawl around in the back, trying to remove the motorcycle. You lower the whole thing from your car by yourself, dust your hands off, and look up to a confused skeleton face.

“Ain’t that heavy?”

“Yeah… it is.”

“Didn’t expect ya ta be able ta move it by yerself.”

“I told you I’m pretty strong. Just because I can’t eat your bros cooking, and have a sun allergy doesn’t mean I’m completely useless.”

“Ya ain’t exactly got the build for strength.”

“You don’t have the build for anything, bone bag.”
“M’ magic dipshit, I don’t gotta have a build fer nothin’…”

“Well I’m awesome… so rules don’t apply.”

He sighs palming his face, and turns in the direction of his apartment.

“How up’n do those upgrades r’ whatever.”

“Wait! Which spot is your’s?”

“The only empty one!”

Oh… well, duh. You wheel the motorcycle into the empty parking spot, and follow Sans into his apartment.

“There, that should do it!”

You finish turning the last screw back into the computer and evaluate your work. You had to get a tool kit from your apartment, and a flash drive with a windows ISO loaded on it, but you got the extra ram installed, and switched out the the smaller hard drive with your better SSD. Now all you needed to do was reinstall the OS and the computer would be ready.

Sans watches you work from across his card table. He doesn’t say much, mostly he watches in silence. Hes definitely interested in what your doing. He asks you a question every once in awhile about what some of the components are. It’s surprising how much he already knows. He’s definitely worked with computers before. Not the new stuff of today, but definitely the old stuff. You’re almost positive he was one of the monsters who helped get those IBM’s up and running, but he was keeping his mouth shut about it… Then again his mouth was usually shut, even when he talked...

You’re button mashing the F8 key now as Sans watches you work.
“Ya gotta push it like that?”

“Yeah, otherwise you’ll miss it on startup and you won’t get into the bios.”

“Don’t remember it being that hard ta get in.”

“Machines boot faster now, so you gotta mash it, or you’ll miss it.”

The screen flashes and you are presented with a list of options.

“Then you select to install from the external drive and let it do its thing.”

The computer begins its process and you turn to him.

“See, not that hard. It’s a lot easier than those horrible floppy disk days.”

“Heh, yeah. Fucken had ta load six of ‘um just ta get it ta start the basic lineup. Six of ‘em literally, every time the stupid piece’a shit went down. N’ they took fucken 10 minutes ta load each!”

“... For… the core?” You ask, already knowing he’s not gonna answer.

His eyelights dart away from you.

“Fer stuff…”

“Got it…”

You drop the subject immediately, and stretch in the metal fold out chair. Your butt uncomfortable in its hard terrible embrace. Your back cracks and San’s eyelights expand. Oh yeah…. You forgot
about that.

“So… what’s the deal with you and popping noises?”

“Fucken sounds like somethin’…”

“Like what?”

He looks away and the red tinge creeps into his cheeks.

“N-nothin’.”

“Oh… nothing… I see.”

You stretch your back again, this time aiming to get those cracks out as loudly as possible. Based purely on his reaction alone, you’re pretty sure you know what it sounds like for him. But, hey if he wasn’t gonna say it….

“Stop! What the hell!”

“You said it was nothing.”

“Obviously that meant I didn’t wanna say what it was, dipshit!”

“Well obviously I’m trying to get you to say it anyway.”

You twist your spine, looking for more. You find only one, but it’s loud.

“It sounds fucken sexual! There happy! Now stop it! I ain’t interested in hearing fucken gross human sex noises!”
“Puhahaha, holy crap you actually said it!” You sputter.

His socket actually twitches with anger.

“If ya already knew, then why the fuck are ya doin’ it!?”

You lean your head slowly on your arm giving him a mischievous grin.

“Your face is extra cute when you get flustered. I like it.”

There it is… the red. It climbs up into his face and intensifies into a deep crimson glow. Humans don’t even get half as brightly colored when they blush. This was definitely your favorite part about monsters.

Instead of yelling at you like you expected, he turns his eyelights downward and fidgets with his zipper.

“...I keep tellin’ ya, I ain’t.”

You simply shrug back in return, not really prepared for that response, before leaning back in your chair smiling.

“By the way Skulls, I thought we had the discussion that if you decide to try and kill me again, keep it to my left side. My right side is my good side, and you totally hit it a bunch back there.” You say almost laughing.

“C-can we not talk about it?” He says, looking far more guilty than you expected.

“oh … okay.” You lean your chair back onto all fours, a little dejected. You were trying to joke the whole thing off but... if he didn’t want to, you weren’t gonna push him. At least not right now. Maybe later when it was funny and not so awkward.
He scratches the back of his head, looking uncomfortable in the resulting silence.

“I-I… swear I ain’t gonna do it again.” He says quietly, eyielights looking downward.

“...Yeah?” You were trying to respect the whole dropping of the subject thing, but you did kinda want to talk about it.

“Yer fucken weird as shit… but... ya ain’t the type ta kill. I get it.” He states.

“W-well… Thank you for your understanding.” You say, feeling a little bit guilty yourself. It’s true… You aren’t the type to kill anymore, but you’ve definitely killed. A lot.

One look at his face, and you realize he’s still beating himself up about it.

You clear your throat. “I’m really not mad about what happened. Just, try and talk to me more before you jump to conclusions next time.”

“Ya ain’t suppose ta be mad, yer supposed ta be scared. Even yer whole damn governments scared’a us. S’why we ain’t ‘llowed ta use magic.”

“Bravery soul, remember.” You smile, pointing at yourself.

He palms his face and sighs.

“Ya… ya really are a weird human.”

“You act like you want me to be scared of you.”

“Least then ya’d make sense.”

“But then I’d be like all those other people who’re afraid of you. I thought you didn’t like that. What
do you want Skulls? I don’t get it.” You demand.

“I-I jus’ wanna be left alone. Is that too much ta ask.”

You lean forward on the table, propping your face up with your hand.

“I don’t believe that for a second. You’d be bored outta your mind without me making your life more fun.”

“Ya make it miserable.”

“I make it awesome.”

He sighs. “I ain’t gonna fall fer one’a yer bullshit arguments again.”

“Excuse me, they are highly logical arguments.”

“Shitty nonsense’s what they are.”

“Very persuasive, with clear sensible reasoning.”

“Dumb annoying with no purpose.”

“Excellent and always on topic.”

“Stupid pointless n’.... SHIT! Gahhhh, how the hell did ya even manage ta get me ta do this?”

“Hahahahah.” You laugh as he covers his face and groans.
This… this is what you like about him. Arguing like idiots. Calling each other names. He doesn’t treat you special because you’re a girl. He tells you what he thinks, and you tell him back. These are your favorite types of people to be friends with. You could care less if he was a monster or not. And you could care less if he still didn’t fully trust you. He’ll come around eventually.

You smile as you look at him.

“Skulls... You got treated pretty bad down there. I don’t blame you for having a hard time trusting me. I’ve been through a time in my life where I felt I couldn’t trust anybody, and it sucked. Rather than feeling scared or mad about what you did, I just kinda feel like I’m seeing my old self. You can talk to me about it if you want to. I’m not a judgmental person.”

You thought he would appreciate someone trying to empathize with him, but instead you’re met with a steady glare, and fiery red eyelights.

“Oh really. Ya think ya can understand any’a the shit I’ve been through?”

“.... yes?”

He removes his hands from his pockets and folds them defensively at his chest. His eyelights lock onto yours. They glow dangerously. Hes pissed.

“Yer a fucken dumbshit, so I’ll lay it out straight fer ya. Ya ain’t never EVER gonna understand the shit I’ve been through. Whatever dumb tragedy ya think ya’ve had in yer life, I’ve had it a thousand times worse. Don’t you fuckin’ EVER try’n act like you’ve had a bad life. Having a huge ass garage full’a fun shit’n living it up on the surface where ya don’t gotta look over yer shoulder every damn second, afraid someone’s gonna dust ya. Try a fucken depressing ass roof over yer head, everyday! Threatenin’ ta collapse’n kill everyone. Nah, instead ya live up ‘ere, enjoying the sky, the moon’n the stars. I ain’t never even seen the sun cept fer a few months ago. What do you know!”

You lean forward matching the intensity of his gaze.

“I haven’t seen or felt the sun since I was 19, because it would kill me.”

Sweat collects across his skull as he looks away.
“I don’t look over my shoulder afraid of being killed, all I have to do is look at the sky. You say you have a hard time getting a job. I can only work from home because sometimes it’ll be sunny outside. You aren’t the only one who’s experienced bad things. You can’t trivialize other people’s problems just because you’ve had worse ones. And you aren’t better than everyone else because of the things you’ve been through.”

“I don’t feel like I’m better’n everyone else! Why the hell would I be proud’a havin’a shitty life!”

“Then stop giving me that stupid sneer every time I try and say I understand.”

"Tch... I ain’t gonna listen ta shit from people who try’n act like their life’s all hard when it ain’t.”

“Fine then! My life was wonderful. So great. Much happiness. I don’t really care. Is it so bad for me to wanna help you.”

“I ain’t some fuckin' weak ass monster. I don’t fuckin' need anyone!”

“I’m not doing it because I think you’re weak, I’m doing it because that’s what friends do!”

“Well I ain’t never asked ya, so fuck off!”

His sockets go wide, even as he finishes yelling at you. You know he didn’t want to say that. You fold your arms and lean back in your chair, taking a few breaths trying to steady yourself. Do not get angry at him. You were also like this once.

“Alright… I will. Just… realize there are people who care about you, even when you don’t want them to.”

“I-I don’t need that shit.”

“It’s not about needing it… It’s about realizing it’s there if you want it. Especially when you’re in a deep dark pit with no escape.”
“I ain’t in some dumbass pit.”

“It’s a metaphor.”

“I got that ya dipshit.”

You’re both interrupted by the sound of a computer booting up and playing the windows sound effect.

“Ahh it’s done!” You say, abandoning the previous argument. Now completely excited.

You spin the computer around so it’s facing him.

“One shiny new laptop! Just fill out the stuff and it's ready.”

He takes a moment to glare at you. Clearly not as easily distracted from the previous argument as you are. He slowly closes his sockets, shakes his head, and locks his eyelights on the screen in front of him.

“Tch… wh-whatever.”

He pulls the laptop closer to himself and sets his fingers on the keys. You notice a distinct clacking sound as he types. Guess that’s what bone sounds like when it hits a keyboard. You bounce excitedly on the table as he works through the settings. He asks you what a couple things mean, before finishing. You’ve moved around behind him to watch.

“Oh… there’s also something else you gotta do…”

“What?”

You have him click on the internet browser, and then make him download another one.
“Internet Explorer’s the worst. You’re basically an idiot if you use it.”

“Sounds like yer bein’ petty to me.”

“You’ve been stuck in the nineties, don’t sass me about things you can’t possibly understand.”

“Whatever… Anythin’ else Princess Petty Pants.”

“Yeah. You gotta download Steam.”

“N’ why do I need ta do that.”

“How else are you gonna download and play thousands of time wasting games.”

After he starts it’s download he sighs.

“Anything else?”

“Mmmmmm…. Oh!”

You have him download some malware protection software, and demonstrate how to use it.

“Heh, now you’re good to download as much freaky porn as you want!” You giggle, bouncing on your feet a little. New computers always excite you.

“The hell I am! Human internet’s only got nasty ass human porn on it! I ain’t interested in watching ya cellular based freaks mate!”

You freeze immediately, realizing what Sans accidentally implied.
“Sooooo… wait… does that mean that there’s such a thing as monster porn?” You ask.

You can’t help it, you need to know. You have a natural curiosity. Maybe it will finally answer some questions that your friend here won’t.

Sans face immediately goes red.

“P-pass!”

“You can’t pass. I just gave you unlimited access to human porn, the least you can do is answer my yes or no question about your species porn.”

“I’m passing on this question!”

“Nooooo, I need to know.” You whine.

You stop whining when you realize you don’t need to keep asking him. With that sort of reaction… there’s definitely such a thing as monster porn. You wanna know what it looks like… you wanna know so badly. Why are you so stupidly curious?

“You probably don’t have it on the internet…” You think out loud “I bet you’re all old school and sell it in magazines or something.”

“I ain’t sayin’ shit!” He says, clearly getting annoyed at your insistence on this subject.

“So… ok. I was just curious. I’m not actually interested in looking at it.”

This is a lie. You are 100% interested in what monster porn looks like.

After letting Sans mess around on his laptop for awhile, you decide to bring yours over as well. You gift him a few games to play together, aiming mainly for cooperative games. You both end up
playing well into the night, almost forgetting you need to head to your shifts at the haunted house. You only remember when you hear Sans cell phone buzz. He takes it out and reads it.

“They’re askin’ if I can come in early.” He says looking annoyed.

“What? Why?”

“Somethin’ ‘bout askin’ questions…”

“Huh… what kinda questions?”

“Dunno… fuckin' already go in an hour early, what else do they need?”

“Hehe… Is my little monster slave complaining about the workload?” You giggle.

San’s skull whips around to face you as fast as lightning, eyelight wide.

“I ain’t yer fuckin' slave!

“Hahaha! I know, I know! I was just joking. Hehehe. Tell them you can’t. They’ll understand.”

He averts his eyelight.

“S’fine.” He says getting quiet. “M’fine with it.”

“Oh… okay then.”

Sans pushes his laptop off onto the floor and stomps over to the shoes he left in the middle of the room. It bothers you that there’s already a small growing pile of dirty clothes gathering in the center. How he managed to create a dirty pile in a single day when he practically wears the same thing is beyond you.
You get up and slip your shoes on as well, having had them stacked neatly by the door.

“Le’s go then.” Sans offers you his hand.

“Gahhh, wait, I gotta go to my place real quick.” You say, grabbing the door handle.

“The fuck do ya need?”

“Umm, bathroom break?”

And there’s what a disgusted skeleton face looks like. This time, it’s your turn to roll your eyes at him.

“Hey, I’m politely not using your’s.” Not like he had any toilet paper for you anyway. “And, I gotta grab a hair tie. I am not wearing it like this with a smelly mask on my head.”

“Uhhh… humans’r so high maintenance.” He says, sitting back on the couch.

“I don’t wanna hear that from you baldy. Hair is gross when it gets all sweaty.”

“Sure, sure. Go git yer human shit taken care off.” He says, waving you off.

“It’s not even gonna take that long.” You say, hurrying out the door.

You come back quickly with your hair pulled out of your face, and your bag packed and ready.

“Let’s go, let’s go! Or we won’t be there early.” You say excitedly.

“N’ don’t take so damn long.”
He grabs your hand and the familiar twisting of the world envelopes you. Ears popping, and heart beating, you’re spit out along some bushes behind the warehouse this time. It takes you a moment to realize where you’ve landed. Sans is already wandering towards the back entrance for volunteers.

“Hey, don’t go without me.”

You catch up to him as you both enter through the door, opening it to a familiar scene. People rushing to get dressed, apply makeup, and organize with their zone leaders. Small groups socializing and laughing together. Smells of makeup, sweat, and hairspray. The energy in the room seems higher than usual today. Almost like there’s something exciting happening.

You both make it several feet in the room when Jenine comes speed walking towards you.

“Sans! Finally! You’re here!”

He stops in his tracks giving her a mix between a glare and a look of interest. You step in line behind him.

“We got a call earlier. A news crew wants to tour the haunted house, and interview the monsters working here.”

You feel yourself getting excited.

“They’re interested in asking questions about your unique experience working in a haunted house as an actual monster.” The magic color slowly drains from his skull as she talks. “Of course… You have the option to say no if you don’t want to.” She says, noticing his very obvious reaction to her request.

You deflate as you remember that Sans doesn’t do well as the center of attention. Specifically around humans. He definitely won’t want to.

“S-s-sure… whatever, s’fine.” He says, poorly attempting to shrug off his apprehension.
“Then I’ll tell them you’ll do it. They want to hold the interview a few minutes before we open, and then take the first turn touring the facility. Make sure you’re ready in time.”

Sans nods his head once, before she turns and speeds away.

“You really didn’t have to-” You start.

“S’fine. I don’t care. Side’s, ya’d want me ta do it.”

Is he still hung up over the slave thing?

“Skulls, I wasn’t gonna make you do it. The whole slave thing was a joke, right? I wasn’t being serious.”

“I know that!”

“Then you don’t have to do it if you don’t want to.”

“I said m’fine.”

“I don’t want you to feel like I’m making you do things you wouldn’t enjoy.”

“Yer not. I said I’ll do it, so I’ll do it!”

“Okay…”

You awkwardly scratch at your arm. He doesn’t feel like you actually own him or anything does he? Is this some sort of monster thing? Did paying off his debt mean more than what you thought it did?

You follow him to the line for costumes and you both wait in silence. Finally he sighs.
“S’cause we’re friends stupid...”

“Huh?”

“Ya’d wanna see me do that damn interview… so I’ll do it for ya.”

“...oh.”

“That’s all yer gonna say!”

“Uh... Oh...! Thank you mighty skeleton lord.” You say clapping your hands together.

He closes his sockets looking annoyed, yet pleased with himself.

“Yer damn fuckin' welcome.”

You both put your costumes on, with Sans skipping out on most of the makeup. He gets a few blood splatters across his bones today, and nothing more. There just wasn’t enough time, and it wasn’t really necessary.

As you get your gear ready, checking to make sure the batteries are charged and working, Tiffany runs up to you, covered in full body paint, and highly excited. She’s holding her long black wig.

“Sans! It’s not fair! Why do you get to be interviewed!” She pouts.

“Why d’ya think?” He answers, looking annoyed.

“Nngnnnnn... but I wanted to get interviewed!”
“Heh? Are you worried that we’re gonna beat you this year?” You grin.

“Hah! You? Nope… But Sans might give me an actual run this time. Apparently word’s got out that there’s a really good skeleton at the haunt this year.”

Sans tilts his smug skull up at you and gives you a wide dirty smirk. You have the most intense urge to smash a skeleton right now.

“Heh heh heh… ya humans think yer all hot stuff, but ya can’t live up to the real deal.” He swings his arms behind his skull, leaning back into his hands. “Guess ya shouldn’t leave it to a human ta do a monster's job.” He jeers.

“Shut it Skulls, you aren’t fair!” You pout.

“Yeah, I’m not gonna lose to you!” Tiffany points up at him. “I’m going full out tonight. They’ll be so scared from me, you’ll look like an adorable bald baby when they get to you.”

You lose it.

“Phuahahaha! Bald baby! Hahahaha… Skulls, oh my stars! Hah. You kinda haha, you kinda look like one. Hahaha. How have I never thought this!”

“What the fuck! I do not!” He growls, annoyed with your laughter.

“Heheheh Ok… ok.” You say, trying to calm down.

You look down at his skull once before bursting out into another fit of laughter.

“Yer the one that looks like a damn stupid ass monkey!” He yells back.

His insults only spur you to laugh harder. Tiffany now joining in.
“Stop laughing!”

“Sans! Sans! The crew is ready for you!” Jenine shouts as she makes her way through the busy room.

You and Tiffany immediately stop laughing as Sans starts to sweat nervously. He shoves his hands back into his pockets.

You say goodbye to Tiffany who continues to pout more about her fame being taken away by monsters. Jenine leads you to the front of the haunt. The usual line that forms is shoved back to accommodate a film crew. Ice Wolf is already standing off to the side, talking in earnest with one of the cameramen.

You're forced to wait on the sidelines, the news crew not interested in a boring human like you. Sans steps into the front of the attraction, and some of the people in the line start talking in earnest. Several humans point, and there are shouts of “No Way!” “Oh my god it's actually a walking skeleton.” “I didn’t even know there were skeleton monsters.” “Is it actually alive.” “I heard about this on the internet!” Cellphones start filming as your monster friend nervously walks center stage.

Your eyes immediately swing towards Sans, knowing he hates attention like this. He doesn't have any pockets to dig his hands into, and he looks uncomfortable not knowing what to do with them. Large amounts of magic sweat collect on his head as he keeps his eyelights averted from the shouting crowd.

A lady from the film crew walks up to Sans and Jenine, and they begin talking back and forth. Sans easing into his regular glare as they discuss something. Eventually they news crew is signaled and Ice Wolf lumbers over to the lady as she directs him where to stand. They start filming, but you can’t really hear what is being said because of your distance and loud line of people watching several feet away.

The look on Sans face says everything. He's not comfortable with this at all. He isn’t getting his words out right. His body language is tight and uncomfortable. His eyelights refusing to look the lady in the face. He’s asked another question, and his eyelights look your way. Your body automatically reacts, and you do the only thing anyone is suppose to do when their friend is talking under immense pressure. Make a stupid face.

You pull your whole face into a poor imitation of Sans angry glare. Even using your hands to stretch your mouth wider. Sans eyelights seem frozen in place for a moment as they rest on you. Then ever so slightly, the tips of his sharp grin pull upwards and you watch as he relaxes, turning back to the
lady and answering in his lazy drawl. His hands leave his sides, and he tucks them behind his head. Is he snickering?

The interview doesn’t last much longer, and soon the camera crew is packing up, getting ready to take a tour of the haunt. Sans shuffles over to you after, looking annoyed.

“What was with that dumb ass face?” He demands.

“What face?”

“Fuckin’ almost made me start laughing during the interview.”

“I thought you would feel more at ease if I gave you the look you always give me.”

“I don’t fuckin’ look like that.”

“Minus the skin, I feel that it was very accurate.”

“Ya almost fucked up the whole interview with that shit.”

“Nah, I’m pretty sure I made it better. What did they ask you anyway? I couldn’t hear.”

“Buncha dumb shit about why I’m working here, n’ how’s it being around humans’n shit on the surface.”

“...and you said...?”

“J-jus’ answered with whatever…”

“Please tell me you didn’t answer with ‘whatever’ to all of their questions.”
“I meant I answered them. Fuckin' watch the interview later if ya wanna know.”

“I will. And you better not have answered with whatever, because I will be forced to make fun of you.”

“I didn’t, shit! I ain’t that stupid.”

You both make your way through the attraction to your spots. Passing Tiffany who’s still pouting. You check on the two guys at the end of the room, and radio in that you’re ready. A moment later the signal is sent to get into position.

“Placements!” You shout.

The shout is echoed through the haunt as the rest of the zone captains call their areas to attention. You pull your mask over your head, and ready your chainsaw. Sans leaning against his gravestone.

The screams start moving through the attraction. It’s become a recognizable pattern to you by now. They pass what you guess is Ice Wolf’s howls, and then some really high shrieking, followed by yelling and banging. You wait in position, looking for that tell tale sign of the flashlight shining through the streamers.

Sans is actually looking completely at ease. Even yesterday, he had been slightly nervous before the attraction started again. This time, it’s almost like he can’t wait.

A flashlight beam finally crashes into your room, and two people burst through the streamers. It’s the lady from the interview, and what looks like one of the cameramen. She’s holding onto him for dear life. Guess she's the grabby type when she gets scared. They are immediately followed by a man holding a large shoulder camera.

The lady notices Sans standing all alone at the gravestone and seems to relax.

“H-hey. It’s the other monster! Hey Sans!”
Sans continues standing frozen, his eyelights missing.

“Great… He’s just gonna stand there.” She turns to the man she’s currently clutching.

“Let’s keep going. I’m done with this. Why do they always send me to these awful things! Every year they make me do this!”

Probably because you have a good over the top reaction for television, you think to yourself. You wait till she passes the gravestone, and switch off their flashlight. The room is bathed in darkness, and you hear the lady screech!

“Turn it back on! Turn it back on! What are you doing! I hate haunted houses! I hate them!”

“I’m trying, it’s not working.”

You wait, counting a few seconds before you flick the switch again. Sans is now standing directly in front of the two. Did he… teleport?

“Looks like the bloody thing ain’t worken. What’ya do sweetheat? Yer breakin’ my bones here wreckin’ our flashlights. Don’t tell me we got bad blood between us already.”

He scrapes his phalanges loudly down his face past his socket as he talks. Is that… blood? Blood is oozing past his fingertips, leaving a violent red streak in it’s wake. He flicks his eyelights back on at the last second, and stretches his smile wide, letting his teeth slightly open.

“Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.”

The news lady screeches and pulls on the guy harder. They’re backing up. Nope, you gotta go forward. You rev the chainsaw and sprint at them screaming. In retrospect, you probably don’t need to scream. The chainsaw is pretty loud.

Sans gives them a small exit and they take it, scrambling down the hall, as the cameraman follows.
You stand there for a moment watching, before turning to Sans.

“Sooo… what’s with the blood?”

“Borrowed a tube’a it?”

“That’s pretty messed up.”

“I said I borrowed it!”

“You’re actually willing to go that far for a stupid pun.”

At this, his sharp grin stretches past his sockets.

“Don’t tell me ya ain’t havin’ skelefun already?”

“It’s barely been five minutes, Skulls.”

“Ya love um’.”

The puns continued well into the night. Sans repainted his face with blood so many times, the whole left side was now a grotesque mess of red splatters. His hands were stained red, and he was getting it all over the small amount of clothing he was actually wearing.

“Good thing they wash our clothes.” You remark as you look at the mess.

"Is that why I didn’t smell human stank on it when I put it on’a first time.”
“Wait… can you actually distinctly smell humans or something?”

“Little bit… Specially if yer're all sweaty n’ don’t shower.”

“I’m pretty sure most people can smell that.”

"Yeah well... ya all smell pretty damn strong.” He looks thoughtful for a moment before continuing. “N' sometimes, ya girlies have this fuckin' weird scent… S’really gross.”

If you had to guess… You’re pretty sure you know what he’s talking about. You press further, curious if your theory is correct.

“What does it smell like?”

“Mmmm… smells kinda like death… like blood’r something, but it’s really fuckin' weird.”

“Hahahah! Stars Skulls! I can’t believe you can smell that.”

“W-what? What is it?”

“It’s blood.”

“...I don’t get it? Their bleedin? Ain’t that bad? N’ where’s it coming from?”

“No… it's uh… girls usually bleed for a few days once a month. It has to do with reproductive cycles. We usually hide it though.”

You used the term we… but in reality you haven’t had one since you were 19. Vampires don’t reproduce. At least, not sexually. You can only spread the disease to other humans, but you can’t make any of your own.
“Ya fuckin’ bleed during yer heats!” He says in horror.

“Okay… first of all, don’t call them heats. And second, it’s after ovulation… or the time when you can reproduce.”

“Sounds like a fuckin’ heat ta me…”

“We use that term exclusively for animals, not humans…” Suddenly a thought hits you. “Wait… do monsters have heats or something?”

“S-something like that…” He says quietly, small glow moving onto his face.

You clear your throat… The subject has been breached. You decide it’s now or never.

“Umm… I’ve been avoiding asking you… but… how do monsters-”

“I ain’t having this fuckin’ discussion with ya!” He screeches, cutting you off. “Not now! Not ever!”

“O-okay.” You say… a little disappointed. Actually, very disappointed.

You hear the fast approaching screams outside your doorway, and the both of you get into position. This time you hear voracious laughter as the tour approaches. Looks like the group isn’t the easily scared type. For some reason… you feel like you recognize some of the voices.

The streamers burst forward, and you watch as Sans face morphs from his typical blank stare into total mortification.

“SANS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!”

“B-B-Boss!”
You peek out from your hiding spot, and have to stifle a laugh. Papyrus is standing in front of the entrance holding the haunt provided flashlight, while Undyne laughs it up beside him. He points it directly at San’s face. Sans looks like he wishes he were dead.

There are two other people in their group. One being a small yellow looking dinosaur. She’s snickering slightly into her clawed hands, glasses flashing against the hard light of the flashlight. And next to her, a small human child.

“Hah! I told ya it would be fun. Didn’t I Papyrus!” Undyne laughs as she elbows him in the ribs.

“SANS! WHAT HAPPENED! WHY ARE YOU HERE!”

“I-I-I” He stutters, clearly unsure of what to say.

“I think a human made him come… Where is she anyway?” Undyne asks. “She said she would scare the pants off me. And I’m still wearing pants!” Undyne cracks her knuckles. Papyrus and Sans both visibly flinch.

“UNDYNE! YOU SAID YOU WOULD STOP MAKING THAT REPULSIVE NOISE!”

“Oh… yeah… oops. Heheh.”

Papyrus turns his attention back on his brother.

“REALLY SANS! I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU’RE WORKING HERE! THIS IS A NEW LOW… EVEN FOR YOU.”

“B-b-but!... Boss I was jus-”

“THIS HAUNTED HOUSE IS NOTHING BUT AN ABSOLUTE FARCE. THERE ISN’T ANYTHING PARTICULARLY SCARY ABOUT IT WHATSOEVER. I CAN’T BELIEVE I SPENT MY PRECIOUS TIME AND MONEY ON SOMETHING SO WORTHLESS.”
“Hahahah… but it’s definitely entertaining! Right Alphy!?” Undyne picks up the little dinosaurs hand in her own.

“Y-y-yes I fine it’s cultural value to be v-v-vastly important in explaining hu-human-”

“See, Alphy likes it! So it was worth it!” Undyne challenges.

“HUMAN!” Papyrus turns to the child now. “TELL UNDYNE THAT THIS HUMAN ATTRACTION IS UTTERLY WORTHLESS.”

The child giggles and starts to move their hands.

“Hah! Told ya!” Undyne yells.

“SILENCE!” Papyrus stomps his boots into the floor. “HUMAN! DON’T AGREE WITH HER! THE ATTRACTION IS AS WORTHLESS AS MY BROTHER. TELL HER NOW QUICKLY BEFORE HER EGO BECOMES EXCEEDINGLY BLOATED ONCE AGAIN!”

You watch from your hiding spot as the group argues amongst themselves. You have to admit… you’re kinda offended. This haunt was famously known for how scary it was… Then again, these are real monsters in a haunted house. Maybe it’s because monsters are afraid of different things. Hmmm… what would scare a monster? They were definitely scared of the human in that Mettaton movie… but why? What was so scary about him?

You flick the switch on the remote in your pocket, forcing the flashlight to go out.

“DARN USELESS HUMAN CONTRAPTION! NOTHING THEY MAKE EVER DOES IT’S JOB. HUMAN ENGINEERING IS ABSOLUTELY HORRENDOUS AS ALWAYS!” Papyrus shouts, hitting the flashlight, attempting to get it working again.

“Great job Papyrus, ya obviously broke it! Give it here!” Undyne attempts to grab it from his hands.
“I WON ROCK PAPER SCISSORS! IT IS MY FLASHLIGHT!” He moves it away from her.

“L-l-let me look!” The small dinosaur attempts to butt in.

“MAYBE THERE’S A LIGHT SWITCH. UNDYNE USE YOUR NIGHT VISION TO FIND IT!” Papyrus says, cuping the flashlight further from his two friends.

“I keep telling ya! I have water vision, not night vision.”

You make your way quietly over to the group. Heh… you’re the one with nightvision. And you can see everything their doing clearly. You get around behind them and wait, before flicking the switch back on.

“FINALLY! SEE, IT WAS BROKEN, UNDYNE. AND I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS HAVE MANAGED TO FIX IT.”

“Heh… the great and terribly stupi-” Undyne stops when she spots you. “Oh look… another human dressed as something dumb. I’m so scared.” She rolls her single yellow eye.

“BE GONE WITH YOU HUMAN! THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN HOPE TO DO! THIS IS A HORRIBLE WASTE OF A USELESS ATTRACTION. SANS! COME ALONG. I SHAN’T HAVE YOU RUINING THE SKELETON NAME WITH SUCH AWFUL HUMAN FILTH.” Papyrus commands, turning towards his brother.

Sans eyelights keep moving back and forth as they look from you, to his brother.

“SANS!” Papyrus shouts again.

“Sans can’t leave…” You say lowly.

“SILENCE HUMAN! I HAVE ALREADY INFORMED YOU. THIS ATTRACTION IS NOT SCARY!”
“Hehehehe… Hahahahaha…. AHAHAHAHAHA.” You start laughing like a maniac as you slowly bring up the chainsaw. Oh you’re pretty sure you know what they fear. And it isn’t monsters, or humans in costumes.

“HUMAN, BESIDES THIS ATTRACTIONS FAILURE TO SCARE ANYONE, I DON’T SEE WHAT IT IS YOU ARE FINDING SO FUNNY.”

You take a step forward, revving the chainsaw once. “You look like easy exp. I bet you’re dust tastes delicious.” You push the chainsaw on full and hold it up dramatically swinging it.

Papyrus’s sockets go wide at the noise.

“NYAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA”

“They gotta a weapon!”

“I-I-I Don’t wanna be e-e-eaten.”

All three monsters run for the room’s exit.

“NOT MY SOUL!”

“We forgot the punk!”

“L-l-leave them, they’re all h-h-humans.”

You listen to their screams disappear around the corner as you watch. You turn back, finding Sans wheezing against the tombstone.

“Heheheheh! Holy shit! Never thought I’d see that’n my entire life. Hahahaha.”
You walk over to Sans, smiling behind the mask. The kid that was with the previous group is standing in front of him as he laughs.

“Hey… uh… kid. You should probably join back up with your group.” You say, squatting down to their eye level. Not that they can see your eyes through your mask.

The kid nods their head rapidly, before looking back up at Sans and signing something. Oh… maybe they can’t hear you. That would explain why they didn’t run.

“Heheh. Yeah, yeah. M’doin fine kid!” Sans says, as the kid signs something else.

You watch in fascination. You do know a little bit of sign, but not at the speed this kids going. It’s a surprise that Sans knew any ASL at all. Wait… who is this kid? You didn’t think Sans knew any other humans.

“Her! S’just my idiot neighbor.” He says to the frantically signing kid.

“Hey!” You protest.

Sans ignores you as he watches the kid sign. His face warps into a glare at something they sign.

“No! Definetly not. Never ever! The hell kid.” The kid wiggles their eyebrows in response, before signing something else.

“Maybe I’ll think about it… dunno though.”

“Umm… Skulls. We really gotta get them out of here.” You try and butt in.

“Oh… uh yeah. Sorry kid. Kinda in the middle of a job ‘ere. Can’ya cut me some slack’n get movin’? We kin talk later, kay?”

The kid nods their head in rapid succession before scurrying off down the hallway. Sans watches their retreating form before turning to you.
“What!?” He glares.

“Who was that?” You say through the mask.

“A kid we abducted!... It’s Frisk ya moron?”

“That was Frisk? The savior of the monsters, Frisk?”

“Ya think any other kid’s gonna hang out with monsters?”

“....They’re mute?” You ask.

You hadn’t expected them to be mute.

He takes a moment to think.

“Don’t think so… but they don’t talk much… Least, not with their mouth. Can’t gett’um ta shut up signing.”

“I didn’t even know you knew sign language.”

“Sign’s pretty useful fer monsters. There’s a couple’a us that can’t speak cept in sign.”

“And you actually took the time to learn it?”

“Stuff wasn’t always shit… N’ya gotta learn ta talk ta some people.”

“Do most monsters know sign.”
“Pretty much.”

“Huh...I never would have guessed.”

You hear the screams moving down the hall and you walk back over to your hiding place. So that was Frisk. The savior of monsters. They were a lot younger than you expected.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry I was late, this chapter had too many things happen all at once, and it ended up feeling really sporadic. I'm kinda tired of working on it, and just writing it off as done. It's a sort of in between for things to come.

I got some fanart this week. And it's wonderful. https://kurosidad.tumblr.com/image/160792033785

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Chapter Summary

You get a call from Burgerpants

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s Tuesday. You’re sitting on your couch working. Searching for the answer to the latest coding issue. Dropped walls have holes in them whenever you use the warp tool. The roof is coming out fine, but the walls are giving you problems. Every time you drop a wall from a warped roof, and it’s next to another wall, the dropped wall disappears until it hits a new iteration. Why? It wasn’t like this before the update. Something must have been added to cause it.

Suddenly your eyes spot that something in the myriad of text. Ahh… they forgot to change the variable to a double. The information in a float isn’t high enough. The double and float values aren’t lining up when the two walls converge. This is so basic, how did they miss it? You use the search command, looking for any other missed floats.

You hands speed across the keyboard as you alter the code. Please be the only issue. Please.

You hit the remote compiler and watch as the little bar fills up. It’s gonna be a while before you’re able to check results. You open another folder, documenting your fixes while you wait. Suddenly, your phone starts ringing.

You look at the screen… Unknown number? You gotta wait for the compiler to finish anyway, so you take it.

“Y/N Speaking… who’s this?”

A small scared familiar voice answers.

“H-Hey little buddy… it’s uh… B-Burgerpants.”
You sit up in alarm. You told the guy to call you if something happened.

“Hey… what’s going on?” You ask.

“I-I don’t know what to do. Everything ya’ve done for me’s only made things worse. Why’m I even calling you.” He’s breathing heavily into the receiver.

“Woh… Slow down and tell me what’s going on.” You say, trying to keep the guy calm.

“They’re offering me a plea bargain. The human keeps telling me I gotta take it. It’s the best deal I’ll get. I don’t understand what’s going on. Human courts are weird…” His voice cracks a little at the end. Shoot, don’t cry…

You’re already hopping over the couch towards your room.

“Wait right there. Tell them you need some time to think about the offer. I’m coming over.” You dig through your closet, pulling layers of clothes over your head and legs. It’s sunny today.

“W-what can ya even do. There’s nothing left for me. I-I didn’t use magic. Even when they were kicking me. I swear I didn’t.”

“Calm down. You’re gonna be fine. It’ll take me a bit to get there. Be stubborn. Tell them you need more time. Don’t give in yet. Stay determined.”

“Monsters don’t have determination.”

“I don’t know what that means but, pretend you have it anyway.”

You grab your sunglasses and smash them on your face. Running to the living room you swing on your bag. Then, you book it out the door towards your car. The sun feels awful.

“I’m on my way. Don’t do anything till I get there.” You say, before hanging up.
Faster than you would prefer, you pull out of the parking lot. Once you notice the speed you’re driving, you take a few deep soothing breaths. There’s no need to drive like a madwoman. You’re going to get there when you get there. You’re calm.

You are not calm.

Your car’s special glass blocks most of the sun’s worst. It feels horrible as it bears down on you through the windshield. Several layers of clothes protect your skin. Sunglasses allowing you to see without your eyes slowly melting. You drive as quickly as possible to the courthouse.

Once parked, you immediately run from your car to the building. Sighing in relief as you exit direct sunlight, you pull off some of the excess clothes. The extra layers already making you hot.

Now, where is he?

Typing a message, you spot the guy. No, not Burgerpants. Its Guy Number Two. The one who wasn’t doing any kicking. He simply watched as his friend did all the dirty work. Watched and laughed and jeered. You lick your lips as you spot him. His blood was pretty good.

You change plans, heading for the guy. He’s standing in front of the bathrooms you and Sans used earlier. Talking on his phone loudly as you approach.

“Yeah… well I can’t. Stupid thing’s taking forever to make up it’s mind… I know I said I’d be home by now! Listen, there’s nothing I can do. We have to let it-”

You walk up behind him, grab the phone out from his hand, and shut it off.

“What the hell!” He shouts. “What are-”

You look down into his eyes. Blood already racing.

“Silence...”
He stops speaking immediately, arms dropping limply at his sides. He awaits instruction. You have to force yourself not to crush the phone in your hand. The plastic cracks as you hold it, reminding you to stay calm. You stuff it into his shirt pocket, patting it twice for good measure.

“Follow.” You command.

You head for the stairs, Guy Two turning to follow behind you.

You throw open the door and march down the stairwell. Metal and concrete pounding as you stomp down each flight. You get to the bottom quietly, his footsteps echoing behind you. You hope nobody comes down here. You don’t want anyone to interrupt you. You picked the bottom floor for a reason.

Vampiric hypnosis is your most useful and powerful tool. It’s great at holding people in place while drinking, and allows you to erase your victims memories completely should you need to. For interrogation, it’s less effective. When using it this way, you have to be direct. If you ask a question, they give you the shortest and simplest answer without elaboration.

You turn around and look into his eyes. They’re glazed over. He’s lucky you don’t kill anymore. It would make this much easier.

Instead you begin your interrogation.

“What’s in the plea bargain offered to Burgerpants?” You ask.

“If he drops the charges against my friend and I, his sentence will be reduced.” Guy Two answers robotically, eyes staring off in an unknown distance.

“Do you believe Burgerpants used magic on you?”

“I’m not sure.”
“Why are you accusing him of using magic?”

“It will counteract the allegations of my actions, and the actions of my friend.”

Pretty much what you expected. Pull some trash argument out of nowhere to hide behind your mistakes. Typical worthless human.

“What proof exists that Burgerpants used magic?”

“My incomplete memory after the assault.”

“Anything else?”

“None.”

“Is it understood by all parties that the soul materializes when engaged in a magical confrontation?”

“Yes”

“How are they accusing Burgerpants of magic use, when your soul was not removed?”

“It is unknown if it was removed.”

You feel your fists tighten. It’s not unknown. You were there. There weren’t any souls. You said so several times, and signed a bunch of papers stating the same.

“Why is my testimony not being used.” You say, feeling your anger bubble.

“You arrived after the incident.”
Tch… looks like they rewrote the story to exclude you. How… convenient. You’ve heard enough. It’s pretty clear what’s going on. Burgerpants magic use is their explanation for the hole in their memory. By accusing him, they are effectively covering their own crime of assault. They wrote the only witness out of the story to avoid punishment for their stupidity. Burgerpants has no idea how things work above ground, and they’re taking advantage of him.

Repulsive. Nobody’s worse than guys like these.

You have two final questions before you bring him back upstairs.

“Do you believe your accusation of magic use is wrong.”

“I’m not sure.”

Hmm, seems he may actually believe magic was used on him.

“Do you believe your actions against Burgerpants are wrong.”

“…Yes.”

Hoh?… So he does have a conscience. You wonder if the same can be said about the other guy.

Your information answered, you decide it’s been long enough. You can’t keep Burgerpants waiting any longer.

“Follow.” You instruct.

Walking upstairs, you send a message to the cat.

You: I just got here, where are you?
He messages you instructions to a room number, and you make your way through the building towards him. Guy Two following close behind.

You find him standing in the hallway outside a meeting room, looking at his phone. His ears are dropped completely, deep rings around his eyes, tail low to the floor. He looks up as you approach. Ears flicking slightly before dropping again.

“H-hey, little buddy… ya actually showed-”

He stops talking when his eyes catch sight of the man behind you. They slide back to you in confusion. You simply smile at him in encouragement.

“Oh… him? We were just having a nice little discussion earlier. Weren’t we?”

You slap the guy on his shoulder. His face shows hardly any emotion as he answers you.

“Yes.”

“I think we got some things figured out. But… uhh.” You motion Burgerpants to lean in closer.

He regards the guy behind you before leaning in towards you.

“I’m gonna need you to say something for me so I can come in with you… capiche?” You whisper.

“L-like what?” He whispers back.

You say something in his ear and his fur stands on end. Somehow the fluff on his cheeks tint slightly redder.

“L-little buddy! I can’t say that! Th-that’s… I can’t.” He starts fidgeting with his shirt.
“Trust me, it’ll work just fine. Just say it when we walk in ok.” You give him a gentle pat him on the shoulder.

“B-but… they won’t believe it. A relationship like that-”

“You leave that to me.” You say with confidence.

He looks at your face trying to figure you out. Slowly his yellow eyes drop before he nods.

“I’ve already wasted my entire life anyway… Saying this can’t get me any deeper.” He says looking sad.

“Hey now… none of that.” You hook an arm over his shoulder “How old are you anyway, like 19. You’ve got plenty to look forward to.”

His only response is to look at the floor.

“Alrighty, let’s go.” You say encouragingly.

Burgerpants looks over his shoulder at Guy Two with worry.

“Ahh… I forgot. Hurry up!” You say over your shoulder.

The guy starts walking behind you and you all enter the meeting room.

There are three men waiting in the room. Guy One, the one who did the kicking on the night in question, is sitting beside an extra large balding man in a professional looking suit. Probably their representative. On your left sits Mr. Limwere, Burgerpants attorney. He waits next to an empty chair, boredly typing a message on his phone. A ping of annoyance flows through you as he looks up at you. Confusion clearly written across his face. It would be pretty fun to grab his neck and twist till it pops… You cut off that thought as the large bald man stands and clears his throat.

“I’m sorry but, this is not a public meeting. I must ask you to leave.”
You turn to him and smile your most disgustingly sweet smile. “Actually… I’m here to offer Burgerpants support. He called me over to help him. Isn’t that right Cuddle Cat?” You cue.

You grab his paw and start stroking it slowly, looking down into Burgerpant’s eyes for confirmation. The pads are rough on the outside, yet soft and squishy, and you enjoy the feeling of them against your skin. The poor cat's face turns deep shade of crimson as he stutters out his answer.

“Y-y-yes… My m-m-mate and I decided it would be best if she sit in with the proceedings.”

He scratches his arm in nervousness, looking at anything but your face.

Besides Guy Two behind you, the three men snap their eyes onto you in surprise. Oh… you forgot. A relationship with Burgerpants means you're doing the whole interspecies thing. Also, it probably means your a furry.

Guy One glares at Burgerpants.

“Great, now they're taking our women.”

Your eyes snap to his as you quickly put him under your hold. It's time for him to shut his mouth before you rip the entire thing out.

“Silence. I don’t remember belonging to repulsive trash like you.” You say. “Sit down.”

His previous aggression leaves and he slowly lowers himself back into his seat. You take the empty chair by Limwere and lean back getting comfortable.

“Hurry up and sit so we can start.” You growl at Guy Two.

He briskly walks over to the other side of the table and takes the only other remaining chair. You look at Limwere in annoyance.
“Excuse me…” You start.

“Yes?” He answers, putting his phone away.

“You’re sitting in my boyfriends chair. Get up.”

You motion for him to move. He looks offended, but you could care less. Useless trash who don’t do the job they’re paid to do can go die for all you care. When he doesn’t move, you sigh. You didn’t want to put the two lawyers under. They need to have a solid grip on reality to record what’s about to happen. You use bare minimum hypnosis as you ask again in the nicest way possible.

“Move trash.”

Technically, it’s the nicest way possible, because you didn’t kill him.

He leaves his chair to stand behind you. You pat the now empty seat beside you and smile up at Burgerpants.

“Sit down kitten.”

Burgerpants is clearly confused. He fidgets some more before he takes the seat beside you. The smell of fear radiating off him in waves.

Finally you lift your eyes back to the large balding man across you. He seems to be in some sort of shock.

“Hurry up. I need to get home so I can finish my work.”

He collects himself before opening his mouth.

“Mrs. uh…?”
“It’s Y/N.”

Surprise rams across his face as the realization hits.

“Me’n Burgerpants hooked up after the incident. Isn’t that right cuddle cat?” You say, petting Burgerpants paw.

“Wha!.. Oh… Y-yes.” He moves it away from you uncomfortably. Tips of his ears going red.

“Yes… well.” The guy across the table looks disgusted at your actions. “My name is James Price. I’m Timp and Saunder’s attorney.” He slides some papers over to you and Burgerpants. “As you can see, we are offering him a plea bargain. If Burgerpants pleads guilty to the charges indicated in section B-”

“Nope.” You say. Not even looking at the papers. You lean back instead, getting comfortable. This is gonna take a while.

Limwere leans towards you, about to whisper something.

“Remain quiet please.” You order.

There is nothing of interest the useless blood bag standing behind you could possibly say at this point. In fact, he’s starting to annoy you by breathing your air.

The man across the table regards you for a second in annoyance. “Mrs. Y/N. This is the best deal Burger-”

“Yeah, nope.” You say again. Enjoying the anger split across his fat ugly face.

He starts scratches at his chin, clearly unsettled at being cut off again. He looks at Guy One about to say something.

“How about we go over the night again. I think some clarification is in order.” You say before he
can start talking to a guy who can’t answer back. “It seems to me like none of you idiots actually know what happened.” You let your eyes drift lazily across the table. They focus on Guy One. “You. Tell them what happened. In your greatest detail.”

He begins talking in a low monotone voice.

“My friend and I got a couple cans of beer from the Feasty Mart.”

“Mr. Saunders. Please we have already discussed-” Price tries to stop him. Guy one continues oblivious to the man’s pleas.

“After drinking a couple’a cans in the park, we decided to walk-”

“Wait!” You stop him. “I think we should record this. Yes. This needs to be recorded for posterity. Limwere!” You shout at the breathing meat bag behind you. Limwere startles at his name. “it’s your time to shine. Do your job properly for once, and get to recording please.”

A recording box is already set up on the table. He hesitantly moves to turn it on.

Across the table, Price is desperately trying to talk to his client. Bald head covered in sweat.

“Alright continue.” You command, once the device is set up. Not giving a single frick about anything else besides getting this over with.

“We decided to walk around the park when we came across the monster Burgerpants walking alone. We asked him some questions when-.”

“Please Mr. Saunders. You need to stop.” Price begs.

“Yeah stop” You agree.

He stops. Price lets out a sigh of relief.
“What questions did you ask Burgerpants?” You order.

“We asked him why a disgusting monster was walking through our park. I asked him to pay a toll. We asked him what the new monster restaurant was called. I asked him if he was trying to get us addicted to some strange shit so monsters could take control or something.”

“Please Mr. Saunders, what’s wrong?” Price begs again.

“I asked him how he was alive without blood. And finally, I asked him if it counts as murder if you aren’t alive.”

The whole room gets strangely quiet at his latest confession. Burgerpants fidgets in his chair.

“And what were you doing while asking him these questions?” You demand.

“Kicking Burgerpants in the stomach.”

“Saunders!” Price cries.

“Did you intend to kill Burgerpants?”

“…Eventually.”

“Mr. Saunders!”

Price looks across the table at the both of you. No… at Burgerpants.

“You’re doing this!” He accuses.
Burgerpants shakes his head.

“I-I can’t do this.”

“You’re forcing him to say these things.” Price shouts again.

“If he was using magic on any of us, our souls would be out.” You interrupt. “I thought you knew that.”

Price looks you down with disgust this time. “Monster lover.” He mumbles under his breath.

You lean forward on the table, smiling slowly.

“I suggest you stop those comments immediately. Unless you want me to sue you for everything you own.” You turn to Guy Two. “Now, I’d like to continue. What happened after?”

“Saunders stopped moving. I got worried and tried to run. I have no memory of the rest.”

“See, this is where I come in. They both passed out as I approached. No souls were out. Nothing.” You smile as you ask one last question. “Guess I should ask then, just to make sure you all get it. did my cute Burgerpants use any magic against you?”

At this, you change your hypnotic hold. Instead of using it as an interrogation command, you switch and ask Guy Two to do something simple. Usually, hypnosis works best when you give an audible order. However, it is possible to command those in your hold to do simple things without an oral command. As long as you look into their eyes, it’s possible to send a simple command directly from your thoughts. Lucky for you, you only need one simple task accomplished.

“No.” Guy Two answers.

“Mr. Timp please. This is not what we discussed earlier. What’s wrong. Why are you both behaving this way.” He pleads.
You smile as you send another simple command.

“Because I’m a liar.” Guy Two responds.

“Because I’m a murderer.” Says Guy One.

The room gets silent again. The two representatives clearly confused and slightly shaken at what’s happening around them.

“And now you know why Burgerpants isn’t interested in your idiotic plea bargain.” You state.

“I-I suppose… I-I guess we should.” Price keeps looking over at his clients.

“I-I will need to prepare some new documents…” Limwere seems lost.

“Good. And I’ll expect to be contacted along with Burgerpants next time. Understand.” You say, glaring at the useless garbage standing behind you.

“Yes.”

“Anything else?” You ask the room.

“We...we’ll need time to discuss and-” Price studders.

“Sure, sure, whatever. I going home.” You say, uninterested.

You slide out of the chair grabbing Burgerpants hand, tugging him along with you.

“Let’s go cuddle cat. Seems like these idiots only wanted to waste our time by doing their job the wrong way.”
He follows you out of the room as you continue pulling his arm. You keep hold of it, leading him down the hall.

“U-ummm… where?” He starts to ask.

“Keep walking.” You yank on his paw and continue moving, looking for a quiet spot to talk.

Stopping in front of the stairwell, you turn on your heal. Backing him up against the wall. You don’t want him to escape. His wiskers shake as he looks up at you.

“So… uh… that was probably really weird for you.” You start.

He gulps looking away. “Y-yeah.”

“How about we never talk about it again. Deal.”

You hold out your hand. Monsters seem to respect deals, this is your best bet at keeping him quiet. He doesn’t take your hand.

“How did you do that?” He questions quietly.

“I told you before, I’m very scary. People tend to do what I want because of it.”

The look he’s giving you tells you he doesn’t believe you. He glances nervously past you, uncomfortable being cornered against a wall.

“You… really aren’t a mage?”

Monsters seem to be stuck on this whole mage idea with you. Unless vampires have been mislabeling themselves for centuries, you’re pretty sure you aren’t a mage.
“I’m positive I’m not a mage.” You confirm.

“Then why’r ya doing all this for me? I’m just a monster.”

You sigh... Another monster getting confused at basic decency.

“You know… You were the one who called me.” You point out

“That was cause I didn’t know what else ta do? I didn’t think you’d actually show up.”

“I told you I would.”

He flicks his ears, still confused as to why you helped him.

“So… what’ya want in return then? I-I don’t have any gold. I didn’t have anything saved underground and-”

“I told you. Just don’t tell anyone about what happened in that room.”

“That’s not a deal… you could’ve had that if you didn’t bother to help me in the first place.”

“It pissed me off that they wrote out my side of the story. And I was bored anyway.”

“I thought you had work?”

“Yeah… well… it’s not that urgent.”

“Besides, I can’t believe you were even willing to say that we’re...”
He pulls at a spot nervously on his shirt. Suddenly a smile creeps up on your face.

“We’re?”

“Ya know…” He looks off to the side.

“What?” You ask again.

“M-mates…” He says, entire face going red in the fur. You stifle your laughter, enjoying the reaction.

“Hehe, trust me, I don’t want your money Burgerpants.”

“Then what’ya want Little Buddy? I don’t get it? There isn’t anything a monster like me can get ya.”

You smile. Fine… if he wants to repay you. Then you’ll let him repay you.

“Actually there is something.”

“What… what’ya want?” He says.

Your smile widens before you speak.

"Your body... I want your body.” You say licking your lips.

Blushing orange catboys are now on your list of favorite fun things.
This joke never gets old.

A bit of a short one. I'm so done with writing these court scenes. They're hard.

My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Sidestories for this fick are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Sans returns home from his job at the paper factory, exhausted. Once again he fell asleep while standing. And once again, the other manager caught him. This was the manager that didn’t like him. Sans didn’t like they guy back, but he needed this job. He had to pay rent somehow, and monster food ain’t cheap. Papyrus would surely force him back home if he didn’t keep his job.

He opens the fridge searching for something to eat. The only edible food, a tupperware full of Boss’s lasagna. Nevermind, there isn’t anything edible in here.

He closes the fridge in thought. Maybe he could get his neighbor started on buying him that week’s worth of Grillby’s she promised him for volunteering at the haunted house. He did tag that on along with paying off Muffets debt.

He gets out his phone, about to dial your number when his magic churns at the memory of you signing Muffet's document. He had no idea Muffet added that much interest. He couldn’t believe you agreed to sign it at all. A couple'a shifts at the haunted house were not worth that much money. Hell, even if he added double his hourly factory wage for the hours spent at the haunt, it wouldn’t come close to half of what you payed.

It didn’t make sense. Sure, getting him to volunteer at the haunt was attracting more customers. But it wasn’t enough. Not to equivalate the huge sum of money you’re going to spend on him. If you wanted to make the place more money, wouldn’t it be better to donate the money directly to the haunt instead of spending it on his debt?

Sans sighs aloud, pacing in front of his fridge. He doesn’t get it. Was there some other reason you wanted him there? What else could make his attendance worth that much?
He hovers his phalanges over your name on his phone…

No… even if you did promise him Grillby’s. It’s too much. He can’t pay you back. He’ll owe you for the rest of eternity. This whole thing was making him feel weird. You made him feel weird. After a millennia of resets, he was use to feeling nothing. Feeling nothing was safe. Feeling nothing meant he couldn’t get hurt. Feeling weird creeped him the hell out.

Sans palms his face.

Maybe yer just… really bored. Hell, even if your bored that doesn’t mean ya go around wasting money on shit that ain’t fun. Ya don’t waste money on shit that falsely accuses ya, attacks ya, and attempts to kill ya. N’ya definitely don’t buy shit like that a laptop.

Sans sighs as he puts his phone away, letting the dull negativity pull at his soul as he sinks darkly into his thoughts. You even set the whole laptop up for him, and what did he do in return? Yell at ya for tryin’ta talk to him about his past...

Good job Sans… Yer a real fuckin’ screw up.

Sans glances at the new laptop sitting on his card table. Just looking at it makes him feel awful. You’ll probably want to play games with him again tonight. He doesn’t really feel up for it. The guilt had gnawed at him all of yesterday. Every moment he played on that laptop with you, was a moment he didn’t deserve. He doesn’t want to think about it. Doesn’t want to think about you.

So… Sans did what he usually did when he wanted to stop thinking. Run off to Grillby’s.

He ports out at the usual place, around the side by the dumpster. Fitting, for trash… And walks around to the front of the building. He’s greeted by the usual neon lit sign. Soft sounds of music and laughter radiating from inside the building. The place must be full tonight.

Sans takes a moment to fix his grin before he opens the door. The heat of the bar washes over him as he steps through the threshold.

“Ohhh look who it is!”
“Sans… it’s Sans!”

Over half the patrons in the bar turn to look. Large crooked fanged grins cover their faces as they watch him enter.

“Where ya been ya asshole.”

“S’been over a week this time!”

“S’a rare day when San’s skips out on Gillbs for over a week.”

“… Bet it was that human. He got a taste of them and now he like’s um better than his own kind.” A pink bird monster at a crowded table grins, licking his sharp toothed bill as he breaths heavily.

Sans flashes a wider grin.

“Heh… ya can only taste’em so long before they beg ya ta stop. Don’t worry, Grillby’s’ll always be my one true mistress.” He smirks lazily as he struts into the bar.

“Wuuu Sans!”

“I can’t believe he’s got a human!”

“He’s got her beggin’ too!”

Several dog monsters take it upon themselves to stand on the tables and howl. Alcohol clanks as the monsters cheer Sans achievements over the humans.

Fuckin’ hell! Now he remembers why he was avoiding this place. Is there anywhere left for him to go where you won’t pop up!
He shuffles his way through the bar taking his regular spot at the counter. Eyelights lazily scanning the back wall filled with drinks. Why did he promise Boss he’d stop drinking? He needs to take the edge off. He needs to get plastered right now! He does not want those thoughts about you. He refuses to ever see a human that way. Especially his dumb ass, stupid, making him feel weird neighbor.

Grillby walks over to him a moment later. Heat following along with him. Purple fire flickering lightly in the dimly lit bar.

“...Usual.” Sans mutters, leaning across the counter. Still eyeing the liquors on the back shelf.

Grillby drops a bottle of mustard on the counter, before walking into the back.

You’re welcome Boss…

As Sans waits for his meal, the large pink bird from before takes a seat next to him. He’s panting a little, completely stinking of alcohol.

“So… what’s it like” He licks his sharp toothed bill again. “… ya’know, a human’s.” His grin parts further as he waits for his answer with baited breath.

Nope.

Nope nope nope!

Fuckin’ shit why!

Sans keeps his grin plastered on his face as he lets his eyelights wander slowly over the other monster. Fucken Bird and his dumb shit perverted interests. What the hell’s he supposed to say? He doesn’t know. The only differences he knows about your soul and his are the color, orientation, and maybe that it’s slightly bigger. He hasn’t touched it or anything… Fuck! That’s gross.

Well… technically he’s attacked it, but that wasn’t sexual. It did feel completely different than any other soul he’s attacked. Like hitting something heavy and unyielding. San’s doubted that’s what the
other monster wanted to know.

“S’a bit of a change from what I’m use ta, but it ain’t bad. Sparks completely differently at the end.” Bird nods his head, face flushing. “Best part’s just knowin’ ya got a human’s soul. All vulnerable. Ain’t so powerful when ya got’um beggin’ in’a palm of yer hand.”

“Heheheh… nice. I bet that feels nice.” Bird’s eyes roll a little as he drools. “Hehe… what… what color is it? Ya don’t mind me askin’ right? And, are they warm… I bet it’s warm. What’s it feel like?”

Sans soul twists in disgust. The hell? He’s not gonna tell him that. Even if he did know.

“Sorry Birds. Ya gonna have’ta find yer own human ta play with.” Sans keeps his smile heavy, taking a swig from his mustard.

“Ahh, come on Sans. It’s just a human. No need ta be all secretive.” He licks the drool off his teeth before taking a huge drink from his mug. “How bout’cha let me have’er when yer done?”

Sans soul drops as he listens to the other monster speak. This isn’t the first time he’s talked up some bullshit in Grillby’s bar about someone he’s been banging. Usually, they’re entirely fictional. Nothing wrong with talking about someone fictional. There’s everything wrong with talking about you that way. Even if he doesn’t see you that way, talking about you like yer some kinda human slut’s just… It doesn’t make him feel very good. Ya annoy the hell outta him sure, but that didn’t mean he wants to say things like that about you.

Why’s he such a shit friend…

“Heheheh… not sure ya can handle’er tastes once I’m finished.” Sans smirks.

The birds face rushes with red. Or maybe it was just the alcohol.

“N-nice… mmmnhmmm… Sans ya gotta introduce me this time. Ya never let me meet’um.”

“What kin I say… I don’t want the likes of ya round my girls.”
“Ahh but Sans… I promise ta be good. You know me. I’ll keep my hands clean till ya done.”

Why won’t he take a hint? Fucken Birds always gotta be a shithead’n push. Sans is about to speak when his phone vibrates. He checks it.

**NewContact3:** Are you still at work? I didn’t hear you get home.

Tch… he already decided he wasn’t gonna play games with you tonight. It’s not like he sits around waiting for you to call him over. He has a life besides you… He types out a reply.

**Sans:** m out tonight. Dont got time

He hits send and looks up to Bird’s heavy grin.

“Thought ya split off from Papyrus. Shithead still tryin ta tell ya what ta do?”

“Ain’t from Boss…” Sans replies before he can stop himself.

Bird smirks. “Ohh? And ‘ere I thought the magnificent Sans didn’t give ‘is number to ‘is girls… Ya said they get annoying if ya do?”

Sans takes another gulp of his mustard, stalling as he tries to think up an excuse. “H-humans’r different. They’re more connected ya know. Ya gotta do it if ya want in.” Sans feels himself stumbling. Shit… You aren’t even here, and you’re still ruining everything.

“Heheh, bet she’s all lonely’n missin’ yer company. Ya know what they say when ya leave’m all hot’n bothered.”

Fuckin’ holy shit Bird! For the love of Asgore please stop!

Sans phone vibrates again.
NewContact3: Ooooooooo… Is it a hot date? Pics or it didn’t happen.

WHY! Why would you even come to that conclusion! His phalanges pound the keys as he types back in annoyance.

Sans: No im hanging at grillbys today

“Looks ta me like she’s gett’n all clingy. Told’ya, s’what happens when ya leave’m alll hot’n bothered.” Bird cackles. “Ya know. I’d be will’n ta take care’a her if she’s gett’n too much fer ya.”

GO TO FUCKEN HELL BIRDS! He screams mentally. He’s really starting to feel awful participating in this conversation. Instead he lets his smile widen.

“Heh, ain’t noth’n I can’t handle. She just want’s me ta play with her’s all, cause she's bored.”

“Hehe. Bet those are some nice game’s yer playin.” Bird responds.

Why doe’s he fucken’ gotta word it like that. Holy hell this is gross. His phone pings again, and he checks it immediately.

NewContact3: Cheating on me with your mustard and fries. I see how it is.

“I ain’t CHEATING what the hell!” Sans shouts before he realizes what he's doing.

The whole bar quiets as they look at him. Sans face slowly builds with red. He ducks into the fur of his jacket attempting to hide it

“Shit…” He murmurs. Bird’s giving him an overly interested look. He does not wanna explain this one.

Grillby saves him from further embarrassment by striding out of the back with a steaming hot plate of
mustard drenched burger’n fries. Sans immediately buries his face into the food, hoping to escape the judging look of everyone in the bar. Maybe he’ll get wasted after all… He’s been so stressed lately. He really want’s to shut everything off.

“Hehehe…” Bird wheezes. “Looks like this one’s keep’n yer hands full. I’ll get outta yer business.. Ugly’s got a good game going in’a back if ya wanna join.”

Sans shakes his head. He doesn’t have any extra money to gamble with. Boss’s not gonna be happy if he has to borrow money because of a losing streak.

“Suit yerself then.” Bird looks a little annoyed with him as he scoots out of the stool and wobbles to a loud table filled with cheering dog monsters, and a single strange looking fishman.

Sans returns his face into his burger. Maybe he’ll have a drink or two and pass out till closing. He hasn’t done that in a while. As long as he doesn’t get so drunk Grillby has to call in his bro to pick him up, he should be fine.

He’s nearly finished with his meal when he hears the door to the bar ring. A silent hush falls over the establishment. It's probably another group of annoying humans trying to enter their bar again. It’s one’a the reasons he likes the place so much. Humans didn’t stay very long. The whole monster atmosphere seemed to unnerve them. He’s about to flag Grillby down for that drink when he hears a shout.

“Heya girly. Fancy seeing a fine thing like you visiting all alone.”

One of the dogs audibly whistles. “Ahoooooo, check out the legs on that one.”

“Heh...? Well you’re not wrong.” A very familiar voice responds. "My legs are pretty great.”

Sans turns his head so fast he’s afraid the whole things gonna pop off. He knew that voice. Hell, he only knew one idiot who would answer a catcall like that. The only crazy idiot who would walk her ass into a monster bar all by herself. His eyelights disappear as he looks to the door of the bar.

FUCK!
Fuck’n why? Why are you here!

“Skulls! I’m visiting your place for dinner today!” You shout as you spot the short skeleton at the front counter.

You catch a look at the expression on his face and almost start laughing. Mortification. He looks at you like you’ve brought the whole world down to watch his demise. Why though? You haven’t done anything. Yet. Reactions like these are best when you know why you caused them. What did you do?

Sans feels his body remind him to breathe after sitting frozen in shock for several seconds. Shit! Maybe he can run to the restaurant mandated bathroom and shortcut out’a here before you get to him. His eyelights search for it. They did have one right? He’s never had to use it, but it was a common joke amongst the monsters the place had to have a human bathroom now that it was aboveground.

Maybe he’ll just teleport away from you right now. He didn’t care if everyone sees him run. It’s better than the shitstorm he’s about to face. Anything’s better than what’s about to happen to him.

He’s about to leave when he spots Bird getting up from his game at the table. His ugly bloodshot eyes resting on you as he starts wobbling over. Shit!... You’ll be fine right? H-he can leave your here in a monster bar. Alone. The only human in a place filled with drunken perverted monsters… You’ll ask for him and they’ll leave you alone right?

Shit… you’re gonna ask for him if he leaves. He can run all he wants, but you’ll still find out. What’s he gonna do? Should he leave now and talk to ya about it later? Yer gonna be pissed when you find out what he’s been saying. His soul drops as he realizes you’re gonna hate him. He’s the fuck’n worst monster in the world, why does he always do these things.

You walk through the bar towards Sans and watch as his eyelights flicker back on and begin darting around the room in fear. Is he going to run? What is he so afraid of? Some of the monsters keep their eyes on you, watching you move. Guess it’s pretty rare for a human to come in here.

You approach him at the counter and can't help but notice the intense amount of weird magical sweat accumulated on his forehead. He’s scared of you… why?
“Uhh… you ok Skulls?” You ask.

“F-Fine…” His clawed finger bones dig into the counter. “I-I’ve already finished eating. How… how bout we get outta here’n go someplace less crowded?” He says holding out one of his bony clawed hands toward you. His eyelights begging you to take it.

“Ehhh, but I was gonna check this place out tonight. I’m actually pretty hungry for once.” You say, still wondering what’s wrong? He said he was gonna hang at Grillby’s all night. Now he wants to leave?

“Ya are, are ya?” A strange looking pink bird monster says to your left. “Lemmie buy ya a drink then sweet thing?”

He scoots up to you and holds out a feathered hand.

“Name’s Bird.” He says as you take it. He slowly looks you up and down. Is he drooling? “So… ya Sans girl eh?” He keeps looking you up and down. Yeah… you’re getting checked out by a smelly drunken pink bird monster. Whose name is also Bird. Skulls… why do you like hanging out here? And did the bird call you San’s girl?

“Nice” Bird licks his teeth as he continues to look you over.

“Thanks… but I’m not here to drink.” You say as you release his hand. Not really wanting to give this guy your name.

“Aw come’on darlin, one drink ain’t gonna hurt ya.”

“She said she ain’t here to drink, lay off Bird.” Sans butts in, getting off the stool. He's a full head shorter than the other monster, but Bird seems to back off anyway.

“Ey, don’t be that way Sans… Jus’ wanted ta check out yer mates’all. See what she finds so great about’cha.”
“Wait… wut?” You say, looking at the monster in case you didn’t hear correctly. You already feel the gears turning in your head. What? WHAT?

Bird narrows his eyes at your confusion. “Yer the B2 girl right… lives next door? Sans human girly?”

You thought it was only Grillby’s staff that were making stuff up about you and Sans… not the whole bar of monsters. Wait… why isn’t Sans denying it? You look over at Sans. He’s ducking into the fur of his jacket, but it doesn’t hide anything from your eyes. His face says it all. He’s been caught. He’s been caught red handed telling the monsters in this bar you’re his mate. His earlier look of mortification was entirely due to the fact you entered his house of lies and are about to find out everything. He was trying to get you to leave before his lies explode in his face.

Is this why Muffet claims he’s a ‘total disgusting perverted creep’?

Wait… doesn’t he hate humans? You’re pretty sure he calls you gross like, all the time… Why would he lie about being mates with a human?

He’s refusing to meet your eyes, bone cheeks reddening completely.

Welp… he’s done this to himself. You let a smile pass over your face. After all that stressful emergency crap you had to pull at the courthouse today, you came here to have some fun. And fun you are going to have. You pitch your voice up a little, making sure it sounds as wimpy and useless as possible.

“Yes… t-thats me… S-Sans told you about us?” You say, delicately cocking your head to the side and batting your eyelashes.

Sans eyelights jump from the floor onto your face. D-did he hear you right. You’re going along with it. He hasn’t offended he’s been using you to lie. Didn’t you get disgusted when he got aroused by your socks? You should be creeped out and repulsed he would even insinuate these things. Why are you ok with this?

And then, Sans remembers. It’s you after all. Of course you’re going along with it. You’re not the type to get mad, or angry about things. You only get even.
“Hehe. Who wouldn’t say nothing, with a fine piece’a art like you hang’n round.” Bird replies as he eyes somewhere around your chest. Gross.

Stars, you’re gonna make Sans pay for this.

“He… he didn’t tell you anything bad did he.” You say shyly.

“Jus’ enough ta know ya’s a good one.” Bird says smiling. This is a fine example of a smile that doesn’t look good on someone’s face.

Before you can keep the conversation going any further, you feel something hard and pokey grab your hand.

“If yer hungry.. L-lets grab a booth then.” Sans says, tugging at your arm.

“B-but I thought you said I could meet all your friends.” You pout.

He glairs up at you. Onto your crap immediately.

“Ya can later… Let's get’a booth first.” He says through clenched teeth.

“Cuttlebones… I thought we agreed to call each other by our pet names.” You say as he tugs on you.

Bird breaks down in laughter next to him slamming his fist drunkenly on the counter.

“C-cuttlebones, holy shit Sans. She’s got ya wound tight.”

San’s socket twitches at you in pure anger.
“We’ll talk about this later, get in the fuck’n booth, now!” He tugs on your arm harder, and you decide to let him move you this time. There will be plenty of time for fun later.

“Y-you’re being really rough with me today.” You say as he pulls you along.

His bones squeeze your hand tighter, and he yanks you a little as he leads you towards the booths.

Three empty booths are available on the right side of the bar. Rather than sitting in the booths monsters seemed to prefer pushing the tables together and moving the chairs around. Sans pulls you over to the booth furthest from the tables, and you have to snicker mentally. It’s still not gonna save him from the deathstorm you’re about to brew.

You take a seat first and he slides into the booth across from you.

“Why aren’t you sitting next to me Cuttlebones.” You pat the empty booth space as you pout, waggling your eyebrows at him suggestively.

The death glare he gives you back is your only answer.

You answer his glare in the most disgustingly pouty voice you can muster. “Why are you mad at me Cuttlebone… Just last night you said you loved me as you ravished me over and over and-.”

“Stop saying that shit… yer gonna make me throw up.” He whispers in a low growl.

“Oh really.” You smile back at him. You lean over the table and start whispering as well. “The stuff I’m saying is gonna make you throw up… Seems to me you started saying it first.”

His face reddens. “I-I didn’t mean ta… it sorta happened on it’s own’n blew outta proportion.”

“Skulls… do you realize how often you say you didn’t mean for something to happen.”
“Shit like this’s only started once I met ya! S’like yer a magnet fer fucken up my life.”

Your conversation is interrupted when a monster covered in purple flames walks up to your table. Oh wait… he’s not covered in flames, his body is the flames. He’s dressed in a neat black suit. Fur trimmed at the top. Heat radiates off him as he hands you a menu. Soft fiery crackles and pops escape gently form the ever flowing torrent of his flames. You stare at him for a moment, mesmerized by the beautiful dancing fire, before you realize what you’re doing and politely look away.

“Actually Grillbs… we were jus’ head’n out..” Sans says trying to pass the menu back.

“Ehhh, Cuttlebones? You said you’d buy me something.” You say swiping it from his hands.

Wait? The purple fire elemental’s name is Grillby? Ahhh… it all makes sense now.

“I said we’re going!” Sans says grabbing the menu back.

You give Sans a sharp glare before you turn to Grillby, full smile on your face.

“Ohh… well… Grillby… If we’re gonna leave, I have to tell you something about Sans relationship with me.”

The fire elemental’s glasses shimmer against his own lightsource. A mouth appears in the furnace of his face and it stretches into a grin.

“The thing is we're actually not mate-”

“We're not leaving!” Sans cuts in. Defeat written across his features. Your smile inches wider in victory.

Grillby keeps looking at you, waiting for you answer.

“We’re not that hungry, so just a strawberry milkshake would be perfect.” You say, handing back
Sans sighs “N’ bring me a drink…” He says quietly to the fiery monster.

Grillby takes the menu slowly glasses flashing. It’s hard to make out any expressions on the guy. He nods his head quietly before he turns to leave, and you’re back to facing an angry skeleton.

Sans rests his face in his palms on the table. Utterly defeated. “Why the fuck am I friends with a terrible person like you?”

“What? Don’t give me that. You love me… more than friendship love might I add.”

“I told’ja it was an accident.” He moans.

“I’m gonna call you on this one… this is more than an accident.” You say leaning back and getting comfortable.

“I get it… I fucked up… Ya don’t gotta rub it in my face. Hurry up’n say ya don’t wanna be friends with me anymore’n let me be on my way.”

“Wait… I’m not friends with you anymore…”?

“A-Ain’t ya pissed?”

“Do I look pissed?”

He peeks his skull out of his hands and his red eyelights run you over once.

“I don’t know, I ain’t never seen ya get mad… s’far as I can tell ya just get more evil.”

“What? I’m not evil.” You pout. He stares at you blankly. “I’m not… Everything I do, I do with love
“If ya got a soul scan I bet your kindness trait would be zero.”

“They have those?”

“Kinda… their’n testing right now.”

“Nnnnn I wanna be scanned! How do I get scanned!”

“Like I fuck’n know. It’s some shit Alphy’s is doing.”

“Alphys… Alphys… I know I’ve heard that name somewhere before.” You say, tapping your chin.

“S’Undynes girlfriend.”

“Ahh” You say remembering. “She's scanning souls?”

“Something like that. She was the royal scientist underground’n now she works with the government in things pertaining ta magic related life sciences.”

“What! That’s so cool!”

He looks away for a moment.

“Yeah… it is.”

Grillby rounds the booth a moment later, setting down a large decorated glass filled with light pink strawberry milkshake. You notice he’s wearing a glove on the hand holding it. Probably to protect it from the heat. He doesn’t seem to be burning the things around him, but he definitely produces a steady flow of heat from those purple flames.
You immediately slide the glass over to yourself and spoon a portion of the frozen sugary milk into your mouth. Enjoying its sweet and slightly tart strawberry flavor. Letting it melt on your tongue before swallowing and feeling it vanish in your throat.

Grillby sets down a second drink in front of Sans. You thought it was gonna be mustard, but this is clearly not mustard.

Sans reaches for the drink, but you quickly swipe it from the table.

“Is this some kind of monster alcohol?” You say looking at the bottle.

“Yeah… now give it.” He growls back.

“Nope.”

“Wa… whad’ya mean nope.” He says in exasperation.

“Big Boss said you aren’t allowed to drink.” You respond.

“S’jus’ one bottle.”

He leans up reaching for it. You move it away onto the booth seat next to you.

“Yeah… I’m pretty sure there’s a reason you aren’t allowed to drink. So, Mr. alcohol and I are gonna get nice and cozy on this side together.”

You see the stubborn look of anger pass his features. He leans further over the table trying in vain to reach for it.

“I don’t give a shit, ya can’t tell me what ta do!”
The bottle dawns a dull blue glow. You realize what’s going on and immediately grab it and stuff it down the front of your shirt. It’s cold hard glass is uncomfortable against your chest, but you don’t really care. He’s not drinking alcohol if he has a problem with it.

“Wha… ya can’t jus! Th-that’s cheating.”

“See if you can move it now.” You say smirking.

His eyelights drop to your chest before he gives it a determined look and raises his hand. The bottle starts to move.

“Mmmm Sans that’s so naughty. We’re in public!” You moan.

He freezes when he realizes how loud you’re being. Several monsters have their heads turned towards him.

He's been caught leaning over you across the table with his hand raised, glowing magic aimed at your chest while you moan… This looks really bad.

A large white dog in an overly small shirt starts to howl at the display.

Sans quickly sits down in his chair, cheeks red with magic. “I-If ya ain't mad. Why are ya still torturing me…?” He growls.

You take another slow bite of the milkshake, savoring its flavor. “Heh, come on… this is hardly torture. If the Boss says you aren’t allowed to drink, then he's probably right. Besides, I’ve gotta solidify our sexy relationship in front of your fake friends anyway. Technically I’m doing you a favor. You should be thanking me.”

“They ain’t fake.”

“Really…?” You give him a steady look.
“At least they don’t fuck with me for fun.”

“Hoooh…? So you’re saying these guys you gotta lie to about sleeping with girls to impress are better friends with you than I am. Me, who knows you're basically an unpopped cherry and doesn’t care.”

His sockets widen and his eyelights dilate.

“T-that ain’t… S-shuttup! That’s not how it is! Monsters don’t even pop… Just shuttup!”

A loud crash interrupts your conversation and you both look to the source. Several glasses of alcohol were knocked over by the largest table of gathered monsters. A bunch of them are standing around the mess looking guilty. The purple fire monster walks up, flames burning brighter and faster than before. Several drunken monsters slur apologies at the raging torrent of flames. A moment later you recognize a red devil monster walking up to the mess. He’s delivered food to you once. He has a dustpan and broom, and he starts to clean up the glass. Grillby stands nearby, still burning hot in front of them.

“So… interesting place, this... Grillby’s.” You comment.

“Tch… a human like you wouldn’t understand…”

You take another spoonful of your milkshake.

“Hmm… enlighten me?”

“S’the only place ta get grub nearby when we were underground.”

“Couldn’t you basically go anywhere instantly?”

“Yeah well… s’the only place fer good food then.”
You take another spoonful. “I’ll admit, this is a dang good milkshake.”

“Tch… All’a drinks here’r the fucken best.” He says, glaring you down. The bottle still nestled uncomfortably under your shirt.

“Hmm… If you're that thirsty… I guess a little bit won’t hurt.” You say giving him a wry smile.

He narrows his sockets… He was not expecting that. Usually you’re pretty stubborn about these things.

You plunge your spoon into the milkshake and pull up a larger than usual portion.

You move the spoon across the table. “Say ahhhh.” You cue.

If glares could kill… you would probably be dead long ago.

“Come on Sugar Skull. It’s gonna melt.” Your eyes flicker to the distracted monsters, already getting ready to make another scene.

Sans eyelights follow your glance. Before you know it, a hard bony hand wraps around part of your own as he plunges the huge spoonful of pink milkshake into the black expanse behind his teeth.

“Th-there Happy! Don’t fuck’n throw a tantrum’n make a scene every time ya don’t get your way.” He whispers lowly up at you.

You keep the spoon frozen in the air until you realize it’s still there and put it down. You can’t believe Sans just let you spoon feed him. For some reason your face heats a little…

“Y-yeah… ok…” You stumble out.

The milkshake is reaching it’s end, and you're already feeling too full to finish it. “I’m actually done anyway….”
“Fuck’n finally!” He says, body language relaxing.

“You said you were gonna hang out here all night anyway.”

“I meant without’cha here ta piss me off.”

“Fine I’ll leave…” You say standing up, feeling a little put off from his words for once. “But I’m taking this with me.” You remove the alcohol from your shirt. “And don’t buy another one. I trust Big Boss’s rules on this one.”

“I don’t gotta listen ta what'cha say.” He snaps back.

“Ehh, but your cute girlfriend is begging you-”

“Their ain’t nothing cute about’cha so fuck off!” He shouts, slamming on the table.

The whole establishment goes quiet. Monsters turning in your direction.

Crap, you were not expecting him to yell that loudly. Several of the monsters start whispering.

“San’s pretty harsh.”

“He’s always been a mean ta his girls.”

“Not even I would be rude to a looker like that.”

“She should dump his ass.”

Sans sits frozen, unsure what to do next. You’re kinda at a loss as well. You shift a little in place
thinking. Well… the show must go on. You open the alcohol and walk over to him.

“We’re through! I’m never dating a horrible monster like you ever again.” You pout.

Then, you dump the bottle of alcohol across his skull as he looks up at you in a frozen state of shock.

“Good riddance.” You say, slamming the empty bottle on the table. Then you turn heel and march out the door. Letting it swing shut violently behind you.

As it shu, you swear you hear cheers coming from the bar.

Sans continues to sit in shock as the monsters around him drink to his hot human girlfriend dumping his shitty ass. Clearly, they all enjoyed the overly dramatic scene that just unfolded in front of them. Bird walks up to him quicker than one would expect from a drunken monster.

“Eyyy… so… c-can I get her number.” He asks through his wobbles.

“FUCK OFF BIRD!” Sans screeches, skull dripping with sticky alcohol.

“M-maybe I’ll talk ta ya about this later.” Bird says, suddenly realizing now may not be a good time.

San’s soul is reeling… Did you actually mean that…? Or was it you going along with the whole charade. Shit, he shouldn't have yelled that. He was just so pissed at ya for messing with him. He didn’t want the drink that bad, he just... didn’t like that you were telling him what to do.

Shit Sans… Ya deserve to go off’n-

“Bzzzt”

His phone vibrates in his pocket.
Quicker than lightning he wipes his hand off and grabs his phone.

NewContact3: You tend to be a bit of a doofus when it comes to these things so. No. I’m not actually mad at you.

His soul calms down as he reads the message. H-he didn’t really care if you were mad… right?

“Bzzzt”

NewContact3: Seriously though… that was kinda mean dude. I’m totally cute and so are you.

FUCKEN’ DIE IN A DITCH! You are the worst human on the planet!

Chapter End Notes

Once again, one of my planned chapter events has ended up so long that it is now two chapters. I’m really trying to get this story rolling somewhere I swear.

If any of you ever wanna talk to me about something, or ask me a question or whatever. Tumblr's your best bet. I try to answer everything as best I can. I don't bite I swear.

My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Sidestories for this fick are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
You talk with Sans, pinch his cheeks, and try out a new game.

You get home from Grillby’s quickly. Marching immediately to your room to change back into your standard pajama attire. You’re met with the sound of Sans shower water running next door, and you giggle to yourself when you realize the reason why.

That was one of the most fun nights you’ve had in awhile. You had no idea crashing Sans favorite place for food would turn out the way it did. You were not expecting him to lie about you in a sexual manner. You’re pretty much never gonna let him live this one down. Not Ever.

After getting changed, you sit down with your laptop, looking for something interesting to play. There’s a new game you want to try. It’s got fantastic reviews, and a completely cooperative campaign. Perfect for playing with your neighbor. The catcher, it’s title is “Monster Slayer.”

There are a ton of jokes in the reviews about its title being politically insensitive now that monsters are becoming equal rights species holders. But the game had already been advertised and beta tested long before a bunch of magical sentient monsters burst out of a mountain.

You really want to play this game with him…

Sans cools his head during his shower. He wished you’d given him some warning before you showed up at Grillby’s, but it was his fault he was saying all those things in the first place. Honestly… the trip to Grillby’s didn’t turn out as relaxing as he thought it’d be. He’d have to drown himself in liquor to really loosen up, and in the back of his mind… he knew he would’ve gone overboard. It was probably a good thing you showed up and took that bottle from him when you did. Even if he would never admit it...

He’s still a little annoyed you kept saying all that gross shit to him. It was bad enough the monsters were saying it. It was even worse when you said it. It was also a little strange. Shouldn’t the thought of being with a monster, a dead skeleton monster, gross you out? Guess you’d do anything to mess with someone. Even if it included saying shit like that. He's still a little surprised you weren’t mad
about the lies he’d been telling. Even if it was you.

When you hear his water shut off, you move to your hallway wall and ready yourself.

“Hey… Skulls?” You lightly shout through the wall.

“What!”

“I’m… sorry I messed up your time at Grillby’s.”

He doesn’t answer you right away, and you’re worried he may be more angry about the whole thing than you thought.

“…Ya want something from me don’t’cha?” He finally says back.

Wow… he know’s you really well.

“M-maybe?”

You audibly hear him sigh from the other side.

“Ya know how to clean alcohol out’a stuff?”

“I know how to clean anything.” You respond.

Of course you did. You were born during a time when women staying in the home cleaning was a thing. Back then, bottled sprayers of washing solution didn’t exist. Sometimes, you had to be able to get stains out of a shirt with nothing but a river and rocks.

“If ya can get this shit outta my jacket safely I’ll do whatever shit ya want me ta do tonight.” He calls from your living room this time. He must have teleported over.
“Ooooo, anything?” You say as you walk out of the hall.

He glares at you. “Within reason…” He says lowly.

He’s wearing another black t shirt tonight, and what looks to be… Red pajama shorts with little bones on them.

“Sides… s’yer fault s’like this.” He says holding his wet jacket away from his chest.

“Ehh… I’ll settle for ‘it was both our faults.’” You say taking it from him and looking it over. Alcohol stains are usually pretty easy to remove unless there’s a lot of color in the liquid. You realize this is monster alcohol, meaning it’s made of magic. You have no idea what magic does to clothes.

“Fine… whatever. Can ya get it clean’r not?” He demands.

“Does magic food usually stain?”

“Dunno.”

“What do you mean you don’t know? You’ve been eating magic food your whole life.”

“… Boss’s usually the one who does the laundry” He says scratching the back of his head. “N’he usually hand washed my jacket when shit got on it.”

You’re starting to realize there’s a lot of truth to Papyru’s words about Sans. He is kinda bad at taking care of himself.

“Please tell me you’ve washed this thing since moving away from Papyrus.” You beg… a little disgusted. You aren’t sure how dirty skeletons get… but he does wear it everyday.

“I-I don’t wear it at work so…”
You sigh as you move to your sink and get out some baking soda and soap. Mixing the baking soda with water till it forms a paste. May as well be extra careful if you don’t know what you’re dealing with. Sans wears this thing everyday. You do not want to ruin it.

You take extra care of the fur, making sure to run it gently under the water to avoid knotting or tangling it. For how old and beat up the jacket is, the fur is in great condition. You almost wonder if it’s some sort of dyed animal fur. Synthetic fur usually doesn’t last very long.

As you soak the thing, you notice there are numerous small holes across it, all expertly sewn up. The stitch job one to rival your own. The fixes hidden so well, you couldn’t see them from far away. It’s only now that you are looking at the jacket up close that you notice them.

“How long have you had this?” You ask.

Sans, who’s sat himself at your table, watches you work.

“Mmmm, long time. Boss got it from’a trash pile’n fixed it up fer me.”

“He did a dang good job. I can hardly tell it’s been damaged.”

“E’s always been good at that kinda shit. Made his own uniform’n everything. We didn’t have a lotta access ta materials, so we had’a fix up yer trash’n make it work.”

You imagine the angry face of Papyrus sitting at a sewing machine making clothing. Or, maybe he didn’t have a machine and had to do it all by hand. The image is a bit ridiculous in your mind, and you find yourself smiling as you think about it.

“I know you don’t believe it… but your brother really cares about you.” You say in thought.

“Tch… He just, doesn't want me cause’n trouble fer him’s all.”

“I’m serious Skulls. There’s no way someone who doesn’t care about you, would put this much time
and effort into making something like this for you. These are some really difficult stitches.”

“I-it would look bad on’im if he didn’t do it perfectly.”

Dangit Skulls! Take a compliment you mentally scream.

The magical drink rinses out easily, along with several dried mustard stains and a few other weird looking marks you can’t identify. In the end, you're left with a sopping wet jacket. You hand it over to Sans, and he takes it looking at your work.

“Remember to hang it up somewhere warm to dry.” You order.

He teleports away, and a moment later he’s back, standing in your kitchen.

“I’ll never get bored of seeing you do that.” You comment.

He shrugs.

“So what’ja want from me.”

“Well… I have a new game I wanted us to try.”

“That it?”

“Um… pretty much.”

“Don’t we normally do that?”

“Yeah… well… you may not be as into this game as the others.”
“Whatever. Ya made me come home from Grillby’s early so I got nothin’ ta do anyway.”

He teleports away again, and reappears with the laptop you bought him. Power supply and mouse included. You can’t help but notice he finally put those stickers you bought on it. Heh… you knew he’d like them.

You both get setup on your couch. Bringing over some hard flat surfaces so you can use use your mouse’s on them.

“How’s it called?” He asks, once you’re situated.

You hesitate… How are you gonna say this without invoking his rage?

“Here… Actually I’ll send you a copy.”

He pulls up the game and immediately gets quiet.

“Fuckin' Humans...” He mutters.

“It’s got really good reviews!”

“Seriously yer the fuckin' worst!”

“It’s not like it’s referring to your actual species.”

“Ya bein’ an asshole on purpose? How the fuck did’ja even manage ta find a game so conveniently titled.”

“They were making it before you got outta the mountain. Besides, there are plenty of games where you kill humans.”
“Ya usually play as a human though.”

“I’ve played games where I’m a monster hunting humans. Those are actually my favorite.”

“What I don’t fuckin’ care. I already said I’d play it wit’cha so let’s jus’ get this over with.”

“You still look mad.”

“Jus’ shuttup’n die.”

“Don’t be mad. It’s gonna be fun.”

“Shuttup’n load the game.”

You both start downloading the game. The file is huge. It’s gonna take a while to finish. You suddenly remember the other reason you came to Grillby’s tonight and start snickering.

“Hehehe…. Skulls…”

“What?”

“I gotta show you something.”

He sighs. “What?”

You hold out your phone with a video and press play.

It’s a video of Burgerpants standing in the hallway of the courthouse. He’s blushing profusely and fidgeting nervously. Some music plays in the background as he holds his paws up, curls them downward near his head, and begins to sway.
“Wha!... what the hell is this!” Sans says in astonishment.

“Hahahah! it’s Burgerpants doing the caramelldansen!”

“What the fuck does that even mean? This is disgusting, why do you have this!”

“Heh heh, I may have helped him with an issue… and he wanted to pay me back. This was all I could think of.” You say a little embarrassed about your choice.

“Ya made him make some shit video!”

“This is a great video! I’m gonna edit it and put it on YouTube.”

“Who the fuck would wanna watch this creepy shit?”

You stare at him blankly. “You obviously don’t understand human internet.”

“What? What’s so great about this shit!”

“He’s a cat.”

“And?”

“Cats rule the internet.”

“Ain’t those yer animal cats.”

“Yeah… well… I’m pretty sure a real life catboy will be just as popular, or more so.”
“No they won’t. Monsters’r scary, not popular.”

“Yeah, nope…. Now that I know a bunch of you… I’ve gotta say it. There’s nothing scary about you guys at all. You’re pretty much just a bunch of dorks in monster bodies.” You giggle.

“What! That… that ain’t true at all! Ya can’t jus’… We’re dangerous ok!”

You smile as you look at him. “Oh my! What is my super dangerous monster neighbor who works at a paper factory gonna do to me all alone in my own home. I’m so scared.”

“J-Jus’ cause I ain’t doin’ shit, don’t mean ya can trust us all.”

“That doesn’t sound any different than trusting humans. Besides… didn’t you say we’re the dangerous species.”

“Y-ya should be fine with yer own kind… But’cha can’t go around trustin’ every monster.”

“Why not?”

“Ya… ya jus’ can’t.”

“That’s not an answer. You have to tell my why?”

“Cause we're dangerous.”

“In what way?”

He sighs… Leaning back into your couch a little. You won’t tell anyone if he says something… right? Besides you need to understand this about monsters or you’ll do something stupid and get hurt. Yer a brave souled dumb ass who doesn’t find monsters scary like you should. He needs to tell you something to keep your stupid ass alive.
“W-we were killin’ each other ok…” He says quietly.

You stare at him blankly for a moment, letting the room fall to silence.

“...Umm… duh! I pretty much already knew that.” You say.

“I-If ya knew, then why aren’cha staying away from us?”

“Have any of you killed each other now that you’re aboveground?”

“I… I don’t think… we ain’t gotta anymore… a-and… you should still be careful ‘round us!”

“Why…? I still don’t think that makes you dangerous.”

“We were also killin’ humans! Ya dumb ass.” He spits, fire in his eye-lights. “Any human that came down there we killed’n stole their soul. N’ most’a them were jus’ kids!”

“... well I kinda figured that was true as well… I did watch that movie.”

Sans feels his anger boil hot. Why are you such an idiot? If you knew then… why walk into a monster bar all by yourself! Are ya completely stupid!

“What the hell is wrong with you!” He says getting angry.

“What?”

“If ya know what we’ve done… Why’r ya walkin’ yer ass into a monster bar? Why’r ya seek’n us out. Ya should stay away from us. Far away!” He says in exasperation.
“You already said you aren’t doing that anymore, so why should it matter?”

“It don’t matter if ya stopped. Once you do it. Once ya kill, it’s there. Forever. Ya can’t get rid’a it. Yer soul’s fucked forever. Ya kill once’n it only gets easier ta kill again.”

“Eh, I’m no expert on souls but… people change all the time. I’ve seen plenty of good people become bad, and bad people become good. What matters most is what you choose to do right now. And right now I don’t see you guys as murdering scary monsters. Nope… you’re all just a bunch of dorks who think you're scary.”

“Tch... yer too damn trusting’a people!”

“It’s you who isn’t trusting enough!”

His eyelights instantly drop to the floor. Guilt flooding his face. Crap… You were not trying to make him feel guilty. You just wanted to make a point.

“T-that wasn’t a jab at you. I just ment-”

“I-I get it already… shuttup…”

“I was trying to say… Y-your wrong about not trusting people and…”

“I GET IT!” He yells.

Gahhhhh…. This guy is so difficult to talk with sometimes. You don’t want him to feel guilty about what he did on Sunday. If anything… it was partially your fault. You did have some weird vampire soul, and you were hiding it from him. He grew up in a place that wasn’t very safe. Not trusting people was how you survived. You get it. That’s how he had to be.

But really Skulls… he isn't down there anymore. He needs to stop living life like he never left the underground.
“Skulls… you keep acting like you want me to stop being friends with you or something.” His eyelights whip up to meet your face, worry written on his features. “If you really want me to stop… maybe you should just say so?”

“T-that ain’t it… I… I jus’… I think yer bein’ an idiot’n yer always doin’ shit that could get’cha killed!”

“So what you’re saying is… if I went into that monster bar without you… I would have been killed?”

“I don’t fuckin’ know alright!” He laments. “I don’t fuckin’ know what’s gonna happen anymore. Everyday I wake up and new shit’s happen’n. Nothing’s the same anymore. How the fuck am I supposed to know what to do when it ain’t the same?”

“I… don’t know…” You answer feeling a little confused as his words. “Is it that big a deal? I get that it’s different up here… but I don’t think you should worry about it so much. Humans aren’t perfect, but we’re pretty peaceful compared to the past. It’s pretty safe outside.”

He palms his face.

“Ya jus’ don’t get it…”

“I’m not really sure what I don’t get. From what I can tell, you aren’t letting yourself leave the underground. You aren’t there anymore. Have fun. You made it out.”

He sighs, looking towards your closed off blinds. Looking towards the dark outside sky.

“Whatever… S’ somethin’ ya wouldn’t understand.” He mutters.

You take a breath in annoyance. You’re starting to hate it everytime he says ‘whatever’. He can say he doesn’t care all he wants, but you know he does. You lean back in the couch looking at the loading percent on your game. It’s getting close. You decide to let him drop the subject for now. Well… mostly drop it. You suddenly get an idea and smile.
“You know… I think I know what would make you feel better?” You say.

You scoot a little closer to him.

“What…?” He says… already not liking the look on your face.

You lean over him and raise your eyebrows suggestively. “Get a girlfriend. Your above ground now, so you need to hurry up and pop that cherry.”

His face takes on the bright red color of the above mentioned fruit as he glares at you.

“I-I told ya it ain’t like that!”

“Oh… sorry. What do monsters call it then?” You say, ignoring his claim.

“Sparking yer silver…” He says automatically before he can stop himself. “N’I meant I ain’t one! I’ve done it!”

“Yeah uhuh… sure…” You smile. Finally you got him to tell you something. You have no idea what sparking your silver refers to… but you got something out of him.

“I-I have.” He says again.

“Telling a bunch of monsters you have doesn’t make it true.”

“Th-that’s… shuttup! Jus’ shuttup! I’ve done it alright.” He realizes what he's saying and stops. “Wait! Why the fuck am I talking about this with ya!”

“… I don’t know” You smile further. “Maybe because you were talking about doing it with me to a bunch of monsters I’ve never met.”
He stops yelling immediately.

“I-I didn’t mean to alright…” Then he mumbles to himself. “I knew ya were mad.”

You laugh “Hahahah, no. I actually had to stop myself from busting up on the spot because I couldn’t believe you said something like that.”

He still looks torn about it.

You sigh. “I already told you I’m not mad. Why do you keep thinking I would be mad?”

“Cause I’m a monster’n I gross you out, N’I was saying all that shit about us together.” He says, automatically trying to stuff his face into his fur. He stops when he realizes he isn’t wearing his jacket.

“What…? Don’t I tell you you’re cute like, all the time. Why would I think you’re gross if I think you're cute.”

His eyelights look off to the side as his cheeks burn. “I-I ain’t cute!... yer jus’ making fun of me.”

You look him dead in the face, trying to be serious. “I am a little bit, sure but... that doesn’t mean I don’t think you’re cute.”

“Ya decide’n I’m cute jus’ta mess with me ain’t gonna change nothin’.” He says, folding his arms. Still refusing to look at you.

“I didn’t decide it, I’m saying it because that’s how you look.”

“But…” He seems to be grasping for an argument. Anything to tell you you’re wrong. “But’cha got all grossed out when… when I was…”

“What?” You don’t remember indicating he was gross ever.
“Ya’know…” He says… eyelights moving downward. “I-looking at yer socks…” He says face going hot iron pink this time.

“Huh?… no… I wasn’t grossed out… I was just… kinda, surprised and… um… that didn’t have anything to do with you being a monster okay. You don’t gross me out. Besides… I thought I was the one who grossed you out.”

“Ya… ya don’t gross me out… s’jus’ humans-”

“I am a human.” You correct.

“Tch… ya jus’… ya ain’t as gross as all’a others okay!” He says turning his eyelights away.

San’s doesn’t really know how to explain it. For some reason… he’s finding you less and less like a gross disgusting meatbag and more like an actual person. Maybe it’s because you kept yourself moderately clean…? He doesn’t really know. The last time he took a shortcut with you, he’d forgotten to wipe his hand off on his shirt afterwards. For some reason it hadn’t bothered him to touch your hand anymore. In fact… he kinda, thought about that time you rubbed his skull in the storage unit. You hand had been surprisingly warm and soft. He wondered if he could get you to do that again and… Shit don’t think about that! The hell Sans!

“I don’t see how I’m different from any other human but, ok thanks?” You say.

“Y-ya don’t smell as bad or someth’n I don’t know!”

“What?... What does that even mean!” You laugh a little.

“Ya jus’ ain’t gross alright!… I’m the one who’s gross. I’m a gross fuck’n skeleton who looks jus’ like yer dead.”

“Well… I don’t know about the fucking part… but as far as the skeleton part goes… I don’t really see you as one”
“How the fuck ain’t I a skeleton?” He asks, confused.

“Well... first of all...” You count. “I’ve seen a human skeleton before, and while you kinda resemble one, you’re really not one at all. You’re heads to big. You bones are to thick. And you have claws... Human bones aren’t clawed. And those red light dots you got for eyes, skeletons don’t have those either.”

“Ya still think dead human skeleton when ya look at me.” He grumbles.

“Actually I don’t, and that brings me to my second point, dead human skeletons don’t move and talk and eat. Those are things alive people do. It’s kinda hard to think of you as dead when you’re moving around... you know... alive.”

He goes to retort, but you cut him off

“And thirdly... actually I still need to verify this one.” You say thinking.

He waits for a moment eyelights looking at you...“What?”

“Well... I haven't been able to tell, cause you always swat my hand off, and I’ve really only touched the top of your head, your hands, and a little of your face really quick... but I’m pretty sure you don’t feel like a skeleton.”

“Wha... what the hell does that mean?” He says, clearly unsettled.

“Like... your face... It moves and has expressions... Specifically around your sockets and teeth. So... I’m guessing it probably doesn’t feel all stiff and hard like actual bone...” You look at him sideways now. “I’ve always kinda wondered... What do your cheeks feel like?”

“T-they feel normal.” He says, already putting his hand on his face, bone fingers touching bone cheek.

“Hahah what? And what are normal magical skeleton cheeks suppose to feel like?” You demand laughing a little.
He's now pushing at his own cheek, you watch in interest as it gives slightly.

“I-it feels like…”

He stops, unable to decide how to describe it. He drops his hand in frustration, and takes a long sigh before he looks back up at you. “I-if ya wanna feel it… f-fine… But don’t go touchin’ anywhere else!”

“Wait… you’re gonna let me touch it?” You say in surprise.

He glares at you.

“I… dunno maybe. Ya’d probably bother me about it forever if I don’t.”

“Heh… probably… you can feel mine too, if you want.” You offer.

“I don’t wanna fuckin’ touch yer gross-” He stops, correcting himself. “Y-yer stupid face.”

“Okay…” You scoot even closer to him on the couch, looking down at his face. “So… I’m allowed to touch your cheeks?” You check again, making sure.

His face warms a little as he folds his arms looking away.

“S-sure whatever! S’fine.”

“You gotta turn your face towards me then.” You say… feeling a little excited. His face has always been interesting to you.

He slowly turns back towards you and tries to meet your eyes. You move your hands cautiously to his face, and gently bring your fingers to where his cheeks should be.
The surface feels much like when you first touched the top of his skull, cool and smooth on the outside and a little hard. As you add pressure, his cheeks give and you feel the warmth that runs just beneath the surface. They're actually kinda soft. That strange humming sensation his body always makes vibrates at your fingertips. It's reminds you of a very fast purr, and you can’t help but find it relaxing.

“You know… you kinda humm” You comment as you add more pressure, pushing his cheeks upwards away from his teeth. His grin slides wider as you move the strange magical bone flesh away. Gold tooth flashing slightly as it’s exposed.

“Y-yeah, s’my magic flow stupid.” He says. You’re even more amazed when you realize the sound of his voice seems to be vibrating from further down. It seems to be coming more from where his skull meets his cervical vertebrae than from his mouth.

“So… it’s kinda like a heartbeat?” You ask intrigued.

“No.” He says flatly.

“Oh..okay.”

“Heh… yer heartbeats like my magic flow. Yer copying us. Not the other way around.” The cheeks under your fingers twitch in your hold as he smiles smugly to himself.

“Haha… okay… It feels nice though. You sound really relaxing.” You say, leaning towards his face and listening, hoping to hear a little more of that comforting sound.

The hum picks up speed, and his cheeks blossom lightly with red right under your fingertips. You feel the underlying warmth push to surface of his bones as they heat up.

“I-It ain’t anything special.” He says. Sweat starting to form on his forehead.

The red color intrigues you as always. It's so bright. What is it? He doesn’t have any blood to blush with. This is another reason why you don’t see him as just another dead human skeleton. You absolutely love making the red appear on his face. Skeletons can’t do this.
“See… you’re not gross… Maybe a little sweaty, but definitely not gross.” You try and confirm with him. You are not letting him think these negative thoughts any longer.

His cheeks burn a little brighter, and he turns his eyelights downward, trying to avoid your eyes. It's interesting to watch his sockets act as eyelids as they follow his little lights around. Yeah… he’s definitely not like any skeleton you’ve seen.

As you move his cheeks around, you’re suddenly hit with the realization you have Sans flustered red face right in your hands. A small smile graces your features as you start to imagine all the fun you could be having. You can’t pass it up. You gotta do something to make it redder.

You look down at him with hooded eyes as you crack an evil grin. Lightly you tip his face upwards towards your own as you lean down. Licking your lips slightly, you part your teeth.

“Heh?… I wonder if you taste as good as that color looks on your face.?”

The red explodes on his face and it starts to give off a heavy glow as you get closer. Ahh… you love the color so much. It really is the best. It always tastes good too. His breath hitches as he closes his sockets tight. Is he actually gonna sit there and let you do it?

A bone hand slams heavily into your face, and you see stars as you’re pushed up and backwards away from him.

“I SAID YA CAN FEEL IT! NOT LICK ME IN’A FACE! WHAT THE FUCK’S WRONG WITH YOU!” He snarls.

“Ow, ow!” You cry, immediately holding your pounding nose through your laughs. “Hahahah! The heck Skulls! Heheh, I was just kidding. Heh, Your hand is really hard.”

“Then listen when someone tells ya something’n don’t fucken try ta lick them!”

“Sorry… sorry… I couldn’t help myself.” You say… somewhat wondering why you decided to do that. It was a little bit much… even for you.
“N’ya wonder why I got trust issues with ya.” He growls.

“What? You can always trust me to be me.” You say, giggling as you settle back on the couch.

“In other words I can’t trust ya at all!”

You slide your eyes over your laptop, checking the download. Why does it always take so long at the end.

“I wasn’t gonna actually do it. Sheesh!”

“Ya totally were if I didn’t stop ya.”

“I wasn’t… probably.” You’re not sure anymore.

“Tch… fucken idiot humans’n their fucken gross mouths.” He mumbles.

And he's back to calling you gross again. He looks over at his laptop and picks it up.

“Mine’s done.” He says.

“What? How did your’s finish before mine.”

You look at your download, it’s still at 89%. You know for a fact your computer should be faster than his. Maybe he was closer to the router…?

You drum your fingers on the armrest waiting without much to say. You swear the download is just sitting there. Sans breaks the silence this time, clearing his voice.
“A-ain’t’cha gonna let me feel ya back?” He asks quietly.

“Huh?”

“Ya said... I could feel yer face.” He tries to sound natural about it, but you know what he's up to.

“You told me you didn’t want to.”

“I-I changed my mind alright.”

You giggle a little as you sit up and face him again. You were not expecting him to change his mind.

“Sure… go ahead I guess.”

It's his turn to scoot across the couch towards you, and he does so slowly. He raises his hands to your face, and your heart pounds a little as you spot those sharp claws. He’s gonna have to be very very…

He presses carefully on your cheek with his thumbs, avoiding the sharp points and instead using the bony area further down his fingers. You swear you almost hear the magic hum through his phalanges this time, or maybe it's his body’s close proximity to you. You aren't sure.

His sockets narrow as he pushes a little harder.

“S’fucken weird.” He comments.

“What?”

He pushes a little more, forcing your lips open, showing your teeth. Didn’t he just say human mouths are gross?

“Yer all soft’n ya got all these flat useless teeth in’a front. Ya havn’t got claws’r nothin’ sharp ta help
“We have pretty good hands for fighting. Why would we need claws and teeth when we got weapons.” You say between his fingers.

“Guess ya’d need’m if ya don’t got magic either.” He comments. He’s actually pushing kinda rough on your face now. “Feels like ya got somethin’ hard under all this skin’n shit.”

You give him a dead serious stare.

“I’ve got a skull under there… Skulls.”

“Oh… yeah… heh.” He says sheepishly.

“Guess I don’t gotta worry about you licking me…” You say smiling into his fingers.

His grin stretches wider.

“Ya humans got yer dumb ass tongues… but I got teeth. I don’t lick, I bite.”

He lets his jaw open slightly, and you get a glimpse at the deep pits of black nothing behind his deadly sharp teeth. You’ve seen it before, but it's different now that he has his face up close. His breath gives off the slight smell of mustard.

“What’s it like back there?” You ask as you stare.

“Why don’t’cha put’cher hand in’n find out?” He says, leaving it open.

You’re instantly in a dilemma. On one hand… you really wanna take him up on the offer. He’s saying it’s ok…
On the other hand… you’re pretty sure he’s saying if you do put your hand back there, there will be no more hand. You kinda wanna call his bluff. Even if he does bite you, your hand will be fine in a couple of minutes. The problem is your hand will be fine in a couple of minutes, and that would be really hard to explain.

You’re hand is already moving on its own towards his face.

He snaps his jaw shut before you can get a single finger inside. Removing his hands from your face, he slaps yours away.

“But you said—”

“How much of a brave souled idiot are ya?”

“Ehhh… It’s because trust you Skulls. You wouldn’t bite me.”

“Y-yes I would.”

“What? Why?”

“Ta teach ya a damn lesson ‘bout being an idiot. Are ya really that stupid ya’d put yer hand in a mouth full of sharp teeth.”

“I told you… it’s trust.” You insist. A little upset you didn’t get to put your hand in his mouth.

He sighs again. Of course you would put your hand in a deathtrap. You have some sort of idiotic desire to do dangerous things. Everyone else he’s done this to kept their appendages firmly away from his face. For once he feels like the idiot for thinking you would’ve reacted any other way.

You take another glance at your laptop.

“Ahhh! It’s finished.” You shout.
You both pick them up and get settled. Ready to play the game.

It starts you off at a home screen, displaying the title “Monster Slayer,” on the backdrop of what looks like a witch blasting a bunch of goblins with magic. You eventually figure out how to join each others game, and start a new campaign.

You’re brought to a character select screen and you immediately scroll through the different characters, searching for one that seems to speak to you most.

“The fuck… are these suppose ta be monsters?” Sans asks as he hovers over a half giant. “These’r basically a bunch’a humans with decorative shit on’um.”

He’s right in a way. If you compare what you’ve seen of real monsters, these are pretty much monster decorated humans. There’s even a cat girl that's just a human with cat ears and a tail. Nothing at all like the cat monster you helped out earlier that day.

You pass on the werewolf, and hover over the witch for a little bit. She seems kinda cool. You decide to check on the last character just in case and stop. This is the one. A necromancer. She's dark, a little crazy looking, and you love her outfit. This is the character that speaks to you the most.

You select her and the game tells you it’s waiting on the other player. You look over at San’s screen. He’s hovering over a demon, covered in flames. He rolls his eyelight and shifts back to another character.

It’s the vampire...

He hits select, and you feel your heart skip a beat in your chest… He… doesn’t know… right?

“Really… you like that guy?” You ask, trying to figure out if he suspects anything.

“Gotta pick somethin. He’s the least dumb ass looking one.” He states flatly “Most’a these ain’t even a real type of monster anyway. The fuck’s a vampire suppose ta be?”
“They… uh… suck blood…” You state, avoiding the topic of sunlight completely.

Besides, tons of people completely leave out the whole sunlight weakness, or make up a bunch of stuff about vampires that you couldn’t do. For instance… you can in fact see yourself in a mirror. And, even though it would be really nice, you don’t sparkle in the sunlight. That didn’t stop you from wishing you could sometimes, but you couldn’t do what you couldn’t do.

You both load the first area, and the game begins to explain the controls in a tutorial.

Press Q to summon basic minions it says.

You press it.

Three small skeletons burst from the ground and waddle around your character. You freeze in horror as you feel sans eyelights rest on you. Crap! What did you think was gonna happen when you picked a necromancer...

“Ya picked that shit on purpose, didn’t’cha!”

“I swear I didn’t know!”

“Ya sayin ya jus’ happened ta pick the one with skeletons!”

“…yes.”

“Bullshit ya did!... Wait… why are they the weakest minion!”

“I-I don’t know?”

You don’t have the heart to tell him small skeletons have the reputation of being weak low level undead, useful only for leveling up beginner players by mass murdering them in most games.
“I-I can pick a different character. Let’s quit and start a new game.”

He sighs “I ain’t fucken loading this shit again…”

“Really, I didn’t know.”

“Whatever, I already said I’d play it… s’fine.”

“I-if it makes you feel any better. These are dead human skeletons reanimated… not magical-”

“I said s’fine!”

You finish the tutorial faster than him, and wait on his character to join you. The game had a three light system that allow certain skills to be amplified differently when standing in differently lit areas. You’re character was an all rounder. She summoned skeletons in darkness, but they slowly lost their health in direct sunlight. In daylight, you summoned skeletal wolves, but they would turn on you if you stepped into the moonlight. And in moonlight, you could summon skeletal birds, capable of traversing both of the other two lights equally.

Sans character also utilized all three lights, but he was balanced around staying out of the sunlight. He also had a blood meter that would fill with kills, and drop whenever he used special abilities. His character was moderately strong in darkness, and could morph into a deadly bat monster in moonlight. In the daylight area’s however, he was pathetically week, blood hungry, and his health bar and blood meter constantly drained at the same time.

“S’guys fuckin’ useless in the sun.” Sans comments.

“Well yeah, it probably burns him.” You say absentmindedly.

“Shit… forgot ya had some weird freak ass disease.”

“Y-yeah… some people actually nickname it a vampire’s disease, because of the whole sun thing.” You say, going with your usual defense of admitting you are similar to a vampire to avoid suspicion.
Of course, people with Solar Urticaria don’t actually melt and burn in the sun, but he didn’t need to know that.

“S’really gross this guy drinks blood. Ya humans come up with the nastiest shit ya can and call it monsters.”

You feel yourself sweating a little.

“Y-yeah… and we’ve been thinking skeletons eat human brains and flesh for years. Turns out you can only eat magic food.”

“S’that why everyone fuckin’ think’s I’m gonna eat’m.”

“Hahahah… I forgot! I can’t believe people say that. That’s so stupid.” You laugh.

You’re the one who eats people…

“S’fuckin’ annoying. Kids’r always cryin’n shit when they see me cause’a all this dumb bullshit ya think about monsters.”

“Hahahah…. Skulls! We need to hang out outside sometime. I need to see this!”

“S’not funny! It’s annoying as hell.”

“Well if you have that attitude it won’t be. We should totally mess with people.” You say.

“I don’t wanna get fuckin’ arrested cause I’m doing dumb shit whit’ya.”

“You won’t! I’ll be there so you won’t.”
“Jus’ shuttup’n play the game!”

You both play the game deep into the night, before you’re forced to kick Sans out again. You’re glad he enjoyed himself this time. The last few nights he seemed on edge and awkward about something.

As you brush your teeth, you think back on your choices of characters. How did this happen? He picked a vampire… and you, picked someone who summons skeletons. For some reason… you feel like this game is gonna be your downfall.

Sans yawns as he flops into his bed. He needs to stop staying up so late with you, but it’s hard to go to bed on time when he doesn’t feel like trying to sleep. The nightmares disappeared for a little while sure, but they were back again with a vengeance. He couldn’t afford to keep falling asleep at work anymore, but that didn’t stop him from dreading his dreams.

He rolls onto his side as he tries to drift off. An image of your face flicks on in his soul. Tch… the stupid idiot… always trying to get herself killed. How something bad hasn’t happened to you already is a miracle unto itself. Yer just a soft stupid lump of meat. It pissed him off to admit, but he was starting to get worried about your safety. His face reddens a little as he remembers what you said about him. E-even if you don’t find him gross. He doesn’t care what you think. He still is. You haven’t seen what’s under his shirt, so you don’t know.

He’s still a little pissed you tried to lick him. Human mouths are full of bacteria. They basically carry a bunch of living microscopic shit in there. He doesn’t want that on his face, it’s disgusting. And tongues are weird. Even the other monsters who had tongues he found weird. It’s basically a moving appendage that sits in their mouths. What does that even feel like?… just sitting there. What would it have felt like if he had one?… what it would feel like if he let you lick him?

“Gaaaaaaaaahhhhh!” He screams once he realizes what he’s thinking.

He thrashes around in his bed pissed he would even imagine that.

“Skulls! It’s just a nightmare!” You yell from the wall.

“I-I’m fine! Shuttup!” He answers back.
It’s worse than a nightmare.

Chapter End Notes

Guys… I think I see bubbles in the pot. I think the pot is starting to heat up and bubbles are forming…

Sidestories for this fick are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
You watch the interview, and Sans has a wardrobe malfunction.

It’s Friday night and you're banging on you hallway wall.

“SKULLS! SKULLS! COME OVER HERE QUICK!” You yell across at your neighbor.

“What!” He yells back.

“JUST HURRY UP AND GET OVER HERE!” You say urgently.

You hear him walking around his apartment and then...

“I’m over, now what?” He says from your living room.

You quickly run to meet him. He’s already lounging on your couch, drinking slowly from a mustard bottle. You hop over the back, too excited to run all the way around.

“Look look! It’s the interview you did. You’re on TV Skulls!”

He focuses his eyelights on your already turned on TV. There’s the news lady from before, talking about the haunt. Sans and Ice Wolf stand behind her in the background.

“Tch… great.”

“Now I get to see if you answered ‘whatever’ or not.”
“I told’ja I didn’t.”

“I bet you did.”

“Shuttup I didn’t!”

“Shhhh… I can’t hear what she’s saying!”

You both shut up and listen as the news lady talks.

“-Behind me is a tradition held every year South of Ebott city. Death Hallow’s Haunt is a charity event where all proceeds generated are sent to local organizers to help children in need during the holiday season. The event runs several attractions each year, including Halloween themed games, prizes, food, a corn maze, and their infamous haunted warehouse attraction.

This year marks a landmark occasion for the event as, instead of hiring humans to dress and act as monsters, the haunt has succeeded in being the first of it’s kind to also employ real living monsters. That’s right folks, Ebott City, famous for it’s brand new monster population, is hosting the first ever haunted house with actual monsters! Let’s go now, and ask our new monster friends about their experiences working here.”

It cuts to a shot of her holding the microphone as high as she can towards Ice Wolf. He’s in full bloody matted fur as he answers. A small banner displays his name at the bottom of the screen while they talk.

“What made you decide to work for the haunt?” She asks.

“Human relationships… they are confusing. Perhaps I will get better.” He growls showing his teeth in a terrifying grin.

There’s a tick of silence as the lady expects him to clarify further. When it’s apparent that’s all he’s gonna say, she continues.
“Do you enjoy working here? Are they treating you with respect?”

“It is… interesting.” He answers, tongue licking his wolf lips.

“Pshhh heheh, Ice Wolf’s always been a bit slow in the conversation department.” Sans snickers next to you as he drinks his mustard.

“Eh… I think he tends to be very... direct about things.” You answer in his defense.

“S’like talkin’ ta a wall’a fur’n-”

“Shhhh… I wanna listen.” You quiet him.

“And what do they have you doing in the haunt?” The lady asks.

Ice Wolf looks confused.

“I am a wolf… a large wolf.”

Even you have to giggle at that. Really… they asked what a giant bipedal wolf monster is doing in a haunted house?

The camera cuts again, and this time it’s Sans standing next to the lady. Dressed up in his haunt costume, blood flicked across him. His name is also displayed beneath him on the screen. He nervously sweats and fidgets as she starts asking him questions. The lady has to lean over a little this time because he’s shorter.

“And how would you describe working at the haunt?”

“I-It’s alright I guess… D-didn’t expect h- humans ta like this stuff.” He answers, grin locked in place. He actually manages to look like a prop, his body language being so stiff.
“It doesn’t bother you, playing a monster in a haunted house?”

“I… I…” Sans stumbles… looking confused on how to answer.

“Yeah… I don’t think you have room to judge Ice Wolf.” You comment to him quietly as you watch.

“I just’… wasn’t sure how ta answer that without offending everyone!” He growls back at you.

“It’s fine… I’m fine with whatever.” The Sans on screen answers.

“You answered with it! You totally did.” You yell in triumph! Dancing in your seat on the couch.

“That’s… that only happend one fuckin’ time! I didn’t know what to say alright!” He yells back.

Sans phone starts ringing as you continue watching him totally botch the interview. He answers it quickly, face a little worried.

“H-heya Boss…” He says quietly into the receiver.

“SANS! YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING LAZYBONES. YOU ARE ON TV! WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME THIS WAS HAPPENING! WHY WAS I NOT INFORMED YOU WOULD BE ON TV? IF I HAD BEEN INFORMED I WOULD HAVE APPROPRIATELY PREPARED A TAPE TO CAPTURE THIS MOMENT FOREVER. WHY MUST YOU BE SO LAZY YOU FORGET TO TELL ME THESE IMPORTANT THINGS? SANS ARE YOU LISTENING. WAIT… BELAY THAT ORDER…! YOU SHOULD BE WATCHING THE TV. SANS KEEPS YOUR ATTENTION ON THE TV!”

Sans holds the phone away from his skull. The voice coming through it so loudly, it’s as though he’s on speaker. He looks horrified his brother found out.

In the background, every so lightly, you hear what sounds like Undyne laughing. Huh… guess they are friends. You start giggling as well as you listen to Sans brother lecture him.
“IF I’D HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THIS INTERVIEW. I WOULD HAVE BEEN THERE AT ONCE. CORRECTLY COACHING YOU ON PROPER TELEVISION BEHAVIOR. I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS HAVEN’T WATCHED ALL OF METTATON’S FANTASTIC PERFORMANCES FOR NOTHING NYEH HEH HEH!... YOU ARE CLEARLY UNDER PREPARED FOR SUCH STRENUOUS QUESTIONING AND—”

His voice stops mid sentence.

“SANS…?”

“Y-Yeah Boss.”

“WHO IS THAT I HEAR LAUGHING?”

Sans shoots his eyelight towards you, silently telling you to shut your face.

“I-It’s nobody Boss.”

“NOBODY, IT DOESN’T SOUND LIKE NOBODY! IT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR WORTHLESS HUMAN, SANS.”

More ravenous laughter spills through the phone in the background. Undyne clearly enjoying whatever’s going on. Sans grimaces at the title of “Your Human” but he doesn’t say anything.

“QUICKLY PASS HER THE PHONE THIS INSTANT!”

Sans holds the phone to you, worry written on his face. You take it quietly and hold it up to your ear.

“Heya Big Boss!” You answer happily. “What can I do for you?”

“SAN’S HUMAN!” You quickly move the phone a whole foot from your ear as his voice explodes from the phone. “I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL ME ALL WEEK! WHY HAVEN’T YOU CALLED ME!”
“Oh… I… didn’t really have a reason to and um… I thought you said not to abuse my calling privileges.”

“OF COURSE YOU WOULD HAVE A REASON TO CALL! I AM THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS! WHAT MORE REASON IS THERE!”

“You… got me there Big Boss. Anything you wanna talk to me about? I’ve missed hearing your sultry voice by the way.” You say, leaning back into your couch getting comfortable.

Undynes laugh steps up a notch, and you actually hear her start pounding on something.

“Gahahaha Paps! The punk… she actually said your voice is sultry!” She calls between laughter.

“I-I… H-HUMAN THATS!” Papyrus fumbles unsure how to answer. “S-SANS IS ON TV AND YOU SHOULD WATCH HIM! GOODBYE!”

He hangs up the call, and your burst out laughing. You thought you would at least get a little more time to talk. Guess you went too hard too fast.

“Gimmie that!” Sans rips his phone out of your hand in a huff. “Why’d’ya always gotta mess with ‘im like that.”

“Heheheh… Don’t be jealous Skulls… you’re still much cuter.”

“Shut the fuck up’n watch the interview!” He growls back.
You turn to the interview. A little surprised it’s still going. Guess they used more of Sans than Ice Wolf. Probably because he was better at talking.

“What made you decide to work here this year?” The news lady asks.

This is where Sans eyellites travel, looking off somewhere in the distance. They stop on something for a moment, and his grin cracks upwards ever so slightly. His body instantly relaxes, and he swings his arms behind his head as he leans into them.

“Gotta crazy neighbor who’s a bit of’a freak fer this stuff. Guess ya could say she was hauntin’ me about join’n, heheh.”

“Noooooo! Skulls you didn’t!” You cry, leaning into your hands in despair.

“Heheheheh what! This is’a best part!” He snickers at your reaction, clearly enjoying it.

“Wait… did you just call me a freak on television?”

“Shut yer mouth’n watch!” He cackles.

Do you think being a monster gives you a natural advantage when it comes to scaring others?” She asks.

TV Sans shrugs his shoulders. ‘It’s definitely a bone us. Ya humans can be pretty spineless when it comes to monsters. It’s easy ta make ya skele run out when yer thinkin’ I’m gonna rib out’n eat yer brains.”

You’re interrupted by Sans phone ringing again. He answers it deftly this time, almost seeming to expect it. He holds it away from his ear. Face covered in glee.

“SANS! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE! WHY WOULD YOU TARNISH THE SANCTITY OF TELEVISION WITH YOUR TERRIBLE PUNS! I DEMAND YOU STOP TELLING THEM
THIS INSTANT!” Papyrus screams through the phone.

Roaring laughter follows in the background.


“YOU ARE DESTROYING THE SKELETON NAME ON TELEVISION FOR EVERYONE TO SEE. HOW DO YOU THINK THESE HORRIBLE REMARKS REFLECT ON MY CAREER. WHAT WILL MY SUPERIORS SAY WHEN I ARRIVE FOR WORK NEXT WEEK!”

“I think they might ask ya why yer funny bone’s missin’.”

More laughter, and you hear a quiet high pitched giggling adding to it as well.

“YOU ARE IN FOR HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT WHEN I VISIT TOMORROW SANS. JUST YOU WAIT.”

“Yer gonna pun-ish me, Boss? Heheheh! Didn’t know ya knew any jokes?”

“THAT IS IT, SANS! I WILL DOUBLE MY STANDARDS FOR YOUR CLEANING REQUIREMENTS EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY! PREPARE TO FAIL ALL MY EXPECTATIONS TOMORROW. YOU ARE THE WORST BROTHER IN THE WORLD. DO NOT EXPECT TO RECEIVE BROTHERLY HEAD PATS FROM ME EVER AGAIN. I NOW CONSIDER OUR RELATIONSHIP VOID OF ALL MEANING AND... TELL YOUR PATHETIC HUMAN TO STOP LAUGHING THIS INSTANT! WE HAVE ALREADY BOTH AGREED YOUR PUNS AREN’T FUNNY IN THE SLIGHTEST! GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD RIDDANCE”

He hangs up in a huff, and both you and Sans burst out laughing as soon as the phone goes quiet.

“Hahaha! Skulls make it stop! I can’t breathe.” You cry. Trying to force air in between your laughs.

“Heheheh… c-come’ on… heheh… s’just a bit of r-rib tickling!”
“Nooo hahah! Those aren’t even funny! Stop!”

“Th…then why’r ya, hehehe, why’r ya laughing heheheh.”

“Because they’re so awful hahaha! I can’t believe you said that, haha, on TV.”

“Heheh, ya love’um!”

“I do not, hahaha.”

You sink into the couch after a while, finally able to breathe. Sans still laughing beside you. It worries you a little, what Papyrus said. Would he really force Sans to move back if he didn’t pass his cleaning inspection? Your heart drops at the thought. That would be so boring. There was nothing better than yelling through your wall at your neighbor. You love hanging out with him, playing video games. If he moved, you could probably text him to teleport over but... It was a lot more fun being neighbors.

“I thought you were scared of your bro…”

Sans stops laughing immediately, small droplets of sweat forming on his skull. He stuffs his hands in his pockets looking away. The interview, along with a video tour of the haunt, finished while you were both laughing. The light of the screen reflects across his face as he nervously fidgets.

“I ain’t scared’a him… S’just… when we were underground.” His eyelights drop to the floor. “Shit happened’n our relationship… I-It wasn’t his fault. He had ta take care’a me’n I wasn’t makin’ it easy.”

“He’s not gonna make you move back because you told puns on TV is he?”

“H-He ain’t that mad… probably. I use ta joke with’im a bunch… before...”

“Before?”
“When we were kids…”

You wait for him to keep going, but he doesn’t. You decide not to press this time. He’ll tell you when he’s ready.

“Would you like my help cleaning again?”

“Y-yeah… S’probably a good, uh… yeah…”

Three girls make their way through the pitch black corridor. Flashlight pointing ahead, looking left and right in worry. Waiting for something to jump out at them.

“I don’t wanna do this anymore!”

“It’s ok, it’s ok. We're almost at the end.”

“You’re laughing at me. Why are you laughing!”

“You’re fine, it’s all fake anyway remember.”

“Y-yeah there’s nothing to worry about. I-It’s just a bunch of people in costumes.”

The girls round the corner and pass an old painting hung across the wall. As the last girl passes, a man shoots his arms through at them, screaming. The shortest girl holding her friend shrieks and nearly pushes the entire party over as she tries to dash away.

“NOOOOOOO.” She screams
“I HATE THESE, I HATE THEM.” Says the girl in a pixy cut.

“Ahahahahah that reaction was priceless.” Laughs the dark haired one, letting her friend hold onto her as they move.

“I hate you, you always make me do these stupid things. I hate them.” Shorty squeals.

“They shouldn’t scare you, nothing’s real here… Well ‘cept there’s supposed to be actual real monsters in it this year… but I can’t tell if there are any.”

“I don’t wanna see them. I don’t even like humans in these things. Why would I want to see monsters?”

“We drove across state for this! Come’on enjoy yourself. Besides, they aren’t allowed to touch you.”

“I swear that last guy did!”

They round another corner, flashlight scanning the walls ahead. A simple open doorway meets them at the end of the hallway, decorated with long black streamers. They move through them cautiously, pulling them aside as they take in the new room.

It’s hard to see in the darkness, but the flashlight provides some light as the girl in front quickly flicks it across the room. It’s decorated with tombstones and bloody hanging bones. Several plastic skeletons stand against the walls, their hollow eyes empty. A large gravestone centerpiece is displayed proudly in the middle of the room, decorated with various bones and one small grinning skeleton.

“D-didn’t you say there was a skeleton monster on TV” The pixy cut whispers as she creeps forward.

“Oh yeah! I bet they’re in here.” The dark haired girl responds.

The shortest girl grips her friend harder. Whimpering as she walks through the room. They have to move around the hanging bones and skeleton parts, slowly pushing them out of the way as they pass.
The shadows lengthen and contract in the dim light as the bones swing lightly side to side.

The flashlight suddenly goes out, bathing the room in total darkness.

“Turn it back on, turn it back on!”

“I’m trying!”

“Why isn’t it working!”

“Turn it back on right now!”

A low baritone chuckle slices through their cries as it bounces around the dark room.

“Heh heh heh heh heh, aw sweetheart, ya saw me on TV’n had ta visit the real thing? Didn’t know I was that popular?”

Suddenly a grinning skeleton is before them, leaning a large plastic bone over his shoulder. His exposed bones are covered in fresh red blood. Clothes ragged and ripped. He grins up at them, red dots in his black sockets casting a menacing red reflection across his face.

He walks towards them slowly and they back up. Eventually hitting the gravestone centerpiece. They have nowhere left to run. He slings the bone from his shoulders, sliding it up to the dark haired girls face. Pushing her hair away, he smirks at her terror.

“Ya know… ya got a nice skeleton in ya…” He tips her chin up slightly as she shivers. “Wanna have another?”

She gives a small squeak as her knees shake. Watching the bone prod at her face. The skeleton laughs again, watching her terror in glee. The flashlight in the other girl’s hand turns on, just as a chainsaw revs closely from behind. The skeleton steps back as an enormous masked murderer runs at them, screaming and waving a chainsaw.
All three girls screech as they scramble from the room. Screams echoing down the hallway.

You look down at the skeleton, wheezing with one hand against the tombstone. Clearly having the time of his life.

“Holy… holy shit! Heheheh, Did’ja see their faces. Fuckin’ scared the shit outta’um.”

You raise an eyebrow. Did… he really not notice? You do have better vision than him in the darkness, but… It was pretty obvious.

“It… uh… wasn’t shit but… I’m pretty sure you made that girl pee herself.”

He stops laughing immediately, and stands quietly for a moment… unsure if he should look content with himself, or disgusted.

“What!” He screeches after a moment.

“You didn’t see her pants?”

“S’that what that fuckin’ smell was. Fuckin’ nasty.” He growls.

“Skulls, may I remind you once again, this is supposed to be a no contact haunt.”

“I didn’t touch’er.” He says… hefting the plastic bone he liberated from one of the decorations over his shoulder. “I used my big bone ‘ere.”

“Please never say that again.” You whine at his bad wording.
“What?”

“Skulls… are you actually listening to yourself?”

“What? The hell’r ya talking about?”

“Having another skeleton inside her, touching her with your big bone?”

“What? I was jus’ threatenin’ ta stab’er with it?”

You sigh in annoyance. May as well make it clear for the guy.

“Humans… uh… have penetrative sex you know. And a slang term for a penis is a boner. ”

He stays still for a moment, wordlessly processing what you told him. Then his face lights up in the darkness. Bright red glow smeared across it.

“I-I fuckin’ knew that!… What the hell! ya humans gotta make everything so sexual! Fuck, yer all gross!”

“Hahahah, Skulls… I don’t think you want to be the first monster to get arrested for sexual harassment.”

“I didn’t mean that shit at all! I was talking about stabbin’er. I don’t even have shit for that! What the hell! Yer all fuckin’ nasty!”

“I can see it now! Hahahah, Skeleton man arrested for boning humans in a haunted house! Hahah!”

He thinks quietly with his face covered in red for a moment, before smirking back at you.

“Heh, knew ya liked puns.” He says smugly.
You stop laughing immediately.

“I-It wasn’t a pun! It was… a joke about you-”

“Ya fuckin’ love puns’n you know it!”

You fold your arms defensively.

“It was only funny because it was a good one. Most of your jokes are bad.”

“Ya mean bad to the bone.”

“I rest my case... they’re completely awful.”

You start walking to your spot. Getting ready to reset.

“Ya mean awfully amazing.”

“I mean awfully horrible, and now I understand where Paps is coming from.”

Sans leans against the gravestone. Shit eating grin across his face.

“Ya can say what’cha want. But they’re gettin’a job done. S’only week two’n I scared the piss outta someone.”

“I don’t think it had anything to do with your puns. You were practically threatening to have sex with her.”

“I WAS NOT!”
“That’s not how she saw it.”

“Tch… I-It ain’t my fault ya humans’r all fuckin’ perverts!”

“Maybe you need to reevaluate what you say before you speak.”

“Maybe you need to reevaluate yer damn gross species!”

The screams echo closer to your hallway, and you signal Sans to keep quiet. You hear their whimpers before they enter. From the sounds of the voices… it’s another party of girls.

They carefully make their way through the streamers. Four of them. It looks like two older teenagers, and maybe their younger sisters.

One of the smaller girls, clearly scared out of her mind, clings to one of the older girls. She’s crying as her sister drags her along. Too bad the rules of the haunt state you can only let people out early if they were causing a holdup, or there was a medical emergency.

They make their way past the hanging bones. The older girl clearly annoyed with her bawling sister.

“I don wanna be here wahhhhh.” She cries.

“Shut up and keep going.” The other girl whispers in annoyance.

They skirt their way around San’s gravestone, hardly paying attention to him. You flick out their flashlight and wait for Sans to do his thing. He’s been teleporting all over the haunt lately, banking on the idea nobody can prove he’s been using magic in the darkness.

He appears in front of the group. Eyelights lighting his face. The girl dragging her crying sister hardly reacts, instead choosing to move around past him.
“Aw come’on sweetcheeks. Ya ain’t gonna leave me hanging.” He taps one of the hanging bones, letting it swing a little in front of the group.

“Go away! I’m just trying to get outta here.” The girl says as her sister ducks further into her shirt.

He moves in front of them as they try to pass. Annoyed they aren’t reacting.

“Ah, come’on girly. Ya gotta answer my question first.” He grins. “What did’a skeleton say as he ate the humans?” He smirks as he taps the bone across his shoulder, giving them a hint.

“MOVE!” The girl yells, trying to shove him aside.

He sidesteps her easily, and she goes off balance, landing on her hands and knees.

“Aw, come’on. That’s’n easy one. S’Bone appetite’a course!”

What Sans didn’t see was her small crying sister also got knocked off balance when she fell. The girl reaches out grabbing the nearest thing to keep her steady. That nearest thing being Sans. Specifically San's very small ripped up pair of shorts.

They both come crashing to the ground.

You flick the flashlight on, right in time to see San's horrified face. Sockets devoid of all light. He stands still as a rock, unmoving. Besides his strange proportions, one would think he wasn’t any different than the plastic skeletons lining the room right now.

While you’ve tried to respect your friends most private and intimate personal boundaries… There are simply things you have no physical control over. One of those things being, if his pants come off… your eyes are gonna wander.

Before you have time to think, you’re staring at the spot that was once covered by a pair of very short shorts.
Yep… he’s full skeleton, even down there. It’s pretty much just a pelvis bone. There’s nothing else to look at. You lean your head sideways trying to get a better view. Completely forgetting to chase the girls out with your chainsaw. They’re doing a good job stumbling past on their own anyway.

“GAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!” Sans finally screams.

Breaking his frozen state, he disappears from existence. Small pair of ripped and fake bloodied shorts the only thing left on the floor.

Crap crap crap!

“Skulls?” You shout after him.

Of course… he probably can’t hear you, he teleported away. Where did he teleport off to? Shoot. You aren’t allowed to bring your phone with you when you’re working your shift. You can’t text him to come back.

Um… you gotta call in on your radio and… What are you supposed to say? You can’t tell them he used magic. Gah! What should you do?

You walk over to the pair of shorts, picking them up. They’re still warm. You’ll be able to work the room without him for a while but, eventually someone’s gonna notice. Maybe you should call in. The staff should be lenient about him leaving for the rest of the night after getting pantsed by a group of girls. You’ll tell them he somehow left the building without anyone noticing.

As you’re mentally scrambling to come up with a solution. You feel a pressure next to you. Something smashes into your back, and you grab one of the hanging bones trying to stay steady.

“The Hell!” a gravelly voice yells. “Get outta the way!”

“Thank stars, you came back Skulls!”

You’re about to turn around and face him when a bony hand swats the back of your head.
“Don’t fuckin’ turn around. N’give me my clothes! What the hell!”

“Hahaha! Sorry, sorry.” You hold his shorts behind you, keeping your head faced forward.

“N’stop laughing! Shit ain’t funny.” He growls as he snatches the shorts from you.

Of course… this only serves to make you laugh harder.

“Heheheh, It’s not like you have anything to see down there anyway. It's just bones.”

“Y-ya fuckin’ looked! What the hell!” He says, sounding a little hurt.

You swallow your laughter as you realize you need to tread lightly right now.

“I-I didn’t really see anything… it’s dark in here remember.”

Nope, you totally saw it.

“Y-Yer a fuckin’ asshole!”

“I-It’s okay… you don’t have any human parts, so… there isn’t anything for me to see and-”

“I ain’t fuckin’ interested in yer dumbass human body, ’n ya still wouldn’t like it if I saw ya naked!” He growls back.

Point taken…

“Sorry… I shouldn’t have looked.” You say, starting to feel disappointed in yourself.
After a bit of rustling, he has his shorts back on. You turn towards him and have to stop yourself from laughing. His entire face is lit up. His skull glows like a giant red light bulb in the darkness as he folds his arms.

“Um… I thought you weren’t gonna come back.”

“Tch… I’ve been paying this shit deal off with ya already, if I leave now’n I’ll have ta owe ya fer somethin’.”

“Heh…. You already gave me a free strip tease so we could probably call it even.”

“SHUT THE FUCK UP! What the hell!”

“Hahahah I can’t believe you had a wardrobe malfunction in front of a bunch of kids.”

“Malfunction my ass! Fuckin’ dumb shit kid pulled them off.”

The screams start moving down your hallway, and you automatically walk back to your spot.

“Try to calm down though… Your head looks like a light bulb.”

“What!”

He puts his hands to his face, feeling the heat of his magic wafting off it. It glows brighter when he realizes what he must look like.

“I don’t think a glowing tomato head makes for a very scary creature.”

“S-Shutup!”
Sans brings you home after the shift at the haunted house. It was an exhausting night. The interview on TV brought more crowds of people than ever. The attraction stayed open almost an hour longer to accommodate the extra long line of people waiting to get in. They had to close access to the haunt line when they realized it wasn’t shrinking as closing time approached.

You go to the bathroom and take a shower, preparing for the drinking night ahead. You decide to try downtown again, so you slip on another extremely short black dress. You put on a jacket as well this time, picking something warm looking to cover your arms. The nights are getting colder as autumn approaches its end. It would look strange if you went out in a skimpy dress only.

Once your done getting ready, you quietly gather you bag and keys. You listen for your neighbor in the hallway. There isn’t any sound coming from his apartment. He's probably asleep. You quietly walk through your kitchen. Putting your heels on only after your reach the door. Trying to prevent the loud clopping sound they make on the cheap plastic floor from alerting your neighbor.

You open the door, and sneak out slowly. Locking it behind you

You turn around to a pair of glowing red eyelight.

“Goin’ somewhere?”

Chapter End Notes

This was a hard chapter to write, even though it's short. I've been editing my past chapters again. I think it's helping me learn to write stronger sentences with better flow. If I only had a quarter for every unnecessary 'that' I have to remove from every other sentence. I would be a rich lady.

So... next chapter’s gonna be interesting...

My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Sidestories for this fikk are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
Caught Red Handed

Chapter Summary

You check the mailbox.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Goin’ somewhere?”

Sans stands in front of you with his arms folded. Brow bone raised at your evident terrible attempt at sneakery.

You straighten up from the door, trying to look him in the socket.

“Yes… I... need to check the mail. I can’t go around doing it during the day now can I?”

Sans unwavering glare tells you he doesn’t buy your crappy excuse. “Yeah…? N’ya locked yer door fer the whole couple’a seconds it’s gonna take ta check it?” He growls.

“... Yes. You told me I need to be more careful at night, so I am.”

You walk past him, going for the mailbox. Heels clomping loudly across the apartment entryway.

“N’ya got all nice’n dressed up fer checkin’ the mail? Didn’t know ya had’a thing for mailboxes?” He says as you pass.

“I-I... I was trying out a new outfit when I remembered I forgot to check it today.” You say stubbornly.

You go to the mailbox leaning next to the building and unlock your slot. You already know it’s empty. You checked it earlier today, but he doesn’t need to know that.
“L-Looks like I didn’t get anything today.” You say as you exaggeratedly feel around in the box.

You lock it again, turn, and walk past him. Going back to your apartment, you unlock it and open the door. Sans eyelights follow you the entire way.

“Goodnight Skulls…” You say before you shut it behind yourself.

He doesn’t respond, instead he quietly watches you walk inside. Once the door’s shut, you make a point to lock it loudly. Then you go over to the blinds to peek out the cracks. It’s hard to see if he’s still there from this angle.

You sigh. Was he really sitting around waiting for you? That whole time? Stupid monsters and their immunity to your hypnosis.

Maybe you should skip your drinking day tonight and go tomorrow instead. Or wait him out all the way through Sunday. Technically your vampirism doesn’t get bad till you’ve gone without blood for two weeks, but you really hate the urges you start having after the first bloodless week. Besides, your abilities run off how much blood you’ve drank recently. The hungrier you are, the weaker you’ll be should an emergency come up. You drink once a week on schedule for a reason.

You don’t see him out your blinds, but you’re pretty sure he’s still waiting for you… somewhere. Stupid unfair teleporting skeletons.

You walk down your hallway as quietly as your heels will allow, listening for him on the other side of your wall. Of course, you can always go during the day, or even in the morning, when he’s sleeping. Technically there isn’t a rule that says you have to go drinking at night but, humans can see during the day. Your chances of being spotted increase dramatically. Not to mention, the dreaded sunlight.

What to do…

You get to your room, and are about to fling off your shoes when you spot your window. Perfect! He may be able to watch for you out front, but he doesn’t have a view on this window. Hah! Look who's being crafty now, skeleton!
You slide up your black out blinds and open the window quietly. The screen pops out easily, and you set it down near your bed and smirk. Score one point for the vampire.

You put your hands on the frame and slowly put one foot out the window. Suddenly, there’s a pressure in the air in front of you.

“Really. Through the fuckin’ window!” A voice growls out.

You stop with your body halfway out. Staring at your skeleton friend’s angry, yet amused face.

“T-This is nothing!” You screech in surprise. Quickly backing out of your window and slamming it shut. You complete the whole maneuver by pulling the blinds down as quickly as possible.

Why! Why does he know! Where is he watching you from?

You run back to the living room, heels clopping, and check the blinds by your door again. Searching for him.

“M’not a fuckin’ idiot ya’know.” A low voice says from behind.

You nearly jump out of your skin as you turn around from your window.

“Skulls, what the heck, don’t do that!” You say in indignation.

He's standing in your dark kitchen now. Arms still folded. Eyelights casting his face in red as they burn.

“Ya really tried ta sneak out through yer window!” He growls.

“It’s not sneaking out. I’m an adult! I can go out at night if I want!”
“Not in that ya ain’t!” He points at your outfit.

What do you do? What do you say? It’s not like you can outrun a teleporting skeleton monster. When you befriended your racist, human hating neighbor, you did not expect him to be so... so protective of you. Even now, as he glares you down in anger, it’s still surprising.

“Listen Skulls. I know you’re worried about me, but you shouldn’t be. I’m fine. I’ve been doing this for years and-”

“I ain’t fuckin’ worried about’cha!” He snarls back.

“Okay… then you should be fine with me-”

“I’m fuckin’ pissed yer doin’ dumb ass, stupid dangerous shit in the middle of the damn night!”

You stare at him for a moment, trying to suppress the smile that wants to creep across your face.

“Skulls… that's what being worried is.”

“Sh-Shuttup! ya jus’... don’t fuckin’ get it. Why do’ya gotta get all dressed up’ like that, n’ go out inna middle of’a night, jus’ so ya can getta dumb ass stranger ta help ya with shit when I already said I would?”

You sigh, closing your eyes. “I already told you… and I’m not saying this to offend you or anything, but, Skulls, you can not help me with this. I have to do this with a human.”

“What the fuck is it then?” He demands. “What do they got that I don’t?”

“How about skin, and blood, and muscles…”

He blinks his sockets a few times, confused.
“Wait… ya need their bodies for it?”

“N-No!” You lie.

“I thought it was a fuckin’ ritual!”

“I-It is.”

“Then why are ya’all dressed like that?” He points at your dress. “Fuckin’ skimpy ass shit. I know ya ain’t the type ta wear shit like that if ya don’t have’ta…”

“H-Humans are more willing to help a cute girl out and-”

“We both fuckin’ know ya ain’t wearin that shit ta make’ ya look cute.”

“Wha…? Rude! Yes I am.”

“No ya ain’t.”

“Yes I am.”

“No ya fuckin’ ain’t.”

“You think all humans are ugly anyway, so how would you know?”

“I ain’t fuckin’ stupid. I’ve seen enough of yer damn human media ta know. Sides’ yer practically showin’ off yer gross ass human genitals in it! Monsters do the same stupid shit when they're trying ta be fuckin’ whores, ‘cept with soul spots instead.”

You’re thinking up a retort to Sans basically calling you a whore when the second part of what he said suddenly takes precedence and you forget about the remark completely.
“... wait, wait, wait.... what’s a soul spot?”

“Shit!” He realizes his mistake, eyelights darting away from you.

You crack a smile as you lean down at him. “What is it Skulls? You gotta tell a poor naive innocent cute little girl like me what it is.”

“S’fuckin’ n-none of yer damn business.” His cheeks are already burning slightly. It’s definitely something sexual.

“Hmmm...? So it has something to do with monster genitals?”

“I already told ya, we don’t fuckin’ have genitels.”

“Wait... is that spot in the center of your ribs... is that what a soul spot is?”

“S-Shut the fuck up. Yer jus’ tryin’ ta change the subject!” He folds his arms again.

You weren’t trying to change the subject. It’s just... He spilled something about his species you happened to be highly curious about. It’s hard to stay focused when he drops something like that on you.

Wait a minute... that’s it! That’s how you’ll get outta this! You’ll make a deal he has to refuse!

“... Alright, fine... I’ll tell you what I’m doing for my ritual, and I’ll even let you try it.” You say shrugging.

Sans, drops his mouth a little in surprise.

“W-Wha... ya will?” He says surprised.
“But only on one condition.”

“W-What?”

You smirk. “You gotta tell me in complete detail how monsters reproduce.”

Hah! There’s no way he’ll go for it! Your smile widens as you watch his face. It starts to glow, sweat prickling at his skull as he mulls over your response.

“T-That ain’t a fair fuckin’ deal!” He growls finally.

“Too bad then. Looks like we both getta keep our secrets.” You say as you turn to your door. Attempting to unlock it.

“Wait! What if… what if I get someone else ta tell ya.” He tries.

You smile gleefully at him. Thinking about how red his face would get if he had to tell you himself. Dang… you’re starting to get hungry. You lick your lips as you laugh.

“Heheh… nope. It has to be you.” You giggle.

“Why the fuck would that matter!?“ He says in annoyance.

You watch him fidget under your gaze.

“I thought we went over this Skulls…” You cock your head as you smile harder. “Your face is extra cute when you get flustered. I wanna see it the whole time you’re telling me every intricate detail.”

“THE FUCKIN’ HELL IS FUCKIN’ WRONG WITH YOU!” He screeches back! You laugh hysterically as you open the door. San’s voice following you out. “FINE! Go out’n get raped! I don’t give’a fuckin’ shit about ya inna first place, ya fuckin’ psycho! Maybe you’ll learn a lesson about
You close the door, locking it. It barely muffles his snarling anger as you make your way snickering down the steps. You’re glad that got him off your back.

It’s time to go drinking.

Sans takes a shortcut into his apartment, seething with rage. Once inside, he pulls his shoes off and throws them at the wall, growling under his breath as they fall to the floor. Fuckin’ sick perverted ass human wanting to watch his face like that! What in fuckin’ hell! She’s not curious about monsters at all, she just want’s to watch him suffer’n be embarrassed so she can revel in it! Tch… he is not gonna give that sick freak the pleasure.

He stomps off into his bedroom flinging off his coat.

Tch… jus’ wait… humans fuckin’ raped each other all the time. What did Boss say the number was…? Like, half of all humans had it happen to them? That’s way too high.

He can see it now, she’ll come crawlin’ back, crying. He smirks to himself as he imagines her tear stained face. Tellin’ him how he was right’n she should’a listened to him instead of her own dumb bravery soul. Heh, she’ll probably wanna hug him or somethin’… He may just let her too. But only cause she’ll need it. It’ll be the only time ever...

N’then he’ll go out’n find the person who did it’n make sure they never do it again. His grin widens as he imagines her looking up at him, praising him. She’ll be so grateful… N’she’ll say how she should’a had him help her out instead, cause humans are all assholes who rape eachother’n...

San’s soul slows… What if she doesn’t come back…?

What if the apartment next door stays quiet forever. T-That should be good right? No more freak of a human tryin’ ta bother him. No more makin’ fun’a him… No more games… No more… laughing.

The only memory he’ll have, is that really nice computer sitting in his living room.
Sans swallows hard as his eyelights dart out the window… It’s fine… she’ll come back. She said she does it all the time… so…

Boss did his guard rounds all the time too didn’t he? And he’s much stronger than this idiot human…

Sans throws his coat back on in a hurry. Running to the living room he grabs his shoes from off the floor and stuffs them on his feet. Sweat dripping down his skull, he prepares a shortcut. The last time she wore something like that, she was somewhere around Grillby’s right? He’ll start there first.

You smile happily to yourself as you walk down the dark sidewalk path, hypnotized human in tow behind you. Usually, you try and avoid walking around in public with a hypnotized human. They look out of place, and you don’t like the stares people give you. But, in light of the recent issues you’ve had a few weeks ago with Sans, you’ve decided it may be easier to force your prey into your secluded area of choice, rather than persuade them.

You found the guy quickly tonight. He practically ran at you as soon as you stepped anywhere near the bars downtown. He smelled a little like alcohol, but you weren’t being picky today. He was… very interested in you. Complimenting you on being so bold as to wear heels when you're already so tall. Telling you how tall women are hot. The regular. As soon as his hand wandered down past your waist, you put him under your hold.

Ok, maybe you had him hypnotized early for other reasons.

You lead him to a dark empty lot. It’s a place you’ve used before. There's a narrow area next to one of the buildings that has perfect visual coverage from the people outside.

You back him against the cold concrete wall, instructing him to stay still. Grabbing a handful of his jacket, you pull it roughly down, exposing his neck. The delicate veins making you salivate as you sense them pumping with thick delicious blood.

Your body responds as you focus on his neck. Teeth lengthening as you lean over him. You lick his skin lightly, slowly, before you bite down, piercing the vein. Letting his hot lifeforce flood your mouth. He squeaks beneath you as you feed, and you sigh in relief. This is the best. This is what you need most. There’s nothing better than hot pumping blood, straight from the source. It fills your body with fire, with power, heating you against the cold night air.
The man whimpers and moans beneath your hold, hypnosis keeping him quiet, but not silent. He stands limply beneath you as you take your fill. You have to admit, his sounds are actually quite nice compared to some of the people you’ve drank with.

“What the hell! I thought ya said it ain’t sexual!” A familiar angry voice screeches from behind you.

You bite down harder in surprise, and the man moans extra loud, before he goes limp in your hold. You have to catch him before he falls to the ground.

“S-Skulls!” You sputter, choking on the blood in your mouth. It spills down your face, and pools around the man’s neckline. Quickly drenching the the whole thing in a brilliant bright red.

Shoot! You didn’t lick the bite properly. You pull on his clothes again, bringing his neck to your mouth as you try to find the mark before he bleeds out any more. Blood smears across your face as it pumps quickly from it’s source. You finally find it, and have to suck the excess blood away before licking it closed.

That was a close one… Any more blood loss and you’d have to take him to a hospital.

“Wha… what the fuck!” Sans screeches from behind you. “T-T-The hell are ya doin’?”

Crap!

He saw you.

He saw you, and now you have to deal with him.

You turn towards him, your blood reacting to your fear. The air is full of it. San’s included.

You shift the now limp human to one arm. Trying to hold his body steady as it flops around uselessly.
“I-It’s fine Skulls.” You attempt to say calmly. “Everything’s fine. Don’t freak out.” You need to talk to him about this. If he runs… if he tries to teleport away. You’ll have to catch him. You do not wanna do that. It would only make him more afraid.

“W-Why is… why’s there so much blood on yer face! W-What’r ya doin’ to that guy? W-What the fuck is this!” He says, sockets wide, eyelights the smallest of pinpricks.

He backs away slowly, moving towards the opposite wall. Getting as much space as possible between you, and him.

You’re suddenly aware of the warm wetness on your face, quickly cooling in the freezing night air. You wipe a large portion of it onto your hand, keeping eye contact with Sans the entire time.

You decide to take a gamble. He’s your friend right? Maybe he’ll take it well. Sometimes people take it well, when they find out. Ever so slowly, you lick the blood from your hand. Watching his face the entire time. How will you react Skulls?

His sockets widen even further, eyelights focused entirely on what you’re doing. You hear an audible gulp from the skeleton who has no throat.

“D-Don’t fuckin’... What’r ya doing, eating it?” He yells across at you.

“I need to. It’s the ritual Skulls.” You answer.

“B-But’cha said… I-It’s fuckin’ blood! What the hell! Don’t eat it!”

“I drink blood, Skulls. That’s the ritual”

“What… why? I thought ya said ya have some freak ass disease!”

“I do… it’s called being a vampire.”

He narrows his sockets at you before he continues.
“... That ain’t… that ain’t a r-real thing.”

“It is.”

“No it ain’t… That’s jus’ some shitty monster trash ya humans made up.”

“It’s very real.”


“I think it’s more of a human disease actually. I was born a human after all.”

He takes a moment to study you. Watching you stand there, holding a passed out human in your hands, blood smeared across your face. He keeps as much distance as he can between you and him. You wait in silence. Hoping he’ll take it well. Please Skulls… you don’t want to have to… He needs to take it well. You can’t erase this.

“S-So ya jus’ come out’ere… every Friday night’n drink blood.”

“Yes.”

“Cause ya got some weird v-vampire disease.”

“Yes.”

“N’that’s the ritual.”

“Yes.”
The man’s knees finally give out, and he topples from your hold. His body hanging limply from your arm, lying halfway across the ground.

“Ya fuckin’ killed him!” Sans screeches. “I thought ya said it wasn’t dangerous!”

The fear wafts from him in layers.

“He’s not dead I swear!” You panic. “He just, lost a bit more blood than normal.” You say as you struggle to hold him up. “S-See! He’s fine.” He leans limply in the other direction, slowly flopping back down again.

Luckily for you, the man makes a low groan confirming your claim, and Sans fear calms a bit.

“Please don’t freak out, Skulls!” You beg as you watch his face.

“I-I ain’t freakin’ out!” He yells back.

“You aren’t?”

“Y-Ya said I should talk ta ya more, instead’a jumping ta conclusions… so I am.”

“Oh… well thank you.”

“Y-Ya ain’t gonna fuckin’ attack me or some shit right?”

“No… I was gonna track you down if you ran… but I’m not gonna attack you. Are you sure you aren’t freaking out?”

Sans fidgets in place for a moment.

“I-I ain’t gonna look like a fuckin’ idiot again. Fuckin’ done with that shit.”
“So… no sexy pincushion for me today?”

“Shut the fuck up about that!” He screeches.

He watches you struggle to hold the limp guy up, before sighing in annoyance.

“Ya better not fuckin’ attack me.”

“I won’t. I really won’t!” You insist again.

“Fine… L-Let me help ya with that then…”

He takes a step forward. Towards you, not away. Shortening the distance he’s put between you and him.

You friend knows, and isn’t running away from you.

You smile as he takes another step towards you. It’s a rare occasion when one of your friends finds out about you and chooses not to freak out. You had him pegged as the type that wouldn’t take it well for sure.

“N’stop smilin’. S’fuckin’ creepy with blood all over yer face.” He growls as he moves across the space.

“Hey… I don’t call you creepy when you have blood all over your face.”

“That’s cause it ain’t real, idiot.”

He walks up to you and grabs the guy’s shoulder, helping you keep the man stable and standing.
“So… h-he’s fine right…? He ain’t gonna die’r nothin’?”

“He should be. I’m hoping he’ll recover if we give him some time.”

You listen to the cold night air in awkward silence. The both of you holding on to either side of the guy. A thought pops into your head, and you decide to ask Sans about it.

“How did you find me anyway? I was pretty sure you weren’t following me this time.”

“I… I was lookin’ fer ya up on some’a the roofs when I… uh... smelled ya.” He says, slightly embarrassed.

“Wait!... You can smell me, like, my distinct smell? What are you a dog or something?”

“I told’ja I can smell humans!” He snaps back.

“Yeah but you didn’t say it was that distinct.”

“... Think I’ve been hangin’ out wit’cha too much’r somethin’, I don’t fuckin’ know! Jus’ noticed it when I was takin’ a shortcut.”

“Oh… that’s kinda cool actually. Weird… but cool.”

“Tch… yer human stank better not fuck up my sense’a smell.”

You change some of the weight of the man from one arm, to the other. Still happy your friend didn’t freak out on you.

“Ya lied ta me…” He says quietly after a moment.

“I didn’t exactly lie. I told you I couldn’t tell you what it was.”
“Not that ya idiot. Ya told me yer ritual wasn’t dangerous’r sexual’r weird. And ya said ya didn’t need their bodies… S’fuckin’ all’a those things!”

“Ok… usually, it’s not dangerous. But a certain skeleton stalker surprised me, and made me make a mess.”

“I wasn’t stalkin’ ya! Fuckin’ came ta check on ya s’all.”

“Aw… Skulls, that’s so-”

“SHUTTUP!”

You take a moment to laugh before you continue.

“And it’s definitely not sexual either.” You say.

“Tch… S’not what it fuckin’ sounded like.”

“T-That’s just… the process of removing blood… it feels kinda… nice, for the person being bit.”

“So it is sexual!”

“No, it’s not!”

“Fuckin’ sounded sexual ta me.”

“It’s not!”

You sigh inwardly. Why does everyone have to make it that way. You bite people because you have
to. Stop making it about something it’s not.

“You’re right though.” You say. “I did lie about it being weird. And yeah… obviously it involves their bodies. I just… I was trying to keep it a secret.”

The man interrupts your conversation by groaning and wriggling against you. You gently lower your grip on him. Trying to see if he’ll hold himself up.

After a moment, his body starts pulling on your arm, and you have to fight to keep him balanced correctly.

“Wh-Where?” He asks quietly as he finally opens his eyes.

You immediately lock eyes with his, taking him under your hold.

“Go home. Eat some iron. Get some rest.” You order.

He takes a step and almost tumbles over, before both you and Sans each grab an arm. He tries again, finally getting his footing right. When he’s able to walk on his own, you both release him as he walks robotically away.

Sans watches him disappear before turning towards you.

“S-So… what’s this shit with yer eyes then?”

“Oh… that. I can hypnotize people and tell them what to do or wipe their memories.”

“What!”

“Pretty cool right?” You say smiling.
He takes a small step away from you.

“Y-Ya havn’t been doin’ that shit ta me this whole time have ya?”

“No! I haven’t…. I can’t anyway.”

“Ya… can’t. Wait… s-so ya’ve tried!?”

“T-That one time in the storage unit… I, uh, kinda tried.” He looks horrified. You clap your hands and bow. “I didn’t mean to I swear… and it really doesn’t work on you, and I’m sorry, I still shouldn’t have tried, and I would only use it to make your forget about me being a vampire anyway, nothing else I swear. Please don’t be mad!”

“Wait… it doesn’t work on me.” He says slowly. Still looking slightly horrified with you.

“No… monsters... uh.... seem to be immune to it’s effects.”

“Oh…” Then he grins up at you. “Heh, told’ja monsters’r better than humans.”

“Hahahah, sure Skulls. You’re definitely taking this better than most people.”

He throws his hands behind his head, looking quite pleased with himself.

“Hell yes I am… S’cause I ain’t no pansy assed, wimpy shit human.”

“Hahaha, sure Skulls.”

He leans his grin up at you. Enjoying your praise.

“ya got any other weird shit I should know about?”
“Quite a bit actually… do you want to discuss them all here in an abandoned lot in the middle of the night?”

“Oh… yeah, um. Yer done here right?”

“Yep.”

He holds his hand out to you, and you smile. You friend found you out, and accepted you. You thrust your hand into his and a moment later you both disappear.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry if this chapter wasn't as intense or angsty as some of you may have hoped. At one point, when I first conceived the story, Papyrus was gonna get bit behind Grillbys as her first test on monsters, instead of what I went with, and Sans was gonna flip his shit. But then I couldn't think of a way for Sans to ever forgive her. Because I don't think he would. So I went in the direction that you befriend him enough that he's okay with you being a vampire.

But, if you want a few things to keep looking forward to. Lets see...
When will the romance happen, and who will fall first?
Will Papyrus ever learn to cook?
What are monster heats like?
Will you ever put cat ears on Sans head?
Find these things out and more on the next episode of Dragon Ball Z

BTW I loved writing Sans wild imagination trying to make Vamp chan into a damsel in distress. That was great.

My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Sidestories for this fick are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
You help clean San's apartment. You both talk. A lot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After changing your clothes and washing your face, you decide to meet Sans in his apartment with some of your cleaning supplies. If you’re gonna talk, you can do it while you clean. Besides, you’re still worried Papyrus will fail him this week. You do not want him moving out. He just discovered your secret and... h-he can’t just leave... he knows too much! He’s gotta stick around and... be your friend.

Sans already moved most of his clothes to his hamper when you enter. Your arms full of cleaning supplies.

“So... I brought some stuff for the bathroom.” You say, shutting the door with your foot. Already being assaulted by the apartments deep stench. “And I think we should wipe your blinds down as well. The previous owners didn’t clean them at all and-”

“The blinds are fine. Boss ain’t gonna check that.” He growls, sifting through some old Grillby’s takeout on his floor.

“He said double his usual standards. What if that means the blinds?”

“It ain’t gonna mean that!”

“What if you're wrong?”

Sans violently throws several paper bags into the trash he’s carrying.

“Tch... Why do I gotta clean the shit other people left behind?”
“Cause you pissed your bro off with bad puns.”

“S’fuckin’ stupid.”

Moving some of his old wrappers and trash aside, you set your things at the table. Then you get to work helping him pick up his apartment like last week.

“So… you… uh got questions for me right?” You say as you find a particularly large mustard crusted bag near the sink.

“Y-Yeah…” He mutters as he works.

You wait a moment for him to ask, but he doesn’t.

“Okay… you gonna ask me, or not?”

“I-I’m thinkin’!… S’jus’, m’fuckin’ confused… ok.”

“About?”

“Ya got this fuckin’ weird ass disease’r some shit… Vampire disease. But then ya humans have it in yer video games like yer a monster, not a sick human.”

“Hmmm…” You think. “It's probably cause it’s an old disease that used to be passed around. You pretty much have to intentionally give it to someone, and the people who have the disease don’t do that anymore. Most of the stuff in video games, books, and movies are just a bunch of people making things up based off really old legend.”

“So, what? Yer sayin’ humans jus’ make shit up about some old disease that use ta get passed ‘round, n’ the whole blood thing’s so creepy ya put it in with monsters?”
“Umm… yeah… I guess.”

You aren’t exactly sure when or why humans started categorizing vampires as a monsters. You were originally born a normal human and, according to Sans, your soul was human as well. Then again, humans didn’t believe in the existence of monsters for quite a long time. Maybe they combined the myths or something.

“Tch… Ya humans hate us so much ya categorize yer freaky ass diseased in with us.” Sans says darkly as he picks up the last of the trash from the floor.

“Hey! You know, If I didn’t have to… I wouldn’t drink blood.” You say, a little offended.

“Can’t believe ya actually fuckin’ do that.” He growls back.

The room drops into awkward silence and you have to admit, you feel a little self conscious. Sometimes you forget, most people consider drinking blood to be kinda… gross. Technically it’s unhygienic. Disease spreads easily from contact with body fluids. Luckily for you, you can’t get any more diseases. That still doesn’t change the fact it’s gross.

The kitchen and living room picked up, you grab a rag from the sink and begin to wet down the counters and table. At the same time, Sans decides to tackle the large pile of dishes that overflow in his sink. You notice most of them are from last week’s family meal day. They smell particularly nasty from sitting in the sink all week.

“S-So…” He starts again, turning the water down a little so you can hear. “Humans don’t know about’cha?”

“No… It’s pretty much a complete secret.” You answer.

“Huh…” He blinks his sockets a few times in confusion. “Why?”

“Well, for starters, we go out and drink people's blood, without their consent a-and... if we do it wrong, um… we can easily kill the person.”
His eyellite whip over to your face. Plate held frozen in the air as he watches you.

“N’have ya k-killed someone?” He asks, sockets wide.

You keep your head down as you work. “Y-Yeah…” You say, a little downcast. “I have.”

“O-Oh…” Is all he says back.

The sound of running water fills the heavy air as you both go back to scrubbing your respective things. Each of you unsure how to continue the conversation.

“S-S’not like ya meant ta…” He says after a moment.

You swallow hard as you scrub at a particularly tough stain. Your mouth going dry as you feel yourself getting nervous. Should you tell him? How would he react if he knew...

“S...Sometimes… um... T-There may have been a couple times, in the past when… when I meant to…”

All you hear is the sound of running water as you wait. It’s so loud. Why won’t he say anything? Maybe you’ll joke the whole thing off. Just look up with a smile and tell him it’s all a joke. You’re just messing with him again.

You try to move, but your body feels frozen. Why can’t you say it? Tell him it’s a joke. Remember what happened with Tiffany. Quickly before he-

“It… fuckin’ sucks, doesn’t it…” He says quietly, just over the sound of the running faucet.

“Huh?”

“Killin’ people…” He responds. “Fuckin’ makes ya feel like shit.”
“Y-Yeah…” You answer. Eyes widening in surprise. It… doesn’t bother him? He isn’t scared?

“Ya fuckin’ tell yerself ya don’t care… but that doesn’t mean it goes away.” He says quietly.

“Y-Yeah.” You answer back. It’s the only thing you can say. Didn’t he hate humans because they’re killers. Shouldn’t he be angry? Shouldn’t he be afraid?

“N’then ya do it again, hopin’ ya’ll feel somthin’. Tellin’ yerself it’s ok cause yer pissed’n they deserve it and-”

Something warm and wet drips down your face and lands next to your hand as you scrub.

“Y-Yeah.” You choke out, keeping your face turned down.

“Ya just feel empty inside cause ya… c-cause ya-”

Sans is staring at your down turned face as he absentmindedly dries a plastic cup. There are tears running down your chin as you quietly scrub at his table. Why are their tears! Shit… he wasn’t trying to… You almost freaked him out a little, telling him you killed people. He was just trying to make conversation so you wouldn’t notice. So you wouldn’t make fun of him again for looking like a wimp. Don’t fuckin’ cry. You aren’t a crybaby… nothing’s supposed to bother you! Why are you fuckin’ crying!

“Wha! what’r ya doin’!” He yells, letting the plastic cup fall, sockets wide, eyelights shaking as they watch you. It bounces along the floor loudly, before coming to rest at your feet.

You jerk your head up in surprise, trying to figure out what he's talking about.

“I’m scrubbing your t-table.” You say through your tears… wait… tears?

“W-Why’r ya… Ya can’t jus’ … Y-Ya ain’t allowed ta do that. S-Stop!” He yells, starting to look around the room frantically.
“Heh… sorry Skulls.” You say in embarrassment as you start wiping at your face with your arm.

“S-Shit… u-um…” He keeps looking around, skull swinging left to right as he searches for something.

“FUCK!” He yells.

Then he disappears.

You stare at the spot where he left in confusion. He’s ok with you killing people, but crying freaks him out?

A moment later you hear movement in your apartment.

“S-Skulls?” You call. It had better be him… Wait, why’s he in your apartment?

Sans ports out into your dark apartment and immediately flicks on the switch by the door.

It’s up on your stand right? Right by that stupid looking figure of a human holding a giant ass sword. He runs over to your stand, searching for the item.

He… didn’t mean to talk about killing like that, he just… What was he suppose to say? He did that stuff too, so… He thought you’d understand. How else was he supposed to respond when you drop that shit on him? He wasn’t trying to make you cry dammit! I-It wasn’t his fault!

Finding what he’s looking for, he takes another shortcut and ends up in his kitchen again near the sink. He scurries over to you with the object and thrusts it up by your face.

“T-Take it.” He yells, eyelights darting away from you.

You reach down and grab it. “Did you just, teleport into my apartment to grab my box of tissues?” You ask in amusement.
“I-I remembered ya had it on one’a yer shelves’n-”

He finally looks at you, catching the laughter in your tear streaked eyes.

“S-SHUTTUP’N stop f-fuckin’ cryin’! S’creeping me the hell out! I didn’t even do anything! I was jus’ fuckin’ talkin’ wit’cha. Why ya gotta cry from that! S-Stop bein’ a damn baby about everythin’!”

You pull a tissue from the box and start wiping your face, smiling.

“I wasn’t crying because of what you said… I’m crying because I’m happy.” You say smiling.

“T-The fuck’r ya happy for. We were jus’ talkin’ ‘bout killin’ people!” He growls in confusion.

You shake your head.

“No… it’s cause I thought you’d be scared of me.”

Sans give you a very offended glare.

“I already told’ja I ain’t scared’a shit! N’ I definitely ain’t scared’a some idiot human who sits in her apartment all day, playing stupid ass games n’t’en cries like a fuckin baby!”

“But you were scared of me before.”

“I was NOT!” He says, very offended you would ever suggest that. “I-I jus’ thought ya were t-trickin’ me… Yer comin’ clean right now… s-so!” He looks away in embarrassment.

“But, I thought you didn’t trust humans because they’re murderers.”
“S’not like yer doin’ that anymore, right?” Sans asks.

“No…”

“Then it d-doesn’t-” Sans trails off when he realizes what he’s saying.

“I thought you said it does matter.” You say… smiling.

“I-It does! B-But this is different!”

“How is it different! You said killing stays on your soul, forever.”

“I-It does!… but with your soul it’s…”

“What? Are monster souls different when they kill?”

“S’cause yer soul ain’t fucked up OKAY! It ain’t dark’n shitty. S’fuckin’ bright! Even if ya killed… it didn’t fuck your soul up, so ya ain’t messed up. Ya probably did it cause ya had’a reason to. S’how I knew ya weren’t a bad person, even if I can’t see yer stats. S’why I knew I shouldn’t have… a-attacked ya and-”

“Wait, wait, wait… souls can get dark?” You say in surprise.

“If ya fuck up enough… i-it can.” Sans replies. You notice he grabs his shirt a little, right at his chest.

“Are you talking about yourself?” You ask. It’s pretty obvious.

“What? N-No!” He says, quickly moving his hand away.

“You suck a lying Skulls.” You say, not letting him get away with this one.
“I ain’t! I was jus’ meanin’... in general!” He growls back.

“Is your soul dark or something?” You ask, worried.

“My soul’s fuckin’ fine! The fuck! Don’t ask about it!”

“I’m just worried about you. Sheesh!”

“Don’t be! I don’t fuckin’ need that shit!”

“Wha! But you’re my only living friend who knows about me and isn’t scared. So of course I’m gonna worry”

“I-I’m fine!” He growls again.

You throw the used tissue in the now full trash and set the box down on the table with the rest of your stuff. You smile at him as you get back to scrubbing.

“And… I… uh. Thanks Skulls…” You say, not sure how to express how happy you are he isn’t scared.

He grabs the fallen cup from off the floor and walks back to the sink.

“Fer what! S’yer own damn box’a tissues.”

“No, for being my friend and not getting scared.” You correct.

His face smears with red as he rinses the cup again
“I-I already told’ja. Ya ain’t fuckin’ scary! N’even if ya were… I ain’t a damn wimpy human who gets scared’a shit. I’m a monster.”

You smile as you finish scrubbing the table. “Heh… guess we’re both weird then.”

“I am not!”

“Hahah! You totally are… You have to be. Cause we both think we should be scared of each other, but we’re not.”

You walk to Sans oven top and have to chuckle at the massive amount of sauce spills all along it. Where the sauce fell across the heating pads, there are blackened and charred remains.

Oh Papyrus…

You go to your pile of cleaning supplies and find a solution to help dissolve the burned food. Then you grab an extra rough sponge from your bucket.

“Um…” Sans clears his non existent throat as he continues to wash the dishes. “I thought’cha humans can get yer blood tapped’n drained fer donations’n shit. Can’t’cha jus’... get people ta give it to ya that way?”

“Nope… we’ve tried that. Trust me we have. Once the blood leaves the body, its a matter of seconds before it doesn’t calm our bloodlust anymore. We’ve tried everything. Even animal blood. None of it works, it has to be fresh blood directly from a human.”

“Huh… s’fuckin’ wierd. What's it inna blood that'cher actually needin’ then?”

“We don’t know.”

“Yer science hasn’t figured it out yet?”

“Nope. And people have studied it for years.”
“Huh... Then what type’a disease is it ya got. Like a virus’r something?”

“We don’t know that either.”

“Ya don’t?”

“Yeah, we’ve tried to figure out what it is, but nothing shows up on a microscope. There isn’t any alteration in our DNA. Everything reads out like we’re normal humans.”

“Huh… ya sure ya ain’t jus’ a bunch of idiots who tricked yerselves inta thinkin’ ya need ta drink blood.”

“Skulls… my eyes turn red, I can hypnotise people, and I melt in the sun. I’m pretty sure I’m not a normal human.”

“Ya actually melt all the way inna sun?” He asks in surprise. Stopping for a moment in his efforts to dry an entire handful of silverware.

“Melt and burn. Remember I said the sun kills me. If I were to stay in it too long, I’d eventually catch fire and die.”

“Y-Ya’d light on fire.”

“Yep.”

“The fuck’r ya doin’ walkin’ around durin’ the fuckin’ day for! Are ya a complete moron!”

“Humans are daytime creatures… I live a human life.”

He sighs as he dries off the last of the dishes and puts them away. Turning towards you, he looks you up and down in annoyance.
“Can’t believe ya ain’t dead yet.”

You shrug.

“I got really good healing abilities, so I’m fine.”

“Ya got healing stuff too?” He asks, sockets widening.

“Yep.”

“So what… ya can actually heal large injuries or something. Cause most’a ya human’s ‘r pretty shit at healin’. Yer fuckin’ scientists freaked the fuck out when they saw what our food could do.”

“Heh? Personally I think I’m better at it than your little magic food is.”

He cocks a brow bone in your direction.

“Oh really… So yer healing can regrow entire organs’n all that weird slimy shit ya got inside ya?”

You smile back at him. Detecting a challenge.

“Wanna see?” You say as you grab a knife slowly from the block next to the stove.

San’s sockets go wide as he watches you move the knife. “Wha…? Wait! Stop! Y-Ya ain’t gotta-” He tries to protest, but it’s too late.

You lay one of your arms across the counter and slam the knife down as hard as you can on top of it. It makes a sickening thud as you embed the blade through your bone. Blood begins to pool along the counter, filling in the cuts and imperfections with bright red life.
“Wha… what the hell! Why’d ya fuckin’!... Y-Yer bleedin’ everywhere!” He screeches, taking a step back as his eyelights dilate on the red liquid. He starts to breathe heavily, squeezing his hands together as he watches it flow.

“Wait... Just watch Skulls.” You say, wincing a little. It hurts, but it’s nothing compared to sunlight.

“B-But’cher bleedin’ everywhere… it’s everywhere! S-Stop! Why’d ya… why’d ya gotta do that? Yer gonna-”

The knife pushes itself out of your arm and clanks loudly across the red soaked counter top. You feel your body get to work, heating up around wound and lightly activating your vampire blood. Some of the blood reverses its flow as it moves back up your arm, heading for the cut. Your arm internally winds its flesh together again. Vessels reforming and muscle entwining. Your skin pulls at it’s exposed flaps, slowly moving back towards each other as it knits itself closed. It forms a seal along the cut that changes from deep crimson red, to your own natural color.

“H-Holy fuckin’ s-shit!” Sans says in wonder as he watches.

“Right! It’s really cool, isn’t it.” You say with glee. Enjoying his reaction as he watches your abilities with wide sockets. It’s been awhile since you’ve shown this to anyone. The knife demonstration is always one of your favorites.

“A-Are ya… are ya sure ya ain’t a mage?” He asks, watching the last of your arm fix itself.

“Pretty darn sure. I think I’d know if I was. Why do you keep asking?”

“C-Cause that’s fuckin’ healing magic!” He says looking at your arm. “Really fukin’ strong healin’ magic.”

“... Well it probably looks like it…” You say in confusion.

It shouldn’t be magic… it’s just… your body working overtime to fix itself. Sure some of your vampire powers feel magical but… They aren’t really, are they? Not in the way monsters are...
“It doesn’t just look like it. That’s exactly what it fuckin’ is. Yer body’s usin’ healin’ magic on itself.” He says, still staring wide socketed.

You bring your arm up off the counter top and examine it. The blood that didn’t return to the wound spread all along the underside of your arm, and across the counter. You step in front of him at the sink and begin to rinse yourself off.

“Well… I’m not sure what healing magic’s like so… All I know is, my body will attempt to do this for any injury I receive, regardless if I want it to or not.”

“Ya can’t control it?”

“Nope.”

“Huh… m-maybe that ain’t it then. Usually ya gotta activate it.” He says deep in thought.

You finish cleaning your arm, and start wiping your own blood off his counter.

“…So you can use healing magic?” You ask. Curious, as you’ve never heard him talk about it.

“Uh… yeah…” He says. A shiver running up his spine as he watches you clean the puddle of blood. “Every monster’s got healin’ magic, n’can use it as a healing green attack on someone else if they want… But s’like I said. Some monster’s r’better at it than others. Me’n Boss’r both shit with it. Don’t think skeleton monsters’r suppose to be very good at it. But then ya got monsters like vegitoids’n parsniks who are fuckin’ naturals.”

“Heh… bet they make really good doctors.”

Sans rolls his eyellite.

“Monster’s don’t need shitty doctors’n hospitals. We got monster food remember. S’basically a refined green attack in physical form. If ya need ta get healed more’n what yer own magic can handle, eatin’ monster food’ll do the rest.”
“Wait! Monster food is a green attack.” You ask turning toward him, holding a cloth full of your own blood.

“Uh… y-yeah?” He says, avoiding eye contact with what your holding.

“So you eat your own magic? How did you survive down there if you were eating your own energy?... Can monsters create energy out of nothing!”

“That’s not it! What the hell.” He growls, folding his arms. “Ta use a green attack ta make food, ya need a lot of surplus magic. Like a fuckin’ huge amount. Most monsters get their energy for magic from food, so ya’d get diminishing results’a energy if yer trying ta make food with energy from food. But there’s a few types’a monsters who can get energy from sunlight’n heat instead.”

“So you’re telling me… there are plant monsters who use photosynthesis.” You say in interest.

“Plants anna few other types, yeah… Mostly used heat underground cause, ya’know… didn’t have sunlight.”

“Ohhhhh! So you guys basically survived off food made from geothermal energy.”

“Yeah… we used heat for lots’a shit. Built a whole machine that could.” He stops, face draining a little. “U-U’m… n-nevermind.” He says looking away.

“Another secret you aren’t supposed to talk about?” You ask.

“Y-Yeah.” He says scratching the back of his skull.

“Huh…” You finish rinsing the blood in the sink when you remember something. You turn and face him now, smirking. “You know Skulls… Speaking of secrets… you found out my secret ritual.”

He shuffles in his spot, looking up at you. “Yeah and?”
“The deal was, you have to tell me about monster reproduction.” You say, grinning harder.

“WH-WHAT! We never made that deal. N’I found out on my own, so it doesn’t count!” He snarls, face immediately glowing red.

“I still think you owe me for stalking me without my consent.”

“I already told’ja I was jus’ checkin’ up on ya!” He growls.

“But it’s not fair!” You moan. “I’ve told you everything. And you can look up human sex on the internet if you want, but I can’t find anything about monsters on there at all.”

“Well that’s jus’ too fuckin’ bad now ain’t it!” He says smugly. Clearly, he’s taking great enjoyment watching you get denied. “S’not my fault ya humans put’cher nasty ass mating shit onna internet. Jus’ cause ya did, doesn’t mean I gotta tell ya shit!”

“Skulls! It’s the deal Skulls!”

“There was no fuckin’ deal!”

“Nooooooo. I wanna know!” You wine.

“I ain’t under any fuckin’ obligation ta tell ya. N’ya jus’ wanna mess with me anyway, so shut the fuck up!” He says crossing his arms.

“I take it back! I won’t watch your face or laugh at all!” You say clapping your hands and bowing a little.

“That’s a fuckin’ lie, n’ you know it!” He growls.

“Skulls! Pleas tell me about your weird monster sex!” You beg.
“I ain’t gonna tell ya. N’yer the one with weird sex!”

“I’ll die if I don’t find out!”

“No you fucking won’t!”

“Look I’m already dying!” You sink down on the kitchen floor and lay there. “I’m gonna die because you won’t tell me, and then a big ugly jerk’s gonna move in next to you, and they’ll hate monsters, and then you’ll wish you told me so I didn’t die and leave you all alone with a racist monster hating neighbor who thinks you’re gonna eat their brains.”

“What the, heheheh, what the fuck’ heheh.” He sputters, slamming a hand over his face as he watches you throw a tantrum on his floor.

“And most importantly… heh, they won’t think you're cute like I do.” You say, beginning to snicker as well.

“I-I could care less if anyone think’s I’m fuckin’ cute!” He growls back. But you notice a small smile through it. “N’we’re supposed ta be cleanin’ right now. Not standing ‘round talkin’n shit.”

“Oops.”

You both get back to cleaning. You taking the bathroom again, and Sans getting out the old vacuum.

This time you really scrub down his bathroom, getting between every crack and crevice, finding old mildew stains that haven’t been removed in years. You have no idea how hard Papyrus is gonna be on him tomorrow but you really don’t want him to leave. Sans knows everything, and seems fine with it. He… He can’t just leave after that…

You lean your head against the mirror as you wedge the washcloth you’re using under the faucet cracks.
Crap… you’re getting attached. You’re really getting attached. He wasn’t suppose to find out about you. Now that he has… and he’s okay with it… You sigh. He was never supposed to be this okay with you. You’re getting the feeling he doesn’t hate you as a human anymore either. You really aren’t supposed to get attached to people like this. Remember, how they all die. How long do monsters live anyway. They get old right? Maybe you should ask him...

You put that question on the backburner as you listen to Sans moving down the hallway with the vacuum.

Once again you have to wipe up that strange almost silvery white powder from the sink. You stare at it a little. Tiny bits of Sans… It still gives off that weird sweet vanilla smell when it gets wet. You chuckle at how something from Sans could ever smell that way. It doesn’t match him at all...

Suddenly Muffet’s bakery makes a whole lot of sense to you.

You clean the bathroom more thoroughly than last time, making sure everything sparkles. You head out to the kitchen once your done, and find Sans slouched in his fold out chair, a mop drying in the sink.

“Your bathroom is a beautiful work of art now.” You state proudly as you waltz into the room.

Sans stirs slightly as you walk in. Looks like he’s getting sleepy from staying up so late. It was a really eventful night.

“Yeaaaah.” He yawns. “Just gotta get the laundry out tomorrow’n I’m done with this shit.”

“Skulls… we haven’t done the blinds yet.” You say, looking at him expectantly.

“I ain’t doin’ the fukin’ blinds!” He growls sleepily.

“Well I’m gonna do them anyway!” You say in a huff, a little annoyed.
Doesn’t he want to stay here? Why isn’t he worried about Papyrus?

You snatch another clean washcloth from your pile of stuff, and wet it off in the sink. Then you march over to the windows, starting at the top. As you’re scrubbing, you hear Sans walk up to the window next to you.

“This is fuckin’ stupid...” He grumbles yawning again. Starting to wipe at the window from the bottom up.

You work in silence for a while. Trying to get the thick layer of fuzzy dust off the blinds. After Sans yawns a third time, you decide to make conversation so he doesn’t fall asleep.

“So... what are you making for dinner tomorrow. It's your turn right?” You ask as you work.

“Chicken Noodle Soup.” He states simply.

It’s a simple dish. He’d have to try really hard to mess it up.

“Maybe I won’t get poisoned this time.” You say, more to yourself than him.

“I told’ja, I don’t usually cook that bad. Yer the one who’s overreactin’ about it.”

“It’s not my fault. I drink blood, Skulls. Regular food’s not the easiest thing for me to digest.”

“Fuck... S’that why ya never eat anything.” He says, yawning again. “Fuckin’ thought ya had’n eating disorder or somethin’.”

“Heh... well kinda. You could call the desire for blood an eating disorder.”

He stops wiping the blinds for a moment as he realizes something.
“Ya… Ya’ve been sayin’ ya drink blood the entire fuckin time I’ve known ya!”

“Hahaha! You just realized it!” You say giggling.

“Are ya even tryin’ ta hide yer shitty disease at all!”

“You wouldn’t have found out if you didn’t have those awesome monster teleportation powers. I was doing a great job thank you.”

“Ya’ve been practically tellin’ me this whole damn time… about fuckin’ everything!” He slams a hand to his face. “The first fuckin’ day I went over there ya even told me ya prefer drinking yer meals!” He cries.

“It’s called hiding in plain sight, Skulls. And it works.” You say in glee.

“Fuckin’ dammit!”

Sans moves up his window, starting to get to a section his short limbs can barely reach. He stands on tiptoes as he tries to go higher. You meanwhile, have to bend over to get to the blinds below you.

“Hahahah.” You laugh. “You know Skulls, Sometimes I still can’t believe I made friends with my jerk neighbor who wouldn’t turn his music down. Or off.”

“I-I wasn’t doin’ it ta be’a jerk…” He says defensively.

“Oh really? So you were just playing your music as loudly as possible at all hours because you felt like it.”

“Y-Yeah… I was feelin’ like shit so…” He says quietly.

“Oh…”
Well now you feel like a jerk.

“Sides, you were the one who was bein’ a fuckin’ asshole’ messin’ with me online like that!” He growls back.

“What! No way! RadBrad was the best!”

He shivers in disgust.

“I ‘bout wanted to throw up when ya answered the door’n called him yer little angel’r some shit.”

“Ah come on skulls. RadBrad and me are one and the same. So of course he’s a little angel!”

You feel a hot glare pierce into you, and you turn towards him to laugh. You catch Sans pose, glaring at you, while trying to reach the top of his blind’s and failing miserably.

“Let’s switch.” You suggest as you watch him struggle in amusement.

“Y-Yeah…” He agrees as you both change windows. You easily reaching what he’s missed, and him not having to bend over to get the bottom.

“Heh… I was surprised you were a monster when I opened the door. I was not expecting that at all.” You say, watching a huge clump of fuzzy dust fall to the floor.

“Ya didn’t know?”

“No. I heard you yelling through the wall, but I had no clue what you looked like.”

“Oh… thought’cha were bein’n ass cause I was one.”

“Um… no. I was messing with you cause you were being a jerk… Wait? Do you think I tease you
cause you're a monster?"

“N-No… I uh… Ya do it cause yer’n asshole right?”

“Excuse me! I do it cause I’m a loving kind person thank you!”

“How the fuck is messing with someone supposed to be outta love’n kindness?” He growls, looking at you.

“I only do it to people I like, that’s how.” You say, grinning.

“Fuck yer the worst” He says, his own face starting to smile.

“I’m the best.” You counter.

“Heheheh! Yer the fuckin’ worst. N’I can’t believe I’m… I’m friend’s wit’cha.” He says, trying his best to look nonchalant about it.

“Heeeeee? Skulls-” You say gleefully, getting ready to tease him again.

“Shuttup or I’ll take it back!” He snaps.

You stare at the little clumps of dust that lay below his windows. They're free of dust, but now there's little fussy clumps below each one.

“Alright… you gotta vacuum this again.” You say. Blinds now completely clean of dust and grime.

“S’good enough.” Sans says in annoyance.
You keep staring at it. No, it’s too noticeable. Papyrus would definitely notice right away.

“Just this spot. You only gotta do this spot!” You try and reason.

“I told’ja it’s fuckin’ fine!”

“It is not! What if your bro makes you move back because of how sloppily you clean!”

“Tch… s’not like it matters anyway.” He says stuffing his hands in his pockets.

“It does too! I’ll miss you if you leave!”

Sweat breaks out all along his forehead as you pout.

“Y-You’ll be fuckin’ fine!”

“No! Don’t leave me here all alone. I’ll miss my cute skeleton!” You say, giggling at how easy he is sometimes.

“I ain’t’cher fuckin’... What the hell!” He growls.

“Yes you are! You’re totally my slave right now.” You put your hands on your hips. “And your human overlord says you can’t leave, so I command you to vacuum your floor!”

“I ain’t yer fuckin’ slave woman!”

“You’re my super cute monster slave, and I say you gotta clean better so you won’t have to move away.”
“This is fuckin’ fine!” He growls, gesturing wildly at the floor.

“Maybe if I tell Big Boss Paps you’re my slave, he’ll let you stay.” You say, more to yourself than Sans.

“Don’t’cha dare say that shit to’im!” Sans snarls, eyelights starting to glow.

“Then vacuum your floor!”

“Gaahhhhh fine!” He screeches as he stomps off down the hall.

“Thank you!” You call at his retreating form.

Sans flips you the bird as he disappears down the hall. You hear a shuffle in the back, and he reappears with the vacuum, glaring daggers at you as he sets it up for the second time. You stare at it, amazed the monstrosity of a huge vacuum even works.

He turns it on and goes over the area once before setting it aside and turning it off.

“There happy!”

“Yes.”

“Good. Cause it’s fuckin’ four inna mornin n’ I’m tired as shit.”

You shrug as you smile.

“I only need four hours of sleep.”

Sans does a double take. His eyelights expanding in surprise.
“Ya fuckin’ serious!”

“Yep.”

He palms his face slowly, before looking back up at you.

“Fuckin’ need me some’a that shit! Make my life a hell of’a lot easier.”

“It can get boring being awake all the time.”

“S’fuckin’ better’n bein’ tired all’a time.”

“You don’t sleep very well do you?”

He looks away from you.

“N-Never been very good at it.”

What you once thought was your neighbor having extra loud personal time is actually him having nightmares. He’s had them almost every night this week. You have to admit… it’s making you worried. It can’t be good for his health. Not to mention the fact that he always has deep bags under his eyes.

“Everything looks good so… I’ll let you sleep then.”

You turn to leave walking to his door.

“W-wait!” Sans calls from behind you.
“Yeah?” You say over your shoulder. He’s standing there fidgeting. He takes a deep breath and looks up at you.

“S-So yer a vampire like in that game right?” He asks.

“Yeah.” You say slowly, unsure where he’s going with this.

“C-Can ya… c-can I see yer bat transformation?” He asks. And you’ve never seen him look more eager about anything except motorcycles.

“Skulls… that’s just the video game.”

“Oh… y-yeah… I-I figured.” His whole body deflates. It looks like you’ve crushed all of his dreams.

“I know, I should totally be able to morph. That would be awesome.” You say in agreement. You open his door and smile. “Goodnight Skulls.” You call, before you walk out.

“L-Later.” He answers, starting to drag the vacuum away.

As you close the door, you smile. That’s the first time he’s ever said something halfway nice to you as you’ve left. Crap, you’re getting attached.

Chapter End Notes

I like that Sans imagined you crying in the previous chapter, but when you actually did it… he couldn't handle it at all.

For anyone interested, I have another story about bitties that I’m working on. It has an Edgy bitty that's very similar to Skulls. If you want more of his angry tsundere goodness, but in tiny form, you can check it out Here My Tumblr for this story TheSkeletonGames Tumblr Sidestories for this fick are here The Skeleton Games Sidequests Related Works Loud Yet Gentle Fear
You wake up Saturday morning feeling a little guilty. While you’re completely refreshed from a couple hours sleep, you know your neighbor will need to at least double your time before he can begin function properly. You sit up and stretch, making up your mind once again try to force him to go to sleep earlier.

You start your Saturday off like you normally do. Checking your phone for messages, before hopping out of bed to get a start your laundry. You like to have it going while you get ready for the day. You slide on a sweatshirt to protect you from the sun, put on some shoes, and grab your basket.

The walk to the laundry room is pleasant today. Probably because it’s partially cloudy out. You hardly feel any nausea as you make your way along the side of the complex to the laundry room.

You’re in the middle of piling your clothes into a machine when you hear keys at the door. After a moment, it squeaks open and a baggy socketed skeleton shuffles in.

Sans isn’t one to really care about his appearance, but today his clothes are a complete mess. They hang off his body haphazardly as though he quickly threw them on. His favorite red turtleneck completely turned inside out. He wobbles slightly with his hamper as the door swings shut behind him.

“Hey…” He says sleepily when he spots you. Hobbling forward with his clothes.

You turn towards him as you stuff another armful in the machine. “Shouldn’t you be sleeping in?” You ask. “You look dead. And no, that's not a pun about skeletons.”

His sharp teeth crack a slight smile regardless as he walks up to the machines. “Can’t help it when I gotta load’a work ta do still.” He says tiredly.
You narrow your eyes at him as you pour detergent on top of your clothes. “Skulls, you’re half asleep. How are you still able to make puns?”

“What? S’my clean humor too dry for ya?” He grins as he opens the machine next to yours and loads it with his clothes.

“Skulls… no.” You warn. Already sensing him ramping up.

Eyelights shining with glee through his sagging sockets he continues. “Bit of a stretch huh? Fine I fold. Gotta iron out the kinks in’um anyway.” He snickers, stuffing the machine.

“Was that three at once?” You ask in slight amazement.

“M’like a machine. Ya can wash me make them for hours.” He responds, yawning as he puts more of his clothes in.

You hold your face steady, not giving him the benefit of a smile. If you give him anything now, you’re pretty sure he’ll never stop.

You press the button to start the washer and turn towards him. “Hey uh… Skulls… since we’re doing our laundry at the same time. How bout I finish your’s for you. That way, you can get some sleep before Big Boss Paps comes over.”

“Nah!” he says through a yawn. “I kin do it myseelf. I don’ need’jer help.”

You look down at the sleepy skeleton before you. Nope, he needs to sleep. He needs it badly. He’s barely standing as it is, and the last time he was like this, he broke your TV in a magical sleepy fit. While you’re pretty sure he’s over trying to kill you, that doesn’t mean he won’t do something bad while he’s in this state.

“You have to cook today, Skulls. I refuse to eat another poisonous meal cause you’re too tired to cook.”
‘I’ss fineeee. I got it.” He yawns again, blinking off the sleep as he reaches in his pocket.

He puts some coins in the machine one at a time. Listening to them clink as they fall. As he inserts the last one, he starts to loudly laugh to himself.

You stand in stunned silence as you watch him giggle hysterically at the laundry machine. Yeah, you’re gonna do his laundry for him whether he wants you too or not. It’s probably a bad idea for him to be like this around his brother. One of Papyrus’s conditions for Sans living alone is that his brother gets proper sleep. The crazy laughing skeleton in front of you definitely has not been sleeping.

“Skulls, you're laughing at a laundry machine, you need sleep.” You state.

“Heheheh! Naahhh, ya don’t heheh, ya don’t get’it… heheheh! I jus’… heh…. Laundreed money. Heheheheh!” He starts laughing harder at his own messed up pun. Small tears pricking the sides of his sockets.

“You mean you laundered money…” You correct.

“Heheheh. Yeaaaah. That.”

He continues to laugh as he leans against the machine for support. You’ve never seen him like this before. Guess he gets a bit loopy when he’s really tired. He inches slowly down the side of the machine as he laughs, before coming to rest on the floor.

You reach over his head, and press the start button on his machine. Then hold out your hand to the Skeleton still snickering on the floor.

“Come’on little dude. Let’s go back.”

He leans away from your gesture, glaring through sleepy sockets.

“I got thiiiis. Shortcuts remember…” He says tiredly.
You wait a moment in front of him. Is he gonna do it right now, or?

Heavy breathing comes off the lungless skeleton as his head slowly drops down onto his chest.

“Hey!” You crouch down and pat his cheek a little. “Skulls, don’t sleep here.”

“W-What?” He says through bleary sockets.

“You didn’t teleport. I don’t think you can right now anyway.”

“S’cause it’s a shortcut, not a teleport. I tol’ja that already.” He growls, before yawning yet again.

“Skulls, you are not sleeping in the laundry room. Either “shortcut” home right now, or get up and walk.” You demand.

“Alright, alright.” He grumbles “One moment.”

He yawns again and leans against the laundry machine tiredly. You wait for him to get up, but it doesn’t happen.

Heavy breathing comes off the skeleton for a second time.

“SKULLS NO!” You shout. Patting at his face again.

“Five more minutes.” He whines, swatting at your hand. “Jus’ give me five minutes.” He leans his head away from you, trying to get comfortable.

“I will carry you back in the most glorious princess bride style if you fall asleep again!” You warn.
His sockets snap open as he scoots up away from you. “D-Don’cha dare!” He growls. Attempting to get to his feet.

“You can sleep when you get back to your apartment. In your nice warm bed. You are not sleeping on the laundry room floor.” You say in annoyance.

“Alright, alright, M’goin’.” He says, taking a stumbling step towards the door. “Stingy ass human…” He mumbles under his breath as he walks ahead of you.

You follow him the entire way back, making sure he gets to his apartment without stopping.

“And you can stay asleep. I’ll change your laundry for you. Don’t worry.” You reaffirm with him in front of his entryway.

“K.” He says compliantly through a yawn.

He opens the door and wobbles into his apartment, forgetting to shut it behind him. You have to reach in, lock, and close his door for him. You walk back to your apartment shaking your head.

Yeah, you completely underestimated what Papyrus said earlier. Sans really is horrible at taking care of himself.

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Sans cracks his sockets open slowly. Dried magic cake along the rims of his lids. There’s something annoying ringing loudly in his ear.

Ughhh…. What time is it.

He lifts his skull slowly from his bed, discovering he had somehow fallen asleep on it backwards. His face leaves a small imprint in the bedspread where his skull rested without the comfort of his pillow. There’s a drool mark where his teeth had been pressed against the cover. When did this happen?
Wait… wasn’t there something he was suppose to be doing?

“S-SHIT!”

He pushes himself quickly to a sitting position, fumbling to look at his phone. His brother was coming over today, and he had to do the laundry before he arrived! What time is it!

He checks his phone noting that it is both time for his brother to arrive, and he’s getting a call from his annoying ass neighbor.

He’s about to answer it when he finally registers the heavy pounding sounds coming from his front door.

“SANS, YOU COMPLETELY USELESS LAZYBONES! YOU HAD BETTER ANSWER ME AT ONCE AND OPEN THE DOOR THIS INSTANT!” The sound of his loud brother’s voice booms through the apartment walls.

Sans doesn’t waste a moment. He immediately teleports to his front door, watching it shudder with every pound of his brother’s fist. He unlocks it quickly and practically rips the door open in panic.

“H-Heya Boss.” Sans stutters out, flinching as he catches the rath in his brothers sockets.

“DO NOT HEYA BOSS ME, SANS! DO YOU KNOW HOW LONG I HAVE BEEN WAITING OUT HERE FOR YOU TO ANSWER THE DOOR!” Papyrus demands, leering at his small brother over the entryway.

“Uhh…”

“OVER FIVE MINUTES, SANS! THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU’VE HAD ME WAIT AT THE FRONT DOOR. WHAT ARE YOU EVEN DOING THAT YOU WOULD MAKE I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE-” Papyrus stops when he finally gets a good look at his brother. “SANS WHAT?... YOU AREN’T EVEN PROPERLY DRESSED.”
“W-what?”

Sans looks down at himself and notices the seams are indeed facing outwards on his turtleneck. Damn… he doesn’t remember when he put this on. He was supposed to set an alarm to do his laundry before his brother came over. Did he actually get up and do it? He must have, otherwise he would still be in his pajamas. Shit, he can’t remember anything from this morning.

“SANS WERE YOU… SLEEPING? IT IS ALREADY WELL PAST NOON!” Papyrus snaps, taking note of the deeper than usual bags, and sleepy look under his brothers sockets.

“I-I was jus’ restin’ my sockets while I waited fer ya Boss.”

“A LIKELY STORY…” Papyrus responds, narrowing his own sockets. “NOW, STOP LOLLYGAGGING IN FRONT OF THE DOOR AT ONCE AND STEP ASIDE.” Papyrus pushes past him into the apartment. “I WILL BE INSPECTING YOUR LIVING CONDITIONS QUITE THOROUGHLY AS WAS AGREED UPON. AND JUDGING FROM YOUR SLOTHFUL APPEARANCE, THERE IS NO DOUBT IN MY MIND YOU WILL BE FAILING MISERABLY.”

Sans feels himself start to sweat. He’d hoped his brother was only doing one of his typical overreactions about the puns earlier, but he’s starting to believe otherwise. It’s not like moving back in with his bro was that big a deal, but he wasn’t sure what other consequences he may face if he had to do so.

Underground, The Great and Terrible Papyrus had been well... more of the terrible part of his favorite title. Now that they were aboveground, things were definitely better between them but, that didn’t mean everything was perfect. He was never sure if his brother would go back to…

Sans shakes his skull as he watches his brother strut to the middle of his livingroom. Narrowed sockets scanning the room for anything out of place.

Papyrus spots the cardboard TV stand and rushes over to it, searching for the smallest traces of dust, or the tiniest pieces of trash. When he finds nothing he simply grinds his teeth and begins to pace along the room, searching for anything else. Sans watches him in nervous silence.

Papyrus passes the front windows and stops, sockets eyeing them critically.
“S-SANS?”

“Y-Yeah Boss?”

“DID YOU… DID YOU ACTUALLY CLEAN THE DUST FROM YOUR BLINDS?”

“Uh… y-yeah.”

Papyrus looks at his brother in new wonder. Sans is complete mess of clothes, sockets bleary with sleep, idiotically wearing his shirt backwards and yet, he dusted the blinds? Blinds, which are much too high for his short brother to reach, and much too delicate to clean using simple blue magic. Did his lazybones of a brother actually put in some effort and get on top of a chair to clean his blinds? The thought is preposterous and yet, right in front of Papyrus sits the proof. Clean, dust free, blinds.

“WHO ARE YOU!” Papyrus demands.

“W-Wha?...” Sans says taken back. “Ya said ya were gonna double yer standards… so.”

“I HAVE THREATENED YOU WITH FAR WORSE AND THAT HAS NEVER MANAGED TO CHANGE ANYTHING!”

Sans is a little shocked by his brother’s reaction as well. Since when has cleaning the blinds ever been a big deal?

“TCH… S-Still, this is… this is only the beginning Sans. Onward to the kitchen.”

Papyrus marches into the kitchen, checking every surface along the way. When he finds neither dirty surfaces, or dirty unsorted dishes he clicks his teeth once again.

“T-the bedroom will be your downfall! Just you wait, Sans!”

Papyrus hurries down the hallway, taking a right at the first door and smashes his way into San’s
bedroom. He stands in the middle of the room, inspecting it as Sans slowly shuffles in behind him, awaiting his decision.

“THE BED IS WRINKLED! DID YOU EVEN BOTHER TO MAKE IT?” Papyrus says after a moment.

The bed is wrinkled, if only barely. Sans had made it the night previously and simply slept on top of it for this very reason. If it was the only thing Papyrus could find wrong… Sans figures he's probably safe still.

“S’jus’ the material bein’ wrinkly’s all.” Sans says, wringing his hands.

“TCH… I-I SUPPOSE…” Papyrus says after a moment.

The tall skeleton walks slowly out of San’s room, taking a peek in the extra bedroom before passing it by and entering the bathroom.

Before Sans can even follow him inside, Papyru’s voice booms through the apartment.

“How is it cleaner than when you moved in!?”

Sans shuffles after his brother a little faster, stopping in the doorway behind him to look. The bathroom is practically sparkling. Not a speck of dust, dirt, grime, or mildew can be found in any of the corners or cracks in the tiling. He had only briefly used it to brush his teeth last night before practically passing out in bed. He hadn’t actually inspected the work his neighbor did on it at all.

San’s sockets widen a little as he looks around his bathroom. It seemed so much cleaner than he thought the old apartment could ever be. How much effort had you put into doing this?

Papyrus turns his skull towards his brother.

“W-WHO ARE YOU!? AND WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY BROTHER?”
Sans has no idea how to respond to this, so he simply shrugs his shoulders.

“Uhhh…”

“F-FINE!... YOU HAVE PASSED THE CLEANING PORTION THIS TIME. ARE YOU HAPPY NOW, SANS?” Papyrus says in a huff. Sockets looking off to the side.

“Uh… yeah?” Sans answers, slightly confused.

Wait… why is his bro so annoyed with him. Doesn’t he want him to clean?

Papyrus pushes past Sans and begins walking down the hallway. Sockets leveled at the floor.

“You okay, Boss?” Sans asks as he trails behind.

Papyrus folds his arms. “I AM PERFECTLY FINE, SANS. AS ALWAYS.”

“I… uh… I’ll start on dinner then. N’don’t worry. It ain’t nothin’ greasy.” Sans says encouragingly behind him.

“I’M SURE IT WILL BARELY PASS MY STANDARDS…” Papyrus says lowly to the floor as he walks ahead of him.

Sans watches his brothers slumped form enter the kitchen and turn towards his living room couch immediately.

S-Shit? What’s he so upset about? Things are never good when his bro’s upset.

Sans stops at his cupboards, and begins the collection of his ingredients for his meal.

Maybe something happened at work? But he’s usually so confident about everything.
“So h-how’s academy going?” Sans calls from the kitchen as he opens his fridge and digs around.

“So FINE, SANS. EVERYTHING IS FINE.” Papyrus answers from the couch as he flips passively through the channels.

Sans soul hums faster as he pulls out some chicken. His bro is not fine. The Great and Terrible Papyrus is always great, or amazing. Never something so simple and plain as just fine.

“Bzzt.”

San’s phone buzzes in his pocket. He pulls it out as he works, discovering a large list of text messages from both his neighbor, and his brother.

The messages from Papyrus are all about reminding him of the upcoming family mealtime. Reiterating again and again his clean check this week will be the most difficult one yet. Followed finally by one last text demanding he open his door immediately or there will be a torrent of pain and suffering as a consequence.

Sans skims through them before switching to the two messages from his neighbor. The first one is a short message telling him his brother was yelling at his door and he needed to wake up and answer it. The next one is his most recent message.

**NewContact3**: Did you pass?

He types a message back.

**Sans**: yeah i told u i would

Moments later his phone buzzes again.

**NewContact3**: Did he check the blinds?
Damnit… he does not wanna tell you about the blinds. You’re gonna be all happy with yourself and give him that stupid smug face.

Sans: no

He puts his phone away as he continues cooking. Papyrus being strangely quiet on the couch for once. TV softly playing in the background.

Sans clears his voice before calling to his brother. “So… anyway Boss, ya want me ta go get the human for ya?”

“THAT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE SANS.”

“W-What?” Sans says, pausing in his work.

“IT IS YOUR WEEK TO PREPARE THE MEAL, THUS IT IS ALSO YOUR DECISION WITH WHOM YOU WISH TO INVITE.”

Shit! He was almost certain his brother would demand you join them again. He hadn’t planned for this.

Papyrus turns facing over the back of the couch towards his brother in the kitchen.

“IF YOU DO NOT ENJOY THE HUMAN’S COMPANY SANS, THEN I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS DO NOT SEE WHY THE HUMAN SHOULD BE HERE AT ALL.”

Sweat breaks out across San’s forehead as he chops ingredients. Inviting you over now would mean admitting to his brother you’re friends. Papyrus doesn’t know that. All Papyrus thinks is you were supposedly using Sans to get closer to him.

“But Boss… The human’ll be real upset if she doesn’t getta see ya this week.”

“OBVIOUSLY SHE WILL BE MOST UPSET. BUT AS I SAID BEFORE SANS, IT IS YOUR
MEAL DAY THIS WEEK, THUS IT IS YOUR DECISION.”

Shit! She’s expecting an invite. He even prepared enough food for three this time, not questioning your presence at the dinner table at all this Saturday.

“IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS TO ME YOU DO NOT WANT HER HERE. AND BESIDES, IT WOULDN’T BE THE FIRST TIME SOMEONE HAS TRIED TO USE YOU TO GET TO ME. WORRY NO LONGER SANS, FOR I UNDERSTAND HER LUSTFUL DESIRES FOR ME HAVE CAUSED HER TO BEFRIEND YOU AGAINST YOUR WILL. I WILL NOT TOLERATE LEECHES AMONG THE SKELETON FAMILY. IF YOU DO NOT WANT HER TO BE HERE, THEN SHE WILL NOT BE INVITED.”

It’s true. Underground, Papyrus was captain of the Royal Guard. He was in charge of nearly everything that went on in Snowdin. And Sans, being Papyrus’s brother, was often put into two positions. Either monsters hated him, and attempted to use him as a weakness against his brother. Or, on rare occasions, they tried to befriend him in hopes of using him as protection. Either way, the monsters around him were usually trying to use him.

But you aren't doing either of these things. Your reaction last night to Sans finding out about you was pretty clear. You weren’t crying cause you were sad. You were crying cause you were happy he accepted you and…

Sans feels his face warm a little as he scrapes the freshly cut meat off his cutting board and into the pot of heated water on the stove.

Sides… if anyone was using anyone. It was him. He had’ja help him clean all last night and now he’s not even gonna invite you over.

“OF COURSE… IF YOU PERHAPS, CONSIDER THE HUMAN'S COMPANY ENJOYABLE, THAT WOULD BE A DIFFERENT STORY.” Papyrus calls from the couch.

“S-She’s jus’ ‘n annoyin’ ass human Boss. Same as all the rest.” Sans says back.

Sure Papyrus tolerated you, but humans are humans. There’s no way his bro would be okay with him being friends with a human. They had spent years on watchful guard, waiting for one to come by. Waiting to kill them the first chance they got.
What was it his brother yelled every time he tried to convince him not to kill Frisk? Humans are beneath them. You cannot become friends with them. Even associating yourself with one is enough to betray your entire race.

While Frisk did eventually find a way to convince Papyrus otherwise, that didn’t mean his bro was ok with every human. Monsters may live on the surface now, but that didn’t mean Papyrus would be okay with human companionship.

“Bzzt.”

NewContact3: It’s been really quiet over there? Is everything ok?

Shit…

Why do you always gotta… Cant’cha just leave him alone. He’s just one damn useless monster. Why do you have to make him feel this way?

“Bzzt.”

NewContact3: Did Papyrus change his mind? I bet I can come over and convince him.

Sans lays down the spoon he's using as he stares at the opened message, rereading it over and over. The next thing he knows, he's walking through his kitchen towards the door.

“SANS WHERE ARE YOU GOING!” Papyrus demands from the couch.

Sans comes to a stop in front of his door, grasping the handle.

“I-I’m…” He yanks the door open. “I-I’m gonna go get the human!” He sputters before quickly scuttling out the door, trying to avoid further questioning from his brother.

In his hurry, he misses the enormous smirk plastered across Papyrus’s face.
You're sitting on your couch staring at your phone waiting for an answer to your text. Actually, you're waiting to be invited over, but it hasn't happened yet. You don't think you're so familiar with those two you can simply invite yourself over, but what if that's what they're expecting?

This is the most annoying part of new relationships. How are you suppose to know what you're suppose to do?

Your thoughts are interrupted by a knock at the door, and you feel yourself immediately relax as you pocket your phone and get up.

You open your door to the familiar double pinpricks of red, and a sharp down turned grin. Sans eyelights immediately drop away from you as he stands there in silence. Sweat prickling at his skull.

“Umm… so, I'm invited over, right?” You ask in his silence.

“Y-Yeah, sure.” He sputters, sweat intensifying.

“Wait… did Papyrus invite me over or not.” You ask, confused at his answer.

“B-Boss… uh…” Sans face reddens a shade. “Y-Yer invited over alright! So shuttup’n put yer dumb shit on so we can go. I left the pot on the heat ’n I gotta get back to it.” He says folding his arms.

“I’m going, I’m going.” You answer as you pull on the sweatshirt you left waiting on the table for this moment. “Umm… by the way… you haven’t said anything about me to your brother have you?” You ask as the sweatshirt goes over your head.

“Ya mean about what’cha are?”

“Yeah.”
“I thought ya said it’s a secret?” He says, shifting back and forth on his feet as he waits for you.

“Yeah. So, if he isn’t any good at keeping them, it may be best if you don’t say anything. I don’t want the two of you getting in trouble.”

Sans stops shifting as his eyelights fly towards you. “The fuck does that mean?”

“It means Skulls, that if you let it slip there are real vampires, it’s gonna get traced back to you.”

“Wha…? By Who?” He demands, starting to get worried.

“By the other vampires. And probably me as well.”

“The hell are ya tryin’ ta say?” He growls, furrowing his brow bones and folding his arms.

You sigh as you pick up a table chair and walk it to the door before slipping on your shoes.

“I’m not trying to threaten you or anything, but the few vampires who are left don’t exactly wanna have it known we’re vampires. Every once in awhile people find out, or something happens. When it does, a bunch of us have to go clean up the mess. It’s usually not very hard. Remember when I said I can erase people’s memories.”

“Y-Yeah… but’cha said it doesn’t work on me.”

“Exactly.” You say, slipping your foot into the sole. “So what are we supposed to do with someone if they won’t keep it secret and we can’t make them forget?”

The magic drains from Sans skull when he understands what you’re implying.

“T-The hell did’ja let me find out for! A-Are’a bun’cha ya crazy human blood freaks who’r immune ta magic gonna come after me!?”
“I said I’m not threatening you! Relax.” You say, trying to calm him down.

“But’cha just said-”

“It’s only if you can’t keep the secret Skulls. As long as you don’t say anything it doesn’t matter. We’re allowed to let people know as long as we keep them under control.”

He glares at you. “So what? Yer controlin’ me now?”

“No…” You sigh. “I mean, it’s considered my fault if the people I allow access to this information don’t turn out trustworthy and go blabbing. The wording’s just… Come on, you get what I mean.”

“So what’cher sayin’ is, if I tell a bunch’a people about’cha bein a vampire, yer all gonna hunt me down’n dust me?”

“Um…” You take a moment to think. “I’m not actually sure what would happen. Usually we just wipe everyone’s memories, but with you being a monster and everything, we don’t have protocol for that. Technically all remaining vampires have agreed to try not to kill humans, but you aren’t human so, I’m not really sure what the consequences are.”

Sans sighs, placing a palm to his face.

“But uh… you’re my friend, so. If something does happen, I’ll have plenty of say in the final decision.” You say hopefully.

“Gahhh! Why the hell d’ja drag my ass inta this?”

“I didn’t! You’re the one who followed me.”

“I-I was jus’...” His face reddens a little “W-Whatever! S’done now so…”

“So please don’t tell anyone.” You reiterate.

“Yeah, yeah…” He sighs, in annoyance. “I gettit…”
“Anyway” You say as you finally have everything ready to leave. “Are you ever gonna fix your shirt? I thought you’d do it before your brother came over.”


“You’re shirt. It’s still inside out.”

“When the fuck’d’ja see my shirt inside out?”

“Uh… this morning. I finished your laundry by the way. I left it in the laundry room.”

“Ya did my laundry?” He looks confused.

“Wow… you must have been really out of it.”

“S-shit!”

So he did wake up to do it. He doesn’t remember any of it though.

“You were saying some pretty weird stuff in your sleep.” You say with a smirk.

“Yeah… lemmie guess. Yer gonna make up some weird shit about how I said I wanna marry ya or something.” He says with a glare.

“What me? I would never say something like that. No, this time you said you wanted me to marry your brother.”

“Uh huh… Ya need ta be more creative with yer bullshit.”
You pull your face into a pout. “I’m creative.”

“Whatever… jus’ shuttup’n lets go already.” He says waving an arm.

You follow him out of your apartment towards the unit next door.

“By the way…” Sans motions you to get closer once you reach his door. You have to lean down a lot to reach him. “Try not to piss off my bro today.” He whispers near your ear.

“Why?” You ask.

“I dunno why but, he’s bein’ kinda mopey ’bout somethin’.”

“What did he say?”

“Nothin’, he jus’... Jus’ try’n keep yer shit under control fer once.”

“But I’m always nice to your bro.”

“Keep it. Under. Control.” He warns, before turning his door handle and walking inside.

Papyrus is sitting on the couch when you walk in. He turns his beady sockets towards you as you both enter.

“FINALLY SANS! I DON’T UNDERSTAND WHY IT TAKES YOU SO LONG TO INVITE THE HUMAN OVER. I ALMOST THOUGHT YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT YOUR DESIRE FOR HER PRESENCE AT OUR DINNER TONIGHT.”

Your head whips over to Sans, demanding an explanation, but he’s already scuttled away from you to the boiling pot on the stove. He makes it a point to keep his reddening skull faced away as he examines the food he's working with.
You force the huge smirk from your face as you take your shoes off, and drag your chair over to an already set table.

“Hey Big Boss. How’ve you been?” You ask as you pass the couch.

“I HAVE BEEN ABSOLUTELY AND COMPLETELY FINE, HUMAN. NEVER BETTER!” He says, folding his arms and looking back at the TV.

“Really? Nothing’s bothering you?” You ask as you walk over to the couch.

“ANYTHING THAT WOULD DARE BOTHER THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WOULD BE DESTROYED IMMEDIATELY.”

“Oh, heh, okay then.” You say, sitting down next to him.

You decide to heed San’s words and give him some extra space on the couch. Papyrus’s sockets roam over your chosen distance from him briefly, before moving back to the TV. Skulled features changing into light frown.

“I see they’re running Mettaton’s show again.”

“YES, IT USUALLY PLAYS AT THIS TIME. THOUGH THIS IS A RERUN. THE EPISODE CAME OUT TWO WEEKS AGO, AND I HAVE ALREADY STUDIED ITS GREATNESS TO PERFECTION.”

You take in the show for a moment. Humans are currently solving a complex sliding puzzle, while simultaneously being forced to catch a ball slowly rolling through a wire course. They have to periodically take a break from the puzzle and catch the ball to reload it at the start of the course, or suffer a time penalty waiting for the ball to slowly drop through a series of slides should they miss it.

“This is a pretty neat setup.” You comment.

“IT IS HUMAN, THOUGH I FEEL THE PENALTY SHOULD BE MORE SEVEIR THAN A TIME PUNISHMENT SHOULD THEY MISS THE BALL. IT IS DISAPPOINTING HUMAN BODIES ARE SO FRAGILE THEY CAN NOT TAKE DAMAGE AND HEAL IT OFF LIKE MONSTERS. PUZZLES ARE MUCH MORE EXCITING WHEN THERE IS DANGER TO
“Heh… That is disappointing.” You can’t help but agree. While it would be pretty violent and no human would ever want to do it, it would also be more exciting.

You both continue watching the show in silence. The contestants who managed to pass the slide puzzle eventually have to take on a new challenge balancing balls while standing on a wooden beam.

Papyrus uses the time in the switch off to check on his brother over the back of the couch.

“SANS, ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE DOING. I DO NOT HEAR THE FIRES OF PASSIONATE COOKING GOING ON.”

“Yeah, Boss. Don’ worry I got it.” Sans calls from the kitchen. “S’almost done anyway.”

Papyrus turns his attention back to the screen.

“TCH… THE ALARM HASN’T GONE OFF ONCE YET, AND THERE’S HARDLY ANY SMOKE COMING FROM THE KITCHEN.” He mutters annoyingly. “I MUST APOLOGISE FOR THE MEAL YOU ARE ABOUT TO CONSUME HUMAN. MY BROTHER IS SIMPLY HORRENDOUS WHEN IT COMES TO COOKING.”

“I’m sure it will taste just fine.” You answer.

“IF YOU MUST, YOU MAY THROW IT IN THE TRASH IMMEDIATELY. HUMAN STOMACHS ARE QUITE WEAK, AND I SHAN’T HAVE YOU BE POISONED BY MY BROTHERS DISTASTEFUL COOKING.”

“Really Boss, I’ll be alright I’m sure.” You take a peek at Sans cooking over the back of the couch. “Besides, it looks to me like he’s doing it right from here.”

Papyrus gives you a heavy glare.
“AND PRECISELY WHAT ABOUT HIS COOKING IS HE DOING CORRECTLY? IT IS COMPLETELY WRONG AS FAR AS I CAN ASSESS.”

“Well, um…” You aren’t sure how to explain this without directly telling Papyrus he’s been cooking completely wrong this whole time. “H-Human cooking looks pretty similar to how your brother’s cooking right now.”

Papyrus scoffs. “TCH… MY BROTHERS PATHETIC COOKING SKILLS WOULD BE SIMILAR TO A WEAK USELESS HUMANS I SUPPOSE.”

“Oh, come on Big Boss. Are you telling me you you’ve never eaten good food prepared by a human?”

“OF COURSE NOT. ALL OF YOUR DISGUSTING HUMAN FOOD SIMPLY FALLS STRAIGHT THROUGH ME. IT IS MY BODY’S WAY OF SAYING IT’S NOT WORTHY OF BEING CONSUMED.”

Oh, that makes sense… if Sans can’t eat human food, neither can Papyrus.

“Well, I bet you’d love my cooking.” You say smiling.

“TCH... I DID NOT TAKE YOU FOR THE COOKING TYPE HUMAN.” Papyrus says, looking at you skeptically.

“I don’t do it very often, but I definitely know my way around a kitchen.” You keep the grin on your face. “And you know what humans say about food?”

“WHAT?”

“The fastest way to a man’s heart is through his stomach.” You grin wider, waiting for him to react.

Papyrus narrows his sockets.
“I THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE DIRECTLY THROUGH THE CHEST?”

Oh… Papyrus has neither a heart nor a stomach…

You scoot closer to Papyrus “In monster terms it means, the fastest way to acquire dating power is through delicious food.”

“Y-YES I UNDERSTAND NOW HUMAN. IT’S TRUE. WHEN I WENT ON A DATE WITH THE HUMAN THEY ONLY LUSTED FOR ME FURTHER AFTER I SERVED THEM MY GREATEST MASTERPIECE!”

“Wait, you went on a date recently?”

“THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS HAS BEEN ON A PLETHORA OF DATES, HUMAN. I HAVE EXPERIENCED THROWS OF PASSION BEYOND YOUR PITIFUL COMPREHENSION! HOWEVER… N-NONE HAVE EVER BEEN ABLE TO MATCH MY DATING POWER AND THUS, TIME AND TIME AGAIN I MUST REJECT THE LOVE THAT IS THROWN AT ME.”

“Uh-”

“NYEH HEH HEH, DO NOT BE JEALOUS, HUMAN. THERE ARE VERY FEW HUMANS WHO HAVE SPENT AS MUCH TIME WITH ME OUTSIDE OF WORK AS YOU HAVE. CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY TO HAVE ALREADY TASTED MY COOKING MASTERY SO SOON AFTER MEETING.”

“Heh, I guess so.” You say leaning back.

You both go back to watching the TV in silence, but you notice Papyrus looking uncomfortable. He opens his jaw as if to say something and closes it.

“Something bothering you?” You ask.

“H-HUMAN…?” He starts. Face gaining a small tinge of red.
“Yeah?”

“How… how skilled in the kitchen do you believe yourself to be?”

“Mmmm on a scale from one to ten I’m about a nine.”

“A nine! Really?”

“Yeah, solid nine seems about right.”

“You seem very convinced of your skill level.”

“I’ve had quite a few years experience so…”

“I see…” He scratches his chin. “Obviously I am a skeleton with high standards, and thus the intense mastery of cooking would be a requirement for dating, but a nine is hardly mastery.”

“Ahhh, Big Boss. Do you want me to cook you something?” You say patting his shoulder.

“N-No I do not!” He says, clearly trying to hide his eagerness.

“Why don’t I cook the meal next week. Then you can tell me what my cooking skill is.”

“Tch… your pathetic human food is out of the question. I refuse to eat it!” He folds his arms.

You’re pretty sure Papyrus doesn’t want to admit his body’s inability to digest normal food, so you decide to try again.
“Of course, I’ll use monster ingredients. Wouldn’t want my human stuff to taint you.”

Papyrus takes a deep breath. “I… I SUPPOSE I COULD AT LEAST HUMOR YOU. I AM A TOP REPRESENTATIVE OF THE MONSTER RACE AFTER ALL, AND THUS I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS SHOULD AT LEAST ALLOW A HUMAN SUCH AS YOURSELF TO SHARE YOUR DISGUSTING CULTURE WITH ME…”

“Yeah, besides, I can’t make you cute boys keep cooking for me. That wouldn’t be fair.”

“C-C-CUTE!” Papyrus stands at this. “THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS IS NEVER CUTE, HUMAN!” He looms over you, gloved hands at his hips.

“But... But that doesn’t make any sense?” You say in mock outrage.

“AND WHY IS THAT?” He says, folding his arms.

“Cause I only ever like cute guys.”

Red starts to spread across Papyrus’s face as he answers. “H-HUMAN… T-THERE IS... WHAT YOU ARE SAYING ISN’T…” He struggles for words. "Y-YOU CAN’T JUST… BESIDES YOU ALSO INCLUDED SANS IN THAT DESCRIPTION!” He finally says in exasperation.

“Included me in what!?” Sans demands, appearing near the side of the couch with a glare. He finally fixed his shirt.

“S-SANS!” Papyrus shouts. “T-THE HUMAN WAS JUST… S-SHE WAS…” Papyrus’s face reddens some more. He does not like talking about that word.

“We were just talking about how I should make dinner for you both next week.” You say with a smile.

“YES OF COURSE SANS. WE WERE TALKING ABOUT DINNER NEXT WEEK. NOT ABOUT STRANGE ADJECTIVES THAT DO NOT DESCRIBE TERRIFYING SKELETONS SUCH AS MYSELF.”
“Yer gonna cook next week?” Sans asks, popping a brow bone.

“Yeah. Something wrong with that?” You ask.

“Didn’t think ya’d be able ta cook, what with yer weird diet.” Sans responds.

“WHAT WEIRD DIET?” Papyrus demands.

“Oh… I usually prefer to eat red things I guess.” You answer without missing a beat. “And yes. I’m actually very good at cooking.” You say, directing it at Sans who still looks skeptical.

“You said you were a nine, not a ten. In what way is nine very good at cooking?” Papyrus says, folding his arms.

“A nine is really high isn’t it?” You ask.

“Anything beneath perfection is worthless. Don’t you know anything human?”

“Well… I also said you could judge it next week. So how about I cook and you tell me?” You respond.

“Fine, I will do exactly that human. Do realize my standards are very high, thus it is not my fault if I immediately throw up and send it to the trash.”

“If that’s how you feel after tasting it, be my guest.” You say smiling.

Sans meanwhile stands off to the side. Silently sighing into his palm. “Anyway.” Sans cuts in “Food’s done Boss.”
Papyrus turns sockets on his brother. “HOW COULD IT BE DONE SANS? THE TIMER NEVER WENT OFF.”

“Dunno Boss, must be broken or somethin’.” He answers, sweating slightly.

“TCH… THIS IS WHAT I’M TALKING ABOUT SANS. YOUR COOKING IS COMPLETELY WRONG. HOW AM I TO EAT SOMETHING WHEN YOU COOK IT SO LAZILY?”

“C-Come’ on Boss, at least try it?” Sans pleads.

“TCH… FINE. IT CAN NOT BE HELPED THAT THIS IS THE BEST YOU CAN DO.” Papyrus snaps as he marches towards the table.

You follow behind, taking a seat with the two brothers. Sans serves you a bowl of soup, before serving Papyrus and then himself. You notice the portion is quite small and smile. At least he remembered.

The food in front of you looks edible for once. You can actually identify the bits of chicken and vegetables in the soup, and the noodles look the correct consistency. The air isn’t tainted with a thick smell of burning, and you take a deep smell of the bowl before you dig in. It smells hearty, just as chicken noodle soup should, and you smile.

The soup tastes like you would expect too, and you actually get to enjoy the feeling of magic dissipating in your throat as you swallow. You look up after your first spoonful about to give a compliment when you catch a glance of Papyrus’s face. He’s glaring critically at his bowl as he swallows.

“SANS?” Papyrus asks quietly.


“What is this?”
“It’s uh… ch-chicken noodle Boss.”

“I KNOW THAT SANS! WHAT IS THIS!” Papyrus demands. Pointing at the bowl of soup in front of him.

Sans starts to sweat as his brother raises his voice. “I-It’s jus’ soup Boss.”

“But you cooked it wrong. Why does it taste this way?”

“I-I jus-”

“What type of trickery have you used SANS? And do not lie to me. I will know if you are lying.”

“I-I didn’t do anything Boss I-I jus-”

“I told you Big Boss. He’s cooking human style.” You cut in.

“What?”

“What?”

Both Sans and Papyrus look at you.

“Yeah, humans cook their food delicately. We keep the heat low and cut our food carefully.”

“And how are you to achieve excellent flavor if there is no passion behind it?” Papyrus demands.

“You can have passion while still cooking carefully and gently.” You answer.
“TCH… THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE WORST KIND OF COOKING. PATHETIC ACTIONS IN THE KITCHEN WILL ONLY TRANSFER TO ONE’S FOOD.”

“Doing something carefully doesn’t make it pathetic. There’s a lot of skill involved in being careful.”

“WELL IT SOUNDS LAZY. AND I DO NOT TOLERATE LAZINESS.” He says, folding his arms.

“But you can tolerate good food right?” You say, enjoying another spoonful of soup.

Papyrus’s sockets drift to the bowl of soup in front of him.

“Come on.” You prod. “Skulls made a good meal.”

“IT IS ONLY BARELY PASSABLE HUMAN! ONLY BARELY.” He says dismissively. Glaring as as he takes another spoonful.

Sans meanwhile sits on his side of the table sweating nervously as he watches you and his brother argue. He's still surprised you get along so well together. There weren’t many people his bro could tolerate without getting into a fight. Even Undyne, his best friend, would usually end up getting into a fight with him after a couple of minutes. But with you, it was like you could sense what to say and when to keep quiet. It was kinda unnerving to watch.

“TCH… REGARDLESS OF THE COOKING, SANS! IT IS NOW TIME TO DISCUSS YOUR WEEK.”


“HAVE YOU ATTENDED YOUR JOB PROPERLY. ARRIVING ON TIME, AND PERFORMING YOUR DUTY?”

“Y-Yeah, s’goin’ good boss.” Sans says sweating nervously.
“AND HAVE YOU STAYED AWAKE? BECAUSE IT LOOKS TO ME AS THOUGH YOU HAVE NOT BEEN SLEEPING LIKE I’VE ASKED.”

“I-I have been. H-Honest Boss. I jus’ stayed up a bit last night cause it’s the weekend.”

“OH REALLY? AND YOU THINK YOU CAN SLACK OFF JUST BECAUSE IT’S THE WEEKEND?”

“Ain’t that what weekends’r for?” Sans asks, nervously.

“A MONSTER MUST BE EVER VIGILANT SANS. EVEN ON THE WEEKENDS! WHAT IF YOU CHOSE TO LEAVE YOUR HOUSE TODAY. YOU WOULD BE A LAUGHINGSTOCK FOR ALL THE WORLD TO SEE WITH YOUR SHIRT INSIDE OUT!”

“I-It was jus’ one day Boss.”

“ONE MISTAKE IS ALL IT TAKES TO BRING RUIN ON YOUR LIFE!”

“I-I…” Sans sputters before going quiet. He looks down at his half eaten bowl in silence.

Papyrus’s narrow sockets watch his brother for a moment, before his face softens and he looks away.

“O-OF COURSE… YOU DID PERFORM QUITE WELL THIS WEEK… NYEH HEH… AND I AM A SKELETON WITH FAIR STANDARDS. THUS… B-BECAUSE YOU LIMITED YOUR LAZY HABITS TO THE WEEKEND I SUPPOSE… IT CAN BE OVERLOOKED. BUT ONLY THIS ONCE SANS! IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN!”

“Heh… T-Thanks Boss.” Sans says, relaxing.

“CONSIDER IT A TRADE OFF FOR CLEANING THE BLINDS.”

Your eyes instantly swing over to Sans who quickly buries his face behind his bowl.
“What is this about the blinds?” You ask. You figured Sans was lying earlier, but now you can confirm it.

“MY WORTHLESS SLOTH OF A BROTHER ACTUALLY BOTHERED TO CLEAN THEM, CAN YOU BELIEVE IT. SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE HE’S BECOME AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PERSON.”

“Oh…? Wow Skulls. I didn’t know you were soooo good at cleaning. That’s amazing!” You say, giving him a huge grin.

Every so slightly, Sans lifts one of his bony hands up out of his brothers view. And flips you the bird.

“I PRESUME YOU HAVE NOT BEEN DRINKING THIS WEEK EITHER, SANS?” Papyrus interrupts.

Your smile only intensifies as you watch Sans annoyed face. You made perfectly sure Sans didn’t drink this week.

“Y-Yeah Boss. I’ve been good.” He responds.

“EXCELLENT… T-THEN YOU HAVE PASSED THIS WEEK’S INSPECTION BY THE TIP OF A BONE. ONCE AGAIN I MUST WARN YOU. IT WILL ONLY BE HARDER TO PASS FROM HERE ON OUT.”

“Yeah boss. I gott’it.” He answers.

Papyrus picks up his now empty bowl.

“WELL, I AM FINISHED.”

“Same.” You say, letting your spoon fall in the bowl and also picking it up.
Sans grabs his and downs the rest of his soup, drinking from the side.

“D-Done.” He remarks after he’s drained it.

All three of you bring your bowls to the sink, before Papyrus clears his throat.

“I-I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO, SO I MUST RETIRE EARLY TONIGHT…”

“Ya really gotta go Boss?” Sans says sadly.

“YES, SANS, UNLIKE YOU, I AM OFTEN VERY BUSY… THOUGH, NOT SO BUSY THAT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO VISIT. STILL! I AM VERY BUSY AND I HAVE HIGHLY IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO!”

Papyrus walks to the door and begins stuffing on his large boots.

“AND HUMAN?”

“Yeah.” You respond.

“I REQUIRE MY MEAL TO HAVE NUTRITIONAL VALUE. NO GREASY CHEAP EXCUSE FOR FOOD WILL BE TOLERATED. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR.”

“Got it Big Boss.” You say smiling.

“THEN… G-GOOD BYE!” He shuffles out the door. “A-AND REMEMBER TO CALL ME THIS TIME!” He shouts as he closes it. Face going red.

You turn to Sans, smiling as he watches his bro go out the door.

“Don’t fuckin’ say it!” He growls, before you can even get a word out.
“But you cleaned so well Skulls!” You say giggling.

“Sh-shut up, I don’t wanna hear it!”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter has been the bane of my existence for weeks. Sorry it took so long to get out. A lot of things happened preventing me from writing, and for some reason every time I sat down to work on it, I wasn’t able to come up with things like I usually do.

I’m so glad I finally finished it, because the next chapter will be pure disgustingly cute fluff. It’s one of the chapters I’ve been most excited to write.

For anyone interested, I have another story about bitties that I’m working on. It has an Edgy bitty that’s very similar to Skulls. If you want more of his angry tsundere goodness, but in tiny form, you can check it out Here

My Tumblr for this story
TheSkeletonGames Tumblr
Sidestories for this fic are here
The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
Rough night

Chapter Summary

Sans has a bad nightmare. It turns into a rough night.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Artificial light pours across the hall. The core mimicking dusk beautifully as the day winds down. Golds and reds lick the floor as they dance from the windows, glittering across the dust that stands motionless in the air. The only sound, a bone attack being caught and tossed, caught and tossed, as Sans stands with his back slumped against a pillar, waiting.

They’re coming.

Sweat pricks along his brow as he listens to their footsteps. Quiet padding noises echoing down the hall. With each step, they get closer. And with each step, his soul hums faster.

The door at the end inches open. It’s intense weight groaning as it’s pushed ever so slowly by tiny hands.

Sans looks up, watching the small creature move inside the room. They struggle with the door, like always. All those monsters and yet, the large heavy door is still difficult.

The creature looks across the hall, looks at the monster waiting for them. Red eyes meeting his. Beautiful clear red eyes, unflawed by fear. They radiate confidence, and shimmer brightly in the gold lit hall. Like the color of rubys. Like the color of blood.

They stroll quietly through the hall, never taking their eyes off him. Dust glittering at the tips of their fingers. A testament to the LOVE they’ve gained. Sans waits for them in silence, transfixed on those eyes, those beautiful blood red eyes. They come to a stop in the shadow of a pillar, wide grin sliding across their face.

Sans dissolves the bone attack and stuffs his hands in his pockets.
“So... ya’ve made it this far.” He says, watching them closely.

The creature only grins wider.

“Guess I oughta congratulate ya. For a second there we almost mistook ya for a human.”

The creature remains silent, watching his every move.

“H-Hey don’t give me that look kid. I ain’t gonna stop ya. I already know the rules. Down here it’s kill or be killed.”

Sans steps to the side, his soul humming out of his chest.

“King’s waiting for ya up ahead. Once ya get past him, it’ll be freedom.”

The creature hesitates, before stepping forward. A shiver runs up San’s spine as they pass. His soul humming so fast, he’s worried it’ll explode.

Once they walk by, he relaxes. Letting out the breath he didn’t know he was holding. Finally, they’re leaving. They’re leaving, and they’ll never come back. He shoves his hands in his pockets enjoying the last few moments of light as the sky changes rapidly from gold to red.

A hot knife plunges through his chest. Straight through his bones.

“Your brother was right Sans.” A cold dead voice whispers from behind.

“You really are nothing more than worthless trash.”

His chest burns as scalding liquid pours from it, splashing down his shirt, and soaking through his clothes. He digs at his chest, trying to hold it in as it burns hot through his fingers.
It’s blood.

Why is he bleeding, monsters don’t bleed! He tries to scream but the words won’t come out. Instead he coughs as more blood spills from his mouth.

“Don’t be scared Sans.” The voice whispers.

“I’ve done this countless times.”

Make it stop! Why? Why won’t it stop? It burns. Everything’s burning. Stop! Please stop!

“You’ll wake up, and you won’t remember a thing.”

The red pours from him, pooling along the floor. Quickly filling the hall with burning red liquid. Make it stop! Why does it hurt!

“Hah hah hah hah hah!” They laugh cruelly as they rip the knife from his back.

Sans falls to his knees, floundering in agony among the thick burning red liquid. Struggling to breathe as he coughs more blood.

An arm bursts from the pools around him, then another, and another. Grasping his bones as they try to pull him down. Stop! Please let go. It burns! He can’t breathe.

“Sans.”

“Why did you kill us Sans.”

“Why didn’t you save us.”

Two more hands shoot from the blood and grasp the sides of his skull, pulling him closer to the floor.
A face appears in his reflection, connected to the hands. The face of a tortured small child.

“I just wanted to be friends.”

“Stop!” He tries to scream, but he only coughs more blood. He didn’t mean to. He didn’t want to kill them!

“Sans.”

“Sans.”

“Sans.”

“Come Join us Sans.”

Please let go!

The voice continues to shout his name is it drags him closer and closer to the bright red floor. Red, the most vicious color. His color.

“Sans.”

“Sans.”

He’s pulled closer to the burning liquid, closer to the face in the blood. Close enough his nose is practically...

“SANS!”

Sans slams his face against the ground. The peak of his nose smarting as he tries to orient himself. He’s in his bedroom, on the floor.

“S-SHIT!” He growls as pain shoots through his entire face.

“Sans wake up it’s just a nightmare.” His neighbor yells through the wall.
He rolls over, rubbing at his nose as he tries to even his breathing.

“Sans?!” They shout again.

“I-I’m awake!” He yells at the wall. It’s rare for his neighbor to use his real name.

“Holy crap man! Are you sure you aren’t being murdered?” They ask.

Shit, how loudly was he yelling?

“I-I’m fine!” He responds. Getting to his feet and rubbing his face. It’s the whole thing is wet.

“Okay then. Get some sleep alright?”

Sans doesn’t respond. Instead he chooses to sit slowly on his bed in silence. His bones rattle as he starts to shiver. This last one was vivid as hell! S-shit he does not wanna sleep after that.

Are these dreams ever gonna end?

He lays down in his bed, pulling the covers over himself trying to snuggle into them. He needs to get some sleep. He has work in the morning. He shuts his sockets trying to get comfortable and immediately those glistening red eyes surface behind his vision.

Nope. He snaps them open. Looks like he isn’t going to be shutting his sockets anytime soon.

He lays there for several more minutes. Wishing for sleep, but dreading it entirely. Why can’t he sleep like a normal person? Why does he always have to be constantly reminded about everything? Why is he the only one who remembers?

He curls into a tighter ball trying to get away from it. Trying to get away from everything. He hates it. He hates himself. He just wants to be left alone? Is that so much to ask?
He pulls the covers tighter, wishing he could disappear in them. Disappear from this reality and never exist again.

You bend your laptop forward a little, trying to get that perfect angle for viewing the screen. No, it was better the other way. You bend it back.

“H-Hey.” A low voice calls from behind you.

You turn on your couch looking towards the entryway. Sans stands in his pajamas staring at the floor.

“Um… hey Skulls. Aren’t you supposed to be sleeping?” You ask.

He looks up at you, and you immediately take in the state of his face. Large dark rings rest under his sockets. They seem to be slightly puffy from…

“C-Can’t.” He replies, looking away.

“Oh..?” You smirk. “So you wanna sleep with me tonight.” You say, wiggling your eyebrows suggestively.

“Nevermind, I’m going back.”

“W-Wait! I didn’t mean that! I’ll shut up I promise!” You say, putting your laptop down and fully turning around on the couch.

He glares at you for a moment, before sighing and trying to put his hands in his pockets. When they don’t find anything in their regular spot, he reaches instead for the pockets of his pajama shorts.

“Ya… ya got anythin’ good ta play in there.” He asks, looking at your display shelf full of games.
“I could probably find something.” You say getting up and stretching.

Your spine pops several times and San’s sockets expand when he hears it. A hint of red runs across his face as he watches you.

“Sorry, sorry. It just does that sometimes.” You say, walking over to your shelves. “Let’s see… anything in particular you’re looking for?”

“J-Jus’ somethin’ easy ta play.” He says quietly.

“Hmm… something easy.” You scan through the shelf. Something you can pick up and play. Your eyes land on a particular game and you smile.

“You ever played a racing game?” You call behind yourself.

“We did some races in that space game.” He responds, walking up to the couch.

“Yeah but that's not a racing game. This one specializes in it.”

“Sure, whatever I’ll try it.”

“Okay. Kitty Kart it is then.”

You pull the case from your bookshelf and prepare the console. Settling back on the couch, you hand Sans the control and prop your laptop in your lap.

“Ya ain’t gonna play?” He asks.

“Um… maybe next time… You’ve gotta learn how to play the game first anyway.”
“Didn’t I say ta pick’n easy game.”

“It’s easy to play, hard to master. And I’ve mastered this game.”

“Huh… Kay...?”

He starts the game and stares at the menus.

“Start with 50cc.” You instruct. “If you keep winning, move up to a faster one.”

He gets to the character select screen and looks through several different cat racers.

“The fucks up with ya humans and yer obsession with cats?” He mutters.

“Cats are cute, Skulls.”

“Ya think everything’s cute.”

“Nope, only small skeletons, their brothers, and cats.”

Sans rolls his eyelights as he keeps browsing the characters.

“I’m feline like first place.” A black cat smiles, giving the screen a thumbs up.

Sans stops dead. He moves off the character, then back again.

“Listen to that engine Purr !”

The tips of Sans grin extend upwards as his eyelights begin to sparkle. He selects it again.
“Nobody can Cat chup to me!”

“Holy fuckin’ hell yes!” He shouts gleefully, hitting confirm on the character.

“Of course you’d pick him…” You say, scrunching your face in disgust.

“He’s the best fuckin’ thing in this dumb ass game.” Sans says, leaning back and getting comfortable.

“Why did I forget about the punning cat…” You say in regret.

“Don’t even know how ya could. His lines are purrfect!” Sans snickers in complete happiness.

“Nooooooooooooo” You moan as you melt dramatically into the couch.

You instruct him on how to set up the rest of the game and he starts a race.

“This doesn’t seem all that hard.” He says after rounding the second lap.

“Skulls… you aren’t even drifting.” You respond as you watch him take a turn.

“How much have you played this game?”

“This is the 8th game in the series, and I’ve played all 8.”
You watch him take a turn and almost fly off the track.

“Heh” You say, smiling as you watch. “Actually I have a good story about this game. When I took some classes for platform development a few years ago. I was one of the few girls in the class, so I had a bunch of guys thinking they wanted to date me.”

“Wh-What!?” He screeches, slamming his racer into the wall.

“Meow ch! That hurts.”

“I know right? As if they even knew anything about me. I didn’t wanna say no outright, cause it takes a lot of courage to ask someone out. So I pretty much told them they have to beat me at two out of three races in Kitty Kart.”

“Y-Yeah… and…?” He says nervously.

“I never lost a single race.” You say, smiling proudly.

He makes it past the finish line in 3rd place. Not bad for his first time.

“S-So… what? Are ya supposed ta be really a-attractive ’r somethin’?” He asks slowly as the next race starts.

“Wow, thanks Skulls.” You say in mock outrage.

“Tch… ya humans all look the fuckin’ same to me.”

“Hahahah! That’s probably the most racist thing I’ve heard from you yet!” You say, giggling.

“Well ya do. Ya all got two arms’n two legs n’ are mostly covered in skin with some hair on top.”
“Okay, okay… compared to all the variety in monsters I guess that makes sense.” You watch him manage to somehow pass the racer in front of him without any items. “Please tell me you can at least pick me out in a crowd.”

“Yes, I can at least fuckin’ do that ya dumbass. I’ve been around humans long enough to at least tell ya apart by now. ‘Sides, even if I couldn’t, yer weird ass smell would give ya away.”

“Hahah, what! What the heck! Hahah! What do I even smell like to you?”

“Ya just smell fuckin’ different okay!” He growls. “Dammit!” He yells as his racer barrels off the track.

“Ya gotta be kitten me right meow!”

“Well, I think I look alright.” You say. But, I’m really tall for a girl.”

“Ya were saying some shit about that earlier. The fuck’s supposed to be wrong with yer height?” He asks.

“Mmm… it’s kinda hard to explain. Basically girls are usually shorter than boys.”

“That’s really a fuckin’ thing?”

“Yes.”

“So yer ugly cause yer taller?”

“No… I’m not ugly!... It’s just… I come off as not girly I guess.”

Sans stays quiet for a moment, focusing on the game. “I don’t get’cha humans.” He says after some thought.
“Mmmm… it’s hard to explain. Basically my height intimidates people.”

Sans hits the racer ahead of him with a yarnseaker, taking the lead in first place.

“Really?” He snickers “You intimidate people?”

“Yeah… are you saying I don’t intimidate you Skulls?” You ask with a smirk.

“Not a fat fuckin’ chance!” He growls immediately.

“Oh really? Cause I remember a certain little skeleton monster trembling on my floor after he snuck into my house and got pepper sprayed in the face.”

“I was not fuckin’ tremblin’!” He says, going slightly red in the face. “N’I wasn’t scared a ya either. Just expected ya ta be like the rest of the assholes ‘n throw my ass in jail.”

“You were totally scared of me Skulls!” You gloat.

“I fuckin’ was not! it’s called being wary ‘round ‘n asshole species that’s gotta history of fuckin’ up my life.”

“I’m pretty sure I can list off several more times you were terrified of me.”

“I’m tellin’ ya! I was bein’ wary round ya cause yer fuckin’ weird n’ I don’t trust humans. I ain’t fuckin’ scared a shit!”

“Heh…?” You smile, sitting up on the couch. “So you’re saying you aren’t scared of me. Not even a little.” You lean across the couch and loom over him.

He rolls his eyelights, and stays focused on the game, attempting to ignore you.
You lean in closer, smiling. “What if I took you up on your previous offer and decided to test my Friday night ritual out on your cute little neckbones?” You say, watching as an involuntary shiver moves up his spine. You open your mouth, brandishing your teeth over his neck.

A bony hand smacks you right in the face as his racer flies off the course. “Fuck!” he yells in annoyance. “Ya made me take my hand off the control.”

“Ow, Skulls.” You pout, rubbing your smarting nose. “Your hands hurt.”

“Good, maybe then you’ll learn to respect my personal space.” He snaps back.

“But your personal space is my favorite place to be.” You giggle.

“Too bad! I don’t fuckin’ want’cha anywhere near it!” He growls.

“You were more fun when you were scared of me.” You say sadly.

“I already told’ja! I was never fuckin’ scared!”

You continue to giggle, moving your laptop back onto your lap, you unpauser the game you were playing. It’s getting pretty late. Almost near your own bedtime. You told yourself you were gonna make Sans go to sleep earlier but… His face said it all when he appeared in your apartment. You’ll make him go home and try again after an hour.

You wake up the next morning feeling kinda groggy. More than that, you feel guilty. You should’ve made Sans go home earlier. What were you thinking letting him stay over so late? Even you didn’t get enough sleep, and now you’re sore and uncomfortable.

Whatever, your body will fix it as soon as you get up and…
Your eyes snap open when you realize you aren’t in your bedroom. You’re not in your bedroom, and there’s something poking you in the stomach.

“Skulls…?” You call quietly before you can stop yourself.

The slumbering monster on your stomach groans, before burying his face deeper into your shirt.

W-W-WHAT?!

Your brain actually freezes for a moment, unable to process the scene in front of you.

You’re lying on your couch, in your living room. With Sans sprawled across you. Sleeping…

W-When Did this happen!? H-How did this happen?! Is this… is this actually real right now?

You take a moment to breathe, watching your chest rise and fall. Watching the small skeleton rise and fall with it. Trying to remember what went on last night.

Sans came over after having the worst screaming nightmare you’ve ever heard from him. He played Kitty Kart to wind down. And then…

You fell asleep. On the couch. You’re very sure you fell asleep first, which is a miracle as you don’t need very much sleep. When did he end up on top of you? No the better question is… Why would he ever let himself get near you like this?

You watch his face for a moment as he sleeps. He looks so content. His brow bones are free of anger, his teeth posed in peaceful slumber, and the bags under his eyes, they’re practically nonexistent.

It’s like he’s a whole different person.
You become faintly aware of a strange sensation enveloping your body. Every point of contact against him sends a soft hum through you. It’s extremely relaxing. No wonder you didn’t wake up. His weird magical humming is like an ultimate lullaby.

You slowly reposition your sore squashed back, trying not to wake him. While the humming from him is relaxing, he is a little uncomfortable. Those are definitely the edges of his rib cage digging into you. He is a skeleton so what do you expect?

He groans again, shifting slightly as he rubs his face into your stomach. The ridge of his nose tickles you softly as he nuzzles into your belly. You resist the urge to squirm. You don’t want to wake him just yet. Stay asleep Skulls… Stay asleep.

As you wait for his breathing to mellow out, you realize what’s happening to your shirt. He’s grabbed it, and bunched it against himself with his hands. His clawed phalanges are completely embedded in the fabric as he pulls it towards himself like a ball. Stretching it against you.

That’s kinda… weird.

He groans a third time, a deep baritone purr right into your stomach. Your heart skips a beat as you feel your face heat slightly.

Woa… woa… woa… calm down. You’re just surprised is all. Surprised he’s let his guard down enough to fall asleep on you. Heh… the way he’s holding your shirt, it almost looks like a hug. A half hug. It’s cute. Really cute… so cute in fact…

This event needs to be documented and preserved forever.

You try and move your arm without waking him. It’s the only thing he doesn’t have pinned down. You spot your phone sitting on the floor, and slowly reach towards it.

Heh…heh…heh… You’re never gonna let him live this one down. This is better dirt than the incident at Grillby’s. The tips of your fingers just barely reach it and you smirk.

Oh Skulls, why are you so much fun?
You angle the camera as best you can with your free arm and start taking pictures. It’s a little difficult to get the right angle with him on top of you. Your several pictures in when you hear a muffled ringtone go off in his pocket.

You immediately toss your phone away and pretend to sleep.

Sans stirs ever so slightly when he hears his alarm.

Fuck… it’s morning already…?

He reaches for his phone, stuffing his hand in his pocket as he absentmindedly hits the snooze.

That’s weird. Why’d he leave it there?

He nestles back into his bed, letting himself enjoy every relaxing moment before he has to get up for work. Besides, for some reason his bed feels really comfortable today. He digs his claws back into the sheets, trying to ball them up in the way he likes. They get caught on something and he tugs a little harder. When he hears them start to tear he stops.

Oops… didn’t mean ta put another hole in them.

He buries his face in the small ball he was able to collect and moans in contentment. Damn… his bed feels great today. It’s so fuckin’ warm. Fuck work! He should just call in sick and stay in bed all day. He hasn’t been getting any sleep anyway. A day off won’t hurt.

He rubs his cheek against the soft mattress, letting his sheets tickle his face. How the hell hasn’t he been sleeping when his bed feels this great? Oh stars it feels so good. He never wants to get up again. Why doesn’t his bed feel like this every night? Hell, it even smells really…

His sockets snap open when he registers what the smell is. T-The fuck is it doing in his bedroom?!
His soul stops momentarily when he realizes he isn’t in his bedroom. He has to force himself not to scream when he recognizes your listless sleeping face breathing quietly in front of him.

Shit, Shit, SHIT! His eyelights dilate in surprise. What in Dreemurr’s holy fuckin’ name is he doing! W-W-Why is she?... H-How did this?... W-When did he?...

**W-WHY IS HE SLEEPING ON YOU!!!**

He scrabbles around on top of you, trying to quickly dislodge his claws from your shirt. His panic making it difficult.

H-H-Hurry up before she wakes up! He can not let you see him like this! Not EVER!

He gets one hand free, and begins to tug on the other.

“Nnnnghh.” You moan, eyelids fluttering.

Sans all but freezes. His soul humming out of his chest as he kneels guiltily between your legs, one hand twisted up into the fabric of your shirt. Stay the fuck asleep ya damn stupid human! Don’t’cha dare wake up right now!

He waits a moment, listening to you breathe beneath him. When you don’t show any other signs of waking, he starts moving again, trying to free his other hand.

The fabric is completely tangled between his bones. It isn’t like his bed sheet material, it’s stringy and course. His rigid phalanges refuse to slip out. His soul screams in distress as he watches his hand get more and more tangled in your clothes

“Mmmmmm.” You moan again, shifting your head.

Sans soul reaches maximum panic threshold as he watches your face.

Fuck it! In one heavy motion, he uses his free hand to quickly tear his tangled hand out of your shirt.
Immediately he shortcuts away.

He lands heavily on his bed, nearly rolling off as he bounces across it.

He shoves his face into his pillow as he tries to catch his breath. W-What just happened!?

He stays there for a moment, waiting for his soul to slow down. Hoping his bed won't catch fire from the intense magical heat flowing from his face.

“FUCKIN’ HOLY HELL!” He screams into the pillow. Still battling with his soul to calm down.

What the hell did he just do!... Fuckin’ no!... He can’t fuckin’ do that! He can’t! T-This is… this is...

He feels his face get hotter as he remembers how comfortable you were.

F-FUCK! I-It’s so damn hot in here. Why the hell is it so hot!?

Sans teleports to the bathroom and strips off his clothes. He starts the shower and immediately climbs in, not bothering to let the water heat up. He sits in the tub, letting icy water wash over his fiery bones. His hollow sockets stare blankly ahead on the tile peeling against the wall. His soul still scrambling to figure out what just happened as he takes a deep breath.

“WH-WHAT THE FUCK DID I JUST DO!!!”

You lay face down on your couch in laughter, your head stuffed into the cushions as you try to inhale. Your sides ache as you heave laugh after laugh from your body.

His face! Oh stars his face! It was so red!
You continue laughing as you replay your neighbors embarrassment over and over.

He got stuck! You have no idea why he was clawing up your shirt like that, but he got stuck and had to rip his way out. You almost gave yourself away from laughter when you realized he wanted to leave, but couldn’t.

When you feel like you can finally breath again, you roll over and inspect your shirt. It’s completely ruined. The area around your stomach has a series of holes through it, and one large ripped area where his hand got stuck.

Welp… not much you can do about it now… Unless...

You grab your phone as you get up. Walking into your bedroom, you strip off your shirt as you type out a message.

The expression on your face. An evil grin.

Sans steps out of the shower several minutes later feeling much calmer. His soul hums at a steady even pace as he dries his bones off. He shuffles back to his room, and searches around for some clean clothes to wear, but stops when he hears his phone buzzing.

“Bztt.”

The hell? Who’s texting him in the morning?

He grabs it, checking the message and his soul stops dead.

NewContact3: So, I woke up this morning and my shirt was all ripped. Any idea how that happened?
S-Shit! He forgot about that.

I-It’s alright. He tells himself as he pockets his phone. Just ignore her. If he doesn’t answer maybe she’ll forget about it by the time he gets home from work.

“Bzzt.”

His phone pings again.

Sans brings the phone quickly to his face. His soul humming nervously out of his chest.

**NewContact3**: That was pretty sneaky of you Skulls. And I thought you didn’t want to sleep with me.

Sans stares at the message in horror. Y-You… you were awake! S-So every time you moaned and rolled around… you were actually...

“YOU WERE AWAKE THE WHOLE FUCKIN’ TIME!!” Sans screams through the wall, eyelights burning with rage.

The faint sound of laughter rings lightly from the other side as he walks up to his bedroom wall.

“FUCK YOU ASSHOLE!” He screeches, slamming his fist against it.

“Bzzt.”

**NewContact3**: Is that what you were going for? You must have been pretty pent up if it made you try to rip my shirt off.

Sans is about to start screaming again, when he comes to the realization this is what she wants. He slowly moves his fist away from the wall and puts it down at his side. If she want’s him to get angry,
then he won’t. Problem solved. She can’t tease him about this if he doesn’t care.

Sans turns away from his wall flipping it off as he shuffles slowly out of his room in triumph. You can’t mess with him at all if he doesn’t let you. All he’s gotta do is ignore you.

“You.”

His phone pings again and he checks it.

NewContact3: You’re really cute when you sleep. [Error Invalid Message. Message Delivery Failure]

S-She took a picture! The hell! When did she take a picture?

Ignore it! Just ignore it! Don’t give her anything when she gets like this. I-It’s just a picture.

“You.”

NewContact3: I’m totally posting this to The Undernet.

Sans soul erupts with rage and fear as he reads the latest message. Welp he tried to be calm, he really did… it’s time to kill a human.

He takes a shortcut into his neighbor’s living room, eyelights scanning for any sign of her. Dammit! She’s not here! He runs down the hallway and smashes open her door. Storming her room in fiery fit of anger.

“Don’t’cha fuckin’ dare post that...”

Sans stops when he gets a look at you. His entire body freezing in place in your doorway.
“U-U-Ummm...” You say, embarrassment creeping up your face. “H-Hi Skulls…”

Besides the one leg still halfway lodged in your pajama pants, and a pair of panties, you’re bare.

Sans stares you, sockets devoid of light as he stands frozen. You don’t know where he's looking, but the fact that he isn’t showing any sign of life is starting to make you nervous. You’ve moved to cover your chest as best you can as you stand awkwardly in front of your friend.

“W-Would you mind-"

“F-F-FUCKIN’ PUT SOME CLOTHES ON!!!” He screams, entire face glowing red.

Then he disappears.

“Skulls?” You call to the empty air, still covering your chest.

You hear crashing sounds come from the apartment next to you, mixed with expletives.

“Skulls?” You shout again.

“S-S-SHUTTUP! L-Leave me the fuck alone! I-I’m going ta work!” He screeches back, before his whole apartment goes quiet.

You don’t want to end whatever just happened on such an awkward note. You dial his phone number and wait.

After two rings it picks up.

“I-I’TS NOT MY FUCKIN’ FAULT! D-DON’T CALL ME!” He shouts, before hanging up.

On second thought, it may be better to let him cool off for a couple hours. You put your phone down
and walk to the bathroom. Getting ready to take a shower.

You relax as the water washes over you. Your face heating slightly as you remember him standing in your doorway. Sans was right. It is embarrassing, even if he wasn’t interested.

He isn’t interested… right?

Chapter End Notes

The whole, Sans and reader fall asleep on accident together is a little overdone. But I don’t care. I had to.

And Yes, Kitty Kart is Mario Kart, with cats. The cats will be important later. Very important
Read The Skeleton Games Sidequests

Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
Chapter Summary

You and Sans go shopping.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sans is at work, standing in his regular position in the lineup. Grabbing a stacks of sheets from a pallet, he fills the respective machine every time it gets low. It’s boring work. He spends long hours on his feet doing the same damn thing. Only stopping when one of the machines gets jammed or they need to change layouts.

It’s shitty work, but at least it’s a job. Sans needed this job. Monsters may have exited the mountain with gold flowing from their pockets, but Sans hadn’t taken anything with him when he moved out. How could he? Papyrus was the one who made all the money. Captain of the Royal Guard wasn’t his brother’s title for nothing. When he left, Sans wouldn’t allow himself to take a single cent.

Instead, when he did decide to move out, Sans had to swallow his pride and apply at the newly formed monster immigration center. There, they informed him of his choices, of which there weren’t many. Nearly all jobs accepting monster applicants fell under low skill manual labor. They usually required monsters to work away from humans, trying to keep them out of sight, and out of mind. When it came down to it, Sans picked the job that required him to have the least amount of personal contact. If he had to work, he wasn’t gonna be bothered.

Loud machines hum as he grabs another stack from the pallet. His soul wanders as he works. Wanders around the things he did this morning, and more importantly, the things he saw.

That was a human in front of him. An undressed human. Well… mostly undressed. N-Not like he hasn’t seen one before. Humans are pretty liberal with their pictures of themselves. What he saw wasn’t that big a deal…

Cept it wasn’t a picture, it was right in front of him. And it was someone he knew.

Tch… he shakes his skull. H-He doesn’t care. It was just that weird shit human females have on their chests to feed their babies with. Why should he care about that? He doesn’t. He just… didn’t expect ta ever have ta see ya like that.
“Sans.”

Besides… ya jus’ look like a tall idiotic skin creature. Soft n’ useless. No claws, jus’ a bunch of weak useless ass skin, n’ some weird fat up top.

“Sans.”

And those dumb lump things ain’t interesting at all! Hell, you could walk around in front of him like that all day n’ it wouldn’t matter. He only reacted that way cause he was surprised n’ he knew he wasn’t suppose ta see um!

“Sans!”

“W-What!?” Sans shouts, swinging his skull around to face his manager.

“I’m shuttin’ down the line for lunch.” She responds, raising her eyebrows.

“O-Oh…” He answers as he watches her flip a few of the switches on the machine, powering it down.

His eyelight scans over her body as she works. Tch… See! Nothing interesting about them at all. He really was just surprised. Surprised because his neighbor looks so damn weird! He doesn’t actually fuckin care!

Besides, you were the one who got all embarrassed about it. He wouldn’t have reacted that way if ya had just laughed it off like ya did when he got pantsed. Stop bein’ a fuckin dumb ass’n acting like he’d seen something important. Stop gettin’ so damn red inna face...

The tips of his sharp grin turn upwards as he stares. Gold tooth flashing slightly. Actually… s’kinda fun watchin’er get like that. You didn’t get flustered that often, but it was nice ta see ya had some things ya weren’t completely confident about. Ya can act as powerful’s ya want, but’cher just a weak ass human once yer clothes come off. Sans snickers lightly to himself as he thinks of your face. Fuckin’ get a taste of yer own damn medicine girly.
“Like what’cha see?” Sans manager asks, interrupting his thoughts as she stands in front of him, folding her arms at her chest.

“W-Wha...?” Sans responds, reddening as he realizes he’s been caught staring at his managers chest. He quickly flicks his eyelights guiltily away. “S-Shit I was jus’... thinkin’ all.”

“Yeah, yeah. You were only thinkin’ hun.” She says with a small grin, pushing past him towards the break room.

“I-I was!” Sans snaps as he follows behind her, face getting redder and redder.

You’ve just finished correcting several hundred lines of code, when you hear the light hard footsteps of Sans getting home. At least… you think he’s home. It’s the right time and everything. He’s being unusually quiet today.

You have to ask him for a favor so, the sooner you confront him about this morning the better. You pick up your phone and hold it for a moment, trying to come up with a plan before you jump into a conversation.

After a moment of thinking, you sigh… you’re just gonna have to call him and test the waters. You dial his number and wait.

The faint sound of a ringtone dances lightly through your walls before you hear a quiet “S-Shit.”

Your call goes to voicemail.

Welp… it’s official, he’s avoiding you.

You sigh again. Come on Skulls… it wasn’t that awkward.
Your face heats a little just thinking about it.

Okay… so maybe it was, but that’s no reason for him to ignore your phonecalls. Besides, you’ve already seen what’s under his pants. Did that stop you from talking to him moments later? No, it didn’t.

You decide to send him a message. Maybe it will be easier for him to talk to you if he can take his time responding.

“Buzz.”

Sans feels his phone vibrate in his pocket. He was trying to be quiet when he got home, but it looks like you heard him anyway. Damn stupid thin apartment walls. He pulls his phone out, and stares at the message in annoyance.

**NewContact3:** Are you avoiding me?

The fuck is this woman so direct? And no! H-He’s not avoiding you… he just… h-has other things to do. He stands still for a moment, about to pocket his phone when he gets another message.

“Buzz.”

**NewContact3:** Don’t avoid me, that’s dumb.

He’s not avoiding you! The hell?! He’s just gotta…. He’s got stuff to do that doesn’t involve ya so there! He doesn’t care about what happened earlier, at all!

Sans shuffles to his fridge in a huff, checking inside it for something to eat. There isn’t much left. Maybe he should go shopping. Heh… see! He does got stuff ta do. He’s gotta get some more food. His whole life doesn’t revolve around hanging out with you every night.
Sans rolls his eyelight in annoyance as he checks another message.

**NewContact3**: Skulls, I know my hot naked body must have blown your mind but, avoiding me about it isn’t gonna solve the issue.

Sans grip on his phone increases as he gathers his magic.

“I DON’T GIVE A FUCKING SHIT ABOUT YOUR DAMN STUPID HUMAN BODY!” He screeches, now standing in your entryway. “LOOK! I AIN’T FUCKIN’ AVOIDIN’ YA, HAPPY NOW!”

“Oh, hi Skulls.” You say, smiling happily as you sit up from your couch and peek around the back.

Sans catches a glance at you, and his skull immediately heats.

“Wow…” You comment.

You were not expecting that. You thought he’d be over it by the time he got off work. So does this mean he actually can view humans as… There’s no way right? Your super tiny dress does nothing for him. Why is he all red?

“T-This ain’t cause’a...! S-shuttup!” He snarls. “T-This is just cause ya look like an idiot!” He says, burying his face in his fur.

“Oh, okay. I get it.” You respond, ducking yourself behind the couch a little so your body’s out of sight.

“N’ stop texting me already!” He demands, skull starting to cool. “I’ve gotta go shoppin’ fer food, alright! I ain’t fuckin’ avoidin’ ya, I just gotta bunch’a shit ta do!”
Your face breaks into an evil grin. “Oh really?” You say.

“Yes really! So leave me the fuck alone!” He says, folding his arms.

You grin even further. “That’s perfect. I’ve gotta go shopping for food too.”

Sans arms drop in surprise. “What...?”

“I need to go shopping for food.” You reiterate.

“Then go on yer own!” He responds, refolding his arms.

“But Skulls…” You pout. “I’ve never been to a monster store before.”

“What’cha gotta go to’a monster-” He stops, realization dawning on him. “S-shit.”

“Yep. I’m cooking on Saturday. Monster food cooking.” You say, smiling.

Sans takes a long deep breath, letting his hand slowly trail down his annoyed face.

“Yer gonna make me take ya, ain’t’cha?” He sighs quietly in defeat.

“Can’t you do it for me cause we’re friends?” You plead from the couch.

He sighs again face still in his palm.

“I promise to be on my best behavior.” You give him your biggest puppy eyes. “No, inappropriate comments, and if anyone asks, I’ll tell them we only slept together once.”
“Don’t tell them anything at all! What the hell!” He growls.

“Sorry… sorry… I won’t say anything! That was just a joke. Please take me to the store.” You say, clapping your hands together in a pleading gesture.

Sans sighs a third time. “F-Fine. Whatever.” He says into his palm.

“Thank you!”

“But only on one condition.” He says looking up at you seriously.

“Um… okay..?”

“Don’t you fuckin’ ever mention anythin’ about what happened last night, EVER! Not inna store, Not ta Boss. Not ta anyone!” He growls, looking you straight in the eye.

“Okay… okay… relax. I get it.” You say, sensing he does not want to joke about this.

“N’delete that dumbass picture ya took!” he demands.

“Wha! NO!” you say immediately.

“The hell do ya even want it for? Delete it!” He demands again.

“You don’t even know what it looks like.”

“I ain’t fuckin’ takin’ ya if ya don’t delete it!” He says stubbornly.

“Skulls no! Anything but the pictures.”
“Y-Ya took multiples!” He says in disbelief.

“No! T-There’s definitely only one. And I’ll delete that one and one only.”

“Bullshit! Delete them all!”

“Skulls! No. Why are you making me do this!” You say, starting to throw a tantrum.

“Why the hell would’ja want a bunch’a creepy ass pictures’a me?”

“They’re not creepy, they’re cute!”

Sans sockets widen in shock. “D-Delete them right the fuck now!” He snaps.

“I promise I’ll never post or show them to anyone!”

“I don’t give a shit! It’s disgustin’.”

“No it’s not! Here.” You get out your phone and pull up the pictures. “At least look at them.”

“I don’t wanna fuckin’ see that shit!”

“I won’t delete them unless you look!”

“I don’t wanna look!”

“You have to, or I won’t.”

“I said I don’t wanna fuckin’ see it!”
“Then I’m not gonna delete them.”

“FINE!” Sans yells, stomping over to you.

You stay on the couch, and hold up your phone with one of the pictures of him fast asleep on your stomach.

His face instantly reddens as he looks at it, and you start giggling.

“D-Delete this right now! What the hell is wrong with you!” He growls, reaching for your phone.

You move it away from his clawed hands. “Nope! I’m saving it forever.” You say, cupping your phone.

“Over my dust ya are!” He says, leaning over you.

Sensing he’s about to try and forcefully take your phone, you quickly stuff it down the front of your shirt.

His face explodes with red.

“Y-Ya can’t jus’…” He claws at the air in frustration. “T-The hell! Don’t fuckin’ put stuff there!”

“Huh? Where…?” You say gleefully.

“You know where! T-That’s f-fuckin’… g-gross!”

“It’s just my chest, Skulls. I thought you didn’t care.”
“I don’t!”

“Then take it out.” You challenge.

His sockets widen further, eyelights almost disappearing. Sweat starts to form across his brow as he glares at you.

“...What did’ja say?” He asks in a low voice.

“You don’t care about my human body right? I’ll delete them if you take it out. And you can’t use magic to do it.” You say grinning.

Crap! What are you saying! This is going too far! You just wanted to mess with him because he was trying to make you delete them. Stop! This is too much.

“F-Fine! I-I don’t care!” He says, face still completely red.

“T-Then do it!” You say back.

Each of you has a stare down. You sitting on the couch, and him standing in front of you. Challenge in both your eyes. Slowly, he reaches out his hand. Reaches those sharp phalanges towards your chest. You feel your face heat a little as he starts to get close. You turn your eyes away, it’s just too awkward.

“T-The hell! D-Don’t get all fuckin’ red!” Sans shouts.

“I-I’m not! You’re the one who looks like a Christmas light!” You shout back.

When you look back at him, you have to stop yourself from laughing. His face does look like a Christmas light.

“Y-Yer the one actin’ like it’s a big fuckin’ deal’r somethin’, S’not my fault.” He says, moving his hand back to fold his arms. “I ain’t gonna do it if yer gonna look like that! S’fuckin’ weird.” He says
stubbornly.

Inwardly you sigh in relief. It would have been awkward between you both if he had kept going.

“Actually… L-Lets not do this.” You say as you remove the phone.

“Whatever, jus’ delete that shit off yer phone.” He growls, trying to avoid watching you remove it.

You sigh as you open the pictures. “Just… one picture Skulls.”

“No!”

“Let me keep one. I really won’t show it to anyone without your permission.”

“It doesn’t matter how many ya have. S’fuckin’ gross!”

“No it’s not!”

“Yes it is!”

“You’re not gross Skulls!”

“YES I AM!”

You stop talking immediately, both of you glaring each other down as his latest response sinks in. Slowly his eyelights break from yours, and move to the floor. He stuffs his hands into his pockets as the room gets quiet.

“You aren’t gross.” You say slowly. “Not at all.”
“S-Shuttup. It doesn’t matter what you fuckin’ say.” He growls, keeping his eyelights down.

“Yes it does. And I say you aren’t gross.”

“Fuck off. Ya havn’t seen nothin’, so ya don’t know.” He says to the floor.

“I haven’t seen what?” You demand as Sans proceeds to hunch into his jacket. “What’s so gross about you that I haven’t seen?”

“S’nothin’…” He says quietly.

You stand slowly from the couch, facing him.

“Because I’m pretty sure I’ve seen everything. I’ve seen the nasty mess you make in your house every week. I’ve watched you eat the same greasy meals everyday. You chug mustard, you drool in your sleep, you swear like a sailor, and I know you don’t wash the jacket you wear everyday. You lie about sleeping with girls, you complain about almost everything, you have an alcohol problem, and you’ve probably killed people. So what is it?” You look down at the small skeleton standing before you. “What haven’t I seen that’s suddenly gonna change my mind and make me think you’re gross?” You demand.

Sans winces with every word. Keeping his eyelights locked on the floor, he stays silent the entire time you speak. Listening as though you're hitting him.

You sigh. Clearly you’re still not getting through to him. Time to take drastic measures. You grab him by the collar and pull him up. Forcing him to face you.

His sockets go wide. “L-Leggo! T-The hell’r ya doin’!” He growls, grabbing your arm as you lift him to his toes.

You bring your other hand up in front of his face, and he flinches.

“You aren’t gross you miniature dumb ass!” You shout as you flick him right between the eyes.
Sans blinks his sockets up at you in surprise.

“Did… did’ja just swear?” He asks in disbelief.

“Yes, cause you're pissing me off! Saying what I think doesn’t matter. It does! So stop this. You’re not ugly, and you’re not gross!” You say, shaking him a little.

“F-Fine... w-whatever! Put me the fuck down already.” He sputters back.

“No! Not till you say it.”

“Say what! I ain’t gross. Fine I ain’t! Now put me down.”

“That’s not good enough!” You say darkly.

Sweat prickles across his skull as he looks into your eyes.

“N’I’m not ugly! T-There happy!” He sputters again as he tugs at your arm.

“Nope. Now you’ve gotta say it.” You smirk.

“S-Say what?” He demands as he tries to wriggle from your grasp.

“Say you’re cute.”

Sans eyelights go dark for a moment.

“NEVER! I’LL NEVER fuckin’ say it!” He snarls.
“Oh really…?” You ask in amusement, your smile deepening.

The sweat triples across his skull. You start to pull him closer to you. Forcing his face near your own.

“Then I guess I’d better-”

“I’M CUTE! I’M CUTE!” He practically screams before you can threaten anything.

You immediately let go, and he stumbles away.

“You didn’t even let me tell you what I was gonna do.” You complain.

“I don’t even wanna know ya fuckin’ psycho!” He snarls back, fixing his collar.

“Heh? I thought you weren’t scared of me?”

“I ain’t! S’called knowin’ when my freak of a neighbor’s gonna do somethin’ weird!” He growls.

You watch him glare at you from across the room before taking a deep breath. “Skulls… I’m being serious. There’s really nothing gross about you.” You try again.

“Tch… s’not fer ya ta decide so jus’... l-leave me the fuck’ alone…” He says, folding his arms.

You keep watching him. He’s being so stubborn. Body language defensive as he folds his arms. It’s going to take more than words to persuade him.

You sigh again in defeat. “Fine… I’ll delete them.”
“Fuckin’ finally!”

You get out your phone again, and open the pictures. With deep regret, you start deleting them. One after another, you open each one and hit delete. Watching as the memory disappears from your phone.

“Hey Skulls…?” You ask quietly as you keep hitting delete.

“What?”

“Please… just one.”

“No!”

“Please…”

“I already said no!”

“Just one…”

“No!”

You get through all the pictures, hovering over the last one. It’s marked as your favorite. You take a good look as you hesitate.

“Just this one… please?” You ask again.

“No! S’fuckin’ creepy! The hell do ya even want it for?”

“Cause you’re my friend Skulls. Of course I want pictures of us together.”
His face flushes as he looks away. “T-The hell… i-it ain’t that important. Sides, s’fuckin’ weird with me… s-sleepin’ on ya.”

You smile. “Well yeah, but the best part of being friends is all the crazy weird stuff that happens together. I don’t wanna erase stuff like this, even if it is weird.”

He keeps looking away as he thinks.

“Please… just this one.” You plead. “It’s important to me.”

He sighs. “F-FINE!” He says, relenting at last.

“Thank you!”

“N’ don’t’cha dare show that shit ta anyone!” He warns.

“I won’t! I won’t!” You say as you pocket your phone. “Besides… It’s not like you fell asleep on me on purpose. You were tired, and my squishy human body’s probably really comfortable.”

A hint of red runs across his face. “Y-Ya ain’t comfortable at all! That was the worst sleep I’ve ever had! Y-Ya smell weird! N’ya make all these weird ass noises while yer rollin’ around!”

“H-Hey! I do not!” You say in offense.

“Yes ya do!”

“Well at least I don’t rip people’s shirts off in my sleep!”

More red rushes across his face. “T-That’s not what I was doin’ ya dumb ass!”
“So what? You just happened to accidentally dig your death claws into my shirt and rip it up?”

“T-That was jus’... I wasn’t tryin’ ta rip yer shirt off, I jus’... l-like ta have my sheets balled up.” He says looking slightly embarrassed.

“Uh… okay?” You say as you watch him stuff his hands in his pockets.

“I know! It’s weird! Leave me the fuck alone!” He growls, looking away.

Papyrus always yelled at him for doing it. Said he sleeps like an uncivilized creature.

“Actually… that does sound kinda comfortable. Like making a bed burrito?” You say in thought.

“No! I jus’... m-make it inta’a ball’n sleep like that…” He says, digging his hands deeper into his pockets.

“It’s weird, but it’s not that weird.” You comment, slightly annoyed he's somehow managed to be self conscious about this as well.

“A-Anyway!” He says looking back up. “I wasn’t tryin’ ta fuckin’ rip yer shirt off, so shut it!”

“Okay, okay, I get it.” You say standing from the couch.

Red washes over Sans face again as you stretch. He forces his eyelights quickly away.

“H-Hurry the fuck up’n get ready.” He growls, trying to avoid looking at you as you walk by.

“I’m going, I’m going!” You call as you march into your room.
Sans teleports the both of you behind a building, and you immediately take in your bearings. There’s a couple of dumpsters lining the side, along with piles of crates and old boxes.

“So wait… Where are we?” You ask. You’ve never had him take you anywhere you’ve never been before. It feels strange suddenly being somewhere without knowing where you are.

“So’ffa the main street. Kinda west’a town.” He answers, shuffling his feet nervously.

You’re already pulling up a mapping program on your phone to check. It just feels so weird.

“Oh! This is in the older part of town.” You comment as you look.

Sans keeps shuffling his feet nervously as he waits. Strange… he usually isn’t very patient with you.

You slip your phone into your bag and turn to face him.

“Lead on Oh Skeleton Lord.” You say, starting to make your way around the side of the building.

“W-Wait!” He calls, stepping forward.

You stop and turn towards him. “Uh… yeah?”

“I… uh…” He goes quiet as his eyelinets fall to the ground. He brings a hand nervously behind his head and begins to scratch at his skull.

“Yes?” You ask again after a moment of waiting.

“Ya’know… i-it was only a couple’a thousand monsters that made it outta the barrier…” He states.
“Yeah, I think I heard somewhere there were more tigers left in the world than monsters. You’re basically an endangered species.” You respond.

“T-That’s not… uh… wh-what I’m tryin’ ta say is…” He sighs. “There ain’t much’a us so… we all know each other.”

“Um… okay?” You say, not sure where he’s going with this.

“N’it’s a monster store so…” He keeps scratching at his skull.

“Yeah… that’s where we’re supposed to be.” You say, still unsure what he's getting at.

He sighs again, dropping his hand from the back of his skull into his pocket. He keeps his eyelights leveled at the ground. “Everyone in there's gonna see me with… a h-human.”

“...Oh…” You say slowly as the realization hits.

Sans is worried about being seen in public with you.

He looks up at you quickly. “I-I ain’t tryin’ta say that… I-I jus’…” He nervously shuffles in place again as he struggles to get the words out. “Y-Ya don’t bother me it’s just…”

You place a hand on his head, giving the fidgeting monster a small calming pet.

“Skulls, if you want me to help you keep up your bad boy appearance all you gotta do is ask.”

He swats your hand off, face going red. “T-That ain’t it at all! N’don’t fuckin’ pet me ya idiot!”

“Heh, I can’t believe you're embarrassed to be seen with me.” You snicker.

“I jus’ said that ain’t it!”
“It’s ok.” You say, but deep down you feel a little hurt. “I wanted you to show me around but, we can take separate carts if you don’t want the attention.”

“Quit sayin’ shit’n listen ta ya dumb ass!” He shouts, trying to interrupt you.

You quiet down and wait. Watching him go back to nervous shuffling.

He sighs yet again. “C-Can ya jus’... t-try not ta do anything weird. S’already gonna be hard enough ‘splanin’ why I gotta human in there with me.”

Oh… so he is fine being seen with you.

“I mean... I did promise I would be on my best behavior.” You say. “I don’t see how it’s gonna be a problem.”

“Jus’... thought ya should know what to expect so ya don’t say somethin’ stupid.” He says as he starts walking.

You reposition your bag as you both walk, heading to the front of the building.

“Actually… what should we say? If someone asks.”

“Nothin. Jus’ tell’um it ain’t none of their damn business.”

“So, when someone asks you “what is your relationship with that really cute human”? you’re just gonna tell them it’s none of their business?”

“T-They ain’t gonna ask that! What the hell!” He responds in annoyance.

“Okay…” You say jokingly. “Don’t blame me when it comes up and you don’t know what to say.”
You round the corner and make it to the entrance of the building. You notice right away how very few cars there are in the parking lot. There is however, a prominently displayed bus stop nearby with several monsters lined around it holding bags of groceries. Guess they do take the bus everywhere. You hope they can start driving soon.

You make it to a pair of automatic sliding glass doors that read “Lapine’s Shop.” with a small note under it stating “The Relocated Snowdin Shop. Now with extra space!”

“Lapine…? So… a rabbit?” You ask as you go through the doors.

There’s a collection of carts lining the wall just past the doors. You grab one and start backing it out of the stack.

“Yeah, she ran’a local shop in Snowdin, cept’ up here she sells a lot more shit.” He answers.

“So this is like your hometowns shop?”

“S’pretty close, yeah.”

You push the kart through another pair of automatic sliding doors and get your first look at the shop.

Several rows of shelves run lengthwise through the shop, along with a second matching set in the back. A couple registers line the front, manned by monsters. The whole shop is full of them. And why wouldn’t it be? Printed on every advertisement and picture lining the shop is a monster. You’ve never been so amazed in your life.

A bony hand slaps you hard in the back. “Quit gwakin’ like’n idiot’n keep movin’.” Sans snaps as he glares at you.

“Skulls! There’s so many monsters here!” You say excitedly as you push the cart.

“No fuckin’ duh! Now shutup’n stop gettin’ excited over dumb shit! This ain’t a tourist attraction.
We get enough of ya shitty humans comin’ in ‘ere treatin’ us like a fuckin’ freakshow already. Don’t add to it.”

“Okay… okay.”

You try to keep yourself calm, but it’s hard. There are pictures for things you’ve never seen before. It’s like you’ve stepped into a new world. You can’t help it if you’re excited.

“Do ya even know what’cher lookin for?” Sans asks as he leads you towards the first aisle.

“Mmmm, kinda… I’m not entirely sure what’s sold here so…”

“The hell’r ya makin’ then?”

“Actually I needed to ask you about that. Neither of you are allergic to anything right?”

“Yeah, S’called yer shitty human food!”

“I meant like, anything you can’t eat that’s monster food?” You ask.

Sans thinks for a moment. “Allergies’r a human thing. Monster food kin look different, but it’s all’a same inna end so it doesn’t matter.”

“Okay, but there isn’t anything you or your brother specifically hate is there?”

“Boss hates greasy stuff. I’ll eat whatever s’long as it don’t taste like complete shit.”

“Hmmm… And you like mustard…” You say, thinking aloud.

“He doesn’t like it when I drink it.” Sans states simply.
“What food does he like then?” You ask as you walk over to the first aisle.

“Anythin’ with noodles in’um…” Sans replies. “Also… he won’t admit it but... he really likes dinosaur oatmeal…”

“Like the stuff with the melting dinosaur eggs?”

“Y-Yeah.” Sans answers quietly as you start to browse the aisle.

It’s filled with an assortment of strange drinks you’ve never heard of. They come in a variety of different cans and bottles. You pause as you look at a bottle marked “MTT glamour sweat, Drink the beauty that is a killer robot!” It has a picture of Mettaton in his rectangular form holding a chainsaw spraying pink sparkly liquid. You’re about to put it in the cart when Sans stops you.

“Don’t buy that. Tastes like gasoline mixed with garbage.” He warns.

“Now I’m even more curious.” You say as you hesitate.

“Don’t blame me when yer hurlin’ all over the floor cause’a yer damn stupid curiosity.”

You slowly put the bottle back. Still determined to try as many interesting products as possible.

“What about this one.” You point at a pack of cans marked “Canned Sea Tea.”

“S’cheaper if ya buy the packets. N’it tastes better.” He replies. “Anyway… ain’t’cha here fer somethin’ else?”

“Yeah… but now I wanna try some of this stuff. It looks interesting.”

Sans sighs, already knowing there’s no way he’s gonna be able to talk you out of it. He knew you were gonna be like this. The best he can hope for is to keep ya moving through the store at a steady
“Ya figured out what ya need yet?” He asks as he walks you out of the isle.

“M-Maybe…”

He sighs again. “Hurry yer shit up then. I ain’t taken this long wit’cha in every aisle.”

You follow him to the next aisle. This one containing an assortment of baking supplies. You pass another monster as you push your cart. It’s a large blue rabbit with several piercings going up both his ears. His own cart is filled with an assortment of milk and sugar. He stares at both of you as you walk by. You aren’t really sure what the look on his face means.

A low growl comes off the skeletal monster walking next to you.

“Keep yer eyes ta yerself Nice…” Sans warns in a low voice.

The rabbit monster snaps his eyes away and quickly pushes his cart down another aisle.

“You didn’t have to do that.” You whisper as you browse the aisle.

“Neither did he.” Sans answers back.

You keep looking at the products when you notice something. “Hey Skulls?”

“What?”

“What’s magic grade supposed to mean?” You ask as you point to a number printed on a bag.

“Some’a the food’s hybrid. Number has ta do with magic ta non magic percent innit.”
“They can make that?!”

“Yeah, use ta be real expensive underground cause’a the shortage’a non magic food.”

“So wait? Can you eat this?”

“S’gotta be over 70 percent.”

“What!”

“Stop fuckin’ yellin’!” He growls as you get excited.

“Wait? So what happens when you eat it? Like, does some of it disappear and the rest go down your throat, or…?”

“Like I fuckin’ know. S’long as it’s over 70 it does the same as 100 fer me. Anythin’ less’n that n’ some’a the food’ll fall through.”

You snicker to yourself as you imagine him eating food with some of it draining down into his shirt.

“What’s with these brands anyway?” You ask as you look at two separate bags of flour.

You’ve noticed the same two symbols on almost everything. One, a symbol of a carrot, and the other, bubbles.

“Mosta magic food’s made by two families. Vegitoids’n Parsnicks are the main brand. They usually make stuff with 100 grade. Woshuas do most’a the weird hybrid shit.”

“Huh...”
“Course any monster can try’n make shit, but those ones’r the best at it.” Sans points to another bag. “See this one’s got a different brand’n either of um, so it’s someone else tryin’ their hand at it. Lots more’a these’r poppin’ up now that we’re above ground.”

You take a look at the symbol. It’s an airplane? Maybe it’s some kind of flying monster.

“Skulls! You should try making something. I wanna see!” You say suddenly.

“W-What! No! I ain’t any good at green attacks. It’ll turn out like shit if I tried.”

“I’ll eat it anyway!”

“Fuck no. Sides, it tires ya out real badly if ya don’t know how ta do it.”

“But I really wanna see it!”

“N’I really want’cha ta learn what no means.”

Sans hurries you along the aisle and you make it to the back of the store. Milk and egg products line along the wall and you take a good long stare at the cartons.

“Okay, I have to ask this. How do you make things like eggs?”

“Same as everythin’ else.”

“But… it’s a chicken embryo!”

“And?”

“So the meat in your burger’s magic too?”
“Yeah, Ya can imitate anythin’ with magic if ya know what’cher doin’.”

“And it doesn’t just taste like eggs. Like, it can be used as leavening and everything.”

“Should act just’a same as a real egg till ya eat it.”

You grab a carton and look it over. It has the carrot symbol on it, it’s magical grade, and an energy per serving number. You search it for anything else, but there isn’t any other information other than some dialog stating it tastes like the perfect egg.

“Does this stuff ever go bad?” You ask.

“Not like yer food. Monster food slowly loses’a magical energy content overtime. Specially if ya don’t refrigerate it. If it loses enough, it’ll turn inta purple mush’n start corruptin’. Takes a long time ta get like that though.”

“Hmmm.” You put the carton in your cart, and grab a second.

“Ya finally figured out what ya need yet?” He asks.

“Maybe…” You say slowly. “I still wanna look around.”

You start on the next row of aisles. Adding a bag of noodles to your cart, and several different seasonings. You get to the condiment section, and both of you grab industrial sized bottles of mustard at the same time.

“Ya need that much mustard?” He asks.

“Yes. Besides, you come over all the time anyway.”

“I can buy my own damn food.”
“And I’m buying mine.”

He adds a second bottle to his section of the cart, and you grab a small bottle of hot sauce. As you’re looking through some of the more unique looking condiments, you notice Sans staring down one the the aisles, sweating a little.

After a moment he clears hi throat. “I uh… gotta get somethin’ real quick.” He says quietly.

“Give me a bit and I’ll be done.” You answer as you look at a bottle labeled, glitter sauce.

“N-Nah, s’fine. I can get’it on my own.” He says already hurrying away.

“Skulls wait!” you call, but he’s already disappeared around the aisle.

You sigh as you go back to browsing. Maybe it’s a personal thing. After a moment of looking, you turn to your cart, and stare right into two bloodshot beady eyes.

“Heya sweet thing.” The monster in front of you says.

He smiles, sharp teeth poking out of his bill. “See ya got hooked on monster food. How ya doin’ on yer own. Ya ain’t gettin’ lonely r’ya?”

You freeze as you stare at the pink bird monster standing before you.

Crap!

Chapter End Notes

So, what do you think it was that Sans needed to get?

I finally finished my Sans charms this week. You can check them out here
BottledPoeSoul

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

Read The Skeleton Games Sidequests

Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
"Shop at the shop, you can get some delicious sweet buns. They'll heal you in battle, but you better not get in any fights or I'll kill you."
-Sans Song

Sans looks over his shoulder as he speed walks to the small compartment shelf sitting along the side of the store. It’s hard to see it unless you know it’s there. Monsters preferred to keep this stuff private, so they all knew about the aisle, even if it was hidden. Humans, on the other hand, had no clue it was even in the shop.

He’d been thinking about it for a while now, trying to decide if he should buy it today, or come back later. He’s a little worried you’d see him with it, but he’s pretty sure you wouldn’t know what it was anyway. Besides, he isn’t in the mood to come back later. His season starts next week, and he needs to have something to cool him off when it hits.

Sans walks around the back of the aisle and his bones prickle as he feels his whole body plunge through something cold and thick. He immediately takes a step back and glares at the darkened air in front of him.

“Fuckin’ watch where ya goin’!” Sans snaps in warning.

“Oh… it’s you.” The black ghost glares balefully back. He hovers a small box back onto the shelf as he turns himself to face the skeleton who literally walked into him. “Maybe you should watch it yerself! Stupid one HP-”

“What was that fuck’wit!” Sans snarls, baring his teeth at the floating monster.

The dark ghost bares a deadly red smile back. “I said, maybe you should stop being a total useless waste of space and stop walkin’ through people!”
Sans feels his anger rise, but there’s nothing he can do. Not only are they in a shop, but Monsters aren’t supposed to get into fights in public anymore. Even if they could, none of his attacks would do anything to a ghost monster.

“Tch… move yer shit over then, I need ta get through!” Sans growls.

“I’ll move when I’m done lookin’.” The ghost replies, turning his glowing red eyes slowly back to the aisle and staying firmly in the way.

“Ya only got one type ya can use anyway!” Sans responds.

“Shut it! I was here first! I can browse all I want!” The ghost yells back.

Fuckin Napstablook, the stupid asshole! He’s always blockin’ shit! The only reason he never got dusted’s cause hes a fuckin’ ghost. Nobody even liked the fucker! He had a shit personality and basically lived by himself in waterfall.

“Fine then!” Sans yells as he steps through the ghost.

He feels his bones chill as the air momentarily thickens around him. He steps out on the other side and starts looking through the aisle.

“Gross! Now I gotta wash all the worthlessness off when I get home.” The ghost comments, turning up his face.

“Fuck’ you too asshole!” Sans growls, looking through the products.

Napstablook hovers a small translucent box off the shelf and starts to float away.

“trash bag!” He mutters behind him.

“Fuck face.” Sans calls back.
When he’s certain the ghost is gone, Sans grabs the nearest box off the shelf. The one Napstablook was looking at. “MTT’s Glamorous Seasonal Relief! When life’s turned up the heat, you can always act like a star! Warning: Not approved for human use.” it reads in sparkling pink and purple bold font. Sans face pulls up in disgust as he puts it back. Sure, he has a few MTT products in his house out of necessity, but he outright refuses to ever buy this brand for his personal needs.

He grabs another box next to it. In plain text it simply reads “Seasonal Relief.”

Good enough. All these products are basically the same anyway.

He walks out of the aisle, box in hand. He should get something to cover it with. He’s pretty sure yer gonna ask him what it is, and why he ran off to get it by himself. You always ask about everything. He keeps his eyelights glued to the shelves, searching for something big enough to hide the box with when.

“Buzz.”

His cellphone vibrates, and he pulls it out. He reads the one word text, and already his soul is humming out of control as he gathers his magic for a teleport.

NewContact3: Help!

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Sans ports out, missing his exit trajectory in his panic, he slams into the aisle shelf. The contents tumble to the floor around him as he tries to get his bearings. Whoever the fuck is messing with his human’s gonna fuckin’ pay! Ain’t no monster who can touch his shit without-

His soul drops when he sees who it is standing by his neighbor. They’re both looking at him as the last box of instant rice bounces off his skull and hits the floor.

S-Shit! Fuckin’ shit! Why does it have to be that asshole?
Sans straightens up as his soul tries to catch up and figure out what to say.

“U-Um…” You sputter, breaking the silence and turning back to the pink bird monster. “So… like I was saying. We’re kinda trying to work things out right now.”

“Ya are, are ya?…” Bird responds, starting to sweat as his bloodshot eyes narrow briefly in Sans direction. He steps a little closer to you, looking you up and down.

Sans soul twists in disgust. He’s so done with this fucker sayin’ shit about you. N’ now he thinks he can try’n seduce ya! Ya ain’t interested, so he’d better get his shit together n’ fuck off!

“Yeah.” You answer, leaning away from him. “So… I’m not really ready for-”

Sans stomps forward, sliding between the two of you.

“Fuckin’ lay off my mate ya asshole!” Sans snarls up into his face, baring his teeth as he pushes the other monster back. “The fucks wrong with ya, goin’ round touchin’ my shit!”

Huh…?

“I thought ya was done withe ‘er!” Bird replys back. “Never heard’a ya takin’ a girl back once ya was done!” He growls.

“Jus’ cause we had a fight don’t mean I was done with her! She’s still fuckin’ mine so lay off ass hole!” Sans yells, his eyelights starting to burn. The air begins to feel pressurized as the two glare at one another.

Uh…?

“C-Come’on S-Sans.” The bird monster sputters as he yields first. “Y-Ya know I wouldn’ta gone after her ‘less I thought’cher was done with ‘er.” He says, moving away from the smaller monster.

“I never said I was done with her ya shithead! Go wet yer soul inna toilet if yer that desperate fer.
humans!” Sans takes another step forward, forcing the other monster back.

What…?

“D-Don’t be that way. All ya had ta do was say somethin’. I get it, already.” Bird responds as he backs up some more. He holds his feathered hands up trying to placate the snarling skeleton.

“Ya’d better. If ya try’n mess with my shit again, there’ll be hell ta pay! Stay the fuck away from my mate!” Sans practically spits in his face.

“Tch… I get it.” Bird replys, letting his eyes wander over to you for one last moment before he turns and marches away. “How’s a guy supposed ta know ya’d get back together.” He mumbles down the aisle. “Thought’cha was done with ‘er…”

You wait until he turns the corner before letting your eyes drop to the monster still seething in rage beside you. He’s breathing pretty heavily as he stares down the empty aisle in anger.

“Uh… So that just happened.” You say awkwardly.

Sans rounds on you, eyelights ablaze. “What the fuck are ya doin’!?” He snarls.

“Um… I was looking at sauces, and then Bird saw me and wanted to get my phone number.”

“Don’t jus’ stand there’n talk to ‘im. Tell him to fuck the hell off!”

“I was… Skulls, you’re getting mad for no reason.”

“He’s tryin’ ta have sex with ya, you dumbass!” Sans yells in exasperation.

“Well duh…” You say in amusement. Sans seems to be strangely concerned with protecting your chastity. “That’s been pretty apparent from the moment we met.”
“What the hell’r ya doin’ talkin’ to ‘im for then!”

“Isn’t he your friend? I can’t just brush him off.”

“The fuck’s that asshole my friend!”

“I thought you said the guys at Grillby’s were your friends?”

“T-They are jus’... n-not that asshole.”

“Uh… okay? I didn’t know that.” You say as you turn and walk over to the boxes of food lying across the floor. “Wait… can humans even have sex with monsters?” You ask as you start to pick them up and return them to the aisle.

You know monsters don’t have the typical mammal genitalia to match humans, but from what you’ve gathered, they use their souls in some way during sex. Technically humans and monsters both have souls, but that doesn’t mean everything’s gonna line up. Can humans even use their souls in a sexual manner like monsters?

“The fuck! Don’t ask me shit like that in public.” Sans voice growls behind you.

“It’s a simple yes or no question?” You state, trying to find the place for the boxes of rice.

“It’s more’n a yes’r no answer, dumb ass! N’ I ain’t gonna ‘splain it ta ya inna middle of’a damn shop, or fuckin’ ever!”

“So the real answer’s yes…” You say aloud.

You hear him sighing behind you as you grab a small strange box from the floor.

You turn it over, reading the label as you try and figure out where it goes. “Seasonal Relief. Warning: Not approved for human use.” It reads.
Huh…? This isn’t a medicine aisle.

“Skulls, where does this go?” You ask, turning towards him.

His sockets widen for a moment, before, he snatches the box from your hand. He starts to sweat as he hides it behind himself out of your view.

“Wait… are you sick? I thought you said monsters don’t get sick?” You ask as you watch his reaction in confusion.

“I- I ain’t!” He answers as he sweats harder.

“Is that… allergy medicine? I thought you couldn’t get allergies?”

“I- It’s a special type’a allergy…” He responds, face heating a little as he looks away from you.

“Wow Skulls… that’s one of the worst lies I’ve ever heard come out of you.” You comment as he fidgets nervously.

“I- It ain’t none’a yer damn business so leave me the fuck alone!” He says turning towards the cart and stuffing the box between his items as you watch.

“Uh… okay then.” You respond.

So that’s what he went to get. Why’s he so embarrassed to be seen with it? And where did he even get it from? You don’t remember passing any sort of medicine in any of the aisles. It’s definitely medicine for something, but you could’ve sworn he told you monsters didn’t need medicine. It wasn’t human medicine either, the box was very clear on that. Maybe you should get another look at it, but you’re pretty sure there wasn’t any other information on it besides the few words you saw. Really Skulls… what is that?

Once you’re done picking up the fallen items, you walk back to the cart and start pushing it down the
aisle again, Sans shuffling along beside you.

“How the fuck was up with that text?” He asks as you turn the corner.

“What? Oh… that… I was worried about what I should say to Bird. I was trying to tell him we were at the store together without him thinking we were, you know… together together.”

“Fuckin’ thought ya were bein’ attacked.” Sans says as he palms his face.

“Aw… and you crashed into the aisle to rescue me?” You say, snickering.

“Tch… gonna leave yer ass next time ya ask fer help then.” He mutters.

“I mean, thank you Skulls. You are my hero. My knight in shining white armor, literally.”

“Sh-shuttup.”

“Heheh, I promised I wouldn’t say anything weird, so… I wanted you to come and help me figure out what to say and… it uh… looks like you said something weird for me.”

“What? I didn’t say nothin-”

Red begins to blossom across his skull as he realizes it.

“Really? So… nothing weird with yelling, don’t touch my mate, she’s mine, you can’t have her?” You ask sarcastically.

“T-That’s… I was j-jus’ tryin’ ta make him l-leave.” Sans says as the red deepens.

“That was some really possessive language right there. I felt like I was in the middle of some kinda heated monster rut or something.” You say with a laugh.
Sans loses his footing and has to grab the cart to keep from falling over.

“Uh… careful.” You warn as you come to a stop.

“D-Don’t fuckin’ say it like that!” He yells, entire skull going red.

“Um… say what?” You ask, not really sure what you said wrong.

Sans study’s your face for a moment before he looks away. “N-Nothin’… nevermind.” he says quietly as he shuffles forward.

What? What did you say?

You end up in a cereal aisle, and your eyes widen as you look at the strange selection. Once again, there’s a large variety of MTT branded items, along with pictures of the robot star in various poses, covered in pink and purple sparkly cereal. Some of them turn the milk strange colors, and you stop and pick one up in curiosity.

“So… how are you gonna handle Grillby’s now that we’re still supposedly dating?” You ask as you look the box over.

“I don’t fuckin’ know…” Sans replies, palming his face.

“I can publically break up with you again if you want?” You offer. “Or you can break up with me this time.”

“Gahhh fuck! This is fuckin’ bullshit!” He laments next to the kart.

“Heh... And I was trying my hardest not to start another rumor.”

You grab a box off the shelf that has rainbow changing milk. You’re gonna buy it. You have to see
“Didn’t mean ta say that shit again…” Sans says quietly as you walk over to the cart.

You look at him. He’s staring down the aisle, sweating slightly as he waits for you to finish.

“Skulls… I really don’t care. I actually think this whole thing’s hilarious.” You state.

He stuffs his hands in his pockets, looking set.

You stack the box of cereal atop his skull. “Stop being self deprecating.” You command as it wobbles around on his head.

He grabs the box off and chucks it violently into the cart. “Don’t put shit on my head!” He growls.

“Hahaha! There we go!” You giggle. “No being mopey!”

Sans sighs as you start pushing the cart again. You move down another aisle. It’s filled with an assortment of meat and frozen meals.

“So… are monsters really possessive with each other in their relationships or something?” You ask as you open the freezer.

“Ain’cha supposed ta be?” Sans asks back.

“Heh…?” You smile evilly behind the glass. “Why don’t you tell me oh highly experienced, and definitely not a virgin, monster.” You ask gleefully.

“Thought ya said ya wouldn’t say shit while we’re here.” Sans responds.

“I mean… s-some people are.” You correct. “It’s definitely not a popular concept for humans
“So what? Yer jus’ supposed ta let anyone take yer mate?” Sans asks.

“No, you trust your partner to make the right decision and not do things that would make you sad. It’s a relationship built on trust, not force.”

“Huh…” Sans mutters in thought. “But, ain’cha humans always rapein’ each other all’a time?”

You nearly drop the bag of vegetables you’re holding.

“What?” You say in shock.

“S’like fifty percent chance ta happen, right?”

“Skulls… where did you get that number?” You ask in disbelief.

“Boss was learnin’ ‘bout it at academy.”

A small grin slides across your face. “You do realize your brother likes to exaggerate…”

“…Oh.” Is all he says back.

“Stars Skulls! Do you really believe humans are that bad?” You ask, surprised.

“I didn’t fuckin’ know alright!” He growls back, slightly embarrassed. “Sides, ya got weird sex, so how the hell’m I supposed ta know?”

“What does that have to do with anything?” You ask, confused.
“I-It jus’ does!” He says in exasperation.

You grab the cart, walking down the rest of the aisle. It’s not long before you get through all the food. Eventually you turn into the last part of the store reserved for a random assortment of monster clothes, grooming supplies, and necessities.

“Don’t even know why ya gotta look through here. Ya ain’t even a monster.” Sans grumbles as he shuffles beside you.

“I just wanna look real quick.” You say to the impatient monster.

You pass a stand filled with expensive boxes covered in bright pink glittery font.

“What is this… make yourself more rectangular kit?” You ask as you stare in awe at the price tag next to it.

“S’bullshit. Doesn’t even work.” He responds.

“Wait? Have you tried this?” You ask in surprise.

“NO! I fuckin’ have not!” He snaps. “S’jus’ famous fer bein’ shit!”

“Wait… is this supposed to make you look like Mettaton!” You say in disbelief as you look at the images of a volcano monster becoming more rectangular.

“Who the hell else would it make ya look like?”

“Hahah, this is the best thing I’ve seen in here. And that’s including the coat with four sleeves on it.”

“Keep walkin’, I already told’ja this ain’t a tourist attraction.” He growls, trying to get you to move.
“I’m going, I’m going.” You respond as you push the cart towards the front of the store.

You get in line behind a large seahorse monster. He wears a leather jacket with torn off sleeves, showing his enormous bulging biceps. He glances over at you once, before doing a double take. His eyes grow large as his horse head swivels between you and Sans.

A low warning growl comes off your monster friend once again, and the seahorse quickly turns away.

“Stop that you.” You whisper to him. “You don’t have to growl at everyone that looks at us.”

“Then maybe they shouldn’t look.” He whispers back.

The cashier finishes scanning the seahorse’s items and he pays, keeping his head turned away from the both of you the entire time. As he moves away, you watch in fascination as he seems to sort of slither on his leathery tail.

“Next.” The cashier calls impatiently.

You pull your cart up to the front and get a good look at a rabbit monster in a white tank top. She has several studded piercings running along her ears, and a somewhat gentle look for a monster. Her fur is shines beautifully, and you force yourself to start loading your items to keep from staring.

“First time here hun?” She asks as she scans your first item.

“Uh yeah…” You answer.

“Hope ya found somethin’ nice then.” She says with a small smile. “I’m the owner of the shop, names Lapine.”

“I was wondering if that was you.”

“Monsters have a unique taste for naming things eh?” She says, laughing a little.
You stare at her in wonder. This is literally the kindest monster you’ve ever met. You didn’t even know they had the capability to be like this.

“Y-Yeah. ” You answer in surprise as you place the last of your things on the counter.

Sans slides up beside you and starts loading his things next.

She looks at him and grins. “And what’s your relationship with such a cute nice human, hmmm Sans?”

You and Sans immediately lock eyes.

“She asked it…” You say, starting to laugh.

“S-Shut the fuck up!”

“I can’t believe someone asked it. That was totally a joke.” You say through your snickers.

“How the fuck does this even happen?” He says, palming his face.

“I told you someone would, and now you don’t have an answer ready.”

“We’re just fuckin’ shoppin’! That’s the fuckin’ answer!”

“I thought you said the answer was supposed to be none of your business!” You say, fully giggling.

“Shut it! Yer jus’ bein’n ass now!”

“I can’t help it if I predict things!”
Lapine watches your argument in amusement as she finishes scanning your items. She bags them, on a separate station, and brings up the total.

“I… uh… I’m just having him show me around a monster shop.” You say through your laughs as you give her some bills. “That’s pretty much it.”

“Hmmm, the real surprise is how you convinced him to do it.” She responds with a wry smile as she hands you back some change.

“I am very convincing.” You say.

“Ya are not! S’jus’ the only way ta make ya shutup!” Sans butts in.

“What? But I convinced you to work at a haunted house with me.”

“Ya did not! That was practically blackmail!”

“No it wasn’t, that was a very fair deal!”

“Oh yeah? N’what part’a that deal supposed ta be you convincin’ me!”

“The part where I said it would be fun!”

Sans glares at you. “Hurry up’n grab yer shit! Yer in the way!” He says in annoyance.

You grab your bags and move off to the side as Sans checks out.

“Actually hun, if you want, you can have one of my famous cinnamon bunnies.” She says, pointing to a small warming machine a few feet away. “I make them all myself. It’s on the house for new customers.”
“Yes please!” You say happily as you walk over. You open the door and look inside at an assortment of rabbit shaped cinnamon buns practically dripping with warm sugared cream. Their rich sweet scent wafts into your face as the hot air billows out of the warmer.

As soon as you walk off, Sans leans up to the rabbit monster.

“Ya got anythin’ stowed away fer seasons?” He asks quietly, keeping an eye on you as you grab a nearby paper slip to pick out a sugary treat.

“What? You aren’t gonna ask your human friend to help you out.” She replies with a knowing smirk.

“No I fuckin’ ain’t!” Sans whispers as loudly as he dares, feeling his face heat a little. “That’s a fuckin’ human! What the hell!”

“I don’t see the problem with that hun.” She says as she bends over, and grabs something hidden under the register.

“I ain’t interested.” Sans says flatly.

“S’far as I can tell, that's the friendliest I’ve ever seen ya get with someone who isn’t your brother, and I’ve known you for a very long time.” She says, dropping something flat and rectangular in one of his bags. It's wrapped in thick paper lining.

“I-It ain’t like that, so shut it.” Sans whispers, watching you walk back with a steaming hot cinnamon bun and a stupid happy smile.

“I-it ain’t like that, so shut it.” Sans whispers, watching you walk back with a steaming hot cinnamon bun and a stupid happy smile.

“Make sure nobody gets ahold’a that.” Lapine whispers quietly as you approach. “Even your cute human friend.”

“I know!” Sans says back, handing her some money and grabbing his bags.
“These are really good!” You say as you walk up, a slight smudge of sugar near your mouth.

“Well’a course they are, they’re my own recipe.” Lapine responds.

“Skulls, wanna bite?” You ask holding it out to him.

“No I don’t! Ya already put yer gross human mouth all over it. So I ain’t gonna touch it.” He says in defiance.

“Suit yourself.” You say, taking another bite.

You say goodbye to Lapine, and follow him out the doors, enjoying the sticky flavor of the warm treat as the cold autumn air hits like a truck. Leaves swirl through the air signaling winter’s fast approach. They crunch underfoot as you walk back around the outside of the store.

“So… she was strangely nice for a monster.” You say as you enjoy the treat.

“S’cause she’s a shopkeeper.” Sans responds.

“What does that have to do with anything?” You ask.

“Ya can’t start fights in shops.” Sans responds.

“Uh… what?”

“Ya just can’t. S’part’a the code.” He says simply, before turning towards you. “Hurry up’n let’s get outta here.” He says holding out his hand.

“You wanna play something later?” You ask.

“After I eat, sure… whatever.”
“Then let's go!” You say, grasping his hand.

Chapter End Notes

Anyone wanna take a guess at what Sans got from Lapine?

Cause we're about to drop into some really fun chapters.

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Chapter Summary

Sans Plays video games with you and SlyPancake. Then later he plays with something else.

Chapter Notes

So… slight sin this chapter… Okay maybe more than slight. Some sin. I have no idea how to gauge how much sin this is. Also I’m pretty sure this is less a warning and more of a celebratory announcement for most of you, but for the few of you who care.

Naughty things with skeletons at the end of the chapter, you have been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The screen of your computer shines against your face as you tap the little x in the corner several times, and watch all your programs close. You’ve finished work early today, and that means what it always means. Time to play some games.

You check the time and realize Sans won’t be home for a while. Instead you decide to contact your good friend SlyPancake and see what he’s up to. You haven’t played with him for a few weeks, and you really need to rectify that. You send him a message and put your laptop down, stretching as you wait for a response.

**You:** I’m available right now, wanna play something?

After a few seconds of waiting, he responds.

**SlyPancake:** You can join me in Royal Grounds if you want?

**You:** Yeah, sounds good to me, I’ll get on now.

Royal Grounds was a new favorite of yours. One hundred players were dropped into the castle ruins of an old land. You had to find weapons to defend yourself and kill the other players in order to be
the last one standing. The game used a corralling mechanic that made players to stay close to one another via a shrinking circle. As the circle slowly closes, the surviving players would be forced together, causing them to fight for dominance in the limited leftover space. It was a great game. Almost everyone was playing it, and almost everyone was streaming it.

You slap your headphones on, opening the game and getting ready. You have to wait a few minutes for SlyPancake to get out of his match. Eventually you’re sent an invite, and a moment later, a voice call.

“Hey Pancake” You say as you accept the call. “Been a while. How’s the channel?”

“It’s been slow growing like usual. Fam’s asking where you’ve been?”

“Aw, they miss me.”

“I think over half my subscribers are on here for you…”

“Don’t get too jealous.”

“Yeah… I’m pretty sure we both know why.”

“My hot woman voice man! Maybe if you pinched your’s up a bit you’d get more followers.”

“I think it’s more than the vocal range of your voice.”

“I can’t help it if you’re bad at games. Get good boy.”

“Uh huh… pretty sure it’s more than that.”

“You forgot to hit ready.”

“Ah! Shit!”
The game loads your character and sets you in a lobby for duo que.

“So what’ve you been doing? You’ve hardly been on lately, and that’s weird.” SlyPancake asks.

“Been hanging out with my neighbor.”

“Wait… you don’t mean that asshole guy who wouldn’t shut off his music?”

“It is indeed the same guy.”

“So you finally met him!?”

“Yeah… he snuck into my apartment.”

“What!”

“I pepper sprayed him in the face.”

“What!”

“Then I invited him over to play Silent Space 4.”

“Wait, wait, wait…? You invited the guy over to play video games after he snuck into your apartment!? Pancake asks, a little disturbed at your life making decisions.

“…When you put it that way, it sounds stupid and dangerous.”

“You should have called the police!”
“He only did it once…” You try and reason. You are not making your friend out to be a good person. “And it was cause I was messing with him.”

“I’m pretty sure griefing someone in a video game does not mean you can sneak into their house.”

“I also bought him a waifu pillow.”

“Oh yeah… haha! I forgot about that. Still… that’s really bad. I can’t believe you’ve been hanging out with this guy.”

“I don’t think he was gonna do anything bad, he thought I was a kid remember. And actually, he’s a lot of fun. His reactions are the best.”

“Wait… how old is he?” Pancake asks slowly.

“Twenties.”

“Hmm… so, you interested in him for something other than video games?”

At this you start to slowly snicker.

“Yes… heheh, but it’s not because of what you’re implying.”

You avoid telling him your neighbor’s a monster. Partially because you feel like it’s not your job to say anything, and partially because you like to keep a certain amount of privacy online. It would be very easy to narrow down where you live if you said you have a monster neighbor. There’s only one small city in the entire world with monsters in it right now.

“What’s so interesting about him?” SlyPancake asks.

“Let’s just say he’s a very interesting person.”
“Mmmhmmm… interesting how?”

“He’s just interesting.”

SlyPancake sighs once he realizes you aren’t gonna tell him anything.

You play several rounds, eventually finding your groove for the game and winning a few. You’re nearing the end of a match when you hear your neighbor suddenly start stomping around.

“Contact! Contact! Bearing 330. He’s prone!” SlyPancake yells into the receiver.

“I see him, I see him!” You scream as your gun fills his crawling body with a spray of bullets. “We’re eating chicken dinner tonight Pancake!” You cheer as the victory screen appears.

“Woooo! Die asshole!”

“That’s the third one!”

“I told’um! I told’um your my good luck charm. Hah hah! Hell yeah!” SlyPancake screams into the mike.

You both get your cheers out as you celebrate your most recent win. You’re mid laugh when you hear a low voice behind you.

“What’cha screaming’ about like an idiot for?”

You peek around the back of your couch, looking for the voice.

“Oh, hey Skulls! Just won another match in Royal Grounds.” You grin at him.
Hes holding his computer to his chest. Mouse, power supply, and a large bottle of mustard juggled in his other arm as he glares at you from your entryway. The bags under his sockets are back, and he looks tired as he stands awkwardly looking at you.

“Who are you talking to?” SlyPancake’s voice calls through your headphones.

“One moment Pancake.” You answer before turning off your mike.

“Y-Yer already playin’ with someone…?” Sans asks slowly, readjusting his hold on his things.

“It’s okay. You can play with us.” You say, leaning over the back of the couch.

You have to give Sans credit today. Sure, he came over without asking, but you didn’t have to practically beg him to show up for once. This is the first time he’s come over of his own volition.

Sans shifts his hold again as his eyelights look at you apprehensively. “S’fine… I should’a asked.”

“I already said I don’t mind if you teleport over whenever you feel like it, just knock before you open any closed doors or you might see something you can never unsee.”

“I-I know that already!” His face washes with red.

“Then hurry up and get over here!” You pat the couch.

“FINE!” He yells, stomping over.

“This game’s really fun by the way.” You say as he sets his laptop up. “Almost everyone’s playing it right now.”

“Ya say that about every game ya make me play.” He responds as he plugs in his power supply.
“This one is extra fun then… Uh… Pancake?” You call into the receiver, unmuteing your mike as you watch Sans set up across the couch from you.

“Yeah?” He answers.

“I’m inviting my neighbor to play with us.”

SlyPancake sighs. “Is he any good?”

“He’s… pretty good for a guy who’s only just started playing video games a few weeks ago.”

“You’re having us play with a guy who’s only just started playing video games?”

“…He’s not that bad.”

SlyPancake sighs again. “Whatever, you already got me plenty of good video, so I’ll play a few rounds with your “interesting” neighbor.” He emphasizes the interesting part, annoyed that you still won’t tell him what it means.

Beside you, Sans finishes getting comfortable on your couch. He quickly melts into the expensive leather seat, looking content. He brings the bottle of mustard up to his teeth, sipping from it. For the first time, you notice his lack of headphones.

“Actually, give me a couple minutes Pancake, gotta help him setup something.” You call, before quickly hitting the mute button again. You turn to Sans next. “I sent you the game so you can start downloading it.” You stand from the couch, taking your headphones off. Sans responds only with a grunt as you walk around past him, through your kitchen, and down your hallway.

You have a second pair of headphones stored in your spare bedroom. You open the door to the unused room and are met with storage boxes and bins filling the walls. It should be in the stack in the back, second box down.

As you walk through the room, your foot lands on something soft and squishy and you quickly look down. Hmm… what’s this? And amused grin plasters itself across your face when you realize what it
is. You pick it up smiling as you go over to the stack of boxes. How could you forget about something so important.

“Skulls! Hey Skulls! Look what I found!” Sans lifts his head from his screen just in time to be smashed in the face by an enormous eyed, crying, half naked anime girl. “It’s your waifu!”

“The hell!” He says, pulling the pillow off himself and staring at it for a second before his eyelights register what the offensive object is. “F-Fuck!” He flings it off himself as quickly as possible. “Don’t put yer nasty ass kink pillow on me!”

“It’s not a kink pillow, it’s your waifu Skulls!” You say as you reach down, picking it off the floor. “How could you leave Cutie Cherry Pie-Chan all alone like that?”

“It ain’t my fuckin’ waifu, It’s a damn pillow with a half naked human on it!”

Cuddling it to your body, you sit down and turn towards Sans, making sure it's naughty side is facing him.

“Just look at her sad face, she missed you so much.”

“It’s got a sad face cause ya humans’r inta that fuckin’ shit!”

“Come’on Skulls... She's even wearing long, extra tight thigh socks just for you.”

“S-Shut the fuck up about that!” Sans shouts as his face reddens.

“But Skulls! She missed you.” You pout.

“Fuckin’ put that thing down! I can’t even look at ya!”

“Noooo! I bought this for you! You have to accept my love in the form of this anime pillow!”
“Love my ass! Yer just tryin’ ta piss me off!”

“Just look at her Skulls.”

“I ain’t gonna look. That thing’s nasty.”

“She’s so sad.”

“It’s a fuckin’ picture! It can’t be sad!”

“She missed you so much! I can’t believe you left her all alone in my storage room.”

“I didn’t put it there! You did!”

You pause for a moment in your giggles as you think… You must have kicked it in there shortly after you sprayed him in the face. Probably because it was in the way of you attempting to move a blinded biting terrified monster into your bathroom.

“But you abandoned your waifu with me, how could you?” You say after a moment.

“Like I give a shit, that was the fuckin’ plan the whole time.”

“Wait… you snuck into my house just so you could give back the pillow I bought you?”

“Thought ya had a kid remember. Figured e’d get in trouble if ya saw him with somethin’ like that.”

“OHHHH!” You say loudly once you realize his plan.

“The fuck did’ja think I was gonna do?” Sans says in offense.
“I don’t know… I really didn’t know what you were gonna do. You did threaten to make me wish I was dead multiple times in voice chat.”

“Ya still make me wanna threaten ya…” Sans says in annoyance.

“Ahhh, but Skulls, now you love me.”

“Love ya ta shuttup! Now put that shit down before I stuff it in the void with Boss’s cookin’.”

“Is that where it goes?”

“Yes, now put it fuckin’ down!”

You toss the pillow away and hand over the headphones. He smashes them onto his large skull before plugging them in. You wait for a moment, letting him get settled before you turn towards him.

“Hey Skulls?”

He grunts in response.

“Um… so… we’re gonna play with my friend who streams and makes videos on YouTube.”

“Tch... Still think it’s weird humans sit around watchin’ other people play videogames.”

“I’ve already told you. It’s like you’re vicariously playing videogames with a cool person… Anyway… he’s not gonna record us this time, but he may in the future.”

“Ya tellin’ me I can’t swear?” He shifts on the couch, looking annoyed.

“No… hah… like you could stop that. Besides he swears all the time as well. What I’m trying to say is... I haven’t… uh... told him you’re a monster or anything yet.”
“Ya haven’t?” He responds, looking confused.

“No, not yet. Most people are gonna assume you're a human by default, so… If you want, it’s your choice if you say anything or not. I’m not gonna say anything.”

Sans goes quiet for a moment as he mulls over this information. Hopefully he doesn’t think you didn’t say anything because you're ashamed of him being a monster. If anything, you're actually pretty proud to have a monster friend. It took a lot of hard work and effort to get this guy to trust you.


“I thought you hated all the attention you get for being a monster?”

“Course I do, but I ain’t gonna fuckin’ hide it like I’m ashamed ta be one either. Jus’ cause yer all fuckin’ assholes ‘bout my species don’t mean I gotta be a priss about it.”

“Oh… okay then.” Is all you think of in response.

You smash on your own headphones and get settled on the couch.

“I’m back.” You say after unmuting the call.

“Invite your neighbor to the call.” SlyPancake answers robotically back. He's probably playing something else while he waits.

Sans has to download the voice chat before you can invite him, but eventually you hear the ping of the server indicating he joined the call.

“RadSkull86… huh?” SlyPancake reads slowly.
Sans keeps quiet as he opens his newly downloaded game.

“Don’t be quiet Skulls. Say hi.” You demand. You aren’t gonna let him be antisocial.

“I’ll say hi when I wanna…” He mumbles back.

“Sorry Pancake, he’s kinda shy.” You say, trying to cover for him.

“I am not fuckin’ shy!” Sans growls immediately.

“So you're the neighbor with the music?” SlyPancake questions.

“Ya told ‘em about that!” Sans says in annoyance.

“Well yeah, I had to complain to someone about it.” You snicker.

“I know about the body pillow too, and that you snuck into her house.” SlyPancake says blankly.

“Tch… she started it.” Sans eyelights drop to the pillow. “N’ I already said I was jus’ returnin’ the kink pillow, I wasn’t gonna do nothin’ else.”

“We really are friends now Pancake, you don’t need to question him.” You say, sensing SlyPancake may be judging your friend preemptively. The game loads the lobby, and you watch as Sans face flinches from the noise of the other players in the waiting room.

“Alright alright… I’ll forgive him as long as he answers one important question.” SlyPancake says in defeat.

“Tch… like I give a fuck about what ya think.” Sans mutters.

SlyPancake continues, ignoring San’s comment. “My streamers and followers have always wanted
to know, is Hemo-Chan hot?”

“What!” Sans shouts.

“She won’t tell us what she looks like!” SlyPancake complains.

“Hahahah tell him Skulls!” You laugh, already knowing SlyPancake isn’t gonna get anywhere questioning Sans about your physical attractiveness levels.

Sans eyelights dart to you in a glare, before going back to his computer screen. “S-She looks fuckin’ normal.”

“Normal?” SlyPancake questions. “Come’on? You’re the only guy who’s ever seen what the great Hemo-Chan looks like. Is she hot or what?”

“I ain’t fuckin’ interested!” Sans growls between your laughs. “N’ stop fuckin’ laughin’!” He spits in your direction.

“Oh… sorry… I didn’t know you swung that way.” SlyPancake says quickly.

This causes you to laugh even harder.

“T-That’s not what I meant!… I jus’… I ain’t interested in her s’all!” Sans says in exasperation.

“I guess that means he doesn’t think you’re hot.” SlyPancake says, starting to laugh a little as well.

“Skulls, that’s so mean! And I tell everyone you’re cute all the time.” You whine.

“Yer jus’ bein’ an ass about that!” Sans growls back

“No I’m not, I’m very serious about it.”
“Well it ain’t true, so it doesn’t matter.” Sans says stubbornly.

“Hahaha, you were right. This guy is funny.” SlyPancake comments.

“The hell am I funny! I’m bein’ serious right now.” Sans snaps.

“Come on Skulls, you gotta at least say something nice about how I look.” You pout.

“I don’t gotta say nothin’!”

“At least tell me what she looks like.” SlyPancake cuts in.

Sans looks you over once before folding his arms. “Sh-Shes tall.”

You and Pancake both burst out laughing.

“That’s the one thing I already knew.” Pancake responds.

“The hell d’ya want from me then?” Sans growls.

“Wait is she actually taller than you?” Pancake asks.

“The fuck do you think “she’s tall” means?”

“So wait? How tall are you then.”

“Hes tiny, like barely three feet.” You cut in.
“I am taller than three fuckin’ feet!” Sans growls back.

“Sorry… when you’re that short I can’t really tell.” You laugh.

“Hahaha, no way! Skulls, you’re a short guy? I never would have guessed. You’re voice is so low.” Pancake laughs.

“The fuck does that have to do with anything?” Sans says in confusion.

“Don’t you usually expect taller guys to have lower voices?” Pancake asks.

“That’s a thing?” Sans asks.

“I don’t know… guess it doesn’t really matter. I just imagined, with a voice like that, you were a tall guy.” Pancake responds.

“Heh… how else do you imagine he looks?” You ask, immediately interested.

“Kinda scruffy, like he doesn’t brush his hair a lot.”

You immediately snicker at this comment. “Anything else?” You ask, watching Sans roll his eyelights out of the corner of your eyes. Sans hasn’t mentioned anything about being a monster yet, but you aren’t gonna bring it up. He can say it if, and when, he wants. In the meantime, you’re gonna milk this for all it’s worth.

“I don’t know, we haven’t talked enough for me to know yet.” SlyPancake responds.

The game load in and you survey the map as you wait to drop from the blimp as it slowly flies across the screen.

“Hit f when we tell you to drop and go towards the marker at the top of your screen.” You say to Sans.
“Kay.” He responds.

The three of you land in an out of the way location with a couple houses. You both decide it’s best to let Sans get used to the controls first before getting into any fights. You spend some time teaching him how to manage his inventory, and which items are best to loot as SlyPancake keeps watch for any approaching enemy players. Your just finishing emptying the houses when the first circle shrinks and you have to move to a new location to fit in the next one. You head off towards a new location, making sure to keep an eye on Sans character the entire time.

“So… your in your twenties right? Going to school or anything?” Pancake asks.

“Tch… no. Just work’n help this idiot with her dumb haunted house.” Sans responds passively.

“He works at the haunted house with you?” SlyPancake says in surprise.

“Yeah, I kinda got him into it.”

“Ya mean ya blackmailed me!” Sans cuts in.

“Whatever, you love it!”

“I do not!”

“You were laughing like a maniac the last time.”

“Yeah, cause that’s what yer supposed ta do ta scare people.”

“Ah come’on Skulls, just admit it.”

“I ain’t gonna admit what ain’t true.”
“Speaking of haunted houses, there’s this awesome video going around.” Pancake cuts in.

“Yeah, about what?” You ask.

“Remember how you said you wanted to meet those monsters who came out of that mountain in Ebott?” You feel yourself start to sweat nervously as Pancake brings up a past conversation that you’d hoped had been buried forever. “Well now you can. Ebott’s got at least two of them working in a haunted house you can visit. If you're willing to travel there, you can see them.”

“O-Oh… yeah?” You respond nervously.

“Yeah, now you can make all your hot monster dreams come true.”

“WHAT!” Sans screeches, quickly looking over at you.

You feel his death glare digging into the side of your body, but you keep your eyes locked on the screen in front of you.

SlyPancake continues. “Hemo’s totally into monster boys, so when a bunch of them came out of the mountain she kept saying how she was gonna make friends with all of them no matter how mean they are.”

“What… humans can actually have a thing for monsters?” Sans says in confusion.

“Have you been living under a rock your whole life?” Pancake asks. “The monster girl, and by extension, monster boy fetish has been around before actual real monsters surfaced. Actually a lot of people were disappointed because they didn’t match what they were expecting.”

You slide deeper and deeper into your couch as you listen to the two talk. Oh stars… Pancake just had to bring it up.

“Oh really…?” Sans says, and you feel his eyelights somehow burning into you, even as you keep
your eyes averted.

“Yeah, and guess what her favorite type is?”

“Ahhh! Don’t tell him that!” You yell, trying to make him stop.

“What! What is it?” Sans calls over the top of you. For once you’re the one getting caught saying things you’re regretting.

“CONTACT! CONTACT! Bearing 220. Behind the trees!” Pancake suddenly shouts.

You move automatically to the nearest cover, but Sans isn’t fast enough. The opposing team fires at him, and he goes down, but not before you take out two of their guys in the process. Sans actually makes a good distraction.

“I got two of them.” You call.

“Got one.” Pancake says back. “Last guy’s behind the rock at 230.”

“I’m going for it.” As soon as you move from cover the guy fires at you. Sadly your opponent has no way of knowing just how often you played video games. You may have less cover, but you also have better aim. All you needed was for him to move his body out and you immediately take him down faster than he can get you back.

“And that’s all of them” You say as you walk over to Sans downed body, hitting the revive key.

“This game goes from zero ta fuckin’ ya over real fast.” Sans comments.

“Yep, that’s why it’s so fun. You make a good distraction by the way.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever…” He mumbles, annoyed he got taken out so fast without being able to do anything.
You make it to the next cluster of houses, quickly checking them against enemy teams before finding the tallest building to take cover in.

“Don’t worry, you’ll get the hang of it.” Pancake says supportively. “Nobody’s ever perfect the first time they play something.”

“Cept for me.” You say proudly.

“You don’t count, you’re some kinda weird gaming prodigy. I still say you should try professional league.”

“Nope, not interested.” You respond. You do not want to deal with that much attention in your life. Besides, getting famous makes it hard to restart your identity every couple of years. You don’t want people recognizing you years after you’ve changed identities.

“Anyway… what was that shit she was sayin’ ‘bout monsters?” Sans asks with a smirk.

“Oh that… eh… I probably shouldn’t tell you.” Pancake responds lamely.

“What! Y-Ya gotta-”

“I said that when the barrier broke because some people online were saying rude things! It was a joke, I wasn’t being serious.” You quickly try and cover.

“As if! Ya were sain’ shit’n now I getta know!” Sans growls back.

“Oh… if she doesn’t want me to say it… then I’m not-” Pancakes starts.

“Ya can’t jus’ bring up that shit’n not say it!” Sans says quickly.

“Don’t tell him!” You cut in.
“Wait… why is this such a big deal? It’s just your favorite monster.” Pancake asks.

“Cause I am a monster!” Sans yells.

There’s a tick of silence as you all watch your screens, still huddled in the house waiting for approaching enemies.

“Hahaha… what?” Pancake asks. “Yeah right.”

“He is.” You say, backing up your friend.

“Is that what you meant by saying he’s ‘Interesting’?”

“Well, he’s still pretty interesting regardless.” You comment.

“C-Come’on, there’s no way he’s a monster.”

“Tch… dumb ass.” Sans mumbles.

“But you sound so normal!”

“The fuck’s that supposed ta mean?” Sans says in offense.

“Uh…” Pancake stops for a moment. “W-What I mean is… you’re kinda animals so… sh-shouldn’t you sound more-”

“Ya humans'r actually genetically related ta animals. We jus' happen ta look like em. Technically ya are an animal dumbass!” Sans growls back.
“Oh holy shit! You’re right!” Pancake says.

“Ya actually think we should sound like fuckin’ animals!”

“Skulls, I know for a fact I’ve heard you growl at people.” You state. Sure, Pancake was being rude, but in his defense, Sans did have some very animalistic tendencies.

“It’s fuckin’ weird that’cha can’t do that!” Sans says in exasperation. “If animals can, ‘n monsters can, why the hell can’t’cha?”

“Not every animal can.” Pancake says back. “So wait, are you a cat monster then?”

“The hell would’ja even guess that!”

“See! I told you you’re like a cat.” You comment.

“I ain’t a fuckin’ dumbass cat!”

“Then what type are you?” Pancake asks.

“Oh! Oh! We should make him guess!” You shout in glee.

“No we fuckin’ should not!” Sans says.

“Maybe a dog?” Pancake continues to guess.

“Shut up! I’m a skeleton.” Sans shouts over the top of you both.

“Holy shit! No way! I didn’t even know there were skeletons till I saw that video. I thought monsters were all mostly furries.”
“The fuck’s a furry?”

“Do not look that up.” You say immediately. You can already imagine the disappointed look he’d give you when he saw what they were. “Actually… nevermind. You should totally look that up.”

“It’s some nasty human shit ain’t it?”

“It’s uh… it’s definitely something…”

“Wait, wait, wait…” Pancake cuts in. “You said you work at a haunted house. Then you're the monster in that video!” Sans rolls his eyelights. “OH MY GOD! You know that thing’s going viral. Those jokes were amazing.”

Sans is instantly all grins. “Hehe heh heh, see. Tol’ja they’re great.” He snickers as he briefly looks your way.

“Pancake, no! Do you even realize how often he tells those exact same puns?”

“Heheheh! I already know ya secretly find me humorous!” Sans chuckles.

“Look what you've done!”

“Come’on. Ya gotta have’a funny bone in ya somewhere.” Sans says through a smug grin.

“Hahahah! Wait! So when you mentioned that thing about your freak of a neighbor?” Pancake asks.

Sans completely busts up laughing now.

“Mmmm, Skulls! you’re so mean!” You pout.
“Heheheh! I definitely do not wanna hear that shit comin’ from you!” Sans answers through his laughter.

“Wait, wait, Skulls, I gotta question for you.” Pancake asks.

“Tch… what?” Sans says, already detecting it’s some dumb monster question.

“You’re a skeleton right…? Entirely made of bones?”

"Yeah..."

"Do you have a dick?"

Sans stops laughing and sighs. Of course he gets asked this immediately. "... Seriously the fuck's wrong with humans!” He says in exasperation.

“Pancake not cool man.” You say, backing up your friend.

“What? It’s a legitimate question from one guy to another. Don’t tell me you’ve never thought about it Hemo-Chan.”

“At least I’m polite enough not to ask!”

“Only cause I fuckin’ said somethin’ before ya could! Fuck! Yer all perverted assholes!” Sans sighs again.

You quiet down in awkward silence as you sit in the house looking out the windows, waiting. There’s still a couple seconds before the circle starts closing again. Pancake absentmindedly taps up and down on the crouch key as he watches from his corner.

“... He doesn’t have one by the way.” You say suddenly.
“What the fuck! The hell do ya keep talking about this for!” Sans growls.

“Ah… that's kinda a letdown!” Pancake says.

“No it ain't!” Sans responds. "Like hell I’d want yer nasty ass genitals hanging off’a me ya sick freak.”

You start laughing just imagining it.

“Hahah you know, I was worried when Hemo-Chan told me she was hanging out with you, but I’ve changed my mind. You’re actually pretty awesome skeleton man.”

“I know, right!” You agree.

“Tch…” Sans glares, but his face betrays him as ever so slightly it heats.

“Contact, contact! Bearing 70, coming up the hill!” You suddenly shout, spotting an enemy team running towards your houses.

Pancake moves to the windows you're standing at and watches their approach. “Let’s let them get a little closer, away from those trees.”

You wait for them to run into the field before opening fire. They scatter, but it’s too late. There isn’t anything to take cover under.

“Fuckin’ die ya dumb shits!” Sans yells, gleefully joining you this time in your slaughter.

A few hours later you say your goodbye’s to SlyPancake when he informs you he needs stop playing so he can edit his video. Before logging of he asks one more thing from Sans.
“And Skulls man. You really should think about doing a stream. I’m telling you, people would love it.”

“Tch… I already I said I ain’t interested.” Sans responds.

“Hemo-Chan, hurry up and blackmail him into it.” Pancake commands you.

“I’ll work on it.”

“You will not!” He growls.

“But I have the perfect game idea!” You plead.

“I’m not recordin’ my face!”

“... okay, okay…” You say sadly as SlyPancake disconnects from the call. Sans would not enjoy that at all.

You pull off your headphones, letting your ears relax in freedom as you check the time.

“What’r we gonna play now?” Sans asks through a yawn.

“Actually I’m making you go home early today.” You say, standing up. This time you're gonna make sure he gets some sleep for once.

“It ain’t that late.”

“You need to get some sleep.”
“I’ll sleep when I feel like it.”

"I can tell you haven't been sleeping."

"I'm fine. I ain't that tired!"

“Too bad, I'm kicking you out anyway.”

“Tch… fine.” He says, getting up as well and going over to the power outlet to unplug his laptop.”

“And don’t forget your waifu!” You say, pointing to it on the floor.

“That thing ain’t comin’ anywhere near me!”

“But Skulls! I bought it for you!” You pout.

“Too bad, I don’t want it!”

“But she’s so sad!” You say, picking up the pillow.

“I ain’t interested in havin’ a picture of a human with’er gross ass tits hanging out, sittin’ round in my apartment.”

“They aren’t completely hanging out.” You say, looking the image over.

“It’s nasty’n I don’t wanna see’um.” He rolls up his power cord.

“Hahaha, Okay, Okay.” You drop the pillow, secretly planning to bring it over the next time you get a chance. “See you later then.” You say as he finishes collecting his things.
“Tch... Later.” He repeats with a lazy wave, before teleporting away.

Sans ports directly into his apartment bedroom, yawning as he scratches the back of his head. The gaming night with your stupid online friend didn’t turn out as bad as he thought it would be. The guy was a bit of an ass, but at least he was tolerable. Heh… he even got some dirt about’cha from him. A few more weaknesses like that’n he could get’cha back ten fold fer all the shit ya’ve done.

Sans scans his floor for a spot to set his laptop down. His entire room’s a complete mess of clothes and trash as it nears the end of the week. There’s even a small a sock tornado spinning endlessly in the corner.

He kicks some of the dirty clothes into a pile, opening an empty spot for his things. As he moves a mustard crusted shirt to the side, his foot makes contact with something hard and rectangular, and he stops for a moment, staring at it in thought.

He was intending to save it for next week's season, but maybe he should use it early. His soul's been all over the place lately, n' somethin' like this should help. Besides, it has been a long time. Too long. When was the last time, since last season? Did he even do anything at all last season? Fuck he can’t remember. With everything that’s been going on lately, he hadn’t even considered thinking about those kinda things. Shit, the underground had gotten so bad for so long he’d pretty much stopped caring.

What was it his dumb neighbor said? “You aren’t there anymore. Have fun. You made it out.”

Sans sharp toothed grin slides upward, gold fang glinting as he snatches the rectangular package off the floor. Tch… maybe he will have some fun then.

He flops lazily on his bed, his jacket rustling as he removes it. He rips off the paper lining and tosses it immediately aside, his grin stretching further as he looks over the magazine cover. Shit, it has been a long time. His magic thrums for a beat as his eyelights takes the image in. Fuck! He quickly smashes his pillow against the wall, propping it behind his back as he gets settled on his bed.

He cracks the magazine open taking in the first page slowly. His magic rushes as he looks. Damn…
not bad. But not really what he’s looking for. He drools a little in anticipation as he turns to the next page, and then the next, searching for the best one. He's a few pages in when he stops. His face heating as he looks the image over. Nice… fuckin’ nice, this ones perfect! They’re wearing socks.

He starts out slow, reaching up through the bottom of his shirt and snaking a hand into his rib cage. He runs his phalanges gently along the inside of his bones, sending small sensations along his ribs. His body starts to heat as it recognizes what to expect. His magic collecting, lower, and lower. “Sh-Shit.” Sans breath catches as he studies the page. He lets out a quiet moan when his body begins to glow. Red light pouring dimly from his rib cage, a silhouette of bones forms on the front of his shirt.

He adds more pressure with his fingers, enjoying the sensation he hasn't felt in days. Soul humming faster, he moans again, focusing on the feeling of his own hand. His fingers trail over each individual rib as he relaxes deeper and deeper into his own hand.

F-Fuck, this feels... nice.

He shivers in pleasure and looks at the magazine again. Breathing harder as he simulates himself from the inside. The socks are nice, but they could be decorated better. Hell, just imagine them in those bone socks his neighbor had. He rubs at his ribs harder now, panting slightly as he slides his fingers slowly over the dampening bones. A deep moan forces it's way out as he continues thinking about those socks. He’d run his hands over the tight black material, listening to them plead beneath him for more. Trace his claws lightly to the top and let them linger, right where the lace meets the skin. And he watch... heh... he'd watch as he makes the little printed bones squirm.

Sans shuts in anticipation as he brings his hand from his under his shirt down to the waistline of his shorts. Red briefly illuminates his face as he slides open his wasteband and moves his hand down beneath his clothes. His breath hitches as he traces a claw lightly across his pelvis. Listening to the small scraps of bone on bone before he gets to something wet. Another shiver passes as he strokes the spot slowly, a moan escaping from his breath. He applies more pressure, and his magic responds by humming louder, vibrating through him like a low purr.

“Nnngh...” He whimpers, his free hand gripping the magazine tighter as he glides his fingers smoothly across his pubic arch. His eyelights wander back to the page, focusing on the glowing monster in front of him. Orange… Heh… bet his neighbor glowed orange. Do humans glow the same color’s their soul? Or do they glow red like their faces?

“Hah…” Sans bucks his pelvis into his own hand as he applies more pressure. “Fuck!” He pants again. Bet’cha he knows where yer spots are too. Definitely inna chest… "hah..." n’ definitely... His grin slides wider, the gold of his tooth glinting in the dark room. Definitely down between... "F-Fuck...” N’that face ya’d make, all red and embarrassed. "Hah..." He should’a tried ta take yer phone when he had the chance. Ya would’a gone completely red if he did. Skin heating as his fingers
reached closer and closer. “Nnnngh.” And your eyes, unable to look at him as his hand moves past your collar. Going deeper into your shirt as his bones graze the soft lumps on your chest.

What do those lumps feel like anyway?

Warm’n soft... like every bit of ya. Bet’cha yer hands would feel amazing on his bones. Sans drags a finger slowly across himself again. There would be no scraping sounds as your fingers move. Just the soft smooth feeling of your skin against him. He lets himself buck into his hand again. "Hah..." N’ those socks would be so tight on your long legs. He’d enjoy swirling his fingers under the elastic as you wiggled beneath him. Letting you feel the sensation of his bones on your skin. Sans moans again as he grinds into his hand.

“Skulls!”

Nah… he wouldn’t let’cha call him that. He’d stop’n make ya beg till ya called his real name. Run his fingers along ya till you couldn’t take it any longer. Lay ya down beneath him ‘n "Nghhh..." make ya glow so brightly yer body couldn’t take it. Sans breath hitches as a small wave of heat washes over him. N’ yer face would get so red, ya wouldn’t ever be able ta make fun’a him again. He pants harder now. His chest tightening as something bright begins to take shape behind it.

“Sans!”

Heh… jus’ like that. Ya’d call for him jus' like that ‘n beg-

“Sans wake up! You’re having a nightmare!”

“Huh…?” Sans soul crashes to a halt as he listens to your shouts through the wall. “HUH!” He says louder once he realizes what he’s doing.

“Wake up Sans!” You call from the other side.

“HAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!” He screams, flinging his hands from his pants.

“A-Are you okay!” Your voice asks.
“F-FUCK!” He shouts, kicking the now offensive magazine off his bed. He runs a palm shakily down his heated face. “Wh-what the hell am I-”

“Do you need to come sleep with me again.” You laugh.

“NO I FUCKIN’ DO NOT!” He screeches, his face now a fireball of embarrassment. Why the hell do ya have’ta say that right now.

“I mean, you can sleep on my couch if you want. Sometimes it helps to change environments and-”

“I-I’m fine! L-Leave me the fuck alone!” He shouts, grabbing his balled up sheets and slamming his red face into it. The last thing he want’s to do right now is get anywhere near you. Holy fuckin’ shit! What the fuck is wrong with him! Why’s he thinking… the fuck is he doin’ thinkin’ about’cha like that!

“Okay, but if you change your mind. It’s always available!”

Sans listens to your soft footsteps walk away, keeping his heated face buried in the sheets. He stays like that for a moment, waiting for his body to cool off. He keeps thinking about those socks… Those damn fuckin’ socks!

I-It’s cause’a the upcomin’ season! He’s jus’… the upcomin’ season’s jus’ makin’ him think things! It’s not his fault he saw ya wearin’ somethin like that. S’not his fault he walked in on ya in yer room. S’not his fault ya were challenging him ta put his hand down yer...

Suddenly an idea pops into his head. Sans jumps off his bed, and quickly runs to the closet, tearing through it. He finds a small metal case with a lock and quickly opens it. If the magazine ain’t enough ta make him stop thinkin’ about’cha, then he’s only got one choice left. The box contains a couple of small pictures. Polaroids of the lady behind the door.

Chapter End Notes

This is the most sexy writing your gonna get from me for a long time...

Sans is constantly imagined and drawn with human anatomy to match humans, so I
thought it would be fun to do it the other way around this time and have him imagine a human to have monster anatomy to match him instead.

Also Royal Grounds= Battleroyal grounds... yeah it’s PUBG

“It’s got a sad face cause ya humans’r inta that fuckin’ shit!”
Not true Sans, we both know there’s at least one other monster who loves that stuff. Cough Cough Alphys...

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

The Skeleton Games Sidequests

Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
Dirty bedroom

Chapter Summary

You help Sans clean again. He's been a very dirty skeleton.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It's Friday evening. The cold pours through your windows as the days get shorter. You're sitting on your couch finishing your work right before Sans is due home. You check your phone again, looking for messages. There's a few from your department informing you about the impending deadline for the latest update. You skim through, already knowing most of what it's gonna say.

As you're about to close your phone, your eye catches on the icon for the Undernet app. You haven’t called Papyrus at all this week. He seemed upset you didn’t last week, and today is the last day before he visits his brother tomorrow. You should give him a call.

You pull up his number and hit dial. The phone rings once before it's promptly picked up.

"H-HUMAN!!" The always loud voice of Papyrus answers. "I SEE YOU HAVE FINALLY DECIDED TO CALL. DESPERATE AS ALWAYS FOR MY ATTENTION I PRESUME, NEHY HEH HEH."

"And a hello to you too Big Boss." You say as you lay down on the couch, getting comfortable.

You hear people laughing in the background, along with music from a TV. For a guy who's supposed to be lonely, he sure does have a lot of friends over.

"YES... WELL... H-HELLO... AND WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT HUMAN?"

"Well, first of all I need to hear that sultry voice of yours again." You answer with a smile.

"H-HUMAN! THAT IS NOT… HAVEN’T I ALREADY INFORMED YOU! YOUR FLIRTING TECHNIQUES WILL NEVER SWAY MY SOUL!"
"Really? Not even a little?" You pout into the receiver.

"O-OF COURSE NOT!"

"Heya Papyrus! who're ya talkin' to?" A very familiar voice calls from the background.

"THAT IS NONE OF YOUR CONCERN UNDYNE! NOW MOVE AWAY, I AM ON A VERY IMPORTANT CALL."

"Oooh why's your face so red. Is that your secret girlfriend!" The voice taunts.

"I HAVE ALREADY INFORMED YOU I DO NOT HAVE A GIRLFRIEND, AS THERE ARE NO POSSIBLE DATING CANDIDATES WORTHY ENOUGH OF MY AMAZING HIGH STANDARDS AND-
STOP! UNHAND MY PHONE THIS INSTANT YOU IDIOT OF A GURADSWOMAN!"

“Fuhuhuhuh!”

You hear what sounds like struggling, and the phone being dropped several times. Voracious laughter flows in from the background, and then the phone is picked up by a voice you recognize belonging to a very strong and dangerous looking fish woman.

"N'whos this huh?" She questions rudely.

You have to keep your voice steady as you answer. "What? you don't know who I am?"

"UNDYNE GIVE ME BACK MY PHONE THIS INS- GAHHH DO NOT NOOGIE THE SKELETON!" Papyrus cries.

"The ID just say's San's Human..." She answers. "Didn't know Sans had any humans."
“UNDYNE! YOU ARE INTERRUPTING A VERY IMPORMGHGHGHFF!”

"Hah!" You laugh. "If I recall correctly, the last time we met, you said it was me who owned Sans."

"I don't remember any- Oahhhhhh! The human girly from Muffets!"

"Correct!" You laugh.

"Tch... N' I was worried some asshole was messin' with this big 'ole doofus."

"STOP PATTING MY HEAD AND GET OFF ME AT ONCE YOU GIANT FINNED BUFFOON!" Papyrus continues to protest.

"Nope, just his girlfriend giving him a nice loving call." You answer, already giggling in anticipation.

"What GIRLFRIEND!??" She shouts.

"LIES! SHE IS NOT MY GIRLFRIEND! MRUGHHH! HUMAN! I DEMAND YOU STOP TELLING SUCH HORRID PUTRID LIES THIS INSTANT."

"Fuhuhuhuh!" Undyne laughs. “Ya really are a damn entertaining human. Wish ya could see the color'a this guy's face, he's completely- AHHHH! The hell Papyrus! Get back here!"

"NEYH HEH HEH SUCCESS!"

Feet pound against the floor as Undyne’s yelling gets farther and farther away.

"HUMAN DO NOT LISTEN TO HER. MY FACE IS COMPLETELY NORMAL. NONE OF YOUR COMMENTS HAVE FAZED ME IN THE SLIGHTEST. I DO NOT CARE AT ALL ABOUT THE HORRIBLY INAPPROPRIATE LIES YOU ARE TELLING! DO YOU UNDERSTAND. THEY MEAN NOTHING!"
"Ah? Not even a little?"

"I ASSURE YOU I FEEL NOTHING AT ALL."

"Okay then."

You hear a door open and shut, and then the crunch of boots across leaves. "A-ANYWAY HUMAN... IS THAT ALL YOU WISHED TO DISCUSS WITH ME?"

"Mmmm…” You stretch across the couch lazily. “I mean, you could tell me about your day? I’ve been worried you were getting lonely lately without your brother around."

"LONELY! LONELY! NYAH HAH HAH! EVEN IF MY UNGRATEFUL AND WORTHLESS BROTHER DOES NOT VISIT ME, I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WOULD NEVER GET LONELY!"

"He hasn't visited you? Not even once?"

You realize part of the reason why. You've been monopolizing him a lot lately. Maybe you should make him visit his brother next week.

"NO HE HAS NOT!... THAT WORTHLESS WASTE OF A BROTHER!"

"I think he's just worried about bothering you with um... you know... "Unnecessary stress."

"BUT HE HARDLY EVEN CALLS!" Papyrus yells in exasperation. "BROTHERS SHOULD CALL ONE ANOTHER!"

"Well... have you called him?" You ask, already knowing the answer.

"A-AS YOUNGER BROTHER, IT IS NOT MY RESPONSIBILITY.” He says defiantly.
“BESIDES I SEND HIM PLENTY OF IMPORTANT REMINDER TEXTS ALREADY! IT IS HIS JOB TO CALL!”

"Maybe he thinks you don't call him because you don't care."

"I DON'T CARE!"

You sigh into the receiver, pinching the bridge of your nose. Both of these boys…

"Alright, alright, even if you don't care... um... inviting your brother for a visit is an important family duty, so... you should do it anyway." You say, hoping to tap into his need for order and following rules.

"INVITING HIM JUST TO INVITE HIM SEEMS RIDICULOUS!"

You roll over on the couch in annoyance. "Well... maybe there's a reason you can invite him over? Can you think of any reason?"

"HUMPH... I... I SUPPOSE... I HAVE BEEN THINKING OF SOMETHING."

"Yeah...?"

"ABOVEGROUND HUMAN CREATURES CELEBRATE THE DATE IN WHICH THEY ARE BORN. IS THIS NOT CORRECT?"

"Yeah...?" You say, starting to feel excited.

"UNLIKE I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, SANS WAS BORN IN SEASON, AND THUS HIS BIRTHDAY SHOULD BE SOMETIME NEXT WEEK."

Instantly your mind latches on to the word season. This is the second time you’ve heard it in relation to monsters.
"Wait... He's born in what?"

Papyrus sighs before he continues. "I KNOW IT IS DIFFICULT WHEN YOU ARE SPEAKING WITH ME, BUT YOU REALLY MUST STOP BEING SUCH A PERVERT HUMAN."

"Huh?" You're being a pervert?

"I WAS THINKING THAT MAYBE... PERHAPS... IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO, PARTICIPATE IN THE HUMAN TRADITION OF BIRTHDATE CELEBRATIONS."

"Big Boss that's a great idea!" You say in excitement. Maybe you can figure out what this whole season thing is at the same time.

"NEYH HEH HEH OF COURSE IT IS, AS IT WAS I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS WHO SUGGESTED IT... OBVIOUSLY IT WOULD BE THE MOST AMAZING PARTY OF ALL TIME, AS I WOULD BE HEAD PARTY PLANNER. ANYTHING LESS THAN PERFECTION WOULD SIMPLY BE UNALLOWED."

“Hmm... and what type of party are you thinking of?” You ask. A little worried Papyrus may not understand Sans social limits, or even the concept of human birthday parties at all.

“A SURPRISE PARTY OF COURSE! THAT IS THE BEST STYLE, AS IT ALLOWS FOR OPTIMAL CAPTURING OF THE GUEST OF HONOR. THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE IF THEY DON’T KNOW THEY ARE BEING LED AWAY INTO SOCIAL CAPTURING!”

“Uh…”

“BESIDES, SANS IS PARTICULARLY GOOD AT RUNNING AWAY FOR A SLUGGISH SLOTH OF A MONSTER. A SURPRISE PARTY WOULD GUARANTEE HIS ATTENDANCE FOR PROPER YEARLY BIRTHDAY LASHINGS!”

“Wait… what!”
“BIRTHDAY LASHINGS? IS THAT NOT A HUMAN TRADITION…?”

“Um… do you mean spanking? And that’s more of a joke… we don’t actually do that… at least, not anymore. And besides, that was for kids not adults…”

“Oh… I see…” The phone goes silent for a moment as Papyrus rethink his response. “A-ARE THERE ANY OTHER LIES I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WHEN IT COMES TO HUMAN BIRTHDAY TRADITIONS. IT WOULD BE A COMPLETE DISASTER IF I SHOULD… IT MUST BE A PERFECT PARTY AND I WOULD HATE TO…”

"Would you like this cute adorable human to instruct you in the ways of human birthday celebrations?" You ask smugly.

"INSTRUCT! NYEH HEH, WHY WOULD I NEED INSTRUCTION WHEN I ALREADY KNOW EVERYTHING... BUT I AM SURE SOME, MINOR ADVICE FROM A... F-FROM A..."

"From your most bestest human buddy."

"FROM ONE OF MY MANY FILTHY HUMAN ADMIRERS, WILL ALLOW I THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS ALL THE TOOLS I NEED TO CRAFT THE ULTIMATE PARTY! YES! NOT EVEN UNDYNE WILL BE ABLE TO COMPREHEND MY GREATNESS ONCE IT IS COMPLETED NYEH HEH HEH! EXCELLENT HUMAN!" His laughter overloads the phone. You quickly move it away from your ear as you wait for him to stop.

“So…” You say once he’s quiet enough to hear. “What day do you wanna go then?”

“GO...?”

“Shopping… we’re gonna have to go shopping together to get everything for the party. What day do you wanna go?”

“OH… YES, OF COURSE… S-SUNDAY WOULD BE BEST… I HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS TODAY, AND SANS WOULD GET SUSPICIOUS IF I WERE TO CANCEL MY WEEKLY VISIT ON SATURDAY.”
“Sunday it is then. Let’s call it a date!”

“LET’S NOT CALL IT THAT!”

“Hahaha… okay, okay, but definitely Sunday.”

“YES HUMAN, EXCELLENT. THIS SUNDAY WE WILL PLAN FOR THE MOST INCREDIBLE PARTY EVER. PREPARE YOURSELF FOR EXPERIENCING THE GREATNESS AND TERRIBLENESS THAT IS I, PAPYRUS! WE WILL START AT DAWN!”

“How about we start when the stores open.”

“WE WILL START WHEN THE STORES OPEN!” And you can somehow hear him posing magnificently through the phone. “NEYH HEH HEH! I WILL SEE YOU THEN HUMAN! DO NOT BE LATE OR THERE WILL BE TORTUROUS CONSEQUENCES!”

“Oooh the kinky kind?”

“THE NORMAL KIND!” Papyrus yells loudly before hanging up.

You put down the phone, chuckling as you sit up from the couch. Sans would never expect his own brother to throw him a birthday party. It really is the perfect plan. Maybe those two can finally stop being so weird around each other. You get up and stretch, walking to the sink to get a glass of water.

Hopefully the party wouldn’t be too intense for him either. Papyrus was a little over eccentric, but luckily you were the one helping him plan it. Besides, it’s not like there would be that many other monsters there. How many other people did Papyrus know anyway? He’d probably only invite Undyne, and maybe her girlfriend and some people from Grillbys. Sans would be alright. Besides, he seemed to be more comfortable around monsters than humans.

All you have to do is focus on setting up a small party, and getting him a present. And you know the perfect gift for the little angry skeleton.
When Sans arrives home, you waste no time letting him relax. For the last two weeks you’ve helped him clean his apartment late into the night on Fridays, but you refuse to do that again. This time, you’re gonna make sure he does it early. As soon as you hear his tiny footsteps in the kitchen you’re on your phone texting him.

**RadSkull:** Have you cleaned your apartment yet this week?

“No.” He shouts lazily from his wall.

You decide it’s too much effort to text either and end up shouting from your own side of the wall.

“I’m coming over to make you clean!”

“I jus’ got home from work, I ain’t gonna clean right now.”

“We’re not cleaning in the middle of the night again.”

“S’not like I want yer help anyway.”

You pause, considering his response. You just assumed he would want your help. Actually… why do you keep helping him clean? It isn’t teaching him anything about picking up after himself. In fact… it almost feels like he’s getting messier with each passing week. You probably shouldn’t help him so much but… who knows how long he takes to clean by himself. Besides, it’s kinda fun cleaning together, even if it is a chore.

“Skulls, I’m coming over and helping you clean right now!” You say, making up your mind.

“FINE Whatever! But I ain’t doin’ nothin’ till I get somethin’ ta eat!”
You get up and walk to your hallway closet, searching for the cleaning supplies you used last week. Once you’ve collected them, you walk back through your kitchen towards your front door. You pause as you remember the pillow still on your floor from yesterday. Yep, that’s coming with you as well.

You approach Sans door, arms completely full, and knock. A smile already in place as you wait.

“S’unlocked!” He calls.

You struggle to open the door with your full hands, but you finally manage to twist the knob and push it open with your leg. Sans is sprawled across his couch nursing a mustard bottle lazily. His eyelights wander over to your struggling form for a moment, before going wide.

“Don’t bring that shit in here!” He yells, sitting up from the couch.

“Ha ha hah. Your waifu has infiltrated the apartment successfully.” You say in triumph as you enter the smelly disaster that is Sans apartment.

Sans looks as though he’s about to start yelling, but then he stops. Taking a long sip of his mustard, he lays lazily back down across the couch.

“S’goin in the void first thing.” He calls passively from behind the couch.

“Nooooo! Don’t throw Cherry Pie Chan away!”

“Maybe ya should’a thought’a that before ya brought it over.”

“I demand you keep her!”

“N’ where’m I gonna put that nasty ass thing?”

“Um… on your bed.”
“Fuck no!”

“But Skulls, I bought her for you!”

“Ya bought it ta piss me off.”

“Put her in your closet or something.”

“Gross, no thanks.”

“You aren’t allowed to throw away my gifts!”

“Then don’t give me shit!”

“It’s not shit, it’s love!”

“Ya can keep yer shitty love to yerself!”

“I’m helping you clean! So you have to take my gift!”

“I ain’t makin’ that deal. Sides, I never asked ya ta help me clean inna first place.”

You slide some trash aside on his table, making room for your cleaning supplies.

“No throwing her away. Besides, the pillow is really comfy, it doesn’t matter what’s on it.”

“Then you keep it!”
“No way, she's not my type at all.”

“N’what? ya think I’m inta that?”

“Yeah, just look at her cute socks.”

“S’onna ugly ass human. I ain’t interested.”

“I thought you said it didn’t matter?”

“I can appreciate nice socks’n nice legs. Still doesn’t mean I’m interested in ya damn humans.”

“She has cat ears… does that even count as human?”

“Don’t even try’n claim that’s a monster. S’just ya human’s weird obsessions with cats.”

“Maybe she's like, a half breed.”

“It’s scientifically impossible.”

“Just believe Skulls.”

“I ain’t believein’ in some nasty shit like that. Sides, it’s clearly a human with cat shit on it, n’ it’s jus’ a damn drawing!”

You look over the pillow once again. Yeah, the girl is definitely just a human with cat ears.

“Maybe she’ll help you sleep better at night.”
“Pretty sure that shit’ll give me the worse nightmares.”

“So… they are nightmares?” You ask. He’s never actually told you directly, but you’re pretty certain that’s what it is… Sans doesn’t respond and you sigh. “I was serious about what I said last night. If you want, you can come over anytime and sleep on my couch, or wake me up and play videogames with me or something till you feel like falling asleep again. I don’t mind at all.”

“Yeah, yeah… I got it.” He mumbles.

“You were just, kinda loud last night, so I got kinda worried-”

“I GOT IT!” He shouts this time.

“Like, I’ve never heard you sound like before that so it must have been-”

“SH-SHUTTUP!”

“Okay, okay!” Guess he’s sensitive about his nightmare noises. You turn back to the table and grab some of your supplies for the bathroom. Completely missing Sans on the opposite side of the couch, hiding his deep red face into his hands in despair.

“Well I’m gonna start cleaning!” You announce, not wanting to waste any more time.

“I t-told’ja I’m gonna eat first.” Sans calls from beyond his couch.

“Then I’ll get a head start.” You respond.

“Whatever.”

You smirk and decide to grab the pillow as well. If he’s gonna be lazy on the couch, then he can’t stop you from hiding the pillow in his room. You sneak away through the kitchen with it and down the hall. You’re gonna stuff it somewhere in his closet for him to find later.
His bedroom door is left hanging open, inviting you inside. You stop at the entrance and stare around the room in shock for a moment. This has to be some sort of sick joke. How does he dirty enough clothes in one week to create mountainous piles like this. He wears almost the same thing everyday, where does it all come from? And where does all the trash come from? Your horrified face turns into a smile for a moment when you spot the spinning tornado of socks in the corner. It’s so gross, but also so cool.

You step inside with the pillow, trying to avoid trampling his things. There isn’t much free space to walk across the floor. His closet hangs wide open, boxes and shirts with the hangers still in them, dangle out from the opening like he’s recently been digging through it and just left everything where it fell.

You skirt around a pile of old takeout bags, trying to get over to the closet. Suddenly, your foot collides with something hard. You nearly trip before regaining your balance. You glare at the spot on the floor. Isn’t this area supposed to be covered with clothes, why is there-

Your eyes expand as far as they’ll go when you spot it.

A magazine, but not just any magazine. There’s a monster on the cover. A very, very, scantily clad monster.

Yep, you were right… monsters have porno mags.

Before you know it, the pillow is left abandoned on the floor and the magazine is in your hands. An enormous smirk plastered across your face as you crack it open. Your curiosity already controlling you completely.

Glowing… that's the first thought that pops into your head as you stare at the page. The monster’s wearing very typical looking sexy lingerie with some of it hanging half off, but what you find interesting is you’re not looking at boobs or genitals but glowing areas. It’s kinda hard to see what those areas actually are because of the glow against the lendz, but it’s definitely the most important part of the image. The monster even seems to be playfully obscuring some of the glowing spots with their clothes and hands, as though inviting you to look, but letting you know it’s something very private and intimate.

You skim through the magazine looking at each page. Every monster seems to have their own glow color as well, though most of the seem to be red. You turn the page to some sort of gelatinous
monster with four different glowing areas. Their expression suggesting your viewing something personal as they look away off the page. You’re about to change pages again when you notice something different with this image and stop. They’re glowing red, but right in the center of their body they’re covering something else. Something glowing… white? What is that? You feel like you shouldn’t be looking at it.

“The hell are ya doin’ in my-”

You look up to see Sans staring at you from the hallway, beads of sweat forming across his skull. Your face slowly slides into a grin as you hold up the magazine.

“Someone's been reading naughty magazines.”

His face changes several shades of colors as his eyelights disappear from existence.

“I wonder which one’s your favorite hmmm?” You start rifling through the pages.

“Gahhh! Wait!” Sans shouts, stumbling into his messy room. “S-Stop!”

“I bet there’s a really cute one with socks.” You giggle madly. He nearly trips across his own filthy clothes trying to get to you.

“W-Wait!” he shouts as he reaches for it. But you snap it shut and hold it above his head in glee.

“I knew monsters have porn. I knew it!”

“Put that down right the fuck now!” He snarls, trying to rip it from your hands.

“Wait… have you been using this?” Suddenly you feel like the magazine is really dirty and you shouldn’t be holding it.

“Shut up and give it-”
Something small and square falls from the pages as you shake it out of his reach and you stop and watch as it falls. “What’s-” You start asking, but stop when you feel something tug on your clothes. Before you can figure out what’s happening, Sans face appears near your hands as he chomps down on the magazine with his sharp serrated teeth. Biting it out of your grasp, he throws back his head and swallows. A moment later he unhooks his claws from your shirt and hops to the floor, a deranged look on his face.

You stand frozen in place, shocked. Shreds of magazine paper still held between your fingers.

“Did… did you just climb up me and eat your own porno mag?” You question the small skeleton in disbelief.

“NO!” Sans shouts. He seems to be in great discomfort, his sockets twitching and watering as he breathes heavily. A moment later you watch his shirt shift from the neckline down to the stomach.

“It just fell into your stomach didn’t it…”

“N-No!” He jerks his spine uncontrollably as he sweats, and you can hear rustling paper inside him.

“Skulls… it’s just porn. I already assumed you looked at it. You don’t have to be embarrassed.”

“I ain’t embarrassed!” You can tell it’s taking all his concentration to keep from doing an uncomfortable jig on the spot.

“Uh… okay… then why are you-”

Something small and square falls out of the leg of his shorts and you both watch it’s decent in slow motion. Sans moves first, trying to cover it with his small foot. But it’s too late. This time you saw what was on it.

“Uh… Skulls.”
“I-It’s nothing!” He shouts, his sweat tripling.

“Was that a picture of the queen?”

More sweat.

“S-Shuttup! Jus’ get out! The hell’r ya doin’ goin’ through my room?” He tries to look menacing, but it doesn’t work very well when every motion is followed by rustling paper.

Another picture descends slowly from his shorts, and he quickly steps on that one with his other foot.

“Skulls… Why do you have pictures of your own monster queen inside a porno mag. And I’m pretty sure she’s not wearing clothes in them.”

“Sh-She is in some of them.”

“She didn’t give those to you did she?”

Slowly his eyelights descend to the floor.

“Please don’t tell anyone...” He says softly, his face flushing a full red.

You sigh long and hard, running a hand down your face.

“Skulls… you shouldn’t have pictures like that without someone’s consent. And that’s your queen! How did you even get those!”

“I-It was an accident!”

“How do you accidentally get pictures of the monster queen undressing!”
“I-It just happened, okay!”

You sigh again. Looking at his troubled red face before a thought hits you.

“Wait… Do you have a thing for the queen?”

He immediately looks up at you. “NO!” He yells, far too quickly.

“Hmmm.” A smirk has already descended across your face as you watch him sweat. “You totally do!”

“I fuckin’ do not!”

“Then why do you have pictures of her like that in a porno mag?”

“Th-that’s not!... I jus’ put’em there! I wasn’t doin’ nothin’ with’um!”

“Really… nothing at all…?”

More sweat collects on his skull.

The grin widens across your face. “No! Skulls.”

“I DIDN’T!”

“That’s you’re own queen!”

“I jus’ said I fuckin’ didn’t!”
“You’ve been a really naughty skeleboy.”

“Stop usin’ that word! What the hell!” He yells, stomping his foot.

Photographs and pages fall from both sides of his shorts, and he shivers in discomfort as what looks like more of the shredded magazine slides down his rib cage and settles in his stomach.

“FUCK WHATEVER!” He screeches in defeat, sliding his hands up inside his shirt only to frantically rip out whatever's left inside. He breathes a heavy sigh of relief as his porn scatters to the messy floor all around him.

Well… that’s something you’d never imagined you’d ever see in your lifetime.

He mumbles as he carefully picks several more pages out, but he still seems unsatisfied. “Fuck, there’s still more!” He growls as he turns on the spot, digging through the bottom of his shirt, spine twitching uncomfortably. For some reason he keeps his shirt held down over his rib cage, rather than pulling it up and finding the rest of the pieces the easy way.

“Here, let me help.” You step forward approaching him with your hands.

“NO!” He yells, jumping back.

“I’ll be careful and avoid touching that spot!”

“F-Fuck no! Keep yer hands ta yerself!” He actually growls at you, and you back off when you see the worry written across his sockets.

“Uh… I’ll leave then, so you can get those out.” You say, watching him twist his arms painfully under his shirt as he tries to grab at something inside him.

You march out of the room and shut the door quietly, listening to Sans huffing and cursing following you out.
“Fuck! There it is!” He yells a moment later, and you hear paper ripping as he tears something out of his rib cage.

You gather the cleaning supplies you left abandoned in the hall and are about to start walking away when Sans rips open his door in a hurry. He’s just finished pulling his shirt back down as he spots you.

“Um…” he states nervously through the door.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m sorry for going through your stuff. I really shouldn’t have.” You say dismissively, anticipating him to start yelling at you.

“Y-Yeah… uh… don’t… don’t tell anyone about that… p-please.” He says quietly. He’s being surprisingly passive about the whole thing.

“I won’t, but you should probably get rid of those pictures. Imagine if someone else found them.”

“Y-Yeah… I should’a… I should’a thrown’em away… Don’t know why I kept ‘em… B-But the other stuff’s well… don’t… don’t tell anyone.”

“It’s just porn. What…? Is looking at porn taboo for monsters or something?”

“No… I-It’s jus’… humans ain’t supposed ta see it.”

“Really…?” You say, raising an eyebrow. “Do monsters actually believe they’re gonna hide their porn from the entire human race forever?”

“We’re just… releasin’ stuff one at a time. Like makin’ deals wit’cher government ta give’um information if they give us rights… so…”

“So at one point… the government’s gonna make a deal to have access to monster porn…” You say in disbelief.
“Uh… y-yeah.”

“Heh…” You snicker. “Wish I could see the look on the Monster Relations staff’s faces when they finally make that deal. Sir, we have finally received the porn!”

“Pffft, shuttup!” Sans snickers back.

“It appears they glow in arousal sir!”

“Shuttup!” Sans yells in embarrassment this time.

“That’s actually pretty cool. I was not expecting the glowing.” You comment.

Sans sockets narrow, and his head cocks to the side as he looks up at you. He seems really confused.

“Ya… ya don’t glow?”

You shift some of the cleaning supplies in your arms.

“Um… no…?”

“Not at all?”

“No. How would I be able to glow anyway?”

“Then, h-how do ya know?”

“Uh… know what?”
“Ya’know! When yer aroused’n where yer spots are!” He says in exasperation.

“Uh… Skulls… I thought you already knew how human sex works?”

“I do know! Ya putta guys dick inside’a girl human’n spray shit on eggs!”

You burst out laughing, nearly dropping everything you're holding in surprise.

“Th-That’s how it works!” He shouts… but now he doesn’t seem so convinced.

“Okay, that's the basics of basics of how it works… but like… that isn’t everything. And no… we don’t glow.”

“So what..? Nothin’ changes when ya get aroused?”

“Uh… things definitely change.”

“Like what!”

“Blood flows into the genitals, and for guys, the penis gets hard and… Here, just let me show you a picture.” You start to put the cleaning supplies down.

“Fuck! Gross no!” Sans shouts, halting you in your efforts.

“Okay…?” Looks like you're just gonna have to tell him. “Well, when humans get aroused they-”

“Nevermind! I don’t fuckin’ wanna know!” Sans says quickly.

“Um… you should probably know how this stuff works. You’re gonna be around us a lot so…”
“I’ll look it up on my own… I-I don’t need’ja ta fuckin’ tell me.” He says looking set.

“But… I still need to know how monsters-”

“Ya already saw it, what more do ya need!”

“That didn’t show me anything besides arousal. Like, is that it or…?”

“Th-That’s as much as ya need ta know!”

“Nooooo! Skulls nooooo! I need to know!” You start to pout again.

“For what! The hell do ya need ta know for unless yer havin’ sex with a monster?”

“The curiosity’s killing me. I’m dying Skulls! I really am.”

“Ya look fine ta me.”

“That’s cause it’s all on the inside.”

“Well too bad. How bout’cha wait till yer government decides ta stop bein’ an ass’n give us rights’n maybe then they’ll getta tell ya all about how it works.”

“What’s the point of having a really cool monster friend if I don’t getta learn all your sexy secrets.” You say, frustrated.

“Fuck… and… no…!” He says, looking set. “Getta ‘nother monster friend ta tell ya if ya wanna know so badly.”

“Hmmm… but I want you to tell me.” You say, smiling. You could probably ask another monster to tell you, but making Sans do it seemed like the most fun. You’re pretty sure you’ll find out
eventually, so you may as well find out while having fun.

“Th-The hell is wrong wit’cha!” He growls, glaring as you stand before him.

“I told you, your face is so cute when-”

“Sh-Shuttup! Stop sayin’ that!” His face starts to change colors as he yells.

“You can yell all you want, but it doesn’t change the truth Skulls!” You say in glee.

“Ya can say shit all ya wan’t but it don’t change the truth neither!” He says back stubbornly.

“Nope, you’re definitely cute.”

“Sh-Shuttup’n get ta cleanin’!” He growls, his face going red as he looks away.

“Okay, okay…” You turn, marching down the hall to the bathroom. “But you’re still really cute, even if you have a room covered in porn!” You call.

“SHUTTUP!”

Chapter End Notes

Well, this is gonna be another two part chapter. So, part two of the cleaning next time. I wonder if Sans is ever gonna look that information up?

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Related Works

Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
Blue, the most human color.

Chapter Summary

You learn about blue attacks.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

San’s apartment was indeed getting worse every week. The bathroom has fake blood spilled in every direction this time. Seeping into the cracks between the tub and wall, they’re difficult to get out. Later you open the cabinet under his sink and discover an abandoned pile of socks. “Really?” You ask in amazement, before pulling the whole smelly pile out.

After you finish cleaning the bathroom, Sans joins you in the kitchen to start on his dishes. Not a single one has been touched since last week, and they smell awful. You’re hefting the garbage can into the living room when you look up and spot the strangest thing. An old Grillby’s hamburger wrapper, crumpled, yellow stained, and glued against ceiling with dried mustard. How?

“How’d that happen?” You ask in awe.

“Skulls… is that… a wrapper stuck on your ceiling?” You ask in amazement. Really how does he do this?

“Hhm” He grunts, looking up from the sink to where you're pointing at. When he spots it, his smile widens with pride, his gold tooth glistening at his own trashiness. “S’wonderin’ where it went.” He says lazily before going back to his dishes.

“Really, that’s all you have to say for yourself?”

“Good job Sans, ya got it ta stick.” He chuckles, ignoring your disgust.

“Well… I was gonna take it down for you, but now I’m not.” You respond in annoyance.

“Don’t need’jer help anyway.” He chuckles lazily. Drying his clawed hands on a towel, he walks over to the wrapper. Looking up, he lifts his left arm, surrounding it in blue light, before bringing it swiftly downward. There’s a loud ripping sound, and the wrapper flutters down from the ceiling slowly into his outstretched hand. “See.” He says proudly.
“Uh’huh. There still a mustard stain.” You say, looking at the grotesque yellow spot now marked on his ceiling.

“Shit.” He looks up as well, before shrugging his shoulders and walking back to the sink.

“You can’t just leave it there!”

“Well what do ya want me ta do about it! I can’t reach that shit!”

You sigh, before walking over to his table, intending to grab a chair. You stop when an idea sprouts in your mind. Maybe you can do it a different way.

“Hey Skulls?”

He sighs. “What?”

“Help me up.”

He turns his head slowly over to you, glaring. “I ain’t pickin’ yer heavy ass up.”

“Noooo. I mean with blue magic! Pick me up!”

“Ya can practically reach it just standin’! Go get a chair’r somethin!”

“But it’s so cool! Please oh great skelelord!” You beg, clapping your hands.

Sans smirks for a moment before going back to his dishes. “If ya take that damn pillow back, Maybe I’ll consider it.”

You open your mouth in outrage. “But!”
“That’s my deal, take it or leave it.” He says, picking up a plate.

“Fine!” You say after a moment. Sans whips his head around to look at you, sweat building slightly as he stares.

“Sh-Shit!” He says after a moment. Guess he wasn’t expecting you to accept.

“Nope, too late. It’s a deal now.” You say back in triumph.

“Tch… i-it ain’t gonna work anyway, so…” He dries off the last plate.

“If it worked one time, it can work again.”

Sans sighs, putting the plate away. “Fine… but if it doesn’t work… then ya still gotta take it back.”

“Mmmm… I’ll think about it.”

“No… you’ll fuckin’ do it!”

You smile back at him, refusing to say any more. He palms his face for a moment before walking slowly over to you. He looks you up and down once, before starting to sweat.

“Skulls… you can trust me. If something goes wrong it’ll be my fault, not yours.”

“I-I know that! M’ jus’ tryin’ ta get mentally prepared.”

“For?”

“Usin’n attack on someone. Ya gotta have the right mindset or it won’t work.” Sans sighs again, looking at you before raising his left hand again, and covering it with blue light. “Remember I ain’t makin’ ya float” He warns “M changin’ yer gravity so, if ya wiggle round like an idiot then yer
gonna mess shit up.”

“Got it.”

Sans sighs one last time before brightening the magic around his hand. He flicks his wrist lightly upwards and you feel a tug at your chest. You body feels lighter for a moment, but nothing else happens.

“I told’ja it ain’t gonna work on ya. S’like yer immune ta magic’r somethin’.” He stays, putting his hand down.

“Keep trying.” You encourage him. “You got it to work when you destroyed my TV. That means it can work.”

Sans groans before covering his hand with blue again. He flicks it up again, a little harder this time. You feel another pull in your body, but you still remain firmly on the floor.

“The hell’r ya so heavy. S’like tryin’ ta lift mud.” He says, cocking his head.

“I’m not that heavy.”

“Well, stop fightin’ me.” He moves his hand up again, bending it now all the way from the elbow up. “S’like yer soul’s slippin’ round tryin’ ta avoid bein’ caught.”

“I’m not fighting you… I think.” You say, you have no idea what he’s talking about.

“Don’t fuckin’ think it, feel it!” He jerks his whole arm up this time, but you still only feel a slight tug in your chest.

You try and do as he says. Taking a calming breath, you focus on letting Sans use magic on you. Letting him catch your soul. Don’t fight the feeling. Let it happen. Look at him, he isn’t attacking you, he’s just trying to lift you up. You trust him.
Sans jerks his arm up rapidly again, and the only warning you receive is your orange soul bursting brightly from your chest and changing to brilliant blue, before your entire body is grasped by something powerful, and slammed violently against the ceiling. There’s a sickening crunch followed by glass shattering and the kitchen light going out. You bounce off the ceiling and smash back onto the floor, broken shards of glass and drywall raining down on you as you lay there, stunned.

“F-FUCK! SHIT! I-I’m sorry! I-I didn’t mean ta… Oh! Oh, fuck!” Sans feet crunch across the glass as he hurries over to you. You roll over slowly, trying to get up. “D-Don’t fuckin’ move. Sh-Shit! This is why I didn’t wanna fuckin’ do this!”

“I’m fine Skulls” You say as you sit up anyway. Starting to chuckle as you watch Sans panic.

“Quit movin’ ‘round ya idiot! There’s fuckin’ glass stickin’ outta ya!”

“Oh…?” You look behind yourself at your back where he’s pointing. “There is!” You say in half surprise as you spot several large shards of glass poking out of your back.

“Then stop fuckin’-”

One of the glass shards pushes its way out of your back, shattering into hundreds of bloody stained pieces when it hits the floor. Then another and another.

“Skulls… come’on… we went over this last week.” You stare bordly at his surprised face.

He watches the last of the glass push from your back. His breathing slowing as he straightens up.

“Oh… r-right.” He mutters awkwardly. Pocketing his hands as he tries to calm down.

“I’m fine.” You reassure him again as your skin begins to close. “It’ll takes a lot more than that to hurt me.” You try to stand up carefully in the pile of broken glass. “But could you uh... get the vacuum, I don’t want to stain my socks with blood trying to walk through this.”

“Y-Yeah.” He says, robotically backing away at first, before hurrying down the hall. You reach down and grab some of the larger pieces, getting them out of the way while trying to avoid moving
your feet across the sharp glass. Sans reappears moments later with the huge old contraption and powers it on, sucking away the rest of the mess.

Once it’s gone, Sans powers it off, breathing a sigh of relief, he wheels it against the wall for later use. After trashing the larger glass pieces, you turn around trying to get another look at your back. Several ripped holes are spattered across your shirt, heavy red bloodstains surrounding them. “Mmmm…” You pout. “And I really liked this shirt too.”

“Fuck!” Sans mutters, and you follow his gaze to the ceiling. Several large holes are punctured through the drywall, along with a large spiderweb of cracks running from a central divot. The nearby light fixture hangs loosely from its circuits. It’s missing it’s ceramic glass plating, and the metal fixture is warped beyond repair.

“I don’t think you're gonna get your security deposit back.” You say lamely, looking at all the damage.

“Ya think! This is why I didn’t wanna-”

“I’ll pay for it. I told you it would be my fault.”

“Ya’d better!” He huffs, then closes his sockets, sighing. “Ya really ain’t hurt anywhere?” He says after a moment, eyeing the bloody holes in your shirt.

“I don’t feel anything wrong.” You look over your shoulder again. “Sunlight aside, it’s very hard to hurt a vampire.”

“Fuck!” Sans suddenly yells. “Boss’s comin’ over tomorrow n’es gonna see this shit!”

“Uh…” You say awkwardly. “It’s not like this is really a mess you can clean up. It’s more like permanent damage. Is he actually gonna judge you on that?”

“Of course he is. I’m supposed ta keep my shit clean! Shit! I-I’m so fuckin’ dead!”

“Just tell him it’s faulty human engineering or something.”
More drywall rains down across the kitchen, followed by an entire slab coming loose and shattering loudly across the kitchen table. Sans watches its fall in despair. “I-it’s still fallin’ down! Shit… fuckin’ shit!” He yells, starting to breathe harder.

“H-He won’t make you move back because of this will he?”

“I-I don’t fuckin’ know… He ain’t gonna be happy, that’s what! Sh-Shit…” Sans starts to tremble as he looks at his ceiling.

“What if we clean everything else really well?” You say, looking over the mess you helped cause with regret. “If everything else is really clean he may be okay with it like he was last week.”

“B-Boss ain’t like that. He’s gonna be pissed. He ain’t gonna be okay with this shit!” He says, breathing harder.

“Skulls… don’t worry, we can fix this.” You try and reassure him.

“It’s too fuckin’ late fer that now! Maybe ya shoulda thought about that before ya asked ta fuck around with my magic! Fuck… I’m so fuckin’ screwed!” Sans starts scratching at his arm loudly, bone grinding on bone as his eyelights look at the mess.

“Skulls… calm down. You’re gonna be fine.”

“I am fuckin’ calm. Can’t ya see the mess! Boss is gonna… Boss is gonna…” He reaches for the front of his shirt, grabbing it as his breathing speeds up.

Everything’s over now. It was going so well, but then he had to go and fuck it up. There’s no way this can be fixed by tomorrow. Boss is gonna get home from guard duty and see the shit he caused again. He didn’t mean to. He never means to do these things. They just sort of happen. He’s gonna get more than yelled at this time. This is too big of a mess. Boss is gonna take him to the shed again’n make him….

Sans feels something warm and soft on his forehead, and he flinches away instinctively for a moment.
“Skulls… hey… You’re okay. Just breathe. Focus on breathing. Everything’s gonna be fine.” You say as you rub his head.

“I-It ain’t gonna be fine! Nothing’s gonna be fine! Ya don’t know what it’s like! Everything’s… everything’s fucked!” He yells, eyelights still focused on the mess.

“No it’s not. I’m very sure you’re still gonna be a virgin.”

Sans panic actually stops for a moment as his eyelights finally move away from the mess and focus on you. “Wha…? I’m a… what?… Huh…?” The joke clicks a moment later, and he glares. “Th-The hell’r ya makin’ stupid jokes for right now!”

“Hahaha, see.” You rub his head some more. “As much as you wanna get rid of that virginity of yours, I know for a fact you aren’t getting fucked. At least, not until you’re willing to talk to your hot monster queen about your cute little crush!”

“I-I told’ja it ain’t like that! N’ stop petting my head!” He growls, finally noticing your hand and throwing it violently off.

“There we go. Feeling better?”

“I’m fuckin’ fine!”

“Good, cause I need you to be breathing before I make this phone call.”

“I am breathin’…” Sans finally notices how quickly he’s been breathing and turns away in embarrassment. You open your phone and search through the contacts. “Th-There ain’t no way ya humans can fix this shit in one night…” He says as he watches you. “E-Even if ya call now.”

“I’m calling someone else.” You say, finding the contact you want and hitting call. You hold your phone up to your ear as you wait, listening to the dial tone.
“HUMAN! TWO CALLS IN ONE DAY! ARE YOU THAT DESPERATE FOR MY ATTENTIONS!” The loud voice of Papyrus booms through the receiver.

“Heh… hey Big Boss…”

“TCH… WHAT ELSE IS IT THAT YOU COULD POSSIBLY NEED, BESIDES OBVIOUSLY ME OF COURSE!”

“Well… I have some bad news about tomorrow’s dinner.”

“DID YOU FORGET TO PREPARE! HOW COULD YOU FORGET HUMAN! THIS WAS YOUR ONE AND ONLY CHANCE TO TRY AND WOO ME WITH YOUR LOW LEVEL DISGUSTING COOKING!”

“No, I definitely remembered. Um…” You look over at Sans who’s sweating nervously as he watches you talk. “It seems like Sans’s ceiling got damaged and it won’t be fixed in time for dinner tomorrow.”


“Wait, wait, wait, Big Boss. It wasn’t his fault.” You say, watching Sans breathing start to pick up just listening to his brother. “It seems like a human got a little more intimate with it than they thought they would, and ended up breaking it.”

“That is why it is his job to maintain his apartment! If he was more responsible, these things wouldn’t happen! Now he has completely ruined our dinner forcing our plans into utter chaos!”

“Well… it’s not completely ruined.”

“I WILL NOT BE EATING DINNER SURROUNDED BY A FILTHY DESTROYED APARTMENT!”
“I agree, eating a nice dinner should be done in a freshly cleaned and properly maintained apartment.”

“TCH… I AM GLAD YOU AGREE HUMAN.”

“So I guess that means both of you will have to eat in my apartment tomorrow.”

“... WHAT?”

“What…?” Both Sans and Papyrus say at the same time.

“You can check on Sans first if you want to, but afterwards I’m inviting you both over to my apartment for dinner. I’m making it anyway, and it would be easier if I cooked in my own home.”

“Y-YES I SEE… I SUPPOSE I WILL HAVE TO ENDURE A HUMANS DISGUSTING LIVING SPACE INSTEAD.” Papyrus actually sounds a little excited. “I-IT HAD BETTER BE CLEAN THOUGH. AS I CANNOT TOLERATE FILTH WHILE I AM EATING!”

“I’m actually a relatively clean person so you won’t have to worry.”

“I WILL BE THE JUDGE OF THAT.”

“Alright… well… that’s all I needed to talk to you about I guess.”

“YES, I SEE… I-I SHALL… I SHALL SEE YOU THEN HUMAN, FOR THE JUDGEMENT OF COURSE.”

“Are you sure you won’t be excited to see me as well.”

“O-OF COURSE NOT! I AM SIMPLY EXCITED TO WATCH ANOTHER HUMAN MAKE A MOCKERY OF THEIR OWN SPECIES!”
“Hmmm… but what if I don’t do that?”

“I-I AM SURE THAT YOU WILL!”

“Well… as long as I make you laugh I guess that’s alright then.”

“TH-THIS CONVERSATION IS OVER!”

Papyrus hangs up and you put your phone away chuckling.

“Ya really had ta say that shit ta him at the end?” Sans asks in annoyance.

“Yes, it’s required.” You say, still laughing.

Sans sighs, before scratching the back of his head slowly. “Uh... Th-Thanks… f-fer callin’ ‘im.” He says slowly, stuffing his hands in his pockets as he shuffles in place.

“I said it would be my fault if anything happened, and it did. So I’m fixing it.”

“Y-Yeah…” He says looking down.

“No more panic attacks right?”

“A what?”

“You were having a panic attack.”

“No I wasn’t!”
“Um… yes you were.”

“I-I was jus’…” He takes a moment to think, but seems unable to come up with an excuse.

“Well… as long as you’re fine now.” You bring the trash over to his table and start clearing the broken drywall into it.

“… Y-Ye-h…” Sans says quietly again.

“We should clean this mess up. I still think he’s gonna check your apartment.”

Sans turns around and walks to the vacuum quietly. Powering it on again, he starts clearing away the freshly spilt drywall. Afterwards he picks up the rest of his clothes, and you make sure to throw away any leftover hiding trash.

“That’s all of it!” You say proudly once everything is finished.

“Tch… the stain ain’t even gone.” Sans says eyeing the yellow stain still smeared on his cracked ceiling.

You look up and spot the yellow stain. Now the least of your worries. Somehow it managed to avoid any and all damage, almost like it was mocking your attempts to get rid of it.

“Well… we can still try and scrub the stain off.”

“Jus’ leave it. Gotta replace the whole damn thing anyway, so it doesn’t matter.”

You smile at him. “Come on Skulls. One more try.”

“What! No! The hell’s wrong wit’cha!”
“I think I figured out what went wrong.”

“Ya wrecked my whole apartment ‘n got glass stuck in ya, n’ya still wanna try again!”

“It’ll be fine. Besides, it’s not like it can get any worse, and you really can’t hurt me.”

“No!”

“Please Skulls! Let’s try it again! Please.” You say, trying to make puppy eyes at him as he glares at you stubbornly.

For some reason, Sans feels his face start to heat as he glares into your eyes. He quickly hides within his fur, looking away.

“Sh-Shuttup! Jus’… fuckin’… f-fine! Alright!” He shouts. He needs to make you stop doing that.

You’re initially surprised it was so easy to make him relent this time. “Oh… okay! Let’s do it then!” You walk underneath the stain again and stand up straight. “I’m ready.”

Sans sighs, closing his sockets. “The fuck’ do I keep doin’ this shit with ya for…” He mumbles before he slowly raises his left arm again, covering his hand in blue light. He holds it there for a moment, watching. Gently, he tells himself. Gently this time. He lifts his hand slowly upwards, feeling it catch on your soul this time. He adds a bit more power, letting his magic course through him gently, calmly, carefully.

You soul slowly materializes from your chest this time, lighting the room with a golden orange glow before bursting with light and changing to a beautiful glowing blue. You feel your hair start to stand and, at the same time, your feet lift from the floor. Your body, from your head to your toes, is now completely weightless.

“It’s working!” You call in excitement.

“Y-Yeah…” Sans answers, watching you float in front of him. He lifts his hand some more, trying to
tug you a little further from the floor. You move your arms and out as you go up, enjoying the feeling of being weightless.

“Is my soul supposed to change blue like this?” You ask as you happily try and maneuver your legs, feeling the shift in motion coincide with your own movement in air.

“Blue attacks’ll turn yer soul blue. S’why it’s called a blue attack.”

“Such original naming.” You say sarcastically.

“Ya tellin’ me ya don’t feel a little blue?” He asks through a smile.

“That joke doesn’t work Skulls, I’m floating, not feeling down.”

Suddenly gravity hits you like a ton of bricks, and you splay your arms and legs out trying to catch yourself on nothing. It lasts for only a moment before your body is back in the air floating again.

“How ‘bout now?” Sans snickers as your surprise.

“Falling and feeling down are two very separate things, Skulls!” You huff before trying to bend over in the air and touch your toes. It causes your body to spin off balance and tilt to the side. “This is like being in space.” You say in wonder as you slowly float, twisting and turning without anything to grab onto. “This is so cool! Skulls you’re so cool!” You say as the excitement builds.

“Sh-Shuttup ‘m tryin’ ta focus!” He growls back, watching you happily wiggle in his blue attack.

You fold your arms and legs into a tuck and try to make your body roll. “Does it take that much focus?” You ask as you slowly roll forward. You only make it far enough to be facing the floor.

“Dunno… Ain’t never used it on someone like this before.”

“Really?” You extend your limbs again, trying once more time to attempt a roll.
“S’called a blue attack, notta shitty blue floaty fun game. I’ve only used it ta attack people’r move shit. Never floated someone inna air jus’ fer fun.”

“Why? That’s like… the first thing I would try doing.”

“Yeah, cause ya live up ‘ere’n this stupid idiot peace land. S’not something anyone would let me try on’um underground.”

“Ooooh… so I’m like, letting you break your magic virginity on me.” Suddenly your body lurches and you fall a full foot closer to the kitchen floor. Your nose almost smashing into the cheap plastic linoleum before you come to a stop.

“What part’a “I’m tryin’ ta focus” don’cha understand!” Sans snarls from behind you.

“Please don’t smash my face into the floor.” You plead as you feel your body slowly being tugged away, and placed back in the center of the air.

“Then shuttup’n stop sayin’ shit while I got’cha like this.”

“Heh, no can do Skulls! This is too amazing.”

He heaves a sigh, watching you slowly spin in the air in front of him. Your hair splayed out in every direction without the weight of the earth to hold it down. You even have your human soul on full captured display as you turn over and over. Tch… y-ya look so… stupid. He could smash yer face against the wall at the slightest flick of a wrist. Of course… he wouldn’t do that… least, not on purpose, but… The hell ‘r ya doin’ just enjoyin’ yerself for while he’s gotta perfect grip on your soul… N’what if ya were stupid enough ta let someone else try it?

Sans sighs. “Right’cherself up so I kin set ya onna ceilin’.” Sans calls, still watching as you finally get the hang of it and manage to barrel yourself into a spinning circle.

“Like this!” You extend your arms and legs, kicking in the air as you try and orient yourself upside down. You overshoot, and end up at more of a 30 degree angle against the ceiling.
“Close enough.” Sans murmurs, and you feel another tug evenly envelope the entirety of your body as you float toward the ceiling. It feels like you're slowly falling… upwards.

“This is so weird!” You say, before gently touching the ceiling. You immediately get to your knees and try to stand. It feels strange with your whole body’s gravity off. You’re a lot lighter than you would be on ground. Is this what it feels like on the moon? Even your hair is effected. It moves in the opposite direction of the earth. Lazily falling towards the roof along with the rest of you.

You take a step in awe, feeling your body’s weightlessness spread evenly throughout. You jump a little, and have to laugh as the tiniest amount of effort propels you a good distance off the ceiling. You come back down and hear a crunching noise as more of the drywall splinters beneath your feet and drops onto the floor.

“Oops…”

“Really! I just cleaned that shit up! Twice!” Sans yells.

“Heh… Sorry.”

Suddenly something wet smacks you in the face, it changes gravity when it hits and begins to slowly slide off towards the ceiling. You catch it before it can fall and look. It’s a damp rag.

“Yer there fer a job remember.” Sans calls at you. Actually… his skull lays only a couple of inches beneath your own head. Considering you could almost touch the roof with your fingertips before, he’s easily in reach of your hands. He’s staying well away from you though, still raising his blue covered hand as he watches.

“Yeah, yeah.” You say as you walk over to the yellow stain and bend over, starting to wet it down with the rag. “So what would happen if you used this outside?” You ask.

“Magic’s gotta radius it can work, using the caster as a central command point. So… if ya was outside n’ I used the same attack on ya, ya’d fall in whatever direction I sent ya till ya reached my maximum control radius n’ it wears off. Then ya’d fall back ta the earth like normal’n splat all across the ground with yer gross meat body.
“Hmm…” You respond, the nasty yellow stain starting to get wet enough to be removed. “And how far is your radius… Wait! don’t tell me… medium to small distance…”

“Actually I can measure that one fer the most part. S’around 20-30 feet dependin’ on my condition.”

“That’s a lot farther than I thought.”

“I’ve uh… I’ve always had pretty good range compared ta other monsters.” He says sheepishly.

“So you can change my gravity’s direction and force. Like how heavy can you make me?” You ask, curious now.

“Round five times yer natural weight… But it takes lot’s more magic the heavier I make ya. S’much easier ta remove yer gravity completely, hardly takes nothin’ ta maintain when compared ta addin’n changin’ gravity. I could probly hold’ja inna air fer a few hours like that, but if I was smakin’ ya ‘round’n changin’ yer gravity all over the place I’d tire out real fast.”

“Hmm…” You say again, finally removing the rest of the stain. “I think I got it all… hey Skulls, can you come over here and check if I got it. I can’t tell with this weird blue light glowing on it.”

Sans sighs and you listen to his small feet clacking across the kitchen floor as he walks up behind you. He ends up nearly beneath you as he looks up at the stain, still holding up his glowing blue hand.

“Looks fine ta me. I told’ja I don’t give a fuck if it's there or not anyway.”

“Okay, okay… then I just have one more question.” You say, starting to smile.

He sighs. “What…?” As his eyelights turn up at you in a glare.

“What happens if I do THIS!” You strike, grabbing him under the shoulders and pulling him up.

“W-Wait!” He practically squeaks as you tug him into you from off the floor. “D-Don fuckin’ grab-”
The soft pull of upward gravity is suddenly gone, and you feel the weight of your body shift and go speeding downward. You roll your body into a tuck, preparing to hit the ground first while keeping Sans safely on top. You brace for impact when suddenly you stop. You open your eyes, and spot Sans glowing blue hand raised in the air above you both.

“Y-Ya fuckin’ idiot! Don’t fuckin’ grab me like that all the sudden!” Sans snarls, pulling his face out of your shirt. He spots your soul hovering a few inches away, and his eyelights dilate as his entire skull goes red. “F-Fuck!” He yells diving out of your lap as fast as possible onto the floor. Somehow he keeps his hand up and covered in blue the entire time. “Y-Ya almost pushed my face inta yer fuckin soul!”

“Is that a bad thing?” You ask, as Sans movement causes your floating body to shift slightly in the air.

“YES IT FUCKIN’ IS! It’s the culmination of your entire being ya dumb ass. Ya can’t jus’ go around lettin’ other people touch that!” He says, sitting up.

“Oops…”

“The hell is wrong wit’cha!”

You slowly place your arms behind you head as you hover comfortably a few inches off the ground. “It’s not like it would have killed me… right?”

“Any damage it recieves’ll get transferred back to ya! N’yer souls’ really delicate’n sensitive ta outside forces, so ya don’t want someone's face slammin’ into it!”

You look down at your soul, hovering in front of your chest. It’s still glowing blue, painting the entire room in a brilliant cyan as it seems to sparkle. Beneath it, the same thing as always. Just your name in matching glowing letters.

“So… how bad would it be if I touched it?”

You have to ask, because you’re about a half second away from trying that right now. You reach your hand towards it, letting the light dance on your palm. As you get closer, an instinct washes over you, warning you not to touch it. Suddenly, your soul bursts back to its natural color and vanishes
into your chest. Your body drops the last few inches onto the floor and you land on your tailbone.

“Oof.”

“And… I’m fuckin’ done pullin’ yer soul outta ya fer forever.” Sans says in annoyance as he stands.

“What! Noooooo! Skulls I wasn’t done looking at it!”

“Ya weren’t lookin’ at it, ya were tryin’ ta fuckin’ touch it with me inna room watchin’!”

“So… any touching is bad? I thought you used your souls for sex… Wait! Was I about to do some form of soul masturbation in front of you?”

“J-Jus’ shuttup’n stop tryin’ ta mess with it! Fuck! This’s what I get fer hangin’ out with a dumbass.”

“Well, I can’t pull it out on my own, so how am I supposed to know!”

“Nothin’s supposed ta touch it when yer inna confrontation. How the hell couldn’t’cha feel that!”

“Mmmm… I did a little actually.” You say, standing as well, and brushing yourself off.

“N’ why the hell did’ja have ta grab me? I told’ja I needed ta focus!”

“I wanted to see if I could hold you while you used gravity magic on me.”

“Ya think I haven’t tried riding my own magic onna damn inanimate object before!” He growls.

“Oh…”
“If yer gonna wonder why I don’t wanna do shit with ya, this’s fuckin’ why!”

“But that was so fun.”

“No it wasn’t! I can’t hardly do anything wit’cha without practically havin’ a… havin’ a…. Y-Ya just make everythin’ stressful!” He corrects at the last second.

“It wasn’t a little fun?”

Sans soul replays the scene of you falling when he pretended to drop you, and how surprised you looked.

“N-No!”

“Okay… okay… What time is it anyway?” You say, already taking out your phone to look. Ahhh! Were late for the haunt.” You shout when you see it.

“I kin leave anytime. Yer the one who’s gotta take forever gettin’ ready.” Sans says smugly.

“I have blood all over my shirt! I can’t go walking around with blood on it!”

“You’ll blend right in. Everyone’s werin’ fake blood.”

“No Skulls. You have to take real blood seriously!” You say, already putting your shoes on to go next door. “Be right back.” You call, before opening the door and leaving.

Sans lets out a sigh as he watches you leave. You really do make his life stressful. Hell, he’s never had his soul bounce around from so many emotions at once before.

But he has to admit as he looks around his empty quiet apartment… ya make things a lot better than they were...
Chapter End Notes

So I almost had the chapter finished on Friday for once. Then I added a huge section to it, and had to work on it all through Saturday, but I think it came out a lot better because of it.

I'm hoping I only have one more chapter for the rest of Friday...

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

The Skeleton Games Sidequests

Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
Fangs for coming with me

Chapter Summary

Sans watches you have performance anxiety... Why won't they extend...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You’ve just finished revving your chainsaw as you chase another group of people from the haunt room. It’s been a long night. The video about monsters working at a haunted house really had gone viral. Ebott city was already bulging at the seams from tourists visiting in hopes of getting a glance at it’s new monster residents, but this is technically the only attraction where someone could pay and be guaranteed to get up close and personal with one. The line had gotten so out of hand staff had to start handing out tickets with numbers on them.

“Tch…” Sans clicks his teeth as he watches the party move from the room. “Don’t know why they’re here if they can’t even speak English.” He complains, walking back to his tombstone.

“Come’on Skulls. They just wanted to see you.” You say, hefting your chainsaw and moving back to your spot behind the door.

“I ain’t here ta be looked at, I’m here ta scare people.” He growls, leaning against the overly large decoration.

“You’re just annoyed because you can’t tell puns if they don’t know English.”

“I’m annoyed they’re treatin’ me like a fuckin’ zoo animal.”

“Hey, I’d pay to see a majestic skeleton zoo animal.”

“I ain’t even that interestin’ ta see.”

You get to your spot and listen for the screams moving through the attraction. Waiting for the next group to arrive.
“Nah, just imagine it, Skulls. Welcome to the amazing mustard drinking skeleton. His magical power, turning a two bedroom apartment into a disaster area in less than a week.”

“Ya jus’ can’t appreciate my art.” He says with a wide prideful smirk.

“He also eats porn.”

“Sh-Shuttup… I don’t normally eat it! That was only that one time!”

“That’s one time more than almost everyone.”

“Oh yeah! N’ how bout you. Welcome ta the crazy ass who sings videogame music like an idiot inna middle of’a damn night.”

“Wait… you heard that?”

Sans starts to snicker. “Ya even made the little dingin’ sound at the end.”

“It was a good song! I couldn’t get it out of my head!”

“Ya’ve been singin’ it fer two weeks straight, n’ now I practically know the whole thing.”

“Yeah, well, I know all your dumb metal songs, and I don’t even like that music.”

“Obviously m’ tryin’ ta improve yer taste.”

Laughter rings down the hallway, and you immediately put the musical discussion on hold as you both go silent. The approaching group is laughing pretty loud for people in a haunted house. They’re probably the type that don’t get easily scared in these things. Not bothering to be cautious at all, they burst through the streamers and quickly march into the room. It’s two boys and a girl.
“Holy shit, you totally jumped at that guy.”

“No I didn’t. I knew there was a guy in the painting.”

“Hahah, I saw you jump.”

“That must’ve been because I hit something with my foot.”

“Oh my god I can’t believe you get scared at these things.”

“I don’t, I told you I don’t care!”

They march directly through the room, not bothering to look closely at anything. You wait for them to pass the grave centerpiece before cutting off their light. They stop in their tracks, eyes unable to navigate the room any further now that they can’t see.

“Shit, it’s dead.”

“Why’d they give it to us if they don’t keep them charged”

“No, I think it got turned off, I’ve been to a place that does that.”

“It’s pitch black in here.”

“HEY, Can you turn the light back on please!” One of the guys shouts to the air.

Sans watches the party in front of him. They stopped just in front of his gravestone. After allowing them a moment of confusion, he forces his darkened eyelight to burn with life, washing his grinning face in a deep eerie crimson. He takes a step forward, getting in their space.
“Go light on it will ya. Shakin’ it like that ain’t gonna fix it.” He snickers as he saunters forward, letting his sharp grin stretch against the red on his face.

The guy nearest him jumps a little before he starts laughing.

“Hahah, holy shit. It’s the skeleton! We found him!”

“Is that him?” The girl asks beside him.

“It’s totally the skeleton from the video.” Says the guy holding the flashlight.

Sans grin immediately disappears. Great… another group of assholes here ta gawk at him.

“Dude, is your face real?” The nearest guy asks as he takes a step closer.

“Dunno numb-skull, why don’t’cha come closer’n find out?” Sans responds, holding his ground as he bares his sharp teeth.

“Shit, check it out, there’s really nothing inside him.”

The three of them lower their gaze to his clavicle, trying to get a look at his bones through the darkness.

“Hey… you’re only bones right, can you lift up your shirt?” The guy closest to him says as he gets closer.

“Why don’t’cha lift yers up first n’ if I like what I see I’ll think about it.” Sans spits back, stepping away from the approaching group.

“Heh heh, he’s funny… just like the video!” The guy closest Sans reaches out towards his face, but Sans easily ducks away from him. You watch for only a moment longer as Sans is backed against the gravestone, facing a group that isn’t afraid of him.
Immediately, you flick their light back on, and are already revving the chainsaw as you charge, screaming. The girl moves out of the way first, and the guy with the flashlight takes a step back, but the one closest Sans stays firmly in place as you stop behind him. Your chainsaw quiets down just in time to watch Sans smack the guys hand away as he reaches for him a second time.

“Come’on. I just wanna see what it feels like.” He laughs.

“Fuck off!” Sans snarls back.

“This is a no contact haunt! Please do not touch the actors.” You say firmly through your mask as you step forward.

“I already know you guys touch people in here. I just wanna see what his face feels like.” He says as he brings his hand up again. Sans swats at it, but this time the guy catches his arm.

“Fuckin’ leggo’a me ya freak!” Sans snarls as he tugs on his arm.

“How are you alive? You really are just bones.” The guy says moving closer, his eyes roaming his body.

You feel your arm move before you register what’s happening. “I said, this is a no contact haunt.” You repeat, grabbing him around the wrist and squeezing.

“Aghhh!” He cries as you apply pressure. He releases his grip on Sans and tries to shake you off. “Shit, Shit, Let go!” He shouts, But you continue to tighten your grip. He starts dancing on the spot in pain.

“Hey don’t grab him like that” The girl yells from the side.

“Stop, what the hell!”

You pull the mask off your face allowing your eyes to make contact with his. “You will not touch
“Y-Yes…”

You throw his arm away from you. “Now get out! All of you get out.” You say firmly as you loom over them. You're easily a few inches taller.

“Fuck you asshole.” The guy with the flashlight yells. But he stops when his friend walks silently past, heading straight for the exit.

“I would like to remind you to please not to touch the actors.” You say again trying to keep your voice steady.

“H-Hey Scott! Wait! Where are you going?” The guy with the flashlight calls as he runs after his friend.

“I’m telling management about this.” The girl threatens, before she too follows after. You hear a shout in the hallway, before their footsteps disappear around the corner.

Once they’re gone, you grab your mask from off the floor and look at Sans. He’s sweating slightly as he stands by the gravestone looking at his arm.

“Are you okay? They didn’t hurt you or… Is your one HP fine!” You say suddenly panicking.

“I’m fine, what the hell!” He growls back. “It was jus’ my arm ya dumbshit!”

“Yeah but-”

“Don’t treat me like I’m some kinda delicate flower.” He says folding his arms and glaring back.

“It’s just… that guy grabbed you.”
“Ain’t the first time a bunch’a curious assholes’ve tried ta touch me.” He says, looking annoyed.

“Uh… yeah… s-sorry.” You say sheepishly.

“I wasn’t talking about you, stupid!”

“Oh… uh… yeah… One moment I need to call this in.” You turn on the radio and briefly contact one of the leads informing them what happened.

“They’re wearing dark clothes, a black hoodie with sneakers. One has kinda red hair with gel in it. The girls wearing shorts.” You report.

“And are you sure Sans is alright?” They ask back.

“Yeah, he’s fine.”

“Nothing wrong with his arm?”

“Um…” You’re pretty sure it’s fine. “Skulls, your arm’s fine right?” You call.

“I said I’m fuckin fine!”

“He says it’s alright.”

The leader confirms with you again, before hanging up, and you slide your mask back on your face trying to quickly get prepared for the next group.

“Fuckin’ dumb ass laws…” Sans mutters as he waits. “Fuckin’ should be able ta dunk on those assholes… n’stead I gotta… Tch…”

“You know… If you have to use your magic to protect yourself. Just do it.”
“Have ya ever read the actual shit restrictions they wrote on magic use?” He growls back.

“No… but-”

“We ain’t allowed ta use it. Period.”

“But that’s so-”

“Government said it could get inta the air’n hit other people n’ that they can’t predict what sort’a ill effects it’ll have ’round us inna end.”

“But, if you’re going to get hurt or die.”

Sans sighs. “It ain’t jus’ the monster who’s usin’ magic’s gonna get punished. We’re all on’a strict trial period right now. Any one’a us usin’ it could get us all put back weeks’a progress ‘er even put back in quarantine. Even the king ‘imself gave us all a good long lecture before we left.”

“That’s just so-”

“Fuckin’ stupid. Ya think I don’t know.”

You listen for the screams traveling down the hallway. They’re taking longer than usual. Guess the team behind of you was instructed to hold up the next group.

“You know… I would never tell anyone about you using magic around me.” You say as you lean against the wall.

“I-I know ya won’t…” He says looking away.

“And if you do have to use it. I don’t care, please just do it.”
“I already told’ja, it ain’t about me it-”

“I’ll bail you out. No matter what. I’ll make everyone forget if I have to. Just don’t let people hurt you.”

“I already told’ja I ain’t some delicate flower.”

“Yeah, but you aren’t exactly some strong muscly macho dude. I can tell you’re a magic build.”

“A wha…?”

“Most your strength is in your magic. So if you take that away-”

“I still ain’t weak! I got sharper teeth’n claws then any’a ya!”

“Yeah, but I’m pretty sure most people are physically stronger than you.”

“I’m tellin’ ya, I ain’t-”

“Skulls… come’on.”

“Tch… I can handle it on my own…” He says slowly as he leans himself against the gravestone, looking away.

You continue waiting, listening for the approaching screams down the hall. They're taking a lot longer than usual.

“So… That’ was yer hypnosis shit’er whatever, right…?” Sans suddenly asks, his red eyelights roaming over towards you before quickly moving back to the door.
“Hm… yeah. Just a little to get that guy to stop.”

“N’ya really can’t use it on me?”

“Still don’t believe me?”

“How am I supposed ta know fer sure, if ya can make me forget after?”

“If I could use it on you… you probably wouldn’t know about me being a vampire right now.”

“... Oh…” He says quietly as the realization hits.

“And… even if I could use it on you, that’s pretty much the only thing I’d use it for. I don’t like to use it unless I have to.”

“Why not?” He asks, leaning back against the decoration. “Ya can make people do whatever you want, n’they won’t even remember it.”

“Trust me… it’s not as much fun as you think.”

“... Seems damn useful.”

“So… if you could do it, would you? Would you manipulate people to be how you wanted them to be and get whatever you want?”

“I’d be fuckin’ nice ta make everyone leave me the fuck alone!”

“Hmmm…? Really? You think that’d be nice?”

“Yes it fuckin’ would.”
“Hm…” You smile beneath the mask. “So then… When I knocked on your door that day and
bothered you. It would have been nice to make me leave and make it so I never talk to you again.”

“I-I… wha… w-well I would’a…” His face starts to glow in the darkness. “E-Eventually I would’a
seen ya… Ya can’t jus’ simplify it like that!”

“No you can’t. And that’s why I use it as minimally as possible.”

“Tch.. seems like a waste ta me.”

The screams finally move down the hallway before your room. You both stop talking and tense,
getting ready for the next group. It’s gonna be another long night.

The haunt attraction finishes late again. Afterward, Jenine personally checks up on Sans as he walks
across the break room. She pulls him aside and tells him how the group later tried to complain, but
instead were removed from the premises for breaking the rules. She reassures him they’ll work on
warning the guests about having any contact with their volunteers in the future. Sans takes the whole
thing quietly, but he somehow still looks pissed about the whole thing.

After getting changed, Sans takes you home and you both split up to take your separate showers.
You, to wash out the sweat from your hair, and him, to wash off the fake blood. Once you feel clean
again, you search your room for clothes. It’s really cold at night now, meaning there are much less
people milling around outside unless they have a reason. You decide to hit up the bars again. It’s
always been a bit easier to find prey, even if the people aren’t your favorite.

Small black dress equipped, you put on a coat over top, and grab your bag. The night air floods your
body as you step outside. Your damp hair begins to chill as you turn around and lock the door.
Straightening up, your eyes once again come into contact with the double pinpricks of red you’ve
come to associate with your neighbor.

“Uh… can I help you?” You ask as you watch him sweat nervously in front of you. Bone hands
thrust deep into his pockets as his breath puffs from the cold.
“No… s’just… c-comin’ outside...”

“Mmhmm…” You lift an eyebrow. “Skulls, you know I have to do this?”

“I know that!” He digs his hands in deeper, looking away at the nearby parking lot.

“... All right then… Later...” You say, walking around past him and down the steps. When your heels touch concrete, the stairs behind you squeak as more weight is applied to them. You stop for a moment to listen, before turning around. “Uh… What are you doing?”

“N-Nothin’” He mumbles, keeping his eyelights locked to the ground as he marches down the rest of the steps.

“Hm…?” You smirk. “Don’t tell me you still wanna try the ritual?”

“Like hell I do!” He growls back immediately. “I don’t even got any blood ya dumb ass!”

“Okay… well… goodbye then.” You turn back around, take a few steps, and listen to sneakers shuffling across the concrete behind you.

“Skulls… I have to go!” You call behind yourself.

“I’m comin’ with ya alright!” He yells back.

You stop in place, before turning around and raising an eyebrow. “So… wait… are you trying to protect me now?”

“S’not like I wanna!” He says immediately, his face already glowing. “If ya weren’t such a fuckin’ damn idiot, ’n always doin’ dangerous shit, then I wouldn’t have ta come with ya!” He folds his arms.
“You do realize I’m probably the most dangerous thing out on the streets at this hour?”

“N’ how the hell are you supposed ta be dangerous?”

“Um… I’m going off to find some poor lonely person in the middle of the night, hypnotize them, take some blood from their body without their consent, then wipe their memory of it forever.”

“Ya said it doesn’t hurt ‘um much anyway… so…” He hunches into his fur, looking away.

“So you don’t need to worry. Nothing can hurt me out here. Night time is my time.”

“Ya can still get hurt…” He seems to struggle for a moment trying to figure out what to say. “‘Sides…s’dark out…”

“Skulls… I can almost see better in the dark than I can in daylight.”

“Wha… ya can!”?

“Yes… I have night vision.”

He looks at you for a few seconds before narrowing his sockets. “I was fuckin’ wonderin’ how ya could see anythin’ in the haunt without yer eyes ta light it up.”

“Yeah… and remember how I was able to pick up my entire motorcycle… I can easily lift more than that. A lot more!”

“S-So! That doesn’t mean nothin’!” He says, folding his arms tighter.

“Yes it does! It means nobody can hurt me.”

“It still doesn’t mean nothing’! Ya can be the strongest person onna damn planet! Trainin’ every
damn day. Gettin’ yer stats up. Knowing the whole town ya live in inside’n out…” Sans eyelights drop as he kicks at the ground. A rock bounces along the pavement before coming to a stop in the nearby grass. “But… that don’t mean yer always gonna come home every time ya face somethin’ dangerous…”

“Skulls-”

“S-Somehow… the worst shit can figure out how ta kill ya, even… even when they shouldn’t…”

He keeps staring at the ground, eyelights glowing softly in the dark of the night. Slowly he drops his hands back into his pockets as he shuffles his feet. You sigh as you watch him. For a guy who claims he isn’t scared, he sure looks that way right now. Completely miserable and sleep deprived he stands defiantly in front of you. You want to tell him to go back inside and get some sleep. But he’s probably gonna stay up waiting for you even if you went without him.

“Fine…” You say in defeat. It’s hard to say no when he gets like this. “If you really want to come with me…”

“Tch… s’not like I was askin’ ya anyway… I can follow ya anytime I wanna…” He says, shrugging into his fur.

“So you admit to being a stalker…”

“I ain’t fuckin’ stalking ya! I’m jus’ makin’ sure ya ain’t dead!”

“Alright, alright… just…” You sigh… “Come’on then.” You say, turning around and walking away.

Sneakers scrape along the pavement, and soon he’s caught up with you. For a moment, his eyelights hover over you, watching you walk quietly next to him. He takes in your outfit, another short black dress. His grin shifts downwards as he watches the short hemline sway. Tch… it barely covers anything at all… Ain’t it supposed ta be freezen’ out?

“Ya… ya really gotta wear that shit ta go drinkin’?” He asks as you lead him around the corner.
You look down at the dress you're wearing. “No… but it helps.”

“Helps ya look like a freezin’ idiot.”

“I don’t get cold easily.”

“S’that a vampire thing?”

“Yeah… I think so… Does it really bother you that much?”

“I-It jus’ don’t look right on ya…”

“What?” You look down at yourself again. You’re pretty sure you look great in it. You’re little black dresses always give you good results on your drinking days. “What’s wrong with it?”

“I-It jus’ looks stupid.”

“You’re complaining about this… but wearing pajama pants all day is fine?”

“Don’t see nothin’ wrong with that… Least ya look comfortable in’it. Ya jus’ don’t look right in that.”

“Heh… So you're into socks... and pajama pants.” You smirk.

“That’s not what I said at all!” He growls back quickly. “I didn’t mean I was inta ya wearin’ um! I jus’ meant ya don’t look right wearin’ that short ass uncomfortable shit!”

You take another turn, making it onto a main road as you walk under the lamplights.

“It’s not that I like wearing it… but I also don’t like wandering around out here forever. If this will help me get the job done faster, then it’s worth it.”
Sans pushes his hands further into his pockets as he glares ahead. “Can’t ya jus’ hypnotize ‘um anyway? The hell do ya need ta wear shit like that for? Jus’ walk up to someone’n make’um do it.”

“Well… that’s not how it works. The hypnosis makes them look like a retarded zombie, so I can’t just go walking around in public with a hypnotized human stumbling around behind me.”

“You then hypnotize those people’n tell’um to fuck off.”

“Skulls… I think I’ve been doing this long enough to know that flinging my hypnosis around is a quick way to get discovered.”

“You then make those people forget.”

You sigh into your palm. “I think you're missing the point… I’m trying to use as little effort as possible, and interfere with the least amount of people. What your telling me to do is chain hypnotize half the people in the city every time I go out drinking.”

You turn another corner, and the buildings on either side change from apartments, to shops.

“I jus’ think it’s stupid ya gotta wear that…” He says, hunching into his coat stubbornly as he shuffles along beside you.

“It’s just my clothes… Besides… I am a human with very long beautiful legs. Count yourself lucky to bask in their uncovered glory.”

“Like I give a fuck!”

“Oh right…” You snicker. “You prefer them partially covered.”

“I don’t prefer them at all!” He growls back.
“Heh… Just trust me when I say it makes things a lot easier.”

The streetlamp ahead flickers as you both walk through the cold. Leaves crunching underfoot in the dark of night. Sans suddenly slows for a moment, before quickly catching up. His eyelights focusing ahead into the distance.

“What’s wrong?” You ask, catching the stutter in his pace.

“Dunno… was jus’ thinkin’…” Sans removes his hands from his pockets and moves them behind his head. “S’it really that hard ta get blood every week?” He asks, peeking at you from the side.

“It’s not hard… It’s more like… really annoying.”

“Sounds like it really sucks…” He says quickly, a smile starting to grow across his face.

“It’s not that bad it just-” You stop in place when the pun hits you, watching the smirking skeleton take a few steps ahead before turning around.

“What?” He snickers.

“Don’t you dare…” You warn, already knowing it’s too late.

“I was jus sayin’… sound’s like a real pain in the neck havin’ ta go out ‘ere every night.”

“Skulls, I will make you go home!”

“Heh…” He leans his head into his arms, smiling wickedly at your disgust. “But’cha need me ‘ere ta help ya pick out yer necks victim.”

“My next victim’s gonna be you if you aren’t careful.” You warn.
Sweat breaks out across his skull, but he holds his ground. “Aw… come’on, are my jokes drivin’ ya-”

You move to pounce, but he’s already disappeared.

“- batty already. Heheheh!” His low voice flows from behind.

You turn and stare at his smug face. “You are dead to me Skulls…” You say darkly. “And if you think for a moment I haven’t heard every vampire pun in existence already…”

He simply shrugs back. “Heh… thought we was havin’ a bloody good time out ‘ere?”

“That’s it! I’m leaving without you!” You yell, turning around and walking down the sidewalk.

Leaves crunch as you march off through into the night. After a few steps, you look behind yourself to see if he’s following. The path is empty.

“Skulls!…” You call. “Skulls I didn’t mean-”

“So yer sayin’ ya gonna do this Sans skeleton?” His low voice interrupts.

You turn around and try your best not to let out a laugh at the stupid proud grin plastered across his face.

“Pffft… what the heck!” You snicker, unable to keep your face straight.

His eyelights dilate when he hears you laugh, and for a moment they appear as little hearts.

“Fuckin’ knew ya liked puns…” He snickers back. His face starting to take on a light glow.

“Yeah… yeah… You just surprised me with that one. They usually aren’t funny.”
The glow intensifies into a light pink as he smirks.

“S’good ta know ya gotta **funny bone** in ya somewhere.”

“Aaaaand we’re back to overused puns again.” You groan, starting to walk past him.

“Ya know I’m-”

“**Humurious** … So I’ve heard.” You finish for him. He keeps snickering as he quickly catches up with you. “You must really like puns.” You say, as you watch him laugh.

“Heh… N’what gave that away?” He snickers.

“Well… your face is all pink, and your eyes turned into little hearts.”

Sans nearly trips across the sidewalk before catching himself.

“What! N-No it ain’t!” He holds his hands up to his face and it quickly changes from pink to red when he realizes the color of light reflecting onto his hands. “I-I… jus’… gotch’a ta laugh a-an… My eyes can’t turn inta hearts!” He says suddenly.

“Huh… yes they can.”

“No they can’t!”

“I’ve seen them change into hearts a bunch of times.”

“Wha… when!”
“Just now… and every time you talk about Grillby’s they always change into little hearts.”

“N-No they don’t!” He says… but now he seems uncertain.

“This isn’t something I’m making up. Your little light thingys can change into hearts.”

“I swear I ain’t never fuckin’ heard’a that happenin’.” He says, still holding his hands out in front of his cooling face.

“Really… Big Boss’s never said anything?”

“C-Cause they can’t…”

You start walking again, making your way past him.

“I’m telling you… they can.”

“T-They CAN’T!”

You continue walking along the sidewalk, breath shimmering in the cold as you pass under the streetlamps. Eventually you take a turn and find yourself on a large strip of road with several bars and clubs lining the sides. The smell of smoke and alcohol linger in the air as people mill around the entrances tapping on their cell phones and talking to friends.

You slow in your steps as you approach the area… Quickly realizing the problem walking next to you.

“Uh… Skulls…?” You say, coming to a stop.

“What?” He grumbles pulling up his hood as you get closer to other humans.
“As much as I enjoy your company… um… I think you’re kinda… The whole point of this outfit is to attract people… but with you walking next to me…” You take a breath. “I need to seem available, and you’re not letting that happen.”

“Tch…” He clicks his teeth. “Yeah… yeah… I get it.” He turns around and walks towards an empty alleyway. “I’ll be onna roof watchin’ while ya “attract” shit with yer “availability”…” He says, rolling his eyelights.

Before you can say anything more, he waves, and disappears. Leaving you alone under the streetlight. You take a quick glance at some of the nearby rooftops. Trying to see if you can spot him. For a moment you catch a flash of glowing red on one of the buildings next to you. You smile when you see it, then take a step down the sidewalk towards the closest cluster of bars.

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Sans watches you look directly at him, before turning your head away and smiling. Damn… ya really must see well inna darkness. No wonder ya saw him that other time he was followin’ ya. Ya probably saw him the whole fuckin’ time… Tch… n’ya just pretended ya didn’t see nothin’ n’ kept going’… It fuckin’ pisses him off how yer always one step ahead’a him.

He watches you walk past the first cluster of humans. Two of them turn their heads towards you as you walk by, but they leave you alone. Tch… dumb shits.

You keep walking, and Sans has to teleport to another building to keep you in his sights. Several more people turn their heads as you pass. A few of them eyeing you long after you’ve moved away. You get to a less crowded building and stop, before sitting on some raised concrete surrounding a planted decoration. You open your bag, and start fumbling through it. Your face scrunching up in distress as you start to look more and more concerned.

When your face becomes completely distressed, Sans begins to feel uncomfortable. Starting to panic himself, he fishes out his phone and types a message.

**Sans:** what’s wrong

You flinch as your phone buzzes, before reaching in your bag to check it. Once you read the message, you look around at several of the rooftops, before settling your eyes on his. Shit! Ya can really see him? From that far away! You keep staring, and Sans feels his face start to heat. He quickly ducks out of view. Pulling his fur closer around his face. Th-the hell do ya keep staring at
him like that for. S‘fuckin’ weird... A moment later, his phone vibrates in his pocket, and he quickly brings it to his sockets.

**NewContact3**: Pretending

Pretending to do what! What the hell?

Sans bones mash the keys as he types back.

**Sans**: pretending what

**NewContact3**: Walking back and forth over the same strip looks strange. Sometimes you have to put on a show to get what you want.

**Sans**: so ur pretending to look like an idiot

**NewContact3**: No. Don’t tell me you don’t know how this works

**Sans**: works?

**NewContact3**: What? You’ve never fantasized about helping out a pretty girl in distress before?

**Sans**: that sounds completely stupid

**NewContact3**: I agree… I’m more into helping out cute boys instead.

Sans phone is suddenly cast in a red light, but he ignores it and continues typing.

**Sans**: How much longer r u going to take
He waits for a response, but you don’t send anything back. He waits a moment longer, before quickly turning around and searching for you sitting below him. You aren’t there! Shit… he only took his sockets off ya for a second! The hell did’ja go!?

Wind blows across him, and immediately he knows where you are. When’dja move over there! His eyelights travel to the nearby empty lot you were at last week. Led there by the same scent…

Sans teleports into the secluded space, appearing behind you as you lead a man foreward. He looks over the human following you in annoyance. Several inches shorter, his clothes are wrinkled as though he’s been out drinking for hours already. The product in his hair is failing, with some of the dusty yellow locks that were held up on his head falling stiffly across his face. Sans has to turn up his nose as the man stinks of alcohol.

“Really… that’s the guy ya picked?” Sans grumbles from behind you.

You turn around, eyes flashing at your skeleton neighbor.

“It’s more like he picked me… told you by the way.” You say proudly. “A girl in distress always works.”

“Couldn’t’cha pick some other guy…” Sans mumbles, folding his arms and glaring as he watches the man lumber behind you.

“What? This one’s fine…” You smack the man a few times on the shoulder and he wobbles. “A little drunk, but at least he’s clean.”

“He looks stupid… ya shoulda gotta different one.” Sans hunches further into his coat.

“I thought you said all humans look the same?”

“Yeah… cept that one looks extra stupid.”
“Skulls… It doesn’t matter what they look like. I just need a somewhat healthy human to take some blood from.”

“Tch… ya should at least be a little picky about what’cher eatin’.”

“I do not wanna hear that from you mister ‘it doesn’t matter what I eat’!” You move closer to the wall and look at the man. “Stand here.” You command backing him up against it.

“N’how come it’s always a guy? Ya can’t bite girls?” Sans continues to complain.

“I don’t really care… It’s just, boys happen to be outside in the middle of the night more often, and they’re a lot easier for me to attract.” You get him positioned how you want and turn around. “Wait… are you getting jealous?” You ask. Now that you’ve had enough time to think about Sans behavior… it does kinda feel like…

“The hell would I be jealous for?” Sans growls back.

“I don’t know… why are you so concerned over the person I choose to bite?”

“I just think ya shouldn’t be eatin’ off some ugly ass looking guy!”

“Skulls, it doesn’t matter!

“Whatever! Shit fine! Just hurry up’n get’it done already!” He growls, thrusting his hands in his pockets and leaning against a nearby wall. You watch him for a moment. Glaring around the dark empty lot. Wait… is he just gonna stand there? The whole time?

“Uh… Skulls…?” You say hesitantly.

“What!”

“Aren’t you gonna go up on the roof and keep a lookout for me or something?”
“I can do it just fine from ‘ere.” He says looking set.

“But… um…” You say, starting to feel very uncomfortable.

“The hell’s wrong!”

“It’s kinda weird to have someone watch…”

He looks over at you for a moment. “The hell’s so weird about it. Yer jus’ eatin’.” He says, narrowing his eyes.

“It’s… um… c-can’t you go and wait somewhere else.”

“It doesn’t take long right? Just hurry up’n do it so we can go home!”

“R-Right… yeah…” You agree. You’ve had people watch you do this before… It’s not that weird. Your victim waits pinned against the wall silently as the two of you argue. You grab his shirt by the collar, and pull it down, exposing the delicate veins on his neck. You wait for your body to respond… But nothing happens. All you feel are two pinpricks of light burning behind you as they watch.

“Hurry the fuck up!” Sans shouts.

“I’m trying, I’m trying!” You yell back.

“Jus’ fuckin’ do it!”

“Be quiet so I can concentrate!”

He stops yelling, and you bring your focus back to the man’s neck. You need make your teeth extend. Why isn’t your blood responding? You know you’ve had people watch you feed before. It
shouldn’t bother you. Just do it. Sans can watch all he wants. It’s not like he’s gonna judge you…
He always thinks you’re weird anyway, so it doesn’t matter. Besides, he complains about everything.
Even the people you bite are somehow a problem for him.

If it’s such a huge problem then he should go somewhere else. It’s not like you made him come with
you this time. It’s almost as though he wants you to bite him instead. How would you even do that?
There’s no vein’s on him, just bones. Which ones would you even bite…? his cervical vertebrae? Or
maybe his clavicle? You can’t even bite bones anyway… they’re much too hard.

But he isn’t actually bone is he? He’s magic… or dust charged with magic. Maybe his cheek bones
aren’t the only soft bones he has. He probably has some other ones. Maybe… Maybe you could bite
him. Right on the clavicle… He’d probably make that high pitched squeak he does when he’s
surprised and squirm around. You’d have to hold him down and…

You feel your teeth lengthening in your mouth as your blood reacts.

You quickly refocus on the man's neck. Grabbing his collar again, you pull it down allowing you
access as you immediately search for his vein. You smell the blood pumping under his skin, and bite
down quickly this time, piercing the skin and sucking thirstily as the blood pools forth.

You sigh into his neck as you feed. For some reason you feel hungrier than usual this week. He starts
to whimper beneath you, and instinctively you push him flat against the wall. Keeping him from
swaying or wiggling while your sharp teeth are embedded in his flesh. His pumping blood continues
to flow forth, and you sigh again as you feel your body reinvigorate with power.

“What the fuck!”

You have to catch yourself from biting down harder as Sans shout breaks your focus.

“That’s completely fuckin’ sexual!”

You want to turn around and argue with him, but you can’t stop mid bite without putting the guy in
danger. You at least attempt to stop sighing loudly in satisfaction as the blood goes down your throat.
Unluckily for you, the man beneath you gives a loud moan, and you immediately slam a hand over
his mouth trying to silence him. This isn’t helping!
After a few more seconds, you feel like you’ve had as much as he can give. Licking the blood away from his neck, his flesh quickly seals itself, leaving only the smallest pricks of indication he’s been bitten by a vampire.

You straighten up and immediately look over at Sans. He’s hidden his face in his hood, but a red glow radiates from it anyway.

“I’m never taking you with me again.” You say quietly.

“I didn’t fuckin’ do nothin!” He says, starting from your break in silence.

“You almost made me tear open his neck with your comments!”

“M’jus’ sayin’ that’s how it looked…” He grumbles.

“It does not!”

Sans shoves his hands deeper in his pockets, but he keeps his hood over his face. “Ya… ya done with everythin’ yet?”

“Uh…” You look over at the guy, still held under your hypnosis. “Leave now.” You command.

He immediately walks away, and you and Sans watch him exit before looking back at each other.

“Yeah… I’m done…”

“Good… let’s get the fuck outta here.” He says, shuffling over to you and holding out his hand. He tries to keep his face hidden in his hood, but you peek inside it anyway as he waits for you to grab his hand. The entire thing’s glowing red, and his eyelights refuse to look at you. “H-Hurry up…” He says impatiently, holding his hand out further.

You take it, feeling the world around you push and pull before finding yourself back in your own apartment.
“Later…” He says, flicking your hand away and waving as he disappears.

“Goodnight Skulls!” You yell through the wall. He doesn’t answer.

You check the time on your phone. It’s still a few hours before you need to go to bed. You get settled on your couch and open your laptop. As you’re searching through your library for something to play you feel a pressure behind you.

“And take back your fuckin’ damn pillow!” Sans screeches. The large body pillow hitting you in the back of the head. You look behind yourself, but he’s already gone.

“Goodnight Skulls!” You yell again, but all you hear are his bone feet stomping around in return.

You turn your attention back on the computer screen, reading through the games. Suddenly you place a hand across your face. It’s warm.

What the heck where you thinking earlier! You can't bite a skeleton!

Chapter End Notes

A big thanks to everyone who sent me vampire puns when I asked. It really helped me out. I am not good at writing puns at all.

Next chapter we make dinner for Papyrus!

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

The Skeleton Games Sidequests

Related Works
Loud Yet Gentle Fear
Darkness and Hope
The sky shimmers a mellow blue overhead as you march back to your apartment. Under several protective layers of clothing, you carry your laundry basket, filled to the brim with clean clothes. It’s Saturday morning, and you need to get everything ready in time for Papyrus’s arrival. You know for sure he’s gonna be critiquing every nook and cranny of your apartment, so you want everything to be perfect.

Once inside you walk down your hallway toward your bedroom. For a moment, you stop and listen at the wall, trying to hear if your neighbor’s awake. Soft breathing slowly flows from the other side, and you smile, happy he’s sleeping in for once. You continue to your bedroom and begin the process of folding laundry. It’s pretty much the only thing you have left. You hardly had to clean at all, as you generally keep your apartment picked up during the week, but you do need to put away a few things.

Finished with the laundry, you walk into the kitchen and remove a large pot of boiling eggs off the stovetop. You rinse them in cold water, still wondering how you’re able to boil eggs entirely made of magic. Once they’re cooled you begin the task of peeling the shells. You’re gonna wait for Papyrus to arrive before cooking the main dish, but that doesn’t mean you can’t start on the appetizers in the meantime.

Sans rolls over in his bed, his cell echoing loudly through his skull as it rings.

“Fuck off...” He growls drunkenly, before blindly reaching for his phone and sliding his phalanges across as many buttons as possible to get it to shut up. Once it stops, he digs his claws back into the now balled up covers and sheets beside him, pulling some of the mass over himself in his attempt to go back to sleep.
His phone starts ringing again.

“YA BETTER NOT BE FUCKIN’ CALLIN’ ME!” He shouts at his wall, before grabbing his phone and forcing his tired sockets open to look at it.

**Call from NewContact3...**

Sans starts to audibly growl when he sees it.

“SKULLS! GET UP!” His neighbor yells through the wall as his phone rings in his hand.

“I STILL GOTTA FUCKIN’ HOUR!” He yells back, turning the phone off and snuggling into his blanket ball.

“USE IT TO GET READY!” You shout back.

“I AIN’T SLOW LIKE YOU. I ONLY NEED A HALF HOUR!” He yells, still trying to roll around and find that comfortable sweet spot.

“YOU CAN GO BACK TO SLEEP AFTER YOUR READY!”

“FUCK YOU!” He snarls back. “I DON’T GOTTA LISTEN TA WHAT’CHA SAY. I’LL WAKE UP WHEN I FUCKIN’ WANNA!!!”

He listens to your footsteps walk off, and smirks. Ya can’t tell him what ta do. He’s gonna sleep as long as he wants. Your front door opens, footsteps walking the short distance it takes to reach his door, then the handle jingles.

Sweat builds across his skull as he listens. Sh-she can’t get in... right? I-It’s locked… She’s just gonna knock on his door... right…?

The door responds by clicking open.
“WHAT THE HELL. DON’T PICK MY LOCK!” Sans shouts, his soul beginning to thrum with fear. She’s definitely pissed. And when she gets pissed…

He hears your footsteps in his hallway and decides it’s time to follow his instincts and cut his losses. He isn’t scared of you… but sometimes… tactical retreats are necessary. He dislodges his claws from his sheets, and in an instant, teleports away.

“I HOPE YOU’RE IN A CUDDLY MOOD, CAUSE IT’S TIME TO GET HUGGED!” You shout, smashing open the door to his bedroom, and storming inside. You’re met with an empty, but clean bedroom. A ball of blankets and sheets the only thing left on his bed. You narrow your eyes at it, wondering… He isn’t hiding inside is he?

“Clack, clack, clack.”

Soft tapping noises come from the bathroom at the end of the hall, and you realize at once where he’s at.

“Oh good, you’re awake!” You say, directing your voice at his closed bathroom door.

“I-I’m takin’ a shower now, so fuck off!” His voice echoes from the bathroom. The water starts a moment later.

You fold your arms looking at his door. He was very… very close to getting hugged…

Sans walks from the bathroom to his bedroom, clean, but naked, and lightly dripping with water. His closet has folded clean laundry in it for once, and he’s able to throw on some clothes without digging through his baskets. He makes his bed, trying to stretch out some of the new holes he’s put in the covers, then he walks to the kitchen, grumbling.

“Fuckin’ stupid ass human… I kin fuckin’ get up whenever I wanna… Don’t fuckin’ need her ta wake me up. M’notta fuckin’ kid! The hell does she think she-”
“Hiya Skulls!” You call, leaning up from your position on his couch. He flinches with one bony hand still hanging on the fridge door. “You probably shouldn’t eat anything. I’m making a lot of food today.” You warn.

“The hell’r ya still doin’ in here!” He yells, whiping his skull around to face you.

“Well…” You say, leaning over the back of the couch. “I picked your lock cause you seemed like you needed a loving hug to get started this morning. Then I decided to stick around.”

“Y-Ya can’t jus’ come in here whenever ya…” He sighs as he trails off. “At least tell me when yer over! I-I was jus’ in the hallway…”

“I’m just waiting on your couch for your bro to show up, relax.”

“Can’t ya wait for’em in yer own apartment?”

“Mmmm… I could, but I’m not gonna.” Your eyes fall across the cracked drywall on the ceiling. More of it fell during the night, and small piles of the broken ceiling litter the entire kitchen. You made the decision to wait for his brother when you saw the fresh mess. It was your fault after all.

Sans turns back the the fridge, cracking it open. “Whatever…”

“Skulls! Don’t eat!” You persist.

“We ain’t gonna eat till later right? Some of us actually get hungry inna morning.”

It hasn’t been morning for a few hours, but you keep that to yourself when you respond. “I made appetizers, you’ll be fine.”

“Ya made appetizers?” He says, lifting a brow bone.
“Yes I did, so wait just a little longer.”

“Fine!” He slams the fridge door and marches to the couch, flopping down in his regular spot, he melts lazily into the seat.

“Isn’t Boss gonna be mad about the mess?” You ask, still looking over the back of the couch.

“I ain’t cleanin’ it up again.” He looks worried as he says it, but also set.

“But-”

“It keeps fallin’ down every damn time something’ moves around in ‘ere. Ain’t no way ta keep it clean, so it doesn’t matter.

You decide to let it go this time. It was your fault after all.

“I called and left a message for the landlord by the way, but I don’t think anyone’s gonna get around to fixing it till Monday.” Sans only grunts in acknowledgement before leaning his head across the armrest, trying to get comfortable. “Wait… Are you going to sleep?” You ask, watching him roll around.

“Yes.”

“But-”

“Ya said I could after I got ready. M’ready now so shut the hell up’n let me sleep.”

“But he’s gonna be here soon.”

“N’ I’m gonna sleep till he gets here.”
You’re about to say something back, when you hear pounding on the door. It shudders with each knock, bending as it slams on its hinges.

“SANS! SANS YOU LAZY DISGRACE! YOU WILL OPEN THE DOOR IMMEDIATELY!”

You look at the time on your phone. He’s early… Sans sweats as he jumps from the couch quickly shuffling to the door.

“IF YOU MAKE ME WAIT AGAIN THIS WEEK I SWEAR I WILL SEE TO IT THAT YOU ARE STRUNG UP NAKED AND-”

“H-Heya Boss.” Sans says as he nervously opens the door.

“GOOD, YOU HAVE FINALLY MANAGED TO OPEN YOUR DOOR ON TIME FOR ONCE.” Papyrus immediately pushes past his brother, and strides into the kitchen.

“W-What are ya wear-”

“NOT NOW SANS!” The plastic grocery bag in Papyrus’s hand swishes as his sockets quickly take in the condition of Sans damaged kitchen roof. “I SEE THAT YOUR KITCHEN IS IN HORRIBLE DISREPAIR AS WAS REPORTED.”

“Y-Yeah Boss… B-But it’s gettin’ fixed soon so ya don’t gotta-”

“SILENCE SANS! I’M NOT HERE TO DISCUSS TRIVIAL MATTERS SUCH AS YOUR DISTURBING LACK OF APARTMENT MAINTENANCE. THERE ARE MUCH MORE IMPORTANT THINGS AT STAKE. I HAVE ARRIVED EARLY AS I NEED TO SPEAK WITH YOU ABOUT OUR IMMINENT VISIT WITH THE HUMAN!”

“Uh… O-Okay Boss… but-”

“AS YOU KNOW I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, AM A TOP REPRESENTATIVE OF MONSTER KIND, AND THUS I ALWAYS MAKE SURE TO HAVE THE BEST MOST PROFESSIONAL RELATIONS WITH THEM WHENEVER THEY
BEG FOR MY PRESENCE IN THEIR HOME. THUS, I NEED TO SET DOWN SOME GROUND RULES SO THAT YOU DO NOT TAIN OUR VISIT WITH IMPROPER MONSTER BEHAVIOR AND- SANS… SANS! STOP LOOKING AWAY LIKE AN IDIOT AND LISTEN TO ME WHEN I AM SPEAKING!”

“B-But Boss… the human’s-”

“I ALREADY KNOW SHE LIVES NEXT DOOR! NOW LISTEN CLOSELY OR YOU WILL MAKE US BOTH LOOK LIKE BUFFOONS! WHEN THE HUMAN OPENS THE DOOR YOU ARE TO SHAKE HER HAND. THAT IS THE HUMAN’S WAY OF DETERMINING ONE'S SOCIAL STRENGTH. THEIR MEATY INSIDES ARE VERY FRAGILE HOWEVER, SO DO NOT SQUEEZE IT TOO HARD OR THEY WILL CRY OUT AND NOT BE ABLE TO LOOK YOU IN THE SOCKET WHILE YOU ARE TRAINING WITH THEM LATER. THEN, WHEN SHE GRACIOUSLY INVITES US INSIDE, YOU ARE TO-”

“Actually you can squeeze my hand however hard you want Big Boss. I can take it.” You say, popping up from behind the couch and interrupting the enormous skeleton. You decide it’s probably best to show yourself now before he continues his very long and most likely incorrect lecture about being a guest at a human's house with you listening.

“MNNNGGAAAAAA HUMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING LAZING ABOUT ON SAN’S COUCH!” Papyrus yells, going slightly red when he realizes you were listening to him the whole time.

“Well… I was waiting for you to come over and… wait… what are you wearing?” You ask when your eyes finally take him in. He’s not wearing the tight leathery black clothes you’ve grown accustomed to seeing him in. No… instead he’s wearing what looks like a dark undershirt with a red sweater vest pulled over it and… flames… there are flames sewn across the bottom.

“DO NOT WAIT OVER HERE!” He shouts, tossing the plastic bag he's holding on the table. He marches over to you and grabs you by the shoulders, pointing you towards the door. “QUICKLY GO BACK TO YOUR OWN LIVING RESIDENCE THIS INSTANT!”

“Eh…?” You call behind yourself. “But I was so excited to see your cute face I had to wait here.”

“I-IT IS NOT CUTE, HUMAN!” He yells, the wash of red on his face darkening. “MY FACE IS IMMENSELY TERRIFYING AND INTIMIDATING! NOW, GO BACK TO YOUR APARTMENT THIS INSTANT AND WAIT FOR ME TO ARRIVE PROPERLY!”
He finishes pushing you in front of the door and stops. Placing his hands on his hips, he watches as
you slowly stuff on your shoes.

“How ’bout we settle for terrifyingly cute?” You say as you open the door.

“THERE IS NO APPROPRIATE USE OF THE WORD CUTE WHEN ASSOCIATING
ANYTHING WITH MY PRESENCE! NOW, BE GONE WITH YOU AT ONCE HUMAN!”

“But I haven’t commented on your out-”

“GOODBYE HUMAN!” He calls, and you catch a glimpse of San's snickering form behind him,
before he slams the door in your face.

You stand in shock for a moment, staring at the door.

“I-I WILL BEGIN AGAIN SANS! AND MAKE SURE YOU LISTEN PROPERLY THIS
TIME!” Papyrus’s slightly muffled, but still loud voice booms from the apartment walls. You hear a
low voice answer, followed by chuckles.

“... DON’T YOU DARE MAKE PUNS ABOUT THAT WORD! I AM NOT CUTE SANS!”

You snicker as well, before walking back to your apartment. Along the way catching bits and pieces
of Papyrus’s lecture.

“.... YES YOU WILL WEAR IT!.... I DO NOT CARE! THIS IS WHAT HUMANS WEAR
WHEN THEY EAT TOGETHER….! NO SANS! IT DOESN’T MATTER IF SHE DOES NOT
HAVE ONE!”

You use the time you have to comb over your apartment again, making sure there isn’t anything out
of place. Everything looking good, you wait on your couch with your computer in your lap, still
catching a few words carrying over from your neighbors walls.
You hear a knock on the door at the exact time Papyrus was planned to arrive, and quickly get up to answer it.

“Uh… Hey Big Boss, you’re right on time.” You say, opening the door.

“OF COURSE I AM! THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS IS ALWAYS PUNCTUAL!” He says, waiting with his arms folded, looking at you. You move to let him in, but he stays in place. After a moment of glaring, you realize what he’s waiting for.

“Uh… Thank’s for coming over today… Come on in.” You say, offering your hand.

“AHEM…” He clears his nonexistent throat. “YES OF COURSE HUMAN. COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY TO BE GRACED BY MY GLORIOUS PRESENCE AT YOUR MEAL TIME.” He shakes your hand lightly, and you get a better look at his outfit. The sweater vest actually looks great on him, it really brings out his broad shoulders… but… why are their flames sewn at the bottom?

“I… uh… really like your outfit.”

His face immediately lightens as he straightens into a pose. “OF COURSE YOU WOULD HUMAN! AS I AM A MASTER OF RESEARCH, I QUICKLY LEARNED WHAT IT IS YOUR FILTHY SPECIES WEAR TO DINNER PARTIES! AND THOUGH IT ENDED UP BEING RATHER DRAB AND BORING, I SPENT SOME TIME IMPROVING IT, MAKING IT ONE HUNDRED, NAY, ONE THOUSAND TIMES COOLER WITH MY SKILLS! NEYH HEH HEH!” He says smiling proudly.

“Oh… so you added… flames.”

“NATURALLY… SEE HOW MUCH BETTER IT HAS ALREADY BECOME!”

He poses again, his crimson scarf somehow billowing behind him.
“Heh… it almost looks as good as you!” You comment as you move to the side letting him in.

“F-FLATTERY WILL STILL GET YOU NOWHERE HUMAN!” He says, his face warming just a hint as he moves past into your apartment. “YOU’D BETTER BE READY FOR MY JUDGEMENT!”

Sans steps up next, and you have to squash a laugh when you realize he isn’t wearing his usual fur lined coat either. Instead, he’s also changed into a sweater vest combo, including matching flames on the bottom of his as well. It’s clearly too long for him, and for some reason it doesn’t look quite as nice as it does on his brother. This is probably due to his stiff body language, as he looks as though this is the most uncomfortable thing he’s ever worn in his entire life.

“Hey Skulls…” You try and say with a straight face. “C-come on in… welcome.” You manage to sputter, holding your hand out as he glares.

“Shut the fuck up.” He whispers back as he takes your hand.

“What are you wearing?” You whisper.

“I don’t fuckin’ know. Boss bought it ‘n said I gotta wear it.” He glares even harder.

“Is that what was in that bag?”

“Yes! Why the fuck do ya humans wear this shit? S’uncomfortable’s all hell n’ I look like a fuckin’ asshole.”

You snicker as quietly as you dare. “I would say you look nice in it, but you kinda look like you’re about to explode.”

“There’s no fuckin’ pockets… Why the hell would’ja make useless ass shit with no pockets!” He whispers angrily as he waddles stiffly inside. It’s like his entire lazy walk has been affected by his outfit and he can’t move properly.

You shut the door behind him, and he automatically starts towards the couch. He's halfway there
before he realizes that now may not be a good time to sit down and stops. Papyrus meanwhile has his sockets narrowed, bent over as he looms over your shelves of game figures.

“I SEE THAT YOU HAVE DISPLAYED YOUR REFERENCES FOR THEORETICAL BATTLE SIMULATIONS OUT IN THE OPEN FOR EVERYONE TO SEE.” Papyrus comments as he looks closely over your shelves of figures.

“Uh… yeah…?”

“IT IS AN INTERESTING CHOICE… BOLDLY SHOWING OFF YOUR TACTICAL DECISIONS…”

You have no idea what to say in response...

“Oh… uh… How ‘bout I show you around the rest of the apartment.” You say, pointing your arms along the kitchen down your hallway.

“Y-YES OF COURSE, IF YOU INSIST HUMAN!!!” He yells robotically back.

You lead the two of them along your hallway and into your bedroom. Papyrus follows eagerly behind, but Sans lingers in the hall at the back for a second before entering. He tries to pocket his hands nervously, but fails when they don’t find anything. When he steps inside, his face heats as he remembers his previous adventure through this door.

The whole room is cleaned and organized. Your clothes folded and put away, and your large bed made with all the pillows set in order. The room isn’t very large, at least… not for the size of your bed. Over half the room is taken by it, and there’s hardly any space left to fit a set of drawers on the far end. Even with the lack of space, it radiates a feeling of comfort and luxury your neighbors equally tiny and empty room does not.

Papyrus’s sockets shift as he takes it in.

“HUMPH… IT IS A PROPER BEDROOM I SUPPOSE… THOUGH I WAS UNDER THE IMPRESSION HUMAN FEMALES HAD ENTIRELY PINK ROOMS…”
He continues to look around your room, taking a moment to admire himself in your vanity mirror, before examining some of the items sitting atop your set of drawers.

You walk over to your bed and sit down. “Well, it’s not pink, but the bed’s really nice. Here sit down.” You pat a spot next to you. “It’s really soft.”

Papyrus sits on the indicated spot, immediately crossing his legs and folding his arms as he thinks.

“I SUPPOSE IT IS RATHER SOFT… BUT IT SEEMS UNNECESSARILY LARGE…”

“What… you don’t like having a big bed?”

“TCH… A BED LIKE THIS WOULD ONLY ENCOURAGE ONES LAZINESS.”

“Hmmm…?” You smile. “Just laziness...” You say, attempting to look into his sockets.

“OVERSLEEPING, LAYING AROUND, AND BEING A TOTAL AND COMPLETE WASTE TO SOCIETY.” He responds, counting on his fingers.

“I suppose that’s true… but... you know…” You say, starting to smirk. “Soft comfy beds can encourage other things as well...”

The bed dips as more weight is applied to it. Sans is suddenly squishing himself between the two of you as he glares.

“Oh yeah… n’ what’s that..?” He growls in annoyance, attempting to block his brother out of your view with his body. His head hardly reaches your shoulders, but that doesn’t stop him from trying.

“U-Uh… you know… j-jumping…?” You say, feeling the anger melt off Sans in waves.

“AND FOR WHAT PURPOSE WOULD YOU NEED TO JUMP ON YOUR BED…?” Papyrus asks.
“E-Exercise…?” You respond.

“EXERCISE!.... HMM…” Papyrus narrows his sockets. “I ALWAYS SUPPOSED BEDS WERE FOR LAZY PURPOSES… BUT TO HAVE ONE THAT COULD ALLOW YOU TO EXERCISE…”

“This one’s probably big enough for all three of us to “exercise” at the same time…” You say, smiling again.

“All three huh…?” Sans says with a glare. “Yer gettin’ pretty greedy there, human?”

“Well… I wouldn’t want anyone to feel left-” Suddenly a bony hand pushes you off the bed, and you barely have time to catch yourself before your face slams into the floor.

"SANS!"

"Heh... Woops, looks like my hand slipped." Sans says with a smirk, laying down and enjoying your bed. "I ain’t interested in doin’ any exercises with ya on the bed human... Beds’r fer sleepin’ not yer damn exercises.”

“Hm…?” You stand from the floor. “Says the guy with an 'exercise' magazine in his room.”

“SANS HAS AN EXERCISE MAGAZINE!” Papyrus blurts out, confused at the strange conversation you and his brother are having.

Sans sits up quickly. “I-I think the laziness is already affectin’ ya Boss.” He slides off the bed. “We better hurry up’n see the rest’a the house ‘r dinner won’t get started on time.”

“YES OF COURSE.” Papyrus agrees. He stands from the bed eagerly, waiting for you to take the lead down the rest of the hall.
“Really!” Sans whispers as he walks behind you.

“Sorry… I couldn’t help myself that time…” you whisper back.

“Don’t fuckin’ tell my bro about that!”

“Sorry… sorry… I won’t!”

Opening the other bedroom door you let them both have a look inside your storage room. “In here I keep my storage.” You say as they both stick their heads inside.

Papyrus simply grunts before moving his head back out and looking impatient.

“And finally… the bathroom.” You open the bathroom door. Sans ops to lean against the door frame, uninterested as he watches his brother look around inside.

Papyrus folds his arms. Standing in the center of your bathroom looking contemplative, he seems annoyed with something. “TCH… FINE! HUMAN.” He says after a moment. “I SUPPOSE YOU DO KEEP A MODERATELY CLEAN HOUSE.” He admits at last. “BUT ONLY SLIGHTLY!”

With the tour of your house out of the way, you have them sit on the couch as you get things started in the kitchen. Papyrus flips through the channels bordely, looking for something to watch. He’s annoyed they aren’t playing his favorite show this week.

“Here,” you call, handing them a large metal tray over the back of the couch. “Something to wet your pallets with while you wait.”

Papyrus takes the plate of eggs from you, looking at them in curiosity.

“AND WHAT PRAY TELL ARE THESE, HUMAN?”
“Deviled eggs.”

“HUMPH… THEY HARDLY LOOK LIKE DEVILS TO ME…”

“They’re good, try them.”

Papyrus slowly removes a glove from his hand and holds one up to his face tentatively.

“It’s entirely monster food… don’t worry.” You say encouragingly.

“OF COURSE HUMAN!... I WAS SIMPLY… TAKING IN ITS FORM BEFORE CONSUMING. THE PRESENTATION IS JUST AS IMPORTANT AS THE FLAVOR YOU KNOW.”

He pops one behind his teeth, his narrow sockets focusing hard as he appears to chew.

“Well…?” You ask.

“I-IT IS ACCEPTABLE…” He says, already reaching for another.

“Don’tcha mean egg’ceptable!” Sans says lazily as he swipes one off the plate as well. He throws it behind his teeth, eating slowly as he thinks. It takes him a moment, but he suddenly stops, his eyelight searching your face.

“S’there mustard in these?” He asks.

“Dunno… maybe?” You say with a smirk. “Anyway, gotta get back to cooking…” You say, handing over the plate, and walking back to the kitchen. “Enjoy.”

You finish grabbing every ingredient you need when you catch loud whispering coming from behind your couch.
“SANS… NO MORE FOR YOU, THE REST ARE MINE!”

“What…? But there’s still a bunch left!”

“I SAW YOU EATING THREE AT A TIME!”

“I can egg’splain Boss… I’m uh… m’jus tryn’ ta make it so ya don’t spoil yer appetite fer the human’s cookin’.”

“DO NOT RUIN THIS BEFORE DINNER SNACK WITH YOUR IDIOTIC PUNS… BESIDES… THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS ALWAYS HAS ROOM FOR A PROPER MEAL, THUS I DON’T HAVE TO…. SANS! I SAW THAT!”

“Saw what?”

“I JUST TOLD YOU THE REST ARE MINE!”

“It was jus’n egg’stra small one, don’t worry.”

“THE HUMAN, IN HER LUSTY ADVANCES, CLEARLY MADE THESE DISGRACEFULLY DISGUSTING SNACKS FOR ME! TH-THUS SHE WOULD BE VERY UPSET IF I DIDN’T EAT MORE OF THEM!”

“But they got mustard in them…”

“WHAT ARE YOU SAYING! THAT SHE MADE THEM FOR YOU!”

Loud coughing comes from the other side of the living room.

“Nah Boss… Th-They’re clearly… haaaaaack... clearly made fer ya…”
“SANS! YOUR FACE IS TURNING RED. ARE YOU SURE YOU AREN’T CHOKING ON SOMETHING!”

“I-I’m fine Boss.”

“GOOD, BECAUSE MY IDIOT OF A BROTHER DYING AT A HUMAN'S HOUSE BECAUSE HE ATE HER… HORRIBLY MADE HUMAN STYLE FOOD WOULD ONLY MAKE ME LOOK LIKE A LAUGHING STOCK AND… SANS! STOP TAKING THEM ALL!!!”

Suddenly, something hard crashes across the floor.

“LOOK WHAT YOU’VE DONE!”

“Boys!” You call, turning around and marching towards the couch.

Before you reach it, Papyrus pops up.

“N-NOTHING IS GOING ON HERE HUMAN! QUICKLY GET BACK TO COOKING RIGHT NOW!” He says, clearly trying to hide something behind him. He doesn’t do a good job however, as you easily spot a small bony clawed hand reaching up and… are those... a bunch of floating deviled eggs covered in blue magic? The hand grabs one out of the air and slowly brings it back down behind the couch.

You smirk at the act, watching as moments later the hand reappears silently for another.

“Okay… but there better not be any fighting in my house… understand?” You command.

“OF COURSE HUMAN!” Papyrus answers, starting to bow. “SUCH HORRIBLY IMPROPER BEHAVIOR WOULD NEVER BE TOLERATED WHEN IN THE PRESENCE OF SOMEONE ELSE'S HOME, WHY, I WOULD QUICKLY AND SWIFTLY DESTROY ANYONE WHO WOULD DARE TARNISH THE MONSTER NAME WITH SUCH DISGUSTING BEHAVIOR!”
He directs his last words downward, and the small bony hand flinches as it grabs another egg.

“Alright then, dinner shouldn’t take too long… and uh… make sure you check your face… you got a little something.” And you indicate a spot by your own mouth. “Here.”

Papyrus quickly flings his hand to the yellow mark next to his teeth. When he finds it, his face reddens a little, before wiping it off.

“Those deviled eggs are pretty good aren’t they…?” You say smugly.

“TH-THEY ARE ONLY ADEQUATE HUMAN!” He yells as you walk away. “ADEQUATE! YOU HEAR ME. THEY ARE NOTHING COMPARED TO MY MASTER CHEF COOKING!”

You get back to the chopping board you were working on, when you hear him settle back down on the couch with a huff. There’s a moment of silence before...

“SANS WHERE DID THEY ALL GO!”

“Dohn no Bohs, Musha goh tah eggited ‘n dissahperd.”

“DON’T YOU DARE TELL EGG FUNS WITH SIX OF THEM STUFFED IN YOUR MOUTH!”

You continue cooking while the two sit on the couch. They’ve quieted down now that the appetizers have been consumed, and, after a couple minutes, Sans slow sleepy breathing flows from the couch.

For some reason you keep getting a weird feeling on the back of your head that you’re being watched. You’ve turned around several times trying to catch the skeleton in the act… but he always
seems to be facing the TV every time you look.

After the third occurrence, you decide to try a different method. Instead of turning around, you grab one of your large steak knives from the block and angle it so it reflects behind you. You spot a pair of gleaming black sockets lightly peeking over the back of your couch, watching your every move.

You smile once you catch him in the act. “Hey Big Boss…” You call, and the sockets immediately vanish behind the couch again. “See something interesting?”

“NO HUMAN… I MOST CERTAINLY HAVE NOT SEEN YOU DISGRACING THE KITCHEN WITH YOUR DISTURBING LACK OF COOKING ABILITY.”

“Ah okay… Is Sans asleep…?”

Papyrus finally seems to notice his slumbering brother.

“SANS! HOW DARE YOU SLEEP DURING-”

“Shhhh….” You say, turning around and holding a finger to your lips. “That’s okay… let him sleep. It’s my house, and I say people can sleep in it if they want.”

“B- BUT HUMAN, YOU SHOULD NOT ENCOURAGE HIS SLOTHFUL BEHAVIOR.”

“Hm… well…” You pretend to think it over. “Some people need a bit more sleep than others… so I’ll let it slide today.” You pour the last of the chopped vegetables into a large wok and turn on the stove.

Papyrus lets out a very audible sigh as he watches you work. “WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW HUMAN?” He asks, no longer trying to hide his interest in your cooking.

“Frying the meat and vegetables.”

“FRYING!” He says in disgust. “ARE YOU TOO DAFT TO REMEMBER PROPERLY!? I
CLEARLY DEMANDED THAT MY FOOD BE MADE GREASE FREE!

“Stir frying to be exact…” You correct. “It’s a little different than what your thinking. It uses a thin layer of fat, and is cooked on high heat with constant stirring to prevent burning.”

“TCH… THAT PITIFUL FLAME YOU ARE USING CAN HARDLY BE DESCRIBED AS ‘HIGH HEAT.’”

“I want to prevent burning… remember.”

“AND HOW WILL YOU PREVENT THE UNGODLY AWFUL TASTE OF THE FAT FROM DESTROYING THE FOOD?”

“It’s only enough oil to keep the food from sticking to the wok, a lot of the fats used in stir fry come from the food itself, like the meat.”

“MEAT HAS FAT IN IT!” Papyrus says in disbelief.

“Uh… yeah… usually…”

Papyrus blinks his sockets a few times, before looking down at his hand. “PERHAPS I SHOULD MODIFY MY CURRENT RECIPE…” He says to himself. “NO… THE FLAVOR WILL BE RUINED… PERHAPS A SUBSTITUTE… ALPHYS KNOWS A LOT OF VEGAN REPLACEMENTS… BUT THEN UNDYNE WOULD KNOW OF MY PLANS AND-”

“A little bit of fat is actually good for you, Big Boss… Or at least… I know humans need some of it in their diets.”

“THAT WOULD EXPLAIN A LOT!”

You grab the bowl of cooked and drained noodles next to you and add them to the wok. Steam billows from the wet noodles as the water combines with the heated oil. It instantly evaporates into a cloud of delicious smells, filling your house with the scent of cooking.
“YOU’RE FRYING THE NOODLES AS WELL!!!”

“Kinda… the oil and water’s forming a sauce with some of the ingredients now… and by cooking the noodles in it… everything’ll gain an even coating of flavor.”

You grab a shaker and tap it gently over the wok, making sure to spread it around the mixture.

“AND NOW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!”

“Adding a little more spice.”

“IF YOU’RE GOING TO MAKE IT SPICY, THEN YOU SHOULD ADD A LOT MORE THAN THAT!”

“Oh… so you like your food spicy?”

“I… I DON’T HATE IT… THAT’S MORE OF SANS… IF YOU’RE GOING TO ADD FLAVOR, THEN AT LEAST ADD ENOUGH THAT YOU CAN TASTE IT!”

“I think you’re gonna be able to taste it… Don’t worry…”

“GRRRHHHHHHAAAAAA! EVERYTHING YOU’RE DOING IS WRONG!” He shouts, slamming a fist on your couch. “WHERE IS THE PASSION! WHERE IS THE CALL TO VICTORY! ALL YOU ARE DOING IS LAZILY STIRRING EVERYTHING TOGETHER OVER A SMALL PUNY FIRE AND ADDING GREASE! HOW WILL I BE ABLE TO TASTE ANYTHING BUT THE LAZINESS OF YOUR OWN HORRID COOKING! HOW WILL THERE BE ANY FLAVOR AT ALL IF YOU AREN’T WILLING TO ACTUALLY ADD ANYTHING TO IT. THIS IS THE MOST HORRIBLE THING I HAVE EVER SEEN HAPPEN IN A KITCHEN, AND I HAVE SANS AS MY BROTHER!”

You turn your head toward him for a moment, interested.
“Wait… what has Sans ever done...?”

“I ONCE CAME HOME TO HIM PASSED OUT IN HIS UNDERGARMENTS, HOLDING A BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL, WHILE BATHING IN MY KITCHEN SINK FILLED WITH MUSTARD.”

“Pppppffft! Hahahahah… please tell me you took a picture of that!”

“I MOST CERTAINLY DID NOT!”

“That sounds like one of the best memories ever!”

“IT’S ONE OF THE WORST MEMORIES I’VE EVER HAD! I IMMEDIATELY TOOK HIS LAZY DRUNK PELVIS OUT TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER TO… TO…” Papyrus quiets before looking at his slumbering brother next to him.

“Hm…?” You ask in his silence, giving the wok one last stir before turning off the heat.

“T-TO... MAKE SURE HE NEVER... IT WASN’T SAFE FOR HIM TO BE INEBRIATED LIKE THAT… I-I WAS JUST MAKING SURE… HE UNDERSTOOD...” Papyrus continues to look at his brother.

“Is he that bad with alcohol..?” You ask, pouring the stir fried mixture into a large serving bowl.

“I DON’T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED… HE NEVER SEEMED TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH IT BEFORE… THEN ONE DAY HE JUST… HE JUST WOULDN’T STOP…”

You walk over to the fridge and remove the large pitcher of sea tea you’d prepared earlier. You set it on the table, along with the serving bowl of food, before going back to your cupboards. You grab bowls, cups, and silverware, enough for three, before turning around and-

“A-ALLOW ME!” Papyrus says, now standing behind you.
“Oh… uh… sure… if you want to…” You say, moving away from the dishes.

“THE ONE WHO MAKES THE MEAL SHOULD NOT SET THE TABLE… DON’T YOU KNOW ANYTHING?” Papyrus says, gathering everything into his arms and passing them out across the table.

“Mm… I don’t think that’s a rule up here.”

“WELL, IT SHOULD BE!” He says in a huff, placing the dishes carefully around your table. “THERE!” He says once he's finished. “NOW I’LL GO WAKE MY USELESS BROTHER… YOU ALLOWED HIM TO WASTE THE ENTIRE VISIT BY LETTING HIM SLEEP.”

You lean back against the counter, watching him go. “I’m sure he enjoyed himself… in his own way. And that’s what really matters.”

Papyrus walks over to his quietly sleeping brother and proceeds to grab him by the collar, shaking him. “WAKE UP YOU LAZYBONES!” He yells, louder than usual.

“Gahhhhhhhh!” Sans screams, before realizing he’s staring into his own brothers sockets. “H-Heya Boss!”

“THE MEAL IS READY! YOU’VE SLEPT THROUGH ITS ENTIRE PREPARATION!”

“Uh… s-sorry Boss… musta got too egg’cited’n fell asleep.”

“THE EGGS WERE EATEN BY YOU LONG AGO SANS! NOW HURRY UP AND SIT DOWN SO WE CAN EAT!”

Papyrus marches over to the table and sits. Crossing his legs and tapping his foot, he waits for his brother behind him. Sans sleepily wobbles to the table. He still has some of the egg appetizer dotting his face, but he seems a little more comfortable in his clothes now that he’s been napping in them.

“AND WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS… THIS MEAL, HUMAN!” Papyrus demands, once you’ve taken a seat as well.
“Noodle Stir Fry… With Beef.” You respond.

Papyrus huffs again when he hears the word fry. “HUMPH… I WILL BE JUDGING IT QUITE THOROUGHLY. I DO NOT BELIEVE IN USELESS ACTIONS SUCH AS BUTTERING UP MY WORDS, SO YOU HAD BETTER BE PREPARED FOR AN ACCURATE CRITICISM OF YOUR FAILURES.”

“I would love to hear your thoughts on it.” You say, grabbing his bowl and serving him a large portion.

He digs in immediately, not waiting for you to finish serving his brother. You stop and stare for a moment in interest. Watching a skeleton attempt to slurp noodles is actually pretty interesting.

He gets done with his first spoonful and seems to calm, looking at the food in front of him in silence.

“So…?”

Sans takes his bowl from you, sweating nervously as he watches his brother eat.

“DO NOT RUSH ME HUMAN! I NEED TO TRY ANOTHER BITE!”

He loads his fork up with even more noodles this time, plunging it behind his teeth and slurping loudly. Papyrus finishes swallowing the second bite, staring at the bowl in front of him again in silence.

Finally, he opens his teeth… “HOW…?” He nearly whispers for his loud voice.

“Uh… what…?” You ask back.

“HOW HAVE YOU ACCOMPLISHED THIS… THIS FOOD… IT DOESN’T TASTE GREASY OR TERRIBLE AT ALL. WHAT TRICKERY HAVE YOU USED, HUMAN!”
“You watched me cook the entire time.” You say, taking a bite of your own, much smaller portion.

“BUT YOU DIDN’T DO IT THE RIGHT WAY AT ALL. THE TIMER DIDN’T RING!... FOOD SHOULD NOT TASTE LIKE THIS WHEN YOU DON’T COOK IT CORRECTLY!”

“Um… where exactly did you learn to cook, Big Boss?”

Papyrus takes a moment to think. “NOBODY TAUGHT ME! I SIMPLY LEARNED HOW TO DO IT MYSELF WHEN… ME AND UNDYNE WERE HAVING A COMPETITION… WELL… IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE TRAINING PRACTICE, BUT WE GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT ABOUT METTATON’S SHOW AND-”

“Have you ever tried cooking any other way?” You ask.

“OF COURSE NOT. THERE IS NO OTHER WAY TO COOK!”

“Really… you aren’t willing to try.”

“I DO NOT WANT TO TRY!” He says firmly.

You lean over, looking him in the socket. “What if you could defeat Undyne…?”

Papyrus goes quiet, slowly looking down at his bowl.

“Well… not saying her defeat’s guaranteed… but I wouldn’t mind teaching you some human style cooking.”

“TCH… BUT TO… TO ACCEPT SOMETHING LIKE THAT FROM… FROM A…”

“From your friend…?”
He looks away, face going red. “I SUPPOSE I AM A TOP MONSTER HUMAN REPRESENTATIVE AFTER ALL… AND THUS… YES… OF COURSE I SHOULD BE LEARNING THE SECRETS OF HUMAN COOKING… NEYH HEH HEH! SECRETS THAT EVEN THAT BUFFOON OF A GUARDSWOMAN MAY NEVER ATTAIN…” He slams his hands on the table causing the dishes to bounce. “HUMAN! YOU WILL SHOW ME THESE SECRETS!... I WILL NOT ACCEPT NO FOR AN ANSWER!”

“Ooh…? how forceful.” You say with a smile.

Sans starts coughing from the other side of the table.

“YES IT WILL BE FORCEFUL… AS I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO GO BACK ON YOUR WORD UNTIL I HAVE FORCED YOU TO SPILL EVERY SECRET OF HUMAN STYLE COOKING FROM YOUR FILTHY MOUTH!”

More coughing from the other side of the table.

“U-Uh…” You answer… a little amazed he could say all that unphased. “Yeah Boss… um… how… how about we start next week during your meal time?”

“EXCELLENT… UNDYNE WILL HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THIS NEW MASTERY HAS COME FROM… I AM GLAD I HAVE TOLERATED YOU AS A FRIEND FOR SO LONG, HUMAN. WATCHING HER DEMISE WILL BE EXTRA SWEET!”

“What?! Boss! you’re only tolerating me?” You say, feigning a pout.

“OF COURSE!... SOMEONE LIKE ME WOULD NEVER TAKE FRIENDSHIP WITH A HUMAN SERIOUSLY.”

“But…” You say, trying your best to look hurt.

“STOP GIVING ME THAT LOOK HUMAN! AS IF YOU DIDN’T SUSPECT THIS HAS BEEN THE CASE THE WHOLE TIME… HUMAN!... I TOLD YOU TO STOP GIVING ME THAT LOOK!”
“And I even made you dinner and everything…” You say sadly. “I feel so betrayed.”

“FINE… I’M ONLY TOLERATING YOU HALF OF THE TIME… THERE, HAPPY! NOW STOP THAT THIS INSTANT!”

“Aw… thank’s Big Boss!”

“TCH… YOU ARE GETTING MUCH TOO ATTACHED TO ME, HUMAN.”

“Heh… would you expect anything different.”

He folds his arms and sits back down.

You continue to eat, Papyrus easily downing his entire bowl, he holds it towards you, asking for another.

“A-Anyway…” Sans says in the quiet. "Boss… Ya haven’t told me about work this week.”

“I AM EXCELLING IN EVERY AREA AS PER USUAL!” Papyrus says proudly.

“That’s good ta hear…”

“THERE IS SOMETHING THOUGH… SOMETHING THAT HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME.”

“Those ass hole… uh… I mean people, haven’t been takin’ yer stuff again, have they?” Sans asks.

“DON’T BE RIDICULOUS SANS! OF COURSE I CHANGED MY REGIMEN OF ITEM STORAGE TO BATTLE THEIR ONGOING ADMIRATION OF MY THINGS!... NO… THIS IS, SOMETHING ELSE… DO YOU REMEMBER SCARF MOUSE…?”
“Ya mean that guy who would always stand around whining about how everythin’ sucked?”

“IT SEEMS HE MISSED HIS CHECK IN WITH THE INTEGRATION OFFICES. NOW HE HAS A WARRANT OUT FOR HIS ARREST.”

“Wait… you get arrested for that!?” You interrupt.

“OF COURSE! OUR INTEGRATION WITH HUMANS IS A CONTROLLED AND MANAGED PROCESS. FAILURE TO CONFORM TO SUCH PROCESSES LEADS TO ARREST! IT’S HARDLY THAT DIFFICULT TO UNDERSTAND.”

Even as Papyrus tells you this, you feel like he’s only repeating an idea he got from somewhere else.

“What’s the big deal, Boss…?” Sans says bordely. “Didn’t the police go to his address’n deal with him?”

“HE WASN’T HOME… AND HIS PLACE OF WORK HASN’T SEEN HIM EITHER…”

“So what…? He skipped town…?” Sans asks.

“THAT IS WHAT THE PRECINCT BELIEVES… BUT… SOMEONE FROM THE ICE DRAKE FAMILY CAME IN AND REPORTED HIM MISSING SOMETIME AFTER HIS WARRANT WAS ISSUED.”

Sans’ socket twitches.

“So… ya think he's gone missin’?”

“TCH… THEY WON'T LISTEN TO ME… BUT BOTH UNDYNE AND I BELIEVE HE DIDN'T LEAVE TOWN…”

You listen to their conversation, worried. You hope monsters aren’t being killed… If it was anything to go by with the cat monster you met, monsters getting dusted by humans seemed like a high
probability.

“JUST... MAKE SURE YOU AREN’T DOING ANYTHING STUPID SANS!... OR AT LEAST... MORE STUPID THAN NORMAL.”

“Yeah, yeah, Boss. Don’t worry.”

After you finish eating, you get up to clear the dishes off the table.

“Hey Big Boss… You wanna take any of this home?” You say, indicating the leftover stir fry sitting in the mixing bowl.

“I SUPPOSE I SHOULD... GET STARTED STUDYING YOUR COOKING SECRETS IN PREPARATION FOR NEXT WEEK.” He responds, looking at the bowl.

You place it in some tupperware for him and hand it over.

“WELL THEN… I MUST BE OFF…” He says, walking to the door.

“Really? Ya gotta go… again?” Sans asks, frowning as he follows his brother to the door.

“I HAVE THINGS I NEED TO DO TO GET READY FOR TOMORROW… IMPORTANT THINGS…” Papyrus looks at you, before quickly turning away. “I SUPPOSE YOU WILL BE STAYING HERE THEN, SANS?” He says as he puts his boots back on.

“What? Uh… wh-why... why would’ja think that Boss?” Sans says… his face reddening.

“DON’T BE RIDICULOUS, SANS… I ALWAYS KNOW EVERYTHING! I DO NOT KNOW WHY YOU INSIST ON HIDING YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH THE HUMAN, BUT IT IS CLEAR TO ME THAT THE TWO OF YOU GET ALONG!”
“Boss… I-I was jus’… Wait! Yer okay with it!” He says in surprise.

“OF COURSE… WHY WOULDN’T I BE!”

“C-Cause…”

“Geese Skulls…” You say walking up behind him. “You actually think there’s something wrong with being friends with me.”

“Th-That’s not… I jus’ thought… It ain’t like that alright!” He says, face deepening in red. He was sure that... but then again Boss seemed to like you... But he always said... Sans gives up trying to figure it out and simply sighs.

“I’LL BE OFF THEN…” Papyrus says, opening the door. ”GOODBYE HUMAN… I WILL BE SEEING YOU NEXT WEEKEND… FOR THE TRAINING SESSION…” Papyrus looks at you, before glancing at his brother. ”AND NOT A DAY SOONER!” He says, even louder.

“Bye Big Boss.” You wave.

And with that, he swings the door shut and leaves.

“Be right back.” Sans says, disappearing not a moment after his brother’s gone.

You start on the dishes when Sans shows back up again.

"Fuck that shit was uncomfortable." He complains, now changed out of his sweater vest combo. He's carried his computer over, and he shuffles over to the couch with it while he waits for you to do the dishes.

“Your bro seemed like he was in a good mood today.” You say from the kitchen.
“Yeah… it was… s’nice...” Sans answers back, finding the nearby socket he always uses and hooking into it.

You grab the last plate, drying it with a towel. “Hey… Skulls… I wanted to ask you something…”

“What…?” He calls flopping on the couch.

You walk up behind him and look down.

“Can you pull out my soul?”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry the ending feels a little rushed. This chapter took forever to write, and everytime I felt like I was nearing the end, I had to add more. Hopefully I can get the next one done at a reasonable pace. It's gonna be a lot more fun :) Lot's of funny things happening ahead.

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Chapter Summary

Sans pulls out your soul

Chapter Notes

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He tries his hardest to brush the comment aside, but he can already feel the magic rushing to his face. Don’t turn red… Do not turn red… The hell is he turning red for! He knows that’s not what ya mean. Y-Ya jus’ wanna look at it! Humans can’t take their own souls out, so asking someone else ta do it for them doesn’t even mean the same thing! Besides, he doesn’t give a shit if ya actually mean it anyway! Yer jus’ a human with a dumb lookin’ human soul… S’upside down ‘n everything… He does not fuckin’ CARE!

“Whoa, Skulls…” You say, watching his face heat from the base up. “Calm down. I’m not trying to tease you this time.”

“Sh-Shuttup!... S’jus’... h-how ya said it, alright!... Y-Ya jus’ made me think about somethin’ else!”

“Oh…?” You grin, “and what’s that..?”

“Nothin’! Jus’... Didn’t I already tell ya not ta say that shit! The hell’r ya doin’ askin’ me that!?”

“Heh heh… oops… That’s not what I meant, I was just… uh… You know how you were able to use blue magic on me yesterday?... All I had to do was trust you a little, and it worked.”

“Wait? What!... All ya had ta do was trust me!?” He says, surprised.

“Pretty much!”
“Ta fuckin’ attack ya with blue magic?”

“You weren't using it to attack me. We were using it to clean.”

“So what! Don’t go ‘round trustin’ monsters ta attack ya! Ya can’t let yer guard down like that!”

“Heh… sorry but…” You smile smugly as you look at him, “I’ll always trust you Skulls…” His face somehow begins to burn brighter as he looks up at you from the couch. “Heh… Your face is so red right now!” You say, failing to prevent yourself from laughing.

He immediately turns his skull away. “Sh-Shutup!...Jus’... What the hell! Stop sayin’ embarrassin’ shit like that!”

“Nope!” You lean further over the couch. “I’m gonna keep doing it till you get better at taking compliments!”

“S’notta compliment if yer jus’ tryin’ ta make fun’a me!”

“How am I making fun of you? I actually do trust you!”

“FINE! Whatever! Jus’... shutup already!” He says, turning back to his laptop and hunching into his jacket. He picks up his mousepad and sets it across one of your throw pillows, trying to get comfortable for a night of gaming.

“So… uh…” You say impatiently. “Are we gonna do it… or?”

“The hell?! I thought I jus’ said ta stop askin’ that!”

“But I wanna know what my stats look like!” You whine.

Sans turns his head up, looking at you. “Oh…” He says, understanding passing his features. “Th-Then say that inna first place!”
It’s still a weird request… Actually, very weird. Growing up, there were only two main reasons a monster should ever pull out another monster’s soul… Sans was only accustomed to one of those reasons. Confrontations often involved monsters checking each others souls, but that was because they were trying to see how to kill each other, not see how the other monster was doing. Monsters are usually able to check their own souls, and thus don’t need someone else’s help. Besides, nobody would trust someone to check their soul for them. That was a good way to get dusted like an idiot.

“What…” You say, smirking. “Did you actually think I was meaning something like ‘please Skulls, teach me everything you know about soul crushing?’”

“NO I did NOT!” He growls back. “I jus’... I jus’ thought ya wanted ta mess with my magic again... ‘r somethin…”

“Well, I always wanna do that.”

Sans sighs, palming his face. “N what do ya even need ta see yer stats for?”

You tilt your head, a smile crossing your face. “Come on Skulls… Don’t tell me you aren’t curious about my stats?”

“Alright s-so… m’jus’ gonna… jus’ gonna make it come out…”

“Um… yeah… whenever you’re ready.”

You’re both sitting cross legged on the floor, facing each other as you wait. Sans moves a clawed hand to the back of his head, scratching quietly as he thinks.

“Uh… Skulls…?” You ask, getting a little impatient as you watch him nervously fidget.

“I’m still gettin’ ready, alright!” He snaps.
“Just do whatever you normally do to make it come out.”

“Ya mean attack ya!”

“You didn’t attack me when you used blue magic.”

“It was still n’attack… I jus’ didn’t use it ta hurt’cha…” He pauses for a moment, before looking down. “…Ta hurt’cha on purpose…”

“I already told you, I’m completely fine.” You reach around and pat your back. “See… and I hardly even noticed it when it happened.” He keeps his eyelights averted. “I feel far worse about the whole destroying your ceiling thing than my back did about the glass, so don’t worry.” He keeps looking away, his eyelights determined not to look at you. “Besides, it was so cool when you got it to work the second time. It was totally worth getting stabbed with glass!”

Sans finally sighs. “F-Fine! Whatever! M’jus’... M’jus tryin’ ta think how ta do it without havin’ ta attack ya this time.”

You pause as you also think. “Can’t you take out your own soul...? just do the same thing on me.”

He sighs again. “Ya obviously don’t get how this shit works. Ya gotta have a specific mental state ta take out’cher own soul. I can’t jus’ make ya think those things, so it won’t work like that.”

“Hm… What if you just… describe what I’m supposed to be thinking and then I do that while you use magic on me.”

He sighs a third time, right into his palm. “This is the dumbest shit I’ve ever done. The hell kinda species can’t even take out their own soul?”

“I don’t know… maybe every living creature that isn’t a magical being!”

“FINE! Whatever! Let’s just try it like that!” He says, getting frustrated.
“Okay... so...” You lean forward a little. “What am I supposed to think about?”

“S’like... focusin’ on yerself I guess... Jus’...” He takes a moment to think. “Usually I jus’ think about lookin’ at myself n’ that’s it...”

“So... are we talking looking at myself in a mirror looking at myself?... or like looking at a concept of myself...? Or! What about-”

“The concept! I already told’ja magic’s about what’cha think about things. So jus’... think about looking at who ya are... Yer soul’s the culmination of yer being so jus’... think’a that r’ whatever!”

“So... I should think about a little glowing orange heart.”

“NO! That’s jus’ yer soul manifested into physical form through magic. I said think about yerself!”

“But... what does that actually mean? Like what I look like?”

“Like who ya are’n shit! How can this be so fuckin’ hard!??”

“I don’t know...! I don’t usually spend a lot of time thinking about the culmination of myself!”

Sans sighs once again. “The fuck do I gotta deal with this shit...”

“Hey! Don’t be mean. I’m just trying to figure this out so I get it right.”

“Then jus’...” He struggles to find the words. “I-Imagine if ya were talkin’ ta yerself. Askin’... how ya are... and... ya’know... how ya’ve been...”

“Hm...” You try and think about what that would be like, just talking to yourself. You, the person that you are. Not the person you wish you are. Not the person you pretend you are. Just... you.
“Uh… okay… I think um… I think I’m starting to get it.” You say, sitting up.

He sighs again. “Alright… now jus’ think about that while I…” He pauses, pursing his brow bones together. “The hell am I even supposed ta do with my magic!” He shoves his head into his hands groaning. “GaaaaAAAAAH!! Ya aren’t supposed ta be takin’ other people’s souls out unless it’s fer a confrontation. Seriously! Why can’cha jus’ do it yerself! It’s so fuckin’ weird!”

“Just try it anyway!”

“I don’t even know what I’m supposed ta be tryin’! Ya have ta focus on somethin’ ta use yer magic! The hell am I supposed ta be focused on!?”

“I don’t know... focus on taking out my soul?”

“Gaaaaahhh! Fine! Let’s jus’ fuckin’ do this!” He yells as he sits up.

You sit up as well, trying to get mentally prepared. All you gotta do is think about yourself. Think about wanting to talk to yourself, and ask how you’ve been. That’s not that hard. Just focus and don’t get distracted.

“R-Ready?” He asks, holding up his hand.

“Yeah.”

Red flows from the tips of his fingers, coating his entire hand in a glow as it thickens. He waits for it to build a moment more, before he brings his arm towards your chest. Stretching out his fingers, he makes a cupping motion with his hand, as though grasping for something through the air.

You quickly remind yourself to stay focused. Don’t think about the awesome magic your skeleton friend is using right in front of you. Think about yourself. You want to check your soul.

“Sh-Shit… it ain’t catchin’.” Sans mutters as he moves his hand in the gesture once again.
Oh… and you should probably think about trusting Sans. That seemed to work before. Trust him to take out your soul. Your… you… He isn’t gonna hurt you. Well… not on purpose. And it’s not like he can when he does try. He’s probably more afraid of doing this than you are. Let him catch your soul… Let him… catch you.

You feel a heat in your chest as something seems to pull at it. It’s hot this time. Really hot. It feels… different than you remember it should.

“Haaah.” You pant, watching as the intense orange soul seems to slide drunkenly from your chest. It darkens the room with it’s glow, moving to hover slowly in front of you.

For some reason… It doesn’t feel right. Your heart rate speeds up, and you feel short of breath. Does this normally happen when your soul comes out? You can’t remember. All you know is your body’s feeling really really hot. Maybe he pulled it out wrong. Why is it so hot!?

“Skulls.” You breathily moan. “I don’t think… nnngh… it came out right…” You feel lightheaded, and you end up doubled over on your legs. Eventually you slide onto the floor, panting as you grip the carpet. You feel like you need to hold on to something right now, and the carpet’s the closest thing.

“SHIT!” You hear him yell from above.

“Skulls… hahhh… what’s happening…?” You pant, trying to catch your breath as your heart beats out of your chest. This is definitely not what’s supposed to happen. You’re entire body feels hot and… there’s a strange sensation going on between your legs...

Oh…

Oh no…

“Skulls put it back!” You call, starting to panic a little.

“I’m tryin’!” He yells.
You feel something pushing at your chest. Pushing at your body as it forces its way through the heat.

“I… I can’t do it!” He yells, sounding horrified.

“What!”

“It won’t go back, and I can’t grab it anymore!”

“So, what? You’re gonna leave me like this!”

“I don’t fuckin’ know! I can’t do it!”

“Yes, you can!”

“I can’t! This is why I didn’t wanna do this! I always fuck everything up!”

“Skulls! Haah… You can do it…” You twist your head out of the carpet. “I trust you… ahh… remember!?"

“I can’t…”

“Skulls!” You attempt to roll over, the heat in your body intensifying. You feel like all your senses have been heightened. It’s as though you can feel every inch of clothing hugging your body, and every fiber of the carpet. You force your eyes upwards, looking at the panicked monster in front of you. His blank sockets are wide, staring at his hands.

“You are not gonna leave me like this! You’re fine. Take your time. You can put it back.” You say, trying to calm him down. He’s breathing heavily, sweat crowning the entirety of his face as he stares blankly at his hands. He reaches across, and starts to scratch at his wrist with his claws. They grind uncomfortably against the bones in his arm as he scratches harder and harder.

“Sans!” You shout, reaching over and grabbing his hand. “Now is not the time to do that! I’m on the floor experiencing some very weird sensations right now, and I need you to focus!”
He seems to start when you grab him, and his eyelights return to his sockets, expanding as they focus on your hand.

“A-And then afterwards…” You pant. “We’re gonna play some very fun videogames… hah... and all the while... I’m gonna make fun of you.”

“F-Fuck!” He says, his eyelights finally looking at you.

“No… not today… hhhngg.... you aren’t into humans remember. Now focus and put my soul back!”

“K-Kay.” He says passively, still looking at you.

“Now please!” You say more firmly as he continues to stare, red starting to crawl up his face.

“R-Right!”

You let go of his hand, and he moves it away. Slowly he raises it into the air, covering it once again in red magic. He takes a deep breath, his eyelights focusing on the glowing orange soul at your chest. He shuts his sockets, and with one quick flick of the wrist, you feel something grip you through the heat and push everything back. The fire spreading throughout your body gets weaker, and the sense of the carpet against your skin begins to disappear.

“Haaaah!” you sigh, feeling your heart rate slow as your breath evens out. You roll into the carpet and lay still for a moment, trying to clear your head.

Well… You think you’re one step closer to the secret of monster reproduction. And you’re also pretty sure you know the answer to your question about humans being able to use their souls in a sexual manner. That was really… really… intense.

“S-Sorry.” A low whisper drifts from above.

“I told you, I’m fine, just… give me a moment.” You say into the carpet.
“I-I really fucked up…”

“Skulls!” You yell, turning to face him.

His entire head is lit up. Face flushed in bright red as he attempts to hide in his fur.

“Phhht! Hahahahahahah!” You laugh when you look at him. “Why are you the one who’s embarrassed?!” You say, sitting up. “You weren’t the one rolling around panting on the floor!”

His face manages to glow hotter. “I-I really didn’t mean ta…” He says, still unable to look at you.

“Uh… duh…” You snicker some more. “But uh… I think that was a little rude Skulls. Shouldn’t you at least tell me how your weird monster sex works before trying it on me?”

“I wasn’t trying that at all! I… I was jus’… I told’ja ya ain’t supposed ta take out someone else’s soul unless it’s fer a confrontation or ‘p-physically involved time’! My magic musta thought I wanted-” And his face blows up even redder.

“Oh…?” You narrow your eyes. “And what were you thinking when you pulled out my soul, Skulls?”

“NOTHIN’!” He practically screams. “I was jus’ tryin’ ta focus on takin’ yer soul out!

“Hmm…” You lean over a little, trying to look into his sockets.

“I was!” He says, looking further away.

“Okay, but… I say… you have to take responsibility…”

“What!?”
“Those were some really lewd things you did… and you were just gonna leave me like that.”

“I wasn’t! I told’ja it wouldn’t go back! I… I didn’t mean ta-”

“Nope… definitely gonna have to punish you for this one.” His eyelights shrink at the word punish. “Hold still, and don’t move…” You say, reaching out your hand.

He flinches away, but you catch his face. “’L-Leggo!” He attempts to squirm out of your grasp, but you hold strong, and bring your other hand up. Gently, you rub your thumb across his cheek.

“And… punished.” You say, letting go of his face. He quickly slides away from you, holding a hand to his cheek. You bring your finger back to your mouth and lick off the small spot of yellow you’d wiped off his face. He missed cleaning it off after he ate the deviled eggs, and you’ve decided you can’t handle staring at it any longer.

“I-I-I though I told’ja not ta eat shit off my face!” He shouts, his eyelights still avoiding you.

“Good thing it wasn’t shit then…” You smile.

He’s still looking away from you, and you’re starting to feel a little awkward.

“A-Anyway… I’m guessing that’s what you meant when you said taking your soul out outside a confrontation is different.”

“Y-Yeah… but usually ya have ta be inna mood ta do it… s-so I didn’t think… I-I’ve never done that before, so…”

“Well… yeah… you are a virgin.”

Surprisingly, he doesn’t turn to glare at you. He keeps his eyelights averted as he glares at your wall instead.
“Skulls… I’m really not mad. You did warn me, and I didn’t listen.”

“I know!”

“Well then… stop looking away from me.”

“I-I can’t!”

“What do you mean you can’t.” You say, attempting to lean into his view. He move his head, his eyelights darting the other way. “Skulls?... hey… I, uh… didn’t say something weird while I was on the floor, did I?”

“No… I-I jus’... I-It’s somethin’ else…” He says, turning the other way as you attempt to slide into his view again.

“What…?” You say swinging your head around to the other side, refusing to let him stay turned away.

“S’nothin…”

“What Skulls!?!’

“S’nothin’!!”

“Just tell me what it is!?”

“YA SMELL WEIRD, ALRIGHT!!!”

“Huh…?”

“I put’cher soul back… but’cha still smell!!!”
You stop moving your head. Smell… he smells something… Something that started when he… pulled out your soul...

Heat moves into your face when you realize what it is.

Sans eyelights flick over to you for a second, catching your look. “What! What is it!?”

“Nothing… uh… Be… Be right back…” You say, standing up.

“What!??” He calls.

“NOTHING!” You call back, walking into your kitchen and down the hall.

It doesn’t bother you that he saw you panting on the floor in an aroused state… But for some reason… It’s too embarrassing to tell him about your completely soaked underwear...

Chapter End Notes

Short chapter because of how events will be playing out next chapter. I need to start the event at the beginning of the chapter, rather than in the middle for pacing and emotional reasons.

It will probably take me a little longer to get the next chapter done, because it's one I would like to get right. So if you want to know when chapters are out, the moment they're out. Either subscribe and ao3 will send you an email. or follow my Tumblr to get an announcement.

Big thanks to alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter.

I also started another story where vamp-chan takes on the underground.
Sans has a dream. Later you die... a lot...

Sans is woken by a drop of water splashing onto his forehead. He opens his sockets and lifts his eyelights, staring at the darkened ceiling above.

What… what happened?

Another drop falls from the black ceiling, hitting him lightly between the sockets. Lifting a hand to his face, he presses the water between his phalanges, letting it slide down his bones as he watches. Water…? But it’s so dark…? He rolls over, trying to sit up, and ends up sinking into the water surrounding him..

What… Wh-what’s going on!?

He flails his arms, battling against the water before his claws catch on the mud beneath. Oh… it isn’t deep… He pushes himself into a sitting position, panting as he tries to regain his breath.

Where is he?

Eventually he stands, trying to get a better view of the surrounding darkness. Water sloshes past his ankles, his feet sinking into the muddy earth beneath. He strains his eyelights trying to look for something, anything in the darkness. Black… the entire cave is black. There’s nothing to see besides the endless streams of dripping water, and the pool of black at his feet.

And for some reason he can’t help but feel… there was something… something he was supposed to be doing…

He begins to walk through the water, feet sloshing loudly as he moves through the pool.
He needs to… he needs to find something… find someone...

They’re waiting for him…

Sans’ soul picks up speed as he wanders through the unending darkness, his sense of urgency growing the longer his search is drawn out.

He needs to hurry… He needs to find them!

He doesn’t notice he’s running till his breath comes up short. He bears through it, continuing to sprint through the pools of black. Searching for his brother...

Why did he go out so late!? What was he thinking? You aren’t supposed to travel in the middle of the night! Why didn’t he stay home this time!!! He slips on the mud, nearly falling face first into the water, but he quickly rights himself and keeps running.

Where is he? Why can’t he find him!?

*Turn back…*

“Boss!” Sans shouts through the pressing darkness. “Boss! Where are ya?!”

The smallest echo of a voice answers. Bouncing off the water and onto the cave walls.

“SANS...”

“Boss!”

Sans stops, waiting for the water to settle around his legs. Listening for the voice as his breath heaves from his chest. He needs to find him. It’s dangerous out here.
“WHY… WHY DID THIS HAPPEN…” The voice echoes a little louder.

Sans takes off in its direction. Leaving a trail of disturbed water in his wake.

Stop… turn around!

“Boss! Where are ya?! Answer me!!” Sans screams.

His head whips back and forth as he looks for something, anything recognizable in the darkness. He feels trapped by the infinite layer of black as it presses in on all sides. His arm starts to itch, and he scratches it as he keeps running. Why can’t he find him? Where is he?!

He keeps running through the water, running through the darkness as he follows the voice.

“Boss! Please! Where are ya?!” He calls, and a moment later his own distorted echo bounces back.

“Boss…”

He rounds a corner, and suddenly he’s plunged into a glowing cavern. Blue crystals cover the walls, lightly illuminating the enormous craggy rocks in front of him. They glitter brightly off the ceiling, but Sans ignores them as he continues to run.

Turn back now! You know how this ends!

He slows as his feet hit dry land. Something’s echoing off the cavern walls ahead.

Someone’s… someone’s crying…

“Boss…?” He calls. “Boss… What’s wrong…?”
The sobs continue, and Sans follows the noise, cresting around a large boulder as he searches.

“Boss…?”

“YOU CAN’T DIE! I HAVEN’T HELPED YOU CONFESS YET…”

He found him!

Sans runs across a stoney ridge, stumbling through the stones and pebbles as he follows the voice. A figure kneels ahead, hunched in on themselves among the rocks.

“Boss? Boss! There ya are! What’er ya doin’ out ‘ere inna middle of’a damn night!”

Sans stops in front of the figure. Watching as they heave a sob into their arms.

“Boss…?”

They keep crying, battling with every breath as they clutch something heavy against their chest.

“Boss…” Sans says, reaching out a hand. “C-Come’on... we gotta go!”

“SHUTTUP…” His brother’s voice cracks.

Sans pulls back, watching as his brother heaves another heavy sob into his arms.

“B-Boss… What’s wrong…?”

Slowly Papyrus straightens up. Turning his skull, he meets Sans sockets. Tears stream down his face, his puffy sockets somehow managing to feel more hollow than ever. Something heavy falls from his hands and lands in a cloud of dust below.
A metal helmet...

Sans feels his breath catch in his mouth, watching as his brother glares accusingly at him.

“YOU DID THIS...” Papyrus spits.

“Boss what-”

“YOU DID THIS!!!” His brother practically screams.

Sans takes a step back, lining up with craggy boulders behind him. “I-I didn’t… what… what happened!??” He sputters, his eyelights focused on the helmet in front of him. She shouldn’t be dead… What happened… The kid was supposed to be… They were good this time! They weren’t hurtin’ anybody! What happened?! They were supposed to be good!

“DON’T KILL THEM, YOU SAID… THEY CAN HELP US, YOU SAID… MAYBE WE CAN GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT KILLING THIS TIME... LIES! ALL OF IT LIES!”

Sans eyelights shrink as he listens to his brother cry. This shouldn’t have happened! None of it! His brother never leaves the house at this time! And the human shouldn’t be able to…

His brother reaches for the helmet again, grasping it to his chest. Thick tears continue to fall across his face, wetting his already soaked scarf.

“M-Mabye she jus’ forgot it when she was chasin’ the-”

“SHE FORGOT IT IN A PILE OF HER OWN DUSTY CLOTHES!!! WHAT ARE YOU GONNA TELL ME NEXT, SANS!… SHE WENT ON VACATION AS WELL!!!”

“No, Boss… I-I jus’.”

Papyrus throws the helmet violently at his brother. He ducks just in time, listening to it crash loudly off a boulder behind him, before landing in the mud.
“SHUT UP SANS! JUST, SHUT UP! THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR EVER LISTENING TO YOU!!! WHY COULDN’T YOU LET ME DO MY JOB!? WHY DO YOU HAVE TO GET IN THE WAY OF EVERYTHING I’VE ACCOMPLISHED!!?”

“Boss…”

“YOU DON’T EVEN CARE, DO YOU?! NOTHING MATTERS TO YOU! I’VE BEEN SLAVING AWAY EVERY DAY TO KEEP US ALIVE AND GET US OUT OF HERE, AND WHAT DO YOU DO? SLACK OFF AND WASTE AWAY AT THAT FILTHY RESTAURANT!!! DO YOU ENJOY IT SANS?! DO YOU ENJOY WATCHING AS YOU RUIN EVERYTHING!??”

“Boss… please!”

YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK!?!... I THINK YOU DON’T EVEN WANT US TO GET OUT OF HERE… YOU WANT US TO STAY DOWN HERE FOREVER! DON’T YOU!!??”

“No… I-I…”

Tears prick at Sans’ sockets. It’s not true… It’s not… He does want out of here!

*Then why did you kill them…?*

He had to! He had to do it! He wants to go to the surface just as badly as everyone else but…

*They could have freed you…*

And then what? Watch as his entire species gets destroyed?! Look what they’ve become! They can’t leave!!!

*They were changing…*

They can’t change! Once you kill, it’s there on your soul! Forever!
“B-Boss...”

“DON’T CALL ME THAT! YOU’RE FIRED! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR WORTHLESS FACE AGAIN!”

“Boss I didn’t know!”

“YOU DIDN’T KNOW WHAT, SANS! THAT YOU SHOULDN’T TRUST A HUMAN?! THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE TRUSTED YOUR OWN BROTHER INSTEAD!!!

“Th-They ain’t supposed ta be like this… they were good, honest they were!”

Papyrus glares at his brother, tears continuing to pour from his sockets.

“YOU REALLY ARE NOTHING MORE THAN WORTHLESS TRASH…”

“No...”

“YOU AREN’T MY BROTHER ANYMORE!!! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!!!”

“Boss, please!”

“I SAID, GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!!!”

Sans soul is suddenly ripped from his chest. A moment later a glowing bone speeds towards his face. He runs, barely dodging the attack as it slams into the rock behind him.

And he keeps running...

Tears stream down his face, his breathing becomes choked, and he keeps running...
“Sans.” A voice calls.

“Sans…”

“Leave me alone!” He screams into the darkness.

“Come join us, Sans…”

“No…! Go away!” He yells, his feet hitting water and kicking up a splash.

“Why didn’t you save us, Sans?”

“I didn’t mean ta!!!” He shouts, but it’s already too late. His feet sink through the mud and refuse to come back up.

“Why did you kill us, Sans?”

“Stop.” He tries to scream. But instead something hot and wet pours from his mouth. The red burns down his clothes, mixing with the darkened water at his feet. He tries to scream for help… for anything, but he only ends up choking on more red as it burns down his clothes.

An arm reaches from the water, tugging at his legs. Then another, and another.

And then… that face appears. Grinning up at him as he struggles to breathe. They start to laugh, watching as he claws at his own mouth.

“Don’t be scared Sans…” And they pull themselves from the water, arm by arm, crawling up his leg.

No! Go away! STOP! He tries to scream.

“I’ve done this countless times…”
Leave me alone!

“You’ll wake up, and you won’t remember a thing…”

“Phaaaaa!” Sans’ sockets snap open. He chokes as he struggles to take in air, heaving breath after breath in the dark apartment room. His bed’s a complete mess of tangled covers, kicked and pushed around from the thrashing of his sleep. He’s been gripping his bed, forcing his claws through the old mattress. He has to remove them, painfully, one at a time, as they’ve gone numb from the intensity of his grip.

“S-Shit…” He coughs, still trying to breathe.

Tears begin to form in his sockets once he’s caught his breath. He curls against his covers, listening to his soul hum. “Shit…” He says again.

Why? Why does he always have to remember… That’s not how it ended, so it didn’t happen! None of it ever happened!… Why won’t the dreams stop?!... Just leave him alone!... He didn’t mean to! He didn’t!... It wasn’t his fault!

He pulls some of the covers around, mashing them back into a ball. He hooks his claws into them, trying to hold on to anything in this world. Trying to hold on to reality as his soul threatens to fall apart.

Because in the back of his soul, he knows… it was his fault they didn’t get out of the mountain sooner…

He curls tighter against the covers, trying to drown everything out. It hurts… it hurts to breathe. His soul feels like it’s about to burst, and he can’t get it to calm back down.

“Shit.” He says again, burying his face from it all, trying to disappear.
“Shit.” He says. Feeling, like he’s nothing more than worthless trash...

“YOU DIED!”

“Ughhhhhhh.” You moan, watching your character’s ghost fly up the screen. “This game’s so hard…”

You lean back against your couch, letting your laptop slide down your lap as you stare at the words displayed on the screen. Why did it have to be a shoot em up? You’re terrible at shoot em up’s. You’ve always had a problem with them, ever since Space Invaders.

You hit the retry button, waiting for the level to restart.

“Stupid dragon…” You mutter, watching as he performs his starting animation for the eighth time. He’s gotta be one of the hardest bosses in the game.

You end up falling off a cloud before the first stage of the boss is even cleared.

“Nooooooo!” You moan again.

Taking your hands off your keyboard, you lean against the couch and sigh. Maybe if you equip a different item… but you like your current setup…

You’re mulling through your options, when you hear a muffled noise coming through your walls.

Sans…? Didn’t he go to sleep?

You take your headphones off, listening for sound, anything from your neighbor. If he’s having another nightmare, you’re determined to stop it.
Soft sniffling comes from the apartment next door, and you’re already throwing your headset away and walking down the hall. You stop at the midpoint where his room connects with the wall and listen. You need to make sure you know what you’re hearing before you attempt to wake him up.

Another sniffler softly flows from the wall.

“Skulls…?” You call.

“Sh-Shit…” His low voice mutters from the other side.

Wait… so… he isn’t asleep? He’s just laying there… Like that… You hear something rustle around, before going quiet.

“Um… hey… are you… are you okay in there?” You ask.

The only response you receive is silence.

You linger in front of the wall, thinking. How should you proceed? He hates it when you try to help. That only seems to shut him off more. How long has he been crying in there? He left your apartment hours ago, but you only heard the sound recently. He could’ve been in there for hours… all alone… You want to get him out of there… but how…?

“I know you’re supposed to be sleeping right now, and I should let you sleep, but… just answer me if you’re okay!”

There is still no response from the other side.

You sigh, palming your face as you stare at the wall. If he’s gone into one of his silent moods, there’s not much you can do. Why does he have to be so difficult to help?

You turn and lean against the wall, trying to come up with a solution. There’s got to be some way to get him out of that room. Some argument to get him to leave.
A thought strikes you, and you stay leaned against the wall as you think it over.

“Hey… uh… Skulls…?” You say slowly. “I have a question for you…”

The room on the other side stays silent.

“The thing is… I’ve been playing this new game… I like it a lot… but… uh… I guess you could say it’s a little hard…”

You strain your ears, trying to hear movement, speaking, anything at all from the other side.

“And… well… I was thinking… I’ve been playing it on single player, but it has a multiplayer couch co op option as well… and… uh… it’s fun to do things by yourself… but sometimes you need someone else to help you out… ya’know…?”

The wall stays silent.

“Sometimes… you gotta realize you can’t do it by yourself… and that’s okay… because multiplayer’s more fun anyway…”

There’s a light rustling as something moves around on the other side. You press harder against the wall, trying to listen.

“Heh… I’m pretty much amazing at games but… even I have trouble with them sometimes… there’s nothing wrong with having my friends help me out… All it means is I get to sit back and relax for a while while I let someone else do the hard work...”

You go quiet for a moment, wondering if he’s even listening to you.

“I guess what I’m trying to say is… Sometimes… you don’t have to do things alone.”
Still nothing.

“Sometimes… it isn’t so bad to team up… and… uh... help each other out…”

You wait again for him to answer. Come on Skulls… say something… anything! Just respond!

“S’it really that hard…?” His low voice finally answers.

You keep your voice steady as you rejoice in your head.

“Heh… very hard. I’ve been trying to beat the same boss for the last hour.”

There’s no response again.

“So…uh… I reeeally need your help Skulls… reeeally!” You say clapping your hands together, hoping he’ll listen to you. “So… why don’t you hurry up and help me out already?”

You pause again, listening. Waiting for the skeleton behind the wall to answer.

And in a quiet voice, just audible over the static of the air... the skeleton responds…

“Kay…”

You walk into your darkened kitchen to find Sans already standing in your entryway. He wears his jacket on top of his red pajamas, the hood pulled completely over his head. Pointing his face towards the floor, he waits for you to enter. His entire small frame attempting to shrink smaller into his already large jacket.
“Do you want a drink of water…?” You ask, stopping in front of the sink.

“No…” His voice cracks.

You walk up to your fridge and crack it open. Light reflects into your darkened apartment as you look inside.

“I still have a lot of monster mustard left over in here…”

“No…” He says again, voice cracking harder.

“Okay then…”

You close the fridge and turn around. Sans is doing a good job covering his face, but he can’t cover everything. Two enormous tears slowly drip down his chin and land in his fur.

“Sh-Shit…” He mutters, grabbing the fur around his skull and pulling it tighter.

“Oh jeez, Skulls… I’m sorry.” You say, walking over to him.

“F-Fuck off… I’m fine…” He grumbles. “I didn’t come over here ta listen ta ya apologize fer shit ya didn’t do…”

“Huh…? But I broke your ceiling and now you got a bunch of dust in your eyes…”

For a moment, you watch him consider your words. He straightens up a little, moving his hands from his hood to his pockets. Teeth pressing together, he seems to be trying to come up with a response.

“What-We gonna play this shit or what?” He says, moving from the door to your couch.

You follow him around, gathering a controller before sitting down on your end. Sans sits quietly on
his side, staring at his legs from out of his hood.

“Here.” You say, plugging the controller into your laptop before handing it over to him.

“I gotta play it on yer laptop?”

“Couch co op means sharing a screen.”

“Huh...”

“Besides, now I don’t have to buy you a copy as well!”

Trying to get a better view of the screen, he scoots closer to you. You’re a little surprised when he ends up leaning his leg against your own. He’s usually very aware of touching you. He must be pretty out of it he’s not noticing something like this.

“D-Don’t know how I’m gonna help ya with this…” He says quietly from his hood. “I ain’t half as good as ya when it comes ta games.”

“Mmm… just having another player makes it easier. I think they buff the boss’s health so it’s higher, but we can also resurrect each other, making it easier for us to stay alive.”

Opening the game, you start moving through the menus. You stop for a moment when you realize what you’ve asked Sans to help you with. He’s gonna get destroyed! You decided to play this game without him because you assumed it’d be too hard for him. You can’t have him go straight into one of the most difficult bosses in an already hard game.

“So… uh… I think we should start a new save so you can lean how to play.”

“I thought’cha said ya needed help with somethin’?”

“Yeah… but… it’s in the middle of the game, so it’ll probably be too hard unless you’ve tried some of the earlier stages.”
“S’fine… jus’ go with where ya left off.”

“It’s gonna be too hard!”

“I came over here ta help ya! Not start a new game wit’cha!”

“Skulls! It’s really, really hard!”

“I don’t fuckin’ care!”

“Fine!” You sigh. “But we’re playing the tutorial level first.”

He grumbles something incomprehensible.

“You need to at least know how it controls!”

“It’s gonna take fuckin’ forever!”

“No it won’t, you aren’t a game journalist!”

“What the FUCK does that even mean?!”

You start up the tutorial stage, making sure he takes his time learning the controls before you continue. He plays it, rolling his eyelights the entire way, before the game opens on the overworld.

“The fuck is with this old looking shit anyway?” Sans mutters, following your character as you make your way back to the dragon stage.

“Isn’t it cool looking!”

“They gotta option ta make fuckin’ amazing looking shit, n’ they go with this old stuff?!”
“Not everyone’s been stuck in the past like you Skulls, this stuff’s cool again!”

“We weren’t that far behind! This is fuckin’ old!”

You get to the stage and stop. Hovering over the selection option, you turn your head.

“So… this is basically a standard shoot em up style game… pretty much all you do is shoot the boss till it’s dead while avoiding it’s attacks.”

“Yeah, yeah, I get’it! Press start already.”

You sigh. He’s gonna rage. Sans does not do well playing games that punish him for small mistakes. This is probably the worst type of game for him. You hit start and the stage loads the dragon level.

“Shit!” Sans yells, realizing he has to immediately jump from the cloud he’s standing on as it rolls off screen.

You focus on your own character. The game’s hard enough without having to keep track of someone else. You miss time a jump, and take a fireball to the face. A moment later you get too cocky and take a laser. Down to your last hitpoint, you try your best, but you get taken out by a tail attack.

It’s a bit of a shock when the screen doesn’t immediately yell, “YOU DIED!” Instead, you watch as your ghost floats upwards, and...

“Ya seriously died, already! Fuckin’ shit! Ya suck at this game!” Sans growls, jumping over to revive your character.

“Wait!... How are you still alive!??!”

“Dunno! Ya ever tried dodging!”
“Yes! I tried dodging!”

“Ya obviously didn’t! Ya have ta fuck up three times ta die!”

You check his hitpoints in the bottom corner of the screen… he still has all three… How…? How can he do this on one of the hardest boss stages? When your eyes move back and you realize you’ve died yet again.

“Fuck! Stop dying!” Sans growls again, reviving you in the nick of time. “Yer gonna get me killed!”

“Skulls… how… just how are you still alive!?”

“The fuck do ya mean, how am I still alive!? Games fuckin’ easy!”

“No its not!”

“Yes it is! All ya gotta do is dodge shit’n spam attacks!”

“It’s designed to be hard to dodge!”

“Tch… this aint hard at all…” He mumbles under his breath.

“What?”

“Ya got three fuckin’ hitpoints, it ain’t hard!”

“Three hitpoints is practically nothing!”

Sans goes quiet, and a moment later, you realize why.

“I… I mean… three hitpoints… yeah… that’s uh...”
“Ya really know how ta back yerself inta a corner with the shit that comes outta yer mouth…”

“I just meant… for a videogame… it’s not very much.”

You jump into another attack and watch as your ghost floats completely off screen this time.

“Skulls! You didn’t save me!”

“Shuttup! I couldn’t get ta ya in time, alright! Maybe ya should learn how ta dodge shit n’ then I won’t have ta keep savin’ yer ass!”

“What happened to my hero, coming to save me in his shiny white armor.”

“I’m already savin’ yer ass by beating this shit for ya!”

You go quiet as you watch him play, and he goes quiet too… Actually… this is probably the most focused you’ve ever seen him. His eyelights hardly move at all as he stares at the screen, unblinking. It’s almost like he thinks he’s actually gonna...

No… no… no… He… he can’t actually do it… He can’t actually defeat the boss… on his first try… That’s… He’s never played a game like this before… That’s not how videogames work. He can’t be good at them without some kind of practice. Even you had to practice a lot to get to where you are today. Contrary to what people may believe, playing video games is a skill you can get better at through time and effort. How can he be so good at this game without having some sort of prior practice in a similar situation?

“KNOCKOUT!” The game yells.

Something light falls into your lap. It’s a game controller.

Turning your head slowly, you face your skeleton friend. He’s stretched his smile as far as it will go, his gold tooth glinting off the light of the screen. He brings his arms behind his head, leaning proudly against them as he smirks up at you.
“Zero hits… Zero deaths… Yer welcome princess!”

“How did you… do that?!” You say in amazement.

Sans snickers, the light of the screen bouncing off his face. “Jeez girly! That was such a hard game!” He says, practically glowing with pride at this point. “Maybe we should go back’n start from the beginin’ so ya can learn how ta play!”

If he hadn’t been crying his sockets out not fifteen minutes earlier, this skeleton would be in complete and utter danger of your retaliation. Instead, you decide to go light on him… for now. You invited him over to cheer him up, after all.

You tilt your head, smiling down at him. “Heh… thanks Skulls! I knew I picked a really cool guy when I decided to befriend my cute monster neighbor.”

His prideful smirk shrinks a little, replaced with red as it starts to climb up his face. His hands slowly drop from the back of his head, and he hunches into his jacket as he tries to shrug off your comments.

“Th-the hell ya always gotta go’n say that shit for…”

“I’m gonna say it, till you believe it.”

He turns his head away, pocketing his hands. “A-Anyway… S’that all’a shit ya needed help with?”

“Oh… for now, I guess…”

“Kay…” He says, standing up.

“Wait! Are you sure you don’t wanna play more of it!”
His eyelights slide over to your screen.

“Tch… s’too easy. It ain’t even any fun… ‘Sides… I gotta…” His eyelights look towards his own apartment. “I gotta get ta sleep…”

“Huh…? Just sleep over here tonight.”

“Pass…” He says immediately, and a hint of red washes over his face.

“But my couch is so comfy.” You say, patting the expensive leather seat.

“Yer jus’ gonna make shitty jokes about how I accidently pulled out’cher soul for sex n’ slept wit’cha again… Pass!”

“I only joked about the soul thing twice!”

“It was four fuckin’ times!”

“I had to joke about it so things wouldn’t get weird between us. It’s a coping mechanism skulls! A coping mechanism!”

“Well, I’m fuckin’ sick of yer damn coping mechanism!”

“Fine! I won’t joke about it! Please sleep on my couch!”

“I said I don’t wanna!”

“Skulls, please!”

“No!”
“I’ve got extra pillows and blankets! It’ll be like a sleepover, but in separate rooms!”

“The hell does this even matter to ya so much!”

You sigh, looking down at your laptop screen. “I just… I care about you, Skulls… You’re my friend.”

The burning on his cheeks comes back, and he forces his eyelights away. He digs his hands into his pockets as he sways awkwardly in place.

“Ya… ya really shouldn’t… S’not like… it matters…”

“It matters to me! It bothers me just as much as me going out at night bothers you! Don’t you get that?!"

His eyelights keep looking away.

“Skulls… you matter to people!”

He hunches further into his jacket, looking away from you. “...A-Alright…” He says after a moment. “I-If it’ll get’cha ta shuttup…”

He sits back down again, melting into your luxury couch.

“I guess I should stop playing so you can get some sleep.” You say, starting to slide the laptop off your lap.

“S’fine… I ain’t ready ta go back ta sleep yet anyway.” Sans says, leaning over a little to watch your screen.

“You wanna play too...?”
“I told’ja it’s too easy.” He says, getting comfortable. “‘Sides… s’fun watchin’ ya fuck up an easy game.”

“It’s not an easy game!”

He cracks a grin, watching your screen as you move to the next stage and hit select.

“Easy as pie.”

“Heh heh heh! Ya really do suck at this game!”

“Shut up I do not!”

Your character slams face first into another attack.

“I keep tellin’ ya! Ya gotta focus on dodgin’ first. S’no point in attackin’ if ya ain’t dodgin’ shit!”

“I am!”

“No yer not! Ya keep tryin’ ta attack when ya got too much shit coming at’cha!”

“I have to hit them back at some point!”

“Then wait till ya got time! Fuck… this isn’t that hard!”

“It is hard!”
“See right there, ya got like six things comin’ at’cha now so... Stop attackin’!”

“YOU DIED!”

“Gahhhhh!” You yell, watching your ghost float up the screen. “Skulls! I think you’re making me worse!”

“As if! I don’t think it’s possible ta suck any harder at this game.”

“Oh trust me… I’m not a game journalist.”

“What the fuck’s that even mean!?"

“Nothing… nothing… just… stop yelling at me while I play. I can’t focus.”

You click retry and start the stage again. Sans keeps quiet this time, and you feel yourself starting to get into a groove. Focus on dodging... Attack when you can... Actually, you’re doing a lot better this round... Maybe you’ll finally get through the stage...

“Ya... ya ever get afraid’a dyin’?” Sans suddenly asks.

“What!” The question is so surprising, you end up lifting your eyes from the screen.

“YOU DIED!” The game shouts. But you ignore it, watching instead, your skeleton friend.

“Sh-Shit sorry!” He quickly. “F-Forget I said that!”

You keep your eyes on him anyway. “Skulls-”
“Forget it!… ‘Sides… Ya gotta bravery soul anyway so…”

“Yeah… but… that doesn’t mean I don’t ever feel fear.”

He flicks his eyelights towards you once, before focusing again on the screen. “Really… ya actually get scared?”

“Yeah, like, what if I make my cute monster neighbor so angry he stops loving me?”

“W-WHAT!!!!” He yells.

“Haha… oh no, it's happening already!” You say sarcastically.

He sighs, leaning back into your couch and closing his sockets. You take that moment to hit retry on the stage, watching as the intro is played yet again.

“I… uh…” You say slowly. “I think the fear you’re talking about is fear for yourself, not others right?”

“I-I was jus’ s-sayin’ i-in general…” His eyelights watch your character as you attempt to dodge attacks.

“Well… uh… yeah... I’ve definitely felt the fear of dying before. Lots of time’s actually. Remember… just going out into the sun can kill me.”

He fidgets a little in his seat, digging his hands awkwardly into his pockets.

“How… how come ya never seem ta… H-How do ya deal with that shit... it never seems ta bother ya?”

“Well… that’s easy.” You say, leaning back a little in the couch. “To me… nothing’s scarier than living in fear.”
The screen reflects across Sans’ face as he takes in your words.

“...S’not like ya can jus’ decide not ta feel shit…”

“I kind’a can actually… A little bit. I just focus on what I want. What I want to do, what I wanna accomplish. Heh... it’s like you keep telling me, focus on dodging, and attack when you can. Instead of viewing all the problems coming at me at once, I deal with them one at a time as they come at me.”

Sans yawns, sinking further into your couch. “Huh… seems too easy if ya ask me…”

“Well… it’s a lot easier if you have something motivating you. When I don’t care about something, it’s a lot harder to put myself in danger for it.”

You dodge more attacks, getting closer to the end of the stage. It can’t be much longer now. You know you’re getting close.

“Besides, I’ve already told you. I’m never gonna die. I’m gonna live forever and-”

Something light lands against your arm and you glance away from your screen.

“Skulls…?”

He fell asleep, and now his head is resting against you as he breathes quietly through his nose.

“YOU DIED!”

You freeze with your hands on the keyboard. He… he really fell asleep… against you… You’re starting to get the feeling this guy’s a lot more clingy than he lets on. Slowly you close your laptop, trying not to wake the slumbering skeleton, and slowly you slide it off your lap and onto the floor. It’s difficult, as you have to mostly use your legs because you can’t bend over.
“Alright skulls…” You whisper quietly. “Time for me to leave…” You try and lean away from him gently so his head will fall smoothly onto the couch once your body's gone. Instead, he moves with you, and you feel a small tug at your shirt.

“Skulls…?” You look further down and realize he’s dug his claws completely through your shirt. When did he do that!? How clingy is this guy!? “Skulls… you gotta let go of my shirt…” You whisper, trying to pull it free of his grasp. He responds by digging his claws deeper, embedding them completely past the first knuckle.

“Skulls!” You whisper. “Skulls! I need you to let go!”

He continues to breathe softly, and you sit for a moment contemplating what to do. There’s no way you’re getting your shirt free, at least, not without waking him… But you can’t sleep here either. He’d never be willing to sleep on your couch if he woke up cuddling against you once again.

You sigh, realizing what must be done. “You’d better not wake up…” You whisper lightly, watching his face a moment longer as he continues to quietly breathe. In one quick motion, you slide your arms into your shirt, push your collar above your head, and shimmy out of it onto the floor. In a flash you’re gone, walking down your hallway and into your room.

Sans head bumps lightly against the couch, but he doesn’t wake. Instead, he brings the now freed shirt to his chest, bunching it in his claws, and snuggling into it. He doesn’t wake when a large blanket is draped over his shoulders. And he doesn’t wake when a pillow is gently pushed under his head either.

And he most certainly doesn’t wake when a very long body sized pillow is pushed into his claws, his neighbor snickering the entire way down the hall to her own bedroom.
Reader has the best determination when it comes to that pillow. And next time, we're gonna have some fun away from the house. It's time to go shopping!

Big thanks to alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter.

I also started another story where vamp-chan takes on the underground.
Seasonal Shopping!

Chapter Summary

You and Papyrus go shopping for Sans’ birthday.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The next morning, you’re woken up by your alarm quietly vibrating near your bed. It’s much earlier than you usually get up, but you did agree to meet when the stores open…

Getting out of bed, you begin your morning routine. Using the toilet, taking a shower, and putting on some clothes, you quickly get ready for your shopping trip. When you walk into your kitchen, your eyes fall across the couch, and you’re reminded there’s a skeleton still sleeping there.

Of course he’s still asleep… it’s nowhere near noon, on a weekend…

Peeking over the back of the couch, you watch him breathe lightly in his sleep. He’s completely wrapped himself around the body pillow you left in his claws. Digging his sharp phalanges into it, he clutches it tightly to his chest. The blanket he’s under barely hangs off his body as he breathes softly into the pillow. His clothes have become a knotted mess during the night, and he forgot to remove his jacket. It twists and turns in awkward places, as it tries, and fails, to cover all his bones. You get a nice view of his spine as it slowly rises and falls in his sleep.

Breathing… you still need to ask why he does that.

A small grin appears on your face when you notice where he’s decided to rest his head… Heh… you hadn’t meant for that side of the pillow to face upwards… But… it’s too late now…

Realizing there’s only one appropriate course of action to take, you get out your phone and walk around the couch. Several satisfying pictures later, you find yourself writing something on a sticky note, attaching it gently to his forehead, and making your way out the door.

Skulls can keep sleeping… You’ve got a birthday to plan.
You pull into the parking lot right on time. It’s the crack of dawn, and the mall’s just opened. Even though the sun hasn’t finished rising, you’re already feeling quite queasy from the drive over. Sweltering under several layers of protective clothes, you walk as fast as possible to the nearest building and push your way inside.

Once inside, you get out your phone, opening it to several texts and missed phone calls.

**Big Boss:** HUMAN, I’M HERE! WHERE ARE YOU!??

Missed call from Big Boss---

**Big Boss:** ANSWER YOUR PHONE THIS INSTANT!!!

Missed call from Big Boss---

**Big Boss:** THEY’VE FINALLY OPENED THE DOORS!!! I HOPE YOU ENJOY DISGRACING YOUR OWN SPECIES, BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT YOU ARE DOING RIGHT NOW!!! HOW DARE YOU BE LATE WITH THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS!!! AND YOU EVEN HAVE THE GALL TO THINK YOU CAN MATCH MY DATING POWER!!!

Missed call from Big Boss---

**Big Boss:** YOU BETTER BE DEAD! BECAUSE THAT IS THE ONLY ACCEPTABLE REASON FOR YOUR LACK OF RESPONSE!!!

**Big Boss:** HUMAN! ANSWER YOUR PHONE!!! NOW!!!

Looks like he got here earlier than you. You aren’t late, but… you aren’t exactly early either. You got to the mall about the time it was supposed to open, and no sooner.
You’re in the middle of typing a response back when your phone starts ringing. You answer it hesitantly, keeping it well away from your ear.

“Uh… h-hey… Boss…”

“FINALLY, YOU PATHETIC WASTE OF A HUMAN!!! IS IT SO DIFFICULT TO ANSWER YOUR PHONE WHEN YOU ARE CALLED!!! I WAS THIS CLOSE TO ASSUMING YOUR DEATH!!!” His booming voice nearly explodes from your phone.

You move it several more inches away from your ear.

“I was in the middle of driving when you called… But I’m here now.”

“TCH… YOU ARE LATE!!! DID WE NOT AGREE TO MEET WHEN THE STORES OPEN!??!”

“Yeah… isn’t that right now…?”

“THEY OPENED THE DOORS OVER 10 MINUTES AGO!!!”

You check the time on your phone again… No… you’re here on time. Maybe they opened the doors early?

“Heh… Sorry, Big Boss… Guess you’re gonna have to torture me.” You say with a smirk.

He pauses for a moment, taking his time to think of a response. “W-WELL… IT’S NOT LIKE I HAVE TO-”

“Yo Papyrus! Did’ja finally get ahold of your girlfriend!!!!” Another voice shouts in the background.

“BE SILENT UNDYNE! I ALREADY TOLD YOU, SHE IS NOT MY GIRLFRIEND!!!!” Papyrus yells back.
You hear the phone shuffle around for a moment before a familiar voice shouts, calls. “Heya Girly! Get yer ass over here! We’ve been waiting forever!”

“UNHAND MY PHONE AT ONCE, UNDYNE! I AM TRYING TO HAVE A PROPER CONVERSATION!!!” Papyrus yells on the other side.

“Where are you? I’ll meet you there.” You say, hoping they can hear you over all the noise they’re causing.

“Food Court! Where else!” Undyne shouts.

“UNDYNE!!! MY PHONE! NOW!”

The line goes dead.

You pocket your phone and make your way through the mall to the food court. As you approach, you catch sight of the two tall monsters standing near one of the tables. Papyrus sees you first, turning to watch as he folds his arms angrily. Undyne leans lazily next to him, eating from a large styrofoam container.

“TCH… AND YOU AREN’T EVEN MAKING AN EFFORT TO GET HERE ANY FASTER.” Papyrus mumbles as he watches you walk up.

Undyne turns to watch you. She waves a webbed hand holding chopsticks as you walk up. “Heya Girly! Ya finally made it!!!”

“FINALLY!” Papyrus emphasizes.

“Heh… sorry… I really thought I got here on time.” You say sheepishly.

“Nah! Don’t worry slowpoke!!!” She says happily, taking a huge slurp of noodles from her container as she looks you up and down with her flashing yellow eye.
“SHE SHOULD BE WORRIED! YOU CAN’T GO AROUND PROMISING TO BE SOMEWHERE AND THEN NOT SHOW UP! THAT IS WHAT SANS DOES!!!” Papyrus stomps his foot to emphasize.

“She showed up!” Undyne says through toothfulls of food. “Besides… I think your banging on the doors made’um open up earlier.”

“You were banging on the doors…?” You ask, lifting an eyebrow.

Papyrus looks away, shrugging his shoulders. “I-I WAS SIMPLY INFORMING THE STAFF THEY HAD CUSTOMERS WAITING AND THEY SHOULD HURRY AND OPEN THIS DISGUSTING MESS OF AN INDOOR SHOPPING CENTER!!”

“So I am on time!” You say gleefully.

“NO! THE AGREEMENT WAS WHEN THE STORES OPEN! IF THEY OPEN EARLY AND YOU ARE NOT PRESENT, THEN YOU ARE LATE!!” He says stubbornly.

“Or… maybe you’re just a little too eager to punish me…” You snicker. “My, my, Big boss, how naughty!” You say, leaning in.

Undyne blasts her current mouthful of food across her container as she begins to laugh.

“S-SILENCE!!!” Papyrus yells in outrage. “THAT IS NOT WHAT I MEANT WHEN I SAID THAT!!! I CLEARLY STATED IT WOULD BE TORTURE OF THE NORMAL KIND! NOT A DISGUSTING MOCKERY INVOLVING FILTHY HUMAN FANTASIES!!”

Undyne laughs harder as Papyrus’s face begins to glow.

“F-FINE! THERE SHALL BE NO TORTURE! YOU’VE RUINED IT WITH YOUR PERVERTED HUMAN THOUGHTS, AND NOW I DON’T WANT TO DO IT!” He yells, before turning to Undyne. “NOW HURRY UP AND FINISH YOUR GROTESQUE HUMAN FOOD SO WE CAN GET STARTED.”
Undyne piles up the rest of her food and shoves it past her teeth, trying to finish it faster.

“TCH… AND BY THE WAY” Papyrus says, lifting one of his hands to introduce the large fish monster next to him. “TH-THIS IS… MY WORTHLESS EXCUSE OF AN EX GUARDSWOMAN… UNDYNE…”

“Ex cahptihn of’a rohyal guhard! N’I told’jer! Weh med ahlready!” Undyne says, yelling through a mouthful of food.

“THAT IS DISGUSTING UNDYNE! DO NOT SPEAK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL!”

“Yah tol me ta ehrt fastah!”

You smile as you watch the two of them. “Yeah… we met at Muffets…” You say, hoping she hasn’t said too much about Sans' debt. You have a feeling Papyrus would be very upset if he found out.

Undyne swallows loudly, pounding on her chest as she struggles to get the enormous amount of food down her throat. “Yeah… N’ she was’a one who told me about that haunted house.”

“TCH…” Papyrus folds his arms again. “THAT HAUNTED HOUSE WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A FARCE… I CAN NOT BELIEVE MY BROTHER WAS WORKING SOMEWHERE SO DISGRACEFUL…”

“N’I thought’cha said ya were workin’ there too.” Undyne says, finally finishing the last of her food and licking her chopsticks clean. “Didn’t’cha say ya were gonna scare my pants off!?”

You smile, pocketing your hands lazily. “What… you didn’t see me?”

Undyne narrows her eye. “No…”

“Well… I saw you.” You say, smiling more. “Guess you didn’t notice cause I wasn’t very scary.” You shrug. “Chasing someone with a chainsaw is pretty boring.”
Undyne’s single slitted eye widens before her mouth drops. “Gahhhhh!!!!” She yells loudly. Pointing her webbed hand accusingly at you. “That was you!!!”

Even Papyrus’s face starts to redden. “W-WE WERE NOT SCARED, HUMAN! WE WERE SIMPLY UNSURE OF THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE CHAINSAW… IT IS A COMMON MISTAKE!!!”

“Yeah! W-We jus’ weren’t sure if ya were serious about the whole EXP thing!”

“I get it! I get it…” You say passively, shrugging some more.

“I mean… most humans don’t even know about that…” Undyne says thoughtfully, then she looks you over, her one eye flashing. “How much shit has Sans been sayin!”

“I’ve been hanging out with a lot of monsters lately, so I don’t think you can chalk it all up to Sans.” You shrug.

“Hm…” She mutters, still glaring at you.

“E-ENOUGH OF THIS UNDYNE!” Papyrus cuts in. “WE HAVE WORK TO DO!” He pulls out a folded piece of paper from his jacket pocket, opening up to an extremely long list. “I SPENT ALMOST ALL OF LAST NIGHT PLANNING EVERYTHING WE WILL NEED, IF WE DON’T HURRY WE WON’T BE ABLE TO GET IT ALL IN A TIMELY MANNER!”

“That’s a really long list.” You remark, leaning over and watching in awe as he unfolds yet another section of writing.

“WELL… WE DON’T HAVE TO GET EVERYTHING ON HERE… MOST OF THESE ARE… IDEAS… O-OR SUGGESTIONS…” He says, unfolding yet another section. “OF COURSE I PLANNED FOR EVERY SITUATION! NYEH HEH HEH!”

“Hm… let me see.” You lean over reading some of the things written on the list.

Karaoke machine
Candles (trick candles for japes!)
Camera
Balloons
Confetti
Streamers
Piñata
Candy
Cocktail
Fog horn
Puppies
Wrapping paper
Costumes
Folding chairs (100)
Folding tables (10)
Exotic Dancer

“Puppies…? Wait. HOW many people are you inviting?” You say, now looking worriedly up from the list.

“NOT THAT MANY…” He replies, shrugging. “JUST A HUNDRED OR SO OF MY CLOSEST ALLIES!”

You feel yourself start to sweat as you look back at the list. Before you can keep reading however, Papyrus folds it back up and stuffs it into his pocket.

“Um… Big Boss… that’s a lot of people for Sans’ birthday party…”

“NONSENSE! IT IS THE PERFECT AMOUNT.” He says, waving you off. “I HAVE BEEN INVITING EVERYONE WHO IS ANYONE AND THUS IT WILL BE FILLED WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT OF GUESTS.”

You’re about to protest again when you feel a very strong arm wrap around your shoulders.
“Yeah Girly! It’s gonna be great!” Undyne wraps her other arm around Papyrus. “I’m even helpin’ this nerd, so what can go wrong?”

“I’VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, UNDYNE! I DON’T NEED YOUR HELP!!!” Papyrus complains.

“Fuhuhuhuhuh!!” She hugs him closer, baring her pointed teeth in a smile. “You’re just jealous I already got the best present picked out.”

“JUST BECAUSE ALPHYS HELPED YOU A LITTLE DOES NOT MEAN IT IS THE BEST!” Papyrus says, now trying to pull away from her arm.

“Fuweh heh heh…” She smiles. “Ya can tell me that when ya’ve found something better!”

“Wait! What are you getting him!?” You ask, slinking out of her grasp. You’re curious what the other monsters think would be a good present for your pissed off little neighbor.

“Some dumb nerd book about space…” She says, finally letting go of Papyrus. “My girlfriend said he’d love it.”

“Wait… are Sans and Alphys friends?” You ask.

Undyne’s lip curls in disgust. “As if my Alphy would be friend’s with…” Her eye slides over to Papyrus before she corrects herself. ‘Tch… I mean… I think they worked together once or somethin’… dunno.” Her eye swings back around towards you, narrowing. “Who’s been tellin’ ya about Alphys?”

“Oh… uh… Sans mentioned her a few times. Said she was your girlfriend and really smart.”

Instantly, Undyne is all grins. “Fuhuhuhuhuh! Hell yeah she is!”

“TCH! ENOUGH TALK UNDYNE!” Papyrus butts in, finally pushing her off. “I INVITED THE HUMAN HERE FOR A PURPOSE. AND WE NEED TO GET STARTED RIGHT NOW!” Papyrus turns to you. “NOW HUMAN! MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND DIRECT ME TO THE ITEMS I NEED AT ONCE!”
You’ve visited this mall a lot. Every time you needed something game related, it was the first place you’d go. Naturally, you also knew it contained a Party Planet. Without further question, you take the lead and march your two monster friends off in it’s direction.

Sets of eyes begin to follow you as you walk. The mall was nearly empty when you’d entered, but it’s starting to fill with people. You can’t help but notice how uncomfortable it is to have entire groups of humans practically running out of your way, or pointing at you with their phones. Well… not at you. At the two companions you have walking on either side of you.

Papyrus and Undyne hardly seem to acknowledge the attention. Actually… for some reason you get the feeling Papyrus kinda likes it. You find it annoying. You’ve spent most of your life hiding… or at least… trying not to stick out… Not that your height really helped with that. After another person takes an obvious picture of your group, you feel yourself getting very uncomfortable.

Finally making it into the party store, you sigh when you’re free of the eyes.

“EXCELLENT!” Papyrus says loudly as he stands in front of the store. “THIS DISGUSTINGLY JOYOUS HUMAN STORE SEEMS TO HAVE EVERYTHING I NEED FOR CELEBRATORY PREPARATIONS!”

He immediately grabs an entire stack of baskets and makes his way into the shop, Undyne following behind, and grabbing a stack as well. They turn into the first isle and Papyrus begins his birthday shopping by grabbing the whole stack of confetti and throwing it into a basket.

“What about these?” Undyne asks, holding up several packages of glow sticks.

“GET THEM!” Papyrus yells, not even turning to look.

“Uh… guys… “ You say in worry, watching as the baskets quickly fill.

“I THOUGHT YOU WERE HERE TO HELP, HUMAN!” Papyrus snaps, not stopping to look at you.

“Yeah but… isn’t this a little… much?”
“NONSENSE! A PERFECT PARTY WILL CONTAIN THE MOST EXORBITANT OF DECORATIONS.” He says, dumping an entire section full of streamers into the baskets.

“But… isn’t it going to be expensive…?”

“IT IS A PERFECT PARTY, HUMAN! WHY WOULD THAT MATTER!”

“W-Wouldn’t Sans prefer… you know… less?” You say, hoping to find something to convince him.

Papyrus turns to scowl at you, arms placed at his hips. “AND WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT A LESS THAN PERFECT PARTY?” He asks.

“...Uh… yeah… I guess… you’re right…” You respond in defeat. You really don’t know what else you can say. You were supposed to keep Papyrus in check… supposed to prevent the party from being something so overblown and outrageous...

*Sorry Skulls*...

You say to yourself as you grab an entire stack of party hats.

*There’s nothing you can do...*

“Th-Th-Thank you for shopping at P-P-Party Planet!” The girl at the register finally manages to squeak out.

Papyrus snatches his card back, glaring down at the girl as she tries to huddle behind her desk.

“TCH… I UNDERSTAND MY ALLURE MAY BE TOO MUCH FOR A PATHETIC
HUMAN SUCH AS YOURSELF, BUT THAT DOES NOT MEAN YOU NEED TO HIDE YOUR WORTHLESS VISAGE BEHIND THAT DESK. TAKE THIS HUMAN HERE FOR EXAMPLE.” He waves his hand dismissively in your direction. “IF YOU WISH TO DATE ME, YOU MUST BE BOLD!”

The girl only seems to shrink further in on herself.

“Stop flirting with the cashier in front’a yer Girlfriend n’ help me with this stuff!” Undyne shouts, her arms entirely covered in dangling oversized shopping bags.

“I WAS NOT FLIRTING, UNDYNE! I WAS SIMPLY STATING FACT...” Papyrus begins to gather up the bags still left on the floor as you stand nearby holding nothing. He pauses… his sockets narrowing to scowl further. “AND SHE IS NOT MY GIRLFRIEND!” He yells.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to help?” You ask, feeling a little awkward not carrying anything.

“NO!” They shout in tandem.

“But you’re carrying a lot and-”

“YOU ARE A WEAK, PATHETIC HUMAN!” Papyrus says. “I CAN’T RISK YOU DROPPING ANYTHING AND DAMAGING IT! BUT HERE! IF YOU MUST.” He pushes the smallest bag filled with confetti into your arms. “YOU SHOULD AT LEAST BE ABLE TO MANAGE THIS!”

You take the small bag from him and loop it over your arm, following the two monsters as they exit the store.

“So… We got almost everything on your list, right…? Anything else you need to get?” You ask.

“TCH… THAT SHOP WAS SURPRISINGLY EFFICIENT IN PROVIDING ALL THE HUMAN PARTY ESSENTIALS I COULD POSSIBLY NEED. I WAS EVEN ABLE TO RENT TABLES AND CHAIRS… BUT… O-OBVIOUSLY I CAN’T TRUST HUMANS WHEN IT COMES TO CULINARY MATTERS!... I WILL NEED TO ORDER A FEW THINGS FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE… ALONG WITH THE CAKE…”
“I told’ja I can do it!” Undyne says excitedly next to him.

“DO NOT MAKE ME LAUGH UNDYNE! DO YOU WISH TO POISON US ALL!!!”

Her single yellow eye flashes dangerously. “I don’t wanna hear that from you! Your last batch of lasagna tasted like it’d been cooked in the humans’ toilet water.”

“NYAH HAH!” He points. “THAT JUST PROVES YOU’VE BEEN DRINKING IT YOURSELF IN ORDER TO GET THE KNOWLEDGE OF WHAT IT TASTES LIKE!” Papyrus accuses back, swishing the bags across his arms as he gestures wildly.

Several humans stop walking through the mall to watch the display. Many of them pointing, or getting out their phones as two tall and loud monsters argue.

“I don’t gotta drink it to know that’s what yer loser cooking tastes like!” Undyne shouts back.

Papyrus’s empty sockets pass over you for a moment, before he refocuses on Undyne. “NYEH HEH HEH! WE SHALL SEE, WORTHLESS GUARDSWOMAN!! PERHAPS I WILL NEED TO TRAIN YOU IN THE ART OF YOUR OWN SELF DESTRUCTION ONCE AGAIN! SHALL WE HAVE ANOTHER COOK OFF… HM…?”

“Oh it is ON!” Undyne shouts, accepting the challenge.

“FINE THEN! NEXT SUNDAY!” Papyrus points dramatically at her chest. “I WILL PREPARE A MEAL UNLIKE ANY YOUR IDIOTIC SOUL COULD IMAGINE!”

“Whaaaaat…? Next Sunday! That’s like… a whole week away! Let’s get this shit started now!!”

Papyrus’s hands go to his hips. Bags swishing wildly as they slide down his arms. “MAY I REMIND YOU THAT WE ARE CURRENTLY SHOPPING FOR A VERY IMPORTANT PARTY!”

“After shopping!” She says, baring her needle sharp teeth in a smile.
“ARE YOU COMPLETELY DAFT!? YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO MEET UP WITH ALPHYS AFTER THIS!”

“Oh… heheh... woops.” She says sheepishly. “Fine! Next week it is then! But you better be prepared! I’ve had Alphys reading every cookbook I can find! She’s gonna tell me all the answers to making the best food!”

“NYEH! IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN THAT TO DEFEAT ME, FISH WOMAN! FOR I AM DEVELOPING A NEW SECRET SPECIAL TECHNIQUE!”

“Ya mean a secret dumb technique!”

“WE SHALL SEE…” He says, smiling wryly through his sharp teeth. Then he looks at you. “NOW HUMAN! IT IS TIME FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF OUR SHOPPING QUEST!... THE PRESENT!”

“Oh… uh... do you have anything in mind?” You ask.

“I HAVE DEvised A LIST OF POTENTIAL CANDIDATES!” Papyrus proceeds to pull another folded piece of paper from his pocket. This one also filled with an assortment of ideas.

You lean over and look at it.

Treadmill
Free Weights
Professional Grade Lasagna Cookbook
Personal Trainer
Peek-A-Boo With Fulffy Bunny Part 2
Floor Spikes
A Beginners Guide to Appropriate Hygiene and Cleanliness for Monsters
Military Grade Torture Gear
“Fuhuhuhuhuhu!” Undyne starts laughing when she glances over as well. “Do ya actually think your bro’s gonna use any’a these!”

“S-SILENCE UNDYNE!” Papyrus moves the list out of her view, shielding it with his gloves. “TH-THES- THESE ARE ALL VERY EXCELLENT AND WELL THOUGHT OUT GIFTS! I INCORPORATED THEIR PRACTICAL USE ALONG WITH-”

Undyne keeps laughing.

“I SAID BE QUIET!!!”

“Uh… th-those are okay ideas…” You say, trying to calm him down. “But… I think I have something better in mind.”

“And what is that?” Papyrus says, folding his arms.

You grin, starting to walk off. “Follow me, and I’ll show you!”

“What is it!” He yells.

“I’ll show you when we get there.”

“Human!”

Papyrus catches up with you, Undyne still laughing behind him. You grimace a little as more and more people seem to be pointing and watching your group. You’ve spent quite a few hours in the party store, and the mall is now packed with people.

“Is it always like this?” You whisper after a moment of walking.

“You know…” You tilt your head towards several teens holding up their phones. Some of them taking a selfie as the two monsters pass.

“Ya get use ta it after a while.” Undyne says,shrugging as she swings her ars laden with bags.

“NYAH HAH HAH! AS IF SOMETHING SO TRIVIAL WOULD BOTHER THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS! AS THE SUPERIOR CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL GUARD I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN REVERED AND RESPECTED WHEREVER I GO! ABOVE GROUND IS NO DIFFERENT!” Papyrus says proudly.

“Fuh huh huh!” Undyne slams her heavily bagged arm around Papyrus’s shoulders. “Ya talkin’ ‘bout how everyone called ya the Uptight Edgelord?”

“WHAT!... NOBODY EVER CALLED ME THAT!!!”

“Fuhuhuhuh! Not to your face! But’cha should’a heard the dogs when ya weren’t there!”

“S-SILENCE!”

Light filters in from the windows as the sun peeks through the tightly closed blinds. It’s well past noon, and the little skeleton is still fast asleep.

Warm...

A weightless embrace...

It’s almost like he’s floating.
Why…?

Why can’t he remember…?

Why can’t he remember, when he remembers everything else?

White…

The entire world wrapped in layers of white…

The heavens burning in a torrent of flame…

Two signing hands waving as he runs…

Waving as he screams….

 Darkness...

Sans’ sockets crack open, letting the soft light of the room slowly filter through.

Strange… it’s like he forgot something again…

He straightens his spine, stretching his cramped bones as he snuggles back into the comforting mass of sheets. Damn… it feels good to sleep in. He hasn’t slept in for… how many days has it been? Too many days. His damn neighbor always seems to find some sort of shitty reason to wake him up on the weekends.

He yawns, pushing his face back into the large set of titties printed on his sheets. They’re so comfortable today he feels like he could-

His sockets snap open, staring at the printed image in front of him. Tits… enormously drawn human
“YER!... FUCKIN’!!... DEAAAAAAD!!!” He roars, jumping off the couch and snatching up the pillow.

He rushes down the hallway and stops in front of your door, slamming against it with his foot as he snarls at you through the trembling wood. “YA BETTER SAY GOODBYE TA YER SHITTY KINK PILLOW! CAUSE IT’S GOING IN THE FUCKIN’ VOID!” He readies his magic over the pillow as he waits for you to emerge.

Nothing happens.

“GET THE FUCK OUT HERE!!” He yells again, giving the door another violent kick as he prepares to watch your despaired face when you finally see the shitty thing disappear.

Still nothing…

“W-WAKE THE HELL UP!!!” He yells again… though it lacks much of the venom filled anger he was expressing before.

When you still don’t respond, Sans pauses… The hell ain’t’cha wakin’ up…?

He sets the pillow down against the wall, and slams his fist against your door instead. “H-Hey!” He yells awkwardly. “Get yer fuckin’ ass out here!”

There’s still no answer, and Sans feels himself starting to get annoyed.

Tch… ya… ya better not think ya can jus ’hide in there cause’a what happened last time… C-Cause he ain’t afraid’a goin’ in! He’ll fuckin’ do it! If ya ain’t gonna answer… i-it ain’t his fault if he sees somethin’.

He hovers in front of your door, listening for anything from the other side.
Nothing…

That’s it! He’s fuckin’ goin’ in!!

He grabs the handle roughly and twists all the way. Getting ready to throw the door open and storm the room.

“Squeeeak.”

Sans inches the door open just enough to peek one eyelight inside.

“Ya… ya fuckin’ in there!” He calls.

When no one answers, he pushes the door the rest of the way, hesitating as his sockets scan the room. It’s entirely clean, the bed neatly made, everything is in order… but…

Where the hell are ya!?

Sans’ soul hums faster as he takes in the room.

Empty...
Everything’s empty...
The dishes put away…
The laundry done…
The bed made…
Nothing will be used again...
No one will come home...
He’s all alone again…
He’s always alone…
This is why he told them not to leave! This is why…
“Sh-Shit…” Sans mutters, grabbing at his shirt as he tries to calm his rapidly humming soul.

He’s fine... Everything’s fuckin’ fine! She’s just… out. S-Slow down and think Sans! Keep it together!

He takes a few more breaths, trying to stay calm, then he reaches into his pocket and grabs his phone. Phalanges furiously tapping against the keys, he sends a message.

You’re still snickering at the thought of people calling Papyrus an edgelord when you feel the phone in your pocket vibrate.

“BZZT.”

You reach into your pocket and take it out, a fresh message from your neighbor staring you in the face.

Skulls: Where R U

Welp… looks like he finally woke up. Did he miss your note? How…? You left it in the middle of his forehead. You open your messages, snickering as you type one back.

You: On a hot date

Leaning against the doorframe of your room, Sans soul finally slows when he reads your name but his sockets expand when he reads the text. The fuck!? Since when did’ja even getta… He thought’cha said ya didn’t… Why the hell r’ya onna date!?

No no no no no… He’s been at’cher house almost every day fer a month. Ya ain’t got any time ta find someone… Yer jus’... yer jus’ bein’ an ass right now s’all… Ya can’t actually be onna… d-
date… He’d fuckin’ know!

Skulls: bullshit with who

You grin as you read his response.

You: Too bad you can’t get photos, cause this guy’s tall, dark, and handsome!

WHAT THE FUCK! There ain’t no fuckin’ way!

Sans’ phalanges mash the keys as he types back.

Skulls: ur probably out buying games

He waits a moment, before you respond back.

You: You could say I’m out buying something for somebody special :D

Sans’ soul thrums for a moment as he reads the text. L-Like he fuckin’ cares! The hell do ya gotta tell him this shit for!?

You: By the way… check the mirror

The mirror… fer what!?

Sans shuffles over to your bathroom and glances inside.

Out shopping!

Help yourself to my fridge
<3 -Your sweet loving neighbor <3

Ps- how was Cherry Pie?

“WHAT THE FUCK!”

Sans snatches the note off his forehead, crumpling it in his hand.

If yer gonna leave a note, don’t fuckin’ put it there! The hell is he supposed ta see it!?

Stomping down the hall, he stops in front of your fridge and swings it open. There’s nearly two entire bottles of industrial sized monster mustard staring him in the face.

Wait… m-maybe he shouldn’t get so cosy wit’cha that he starts eating your food.

…. 

S’not like ya can eat all this anyway.

Sans takes out the opened bottle, uncaps it, and starts chugging.

---

You snicker after sending your latest text. You can’t believe he didn’t see the note before he texted you.

“HUMAN! WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING ABOUT!” Papyrus calls, his hollow sockets watching you closely.

Ah… um… n-nothing…” You say awkwardly. Pocking your phone you continue to lead the way.
“Didn’t look like nothin’.” Undyne grins, still hanging off the huge skeleton’s shoulders. “Ya better not be cheatin’ on this big idiot!”

“HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU, UNDYNE! SHE IS NOT MY-”

“Cause his season’s comin’ up! N’ he’s gonna need’ja ta help him-”

Papyrus instantly slams his gloves over her mouth. His entire skull practically on fire.

“You will shut your traitorous mouth right now!!!” The enormous skeleton screeches.

Heads turn as the shout echos around the mall. Any humans that weren’t currently watching you before, definitely are now.

“Um…” You say, trying to use your height to shield the monsters from view. “W-What?”

Seasons… that’s the third time you’ve heard a monster say that word… You still don’t know what it is… but it’s definitely embarrassing… and perverted...

“I-IT IS NOTHING HUMAN! CARRY ON WITH WHERE WE WERE GOING RIGHT NOW!” Papyrus yells, his face continuing to glow.

Undyne slides her mouth out of the skeletons hands, laughing as loudly as possible, before settling back into a grin. “Fuhuhuhuh! What!? That little perv Sans’s goin’ ‘round tellin’ ya shit, but he still hasn’t said ‘nothin about that yet!?“

“UNDYNE!” Papyrus snaps again.

“Fine… fine…” She relents. “But’cha should totally ask him later.” She snickers.

“NO SHE SHOULD NOT!”
Undyne twists her teeth into a grin. She’s about to say something more, when a very familiar anime song starts playing.

“Alphy!” She yells, slamming her hand into her pocket, and jamming the phone against her long finned ears. “How’s it going! Ya almost done!” She says excitedly. Her walk slows and she ends up trailing behind you as she talks.

Papyrus lowers his sockets to the floor. “TCH…” He clicks, looking irritated.

“What’s wrong?” You grin. “Other than your season coming up.”

“I WILL NO LONGER BE ON SPEAKING TERMS WITH EITHER OF YOU IF YOU CHOOSE TO CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION!” He barks.

“Okay… okay…” You laugh.

Papyrus’s sockets slide back to Undyne as she continues to talk loudly and happily on her phone. Your eyes follow his, before traveling back up front.

You sigh when you see him reach into his pocket and look at his phone.

“So… I’m guessing Sans hasn’t talked to you much this week either, has he?” You ask.

“N-NOT THAT I CARE.” He grumbles, replacing his phone.

“Hm… that’s not very brotherly of him.”

“HE IS COMPLETELY AWFUL AT BEING A BROTHER.” He says, throwing up his arms.

“Mmmhmm… mmmhmmm… He should definitely call you more to check up.”
“OF COURSE HE SHOULD!”

An idea suddenly hits, and your smile begins to grow. “Bet I can get him to.”

“IF YOU HAVE TO ASK HIM TO DO IT, THEN THERE’S NOT POINT!... H-HE SHOULD WANT TO DO IT HIMSELF!” Papyrus says, laying his hands on his hips.

“Oh… I won’t ask him!”

You take out your phone, and start typing.

“What are you writing, human!?”

You move it away from him, smiling. “Nothing… nothing…”

“D-DON’T ASK HIM!”

“I said I wasn’t going to!”

You finish writing the text and hit send.

“Aaaand done.”

Papyrus takes out his phone, looking at it.

“TCH… HE WON’T CALL.”

“Just wait.”
“H-HE WON’T!”

Papyrus’s phone starts to ring.

The large skeleton looks at you, before looking back at his phone. Slowly, he lifts it to his skull. “S-SANS!”

You giggle, reading your message one last time.

You: Alright, I’ll tell you who I’m with. Your bro said he wasn’t feeling good. Something about seasons. So he called me up and I offered to help out.

Chapter End Notes

This shopping trip will probably take around 3 chapters, so it’s gonna be long. If you enjoyed this story and want to know when the next part comes out, subscribe and you’ll get an email when it happens. Otherwise, look out for it on Fridays, or check out my tumblr for updates.

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

Big thanks to alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter. She makes everything much better.

Sidestories are here The Skeleton Games Sidequests
A curious Sans

Chapter Summary

You help Papyrus find a good gift.
Sans satisfies his own interests.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“H-Heya Boss… how… how r’ya…?” Sans’ low, gravelly voice flows from the speaker.

“EXCELLENT AS ALWAYS BROTHER…” Papyrus answers, his body stiffening as he talks. He takes a moment to look you over before focusing once again on the path ahead. “WHAT—… W—WHY ARE YOU CALLING ME! DON’T YOU KNOW I’M BUSY!?”

“S-Sorry Boss… I-I jus’… w-wanted ta check in wit’cha s’all. Ya… ya ain’t with anyone are ya?”

“What I do and with whom I do it is none of your concern Sans!”

“S-Sorry Boss…”

“HUMPH… IS THAT ALL YOU HAVE TO SAY? OR DO YOU NEED TO WASTE MORE OF MY TIME!?”

“Nah Boss… I-I was jus’… m-makin’ sure ya was fine n’all… ya’know… with the, uh… you-know-what comin’ up…”

“I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO NEVER BRING UP SUCH VILE SUBJECTS AND—” Papyrus stops talking, looking at you. You’re currently tapping on his shoulder, holding up your own phone with a message displayed across its screen.

Ask him about his day!
Papyrus attempts to cover his receiver as he reads the message. “WHAT!… N-NO HUMAN!” He says trying to muffle his loud voice. “I’M NOT GOING TO-”

You walk around in front of him and come to a stop. Holding out your phone again, you point to it.

**Ask him about his day!**

“HUMAN! I-I’M NOT GOING TO-”

“B-Boss…! Y-Ya alright? Who’s that with ya?”

“I AM WITH NO ONE SANS!” Papyrus yells, quickly placing the phone back against his skull. “NOTHING SECRET IS GOING ON!”

“Ya sure ya ain’t with-”

“THE HUMANS I AM TALKING ABOUT ARE SIMPLY THE FILTHY ONES THAT ALWAYS PERPETUATE THE OVERWORLD. IT MOST CERTAINLY IS NOT ANYONE IMPORTANT YOU WOULD KNOW!”

You continue pointing at the message, refusing to stop. Papyrus tries to look away from it, but you don’t let him.

“FINE!” The large skeleton yells in a fit of anger. “HOW WAS YOUR DAY SANS!?”

“What? My… My day?

“YES SANS! YOUR DAY! I’M ASKING YOU HOW IT HAS BEEN!”

“I-I’ve been good Boss! I swear! G-Got up nice’n early n’ I even made sure ta eat actual food!”
Giving a behavioral report is one way to talk about your day. But it’s not what you were looking for. You quickly type out another message, holding it in front of Papyrus as he listens.

Ask him if he had a nice morning!

“NO, HUMAN! I ALREADY-”

You push it closer to his face.

Ask him if he had a nice morning!

“HUMAN!”

“Boss…?”

“I DEMAND TO KNOW IF YOU HAD A NICE MORNING!” Papyrus shouts in frustration, mashing the phone closer to his skull and turning away from you.

“What…” Sans responds in confusion. “I... Uh… Y-Yeah… i-it was fine… Are you sure yer okay Boss?”

“OF COURSE I’M OKAY! WHY WOULDN’T I BE!”

“I-It jus’ sounds like yer gettin’ distracted. Ya… ya really ain’t with someone?”

“WHY DO YOU KEEP ASKING ME THAT! DID SOMEONE TELL YOU TO CALL?”

“N-No Boss… I jus’... noticed I hadn’t called’ja in a while… n’ I thought I should… s-sorry…” He apologises again.

“WELL, YOU CALLED ME AT A BAD TIME! I AM VERY BUSY AND-”
Tell him you appreciate his call! You hold up again.

“I AM NOT SAYING THAT!” Papyrus yells.

“Boss?”

“I AM MOST CERTAINLY NOT SAYING THAT!” Papyrus yells again.

Tell him, or I won’t show you the secret of the perfect present!

“I APPRECIATE YOU CALLING ME!” Papyrus yells into the receiver. “ARE YOU HAPPY NOW!?”

You smile and nod at the skeleton, his dark sockets continuing to glare at you.

“Oh… wh-what?” Sans asks.

“I SAID I APPRECIATE YOU CALLING ME! IS IT THAT HARD FOR YOU TO UNDERSTAND, SANS?!”

“Huh?” Is all Sans can manage back.

“NOW, I AM VERY BUSY AND I CAN NOT TALK LONG.”

“Boss wait! What’s going-”

“GOODBYE SANS!” Papyrus yells, before snapping his phone closed and glaring at you.

Slowly you fold your arms behind your head, smiling at the angry skeleton in front of you. “See!”
You snicker a little. “Told you I could get him to call.”

Papyrus continues to glare at you.

“What? Didn’t you have a nice chat?” You ask.

“HUMAN…” He says slowly. “YOU NEARLY GAVE AWAY OUR SECRET PLAN WITH YOUR IDIOTIC DEMANDS. DO YOU WANT TO BRING DOWN THE ENTIRE MISSION?”

“Don’t worry.” You say dismissively. “I doubt he suspects anything.”

“You’re lucky my brother is a complete imbecile, or he’d have guessed it already!”

You turn around and start walking ahead of him.

“I was just trying to make it so he’d call you more often.” You say cheerfully. “If you want him to call more often, you have to say nice things.”

“Simply speaking with me is a nice thing!” Papyrus proclaims loudly. “I DO NOT NEED TO SAY WORTHLESS THINGS LIKE HOW I APPRECIATE PHONE CALLS!”

“But I like hearing it. And I think Sans does as well. You’re pretty cool, so if you tell people you appreciate them, they’re gonna like it.”

“W-well! Obviously people would enjoy that!”

“Great, then don’t forget to say that next time he calls.” You say, continuing to walk ahead of him.

“Tch… If I say things like that, he’ll get soft and-”
“Say things like what!” A large fish monster interrupts, slamming her bag-laden arms over Papyrus’s neck. Looks like she’s finished with her own phone call. “What’cha talkin’ about?”

“IT IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, UNDYNE!” Papyrus mutters right back.

“Heh…? She says, smiling. "Lemme guess. Ya were sayin’ naughty stuff while I was gone.”

“WE MOST CERTAINLY WERE NOT! WE WERE SIMPLY TALKING ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF USING STRICT APPROPRIATE LANGUAGE TO PREVENT MY BROTHER FROM BECOMING EVEN MORE LAZY THAN HE-”

“Aaaaand! We’re here!” You announce, coming to a stop in front of a large music shop and holding up your hands.

Both monsters stop beside you, staring at the large neon sign.

“THE PERFECT PRESENT IS IN A MUSIC STORE?!" Papyrus shouts.

--

Sans continues to look at his phone, still confused after the call with his brother.

He… appreciates his call…? What’s gotten into him? Boss’s never said anything like that before. Unless…

There’s no doubt in his soul. You’re together. But for some reason Boss didn’t seem to want to admit it. Why… What the hell is going on!?

Ya… ya really ain’t with Boss cause’a what’cha said right!? RIGHT!? There ain’t no fuckin’ way! Besides… Boss said it himself. He ain’t interested in ya like that! Boss ain’t interested in anyone… Even if he does tolerate ya...

Sans opens his phone again, his soul humming as his phalanges furiously type away at the keys.
Sans: Where R U and what R U doing with my bro

He walks over to your couch and flops down, still drinking from the mustard bottle. All he needs is one hint. One little hint about where the hell yer at, and he’ll be there.

NewContact3: It’s a secret!

His fist slams on the couch. “FUCK YOU!” Ya can’t go ‘round hangin’ out with his bro ‘n not tell him shit! What the fuck’s goin’ on!

Sans: Where R U!

He types again, starting to growl as he clutches his old phone harder.

NewContact3: I told you, I’m out buying something for someone

Sans: Y R U with my bro then

NewContact3: He’s going shopping too!

Gahhhh what the hell! Fuckin’ give him a proper fuckin’ answer!

Sans: stop being an ass and tell me why UR with him

NewContact3: For fun!

Sans’ growling reaches new levels, and he has to do everything in his power not to claw up your expensive leather couch. He’s about to send another message back, threatening your life, when his phone pings first.
**NewContact3:** So anyway… Skulls? What’s a season?

Sans stops growling, staring at the message…

Oh…

R-Right…

She doesn’t even…

Sans’ phalanges mash the keys.

**Sans:** The fuck R U talking about it for if U don’t know what it means!

**NewContact3:** Everyone else is talking about it, and I feel left out. You should tell me what it means so this doesn’t happen again. Also Undyne said I should ask you anyway.

Sans slides a hand down his face. Of course! This whole fuckin’ thing’s fuckin’ Undyne’s fault!... Wait…?

**Sans:** Undyne’s with U

**NewContact3:** Maybe.

Sans’ soul calms some more. I-If she’s with them… then that means… n-nothin’s goin’ on. Sans sinks into the couch in relief. Of course… you weren’t doing that with his bro… you don’t even know what seasons are. And besides… it shouldn’ta started anyway. You were jus’… sayin’ shit to be an ass. Fuck! Why the hell do’ya always gotta do this shit to him! N’ he jus’ woke up too!

Sans leans into the couch staring up at the ceiling. Seriously… every fuckin’ day… Can’t ya jus’...
calm the fuck down! He takes another sip of mustard, and his phone ends up rolling off his leg. N’
don’t bring his bro inta yer shit! Fuckin’ almost got pissed at him for nothin’…

Sans stops drinking his mustard for a moment.

Wait…? Why the hell is he pissed at-

“BUZZ.”

His phone vibrates again, and he deftly reaches for it. As his hand fumbles with the couch cushions,
it comes into contact with something soft. The hell? Ain’t this a leather couch?

Sans grabs the strange material and brings it up to his face.

What’s yer shirt doin’ stuffed in the couch?

His eyelights travel over it, taking note of several freshly punctured holes. Heh… they almost look
like-

Sans’ soul nearly freezes when he realizes it.

Ya… Ya were wearing this last night, right…?

The red starts to creep up his face as he continues to look at it.

No, no, no, no, no… He didn’t sleep on’ya this time! He knows he didn’t! He slept with that shitty
kink pillow instead! It’s even got some of its own set of freshly made holes to prove it. So why the
hell!?

He brings the shirt a little closer, staring at the holes. Those are definitely… from him… He wrinkles
his nasal bone as your scent wafts strongly from it. N’ ya were definitely… wearin’ this last night
s’well. It’s even got some of that smell on it left from when he pulled out’cher soul…
More red begins to climb up his face.

The fuck was that smell anyway!? S’fuckin’ strong as hell! Ya got all red inna face too, so that means ya knew what it was… What the hell was it!?

He slides one of his claws over a hole as he thinks.

N’ humans don’t even glow either… Ya really didn’t glow at all when he… So how the fuck…? S’it really jus’... shovin’ shit up eachother’n that’s it?

Maybe he should look it up…

Sans slides a hand over his face, groaning against your couch.

No! If he does that… he’ll never be able to go back. S’not worth havin’ that shit in his soul.

He picks up his phone, checking the missed text.

**NewContact3:** We really are just going shopping by the way.

He already figured that out, dumbass!

Sans stands from the couch and pockets his phone, still holding the ripped shirt in his claws.

He’s probably got a while till ya get home ‘n he can question ya more… May as well take a shower while he waits. He shortcuts into his apartment and chucks the shirt on the floor.

Ya can’t tease him about it if he hides the evidence.
“Listen to this one, Papyrus!” Undyne yells, music blasting loudly through the headphones she’s wearing.

“YOU DON’T HAVE TO YELL, UNDYNE! I CAN HEAR YOU JUST FINE!” Papyrus yells back. He takes the headphones from her and smashes them onto his skull. Closing his sockets, he listens again to another sample track.

“TCH… IT IS EXACTLY THE SAME!”

“Nah, this one’s talking about fighting demons r’somethin’.” Undyne comments.

“NYEH! I CAN’T DECIDE! HUMAN, YOU SAID YOU KNEW THE PERFECT GIFT, NOT A CLOSE APPROXIMATION! WHICH ONE SHOULD I GET?!”

You hold up the two CD’s in your hands, looking once again at the song list on the back.

“Mm… I don’t think he’d care. They’re both from the same band. And I know he likes this band. He’s been playing the same songs for weeks.”

“FINE! I SHALL ACQUIRE THEM BOTH!” Papyrus declares in frustration.

He takes the CD’s from you and makes his way out of the isle. A human hurries to get out of his way, and you spot another group of teens nearby trying, and failing, to covertly take video of the monsters shopping.

You follow behind him, still feeling very put off by the amount of attention the two monsters are getting. A few people try to be polite, but for the most part, everyone around you is watching what you’re doing.

Papyrus marches up to the empty register, smashing the cases across the counter.
The human in question is a large man. Sporting long locks in a ponytail, his wild beard reaches past his full stomach. His eyes widen at the skeleton before him, but not in fear. He reaches down and gently collects the cases. You notice long tattoos peppering his arms, several in the image of skulls.

Pulling out a scanner, he searches for the barcodes. “Heh… well now.” He chuckles, scanning the two CD’s. “Nice to see monsters got good taste in music.”

“OF COURSE I DO, HUMAN!” Papyrus says proudly.

The man smiles through his beard. “You know Crimson Funeral’s gonna be playing here in a few weeks, right?”

“What!” You immediately yell. “Here?”

“Yeah, said they wanted to visit the city. I’m sure you can imagine why.” He responds, eyeing the large skeleton in front of him.

“Boss! That’s it!” You say, turning excitedly to the skeleton next to you.

“WHAT IS IT!” He says, folding his arms.

“That’s what you gotta get Sans!”

--

Sans sits lazily on his bed, his bones drying from a recent shower. He’s piled his laptop onto his lap, looking through the list of available games. He’s so bored! Ya still ain’t back yet, and he’s got nothin’ ta do… The fuck are ya takin’ so long ta go shopping for? Ya can’t be out buyin’ that much…?

Besides… His eyelights flick to his open door, watching the light filtering in through his hallway
windows. Shouldn’t’cha been indoors today? The hell r’ya even doin’ out with the sun like it is?

Sans drums his phalanges nervously across the keys.

If ya have ta call him again ta take ya home… He’s gonna make ya pay double fer bein’ a damn idiot! The fuck do ya wanna do? Burn ta death inna sun! Sans brings a claw to his teeth, scratching lightly against the sharpened bones. How fast do ya burn anyway…?

He saw it that one time when ya showed him, but yer skin jus’ kinda turned black… almost seemed ta melt, not burn. N’ya just stood there like a fuckin’ idiot letting it happen! The fuck’s wrong wit’cha, doesn’t that shit hurt?! The hell were ya doin’ just lettin’ yourself get like that?

Sans leans his skull against the wall, staring up at the ceiling.

Maybe… maybe yer fine as long as yer wearin’ those clothes ya always wear. Fuckin’ practically run around naked at night, but’cha always make sure ta cover up durin’ the day so… Maybe it ain’t so bad like that.

“Gaaah!” Now it’s gonna bother him! He palms his face. The fuck do ya always gotta be out doin’ stupid ass shit for? How the hell is he supposed ta know if yer gonna fuckin’ suddenly die r’not!? Ya never really explained it!

Wait… maybe…

Sans looks at his laptop, realizing.

Maybe there’s somethin’ on here about’cha.

He opens the internet, and begins typing into the search bar.

**Search: Vampire**

A list of results pop up, and he scrolls down, reading.
25 Real Life Vampires Who Crave Human Blood

Real life vampires exist!

How to live a vampire lifestyle

So you wanna date a vampire?

Vampire - Wikipedia

There it is… Sans clicks on the wiki article. Maybe there’s some shit on here about’cha.

“Vampire - A vampire is a being from folklore that subsists by feeding on the vital force (generally in the form of blood) of the living.”

Vital force! Ya ain’t never said nothin’ ‘bout vital force. Thought’cha didn’t know what it was inna blood? Then again… ya did say there’s a lotta shit people make up about’cha… Somethin’ about sparklin’ in the sun instead.

Sans continues to read, his eyelights flicking across the screen.

“The figure of the vampire may have been created to explain the mysteries of death.”

Or jus’ make everythin’ even more confusin’! Ya don’t die at all when ya fuckin’ should.

“You may ward against a vampire by using garlic, rosaries, holy water, and mirrors…”

He’s pretty sure over half of this is bullshit at this point…
His eyelights continue to scan the page.

“Vampires may spread their vampirism by biting others…”

S’definetly bullshit! Ya didn’t turn that guy inta one. This entire fuckin’ article’s fuckin’ useless! It ain’t even said nothin’ ‘bout how bein’ bitten makes people feel!

Sans brings his hand to his neck, feeling the bones along it prickle.

The hell does that... feel like…?

That guy… even though ya had him all controlled… I-It didn’t look like you were hurtin’im. He just stood there’n made all those noises… n’ you were making… Ya can say what’cha want, but those were the same noises ya made when he pulled out’cher soul!

His eyelights dash to the floor where your shirt sits. Fuck! Sans runs a hand down his face. Don’t start thinkin’ ‘bout that again! He already laid in bed half’a the night tryin’ ta get that shit out of his soul! Don’t fuckin’ go there again!

He tries to mentally yell at himself to stop, but Sans’ eyelights remain firmly on the small piece of cloth, his soul continuing to ask-

What was that smell?

He could know the answer… he could know it so easily…

No, no, no, no, no! Don’t do that! He can’t go back once he’s done that!

But he can’t keep looking like a fuckin’ idiot either! You were right when he said he should at least know how it works! That’s all he’d be doing! Figuring out how it works! Nothin’ wrong with that.

N’ then ya won’t be able ta laugh at him cause he’d know… He’d know how humans do it, and you won’t know shit about monsters! Heh! He could fuckin’ make fun’a ya all day! Fuckin’ innocent ass
human, not knowin’ shit! N’ him knowin’ everythin’!

Sans’ grin slides across his face. Opening another tab, he settles his hands across the keyboard.

**Search: Human Porn**

**Human Porn: Beauty is in the eye of the beholder**

**The human and porn: A documentary**

**Close ups of humans**

**Human videos**

Oh… M-Maybe he should omit the human part. Monsters only got to the surface a few months ago. The human part’s redundant.

**Search: Porn video**

Sans stares at the search results, the words alone already making his soul hum.

Jus’ click one. Come’on. Jus’ click it, n’ watch it, n’ be done. He’ll get how it works n’ he’ll never have ta see this shit again!

Sans hovers over the link, staring blankly at the screen. S’now or never. Ya gotta know. Stop bein’ a fuckin’ ass n’ just do it.

“Fuck!” He finally yells, pushing his finger down, and clicking the link.

He waits for the video to load, his soul humming faster as he watches the little spinning wheel. It
starts, and he watches as a human woman dials a number on her phone, calling for delivery pizza.

“The hell does ordering pizza have to do with anything...” Sans mutters, waiting for something to happen. He continues to watch, but all the humans do is discuss payment. “Fuckin’ shouldn’ta ordered pizza if ya can’t pay for it, idiot...” Sans mumbles, feeling his confidence chip away the longer he waits.

“Damnit!” Sans growls, feeling more and more annoyed the longer he waits. ”Ya gonna show shit r’ not! Hurry up ‘n get to it!” He watches for a few seconds longer, before grabbing the mouse and clicking further along the time bar.

“Aaaahn! Harder!”

Sans’ sockets expand. His eyelight dilate to three times their size as he watches the video playing on his screen. He lasts a few seconds longer, before violently slamming the laptop closed, his sockets staring blankly across the room.

“What the fuck?!”

Sans’ entire face changes color. Wh-What the hell was...! Holy Fuck! Fuckin’ Holes! What the fuck did he just see!

No, no, no, no, no! Th-That can’t be right! That was very different from... There’s no way that shit should fit! Was that guy trying to kill her?! What the hell! That can’t be the way... Humans seriously do that!

Sans runs his hands along his face, the scene repeating over and over behind his eyelight.

Did... Did you do that...?

Th-There ain’t no way... ya can’t have... r-right! Ya... ya wouldn't do that... Why would’ja... Ya definitely...

Have ya even ever done it before?
Ya have... maybe... or not... he’s... he’s never asked... What the hell! He can’t believe humans do that! Fuck! They’re so... GROSS!

He sits on the bed catching his breath. Waiting for his soul to calm down.

S’fine... He tells himself... S’not like it matter’s ta him... He could care less what’cha’ve done. Yer a human so... J-Jus’ makes sense that’cha’ve... Ya can’t change how shit works anymore than he can so...

Sans huffs one more time before looking at his laptop. A-at least he knows... now... mostly. Actually... he didn’t watch for very long... M-Maybe that ain’t how it usually is... I-It would be bad if he got it wrong... Ya’d definitely laugh at him if he watched some weird version, n’ humans actually do it completely differently...

Sans looks at his laptop, his soul already starting to hum faster. He slowly slides his claws between the screen and keyboard as he gets ready to open it again.

H-He’s just gonna make sure... He ain’t interested at all in what he saw... He’s just...

H-He’s just gonna check...

Chapter End Notes

This is why you don't leave a board skeleton alone...

Big thanks to Alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter. She makes everything much better.

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

Sidestories are here The Skeleton Games Sidequests
The purrfect present

Chapter Summary

You continue shopping with Undyne and Papyrus

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You walk out from the store, following the two monsters ahead of you. A shriek pierces the air as a group of young girls notice the huge monsters at the last moment and veer away in surprise. Several of them giggle as they look back on the rare sight of shopping monsters, arms laden with bags. The cell phones are back, and humans all around start taking pictures and videos, whispering and pointing at the three of you as you stop in front of the music store. Well… two of you… you just happen to be included. Maybe it’s because you’re so tall.

Undyne glares, challenging the attention to progress further, but Papyrus only straightens his shoulders as he stands at higher attention.

“Let’s see…” The large fish monster says quietly, lowering her head as she takes out her phone. “S’just after two, so… there’s a bus comin’ at three thirty that’s headin’ inna right direction…”

Papyrus glares back. “UNDYNE! YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO MEET UP WITH ALPHYS!”

“I know, I know… but…” Her yellow eye falls across the bags on her arms as she shrugs.

“AS IF I WOULD NEED YOU TO HELP ME! OBVIOUSLY I CAN CARRY EVERYTHING MYSELF!” Papyrus huffs, “BESIDES, YOU HAVE A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT! ONE INTEGRAL TO YOUR RELATIONSHIP, MIGHT I POINT OUT! YOU ARE NOT GOING TO MISS IT IN THE NAME OF CARRYING BAGS!”

“Guys…”

“So what? Ya gonna make that noodle arm dork over there carry all this?” Undyne growls back, shaking the bags now.
“OBVIOUSLY NOT! I ALREADY SAID, I CAN CARRY IT MYSELF!!!”

“Hey…!”

“As if! I’ve seen yer workouts lately. Yer really fallin’ behind!”

“YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! I HAVE ACTUALLY DOUBLED MY EFFORTS IN-”

“GUYS, come on!” You cut in, somewhat annoyed they’re ignoring you. “What’s the point of having a human with benefits if you aren’t gonna use your benefits?”

“BENEFITS?!” Papyrus questions, looking confused.

“Oh shit I forgot!” Undyne says a little louder.

“How else do you think I got here?” You say, a smile spreading across your face.

“What are these… benefits? I’ve certainly never heard of them!” Papyrus demands.

“She’s gotta car, ya nerd!”

“AH YES... THE VEHICLE YOU FOOLISHLY PARKED IN THE WAY OF MY-!”

“What?” Undyne questions.

“N-NOTHING!”

As the three of you are speaking, you can’t help but feel that the crowd of humans is getting larger and larger. It’s pretty obvious a lot of them are taking pictures; nearly all of them have their cellphones out.
“Yeah, so…” You say, lowering your voice and feeling very awkward. “Let’s load everything into my car, and I can take the two of you home.”

A strange look settles across Papyrus’s face. For a moment, he seems to be excited about something, and you catch him shifting nervously from foot to foot as he nods in agreement.

“Actually girly, ya only gotta take this big dork home.” Undyne says, wrapping her bag laden arm around Papyrus’s wide shoulders again. “My girlfriend’s lab’s pretty close by. I can help load everything inna car, but then I gotta jog over ta meet’er.”

“That works for me...” You glance around at the gathering crowd. It’s still growing. “Uh... let’s go then.” You say, walking through at a less congested spot. The humans part to the sides, several of them whispering excitedly as they get a close up view of the rare species.

You lead the two monsters through the mall, making your way to the exit where your car waits. It’s annoying that you’re getting so much attention, but you have to admit, it’s nice how people keep out of your way. It makes it easier to navigate without bumping into them while carrying so many bags.

You pass by a pet store, and Undyne slows, her single yellow eye gazing through the windows.

“Yo Paps! Ya still wanna go in here?” She says, coming to a stop in front of the doors.

Papyrus eyes the store. “I-I NEVER SAID THAT!”

“What! Ya said it when we walked in!”

“I NEVER SAID ANY SUCH THINGS!”

“You were complainin’ cause they weren’t open when we came in, so I had us go ta the food court while we waited fer yer human girlfriend n’stead!”

“I SIMPLY MEANT THAT IT IS INEFFICIENT TO OPEN THE MALL DOORS IN THE
MORNING AND HAVE HALF THE SHOPS STILL CLOSED… AND SHE IS NOT MY GIRLFRIEND!

Papyrus glances past Undyne as he speaks, his blank sockets straining to get a look at something inside.

“Well… now we can go in.” Undyne huffs.

“I SAID I DON’T WANT TO! BESIDES, WHY WOULD I, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS, BE INTERESTED IN WORTHLESS, WASTE-OF-TIME CREATURES WHO’S ONLY CALLING IN LIFE IS PRODUCING EXCREMENT AND LAYING AROUND WAITING TO BE CARED FOR!?! I ALREADY HAVE A BROTHER WHO DOES THE EXACT SAME THING!”

“Fuhuhuhu!” She pats him roughly on the back. “Yeah, but that idiot moved out, so now ya gotta get a replacement!”

“I DO NOT NEED A REPLACEMENT!”

“Come’on…” She smiles wickedly. “Let’s look at the humans’ stupid enslaved animals! Ya were always talkin’ bout gettin’ one underground.”

“I DID NOT!”

“Yeah ya did!”

“I WAS SIMPLY TALKING ABOUT HOW IT WOULD BE A MORE PRODUCTIVE OPTION THAN MY BROTHER! NOW THAT HE’S GONE… I DO NOT NEED ANYTHING ELSE THAT WOULD MAKE MY LIFE MORE DIFFICULT!”

“Well… I wanna go inside.” Undyne states loudly, before marching into the store.

Papyrus watches her walk away, before turning towards you. “HUMAN, TELL UNDYNE THAT WE AREN’T-” But you’re already following her inside. “H-HUMAN!”
“What…?” You call as you look back. “It looks fun! Besides, this place always has really cute adoptable cats in the back.”

“Aren’t all pet slaves adoptable?”

You smile as you continue to walk. “Just come inside and you’ll see what I mean.”

You march into the store, hearing bags rustling behind you as Papyrus follows. It’s not a large shop, but it does carry most basic pet care necessities. To your left are several glowing fish tanks holding small tropical fish. To your right, a few aisles of various pet foods and toys.

You ignore those aisles and continue to the back. There’s a setup with a few cages lined against the wall. Fiberglass casings cover the front of the cages, holes poked every few inches to allow air flow. Several leaflets are taped to the glass doors, indicating which kennels contain an animal.

You stop short of walking up to them, and instead choose to watch from a safe distance, trying to get a peek inside.

Animals… really don’t like you.

“This store smells foul!” Papyrus complains, walking up behind you. Undyne has somehow gotten lost along the way. You have a sneaking suspicion she was also interested in entering the shop, but her interest seems to be somewhere among the fish tanks.

“That’s the pet smell.” You say, still trying to see if you can spot one of the animals inside a kennel.

“Human stench already defiles the air enough as it is. How can you also choose to live with such horrible smelling creatures!”

“If you clean up after them properly, most animals don’t smell too badly. Cats are actually very clean.”

“Humph… and I have yet to see any of these ‘adoptive’ cat
CREATURES YOU WERE SPEAKING OF!"

You point your finger at the kennels. “Go over there and look inside. The ones with notes attached to them should have a cat.”

Papyrus huffs again, before stalking over to the kennels. He bends over, peering through the glass.

“THERE ISN’T ANYTHING INSIDE!” He calls back.

“Check in the back, they’re probably asleep.”

“ASLEEP!?! IT IS THE MIDDLE OF THE DAY.”

“That’s what cats do.”

Papyrus huffs, muttering something about laziness while he bends over. Cupping his hands to his sockets, he places them against the glass. He must have finally seen something inside, because suddenly he starts yelling.

“REPORT TO THE FRONT THIS INSTANT, FELINE CREATURE! I DESIRE TO INSPECT YOU IMMEDIATELY!”

Nothing happens.

“It’s a cat, it’s not gonna to listen to you!” You call from your spot.

“How am I to inspect it if it won’t come out?!” He calls back.

“You gotta be nice and give it space, then maybe it’ll come over.”

“MAYBE!?! MAYBE’S NOT GOOD ENOUGH!” Papyrus turns back to the cage. “GET OVER HERE SO I CAN INSPECT YOUR WORTHLESS HIDE, NOW!” He shouts.
There’s movement, but instead of the cat coming out like he’d hoped, it huddles itself further into the shelter of it’s enclosed bedspace.

“Boss!” You call.

“What?!”

You place a finger to your lips, and in a light whisper, say. “They’re rescue cats. You can’t be loud or you’ll scare them.”

“Rescue?” He questions, narrowing his sockets.

“Yeah… that’s what I meant when I said adoptable. They were previously owned and relinquished… some of them have even been picked up off the streets. Point is… nobody wanted them, and they came here to get new homes. Try… try to be a little more gentle.”

“I… I see…” He says more quietly, his sockets softening as he looks over the cages. Moving to a new kennel, he bends over further to look inside.

“I have come to inspect you, cat creature!” He says semi-softly to the cage. The animal doesn’t move. “I suppose it only makes sense that… that you are afraid of one as mighty as I… but, there is no need! It is only a simple inspection, nothing more.” He pauses a moment, his sockets never leaving the cage.

“Perhaps you are worried that you will be judged too harshly. It is true that my standards are very high… but… even if they are… that is no reason to hide away from the world. You can’t just lock yourself in the back hoping everything will go away. It won’t. The people around you end up having to pick up the slack. Have you ever thought about how they feel? Have you ever thought about how much they worry! It may be hard for you, but it is equally hard for them, probably more so! How are they supposed to know what to do!? There is no manual for dealing with mopiness! Nobody teaches you such things.

Papyrus waits in front of the cage, watching. The animal inside stays where it’s at. Slowly, he inches his skull closer, his voice lowering to a whisper. “I… I’m probably just scaring you away. Like I do with everyone else…”
Pulling a glove from his hand, Papyrus inches his finger through one of the holes in the glass.

“It really was all my fault.”

His sockets fall to the floor as his shoulders begin to slump.

“Meow.” The trill of a low scratchy mew comes from the cage. Moments later, an orange-maned cat appears from it’s depths. It apprehensively sniffs at the clawed bone hooked through the hole. In one rough motion, the cat slams it’s face against the appendage, nuzzling itself across it.

“NYEEEEEEE!” A strange, high pitched yelp emits from the skeleton. He swings his sockets over to you, and are they… gleaming…?

“H-H-HUMAN! THE CREATURE. IT IS KISSING MY FINGER! W-W-WHY IS IT DOING THAT!?!?”

You smile, watching the large cat continue to rub its face all across his bones. For an animal that doesn’t really have lips, you suppose that’s the closest it can get to kissing. “Aw… he likes you.”


“Oh…? are you interested in adopting him?” Another voice calls. A clerk walks up from one of the aisles, her hands rummaging through the large pocket at the front of her apron. “Because he could use a home.”

“W-WHAT… A… ADOPTING HIM!” Papyrus says, turning to the woman, but keeping his finger firmly inside the hole in the glass. The cat continues to brush against it, purring loudly.

“Yeah… he’s a good boy, but not the most popular.” The clerk steps over to the kennels, grabbing
the cat’s information packet off the glass. “Found this one hanging out behind Ebott Pizza. He’s missing an eye, and a fang. Probably lost them during fights with other cats. That’s why we named him Doomfanger.”

Papyrus looks down at the cat with a little more respect, curling his finger so as to better scratch at the cat’s face.

“But you can always change it if you want to.”

“I-IT SOUNDS LIKE A FITTING NAME… ONE FOR A GREAT WARRIOR.” Papyrus says slowly, his other hand moving to finger the rough gash running across his own socket.

“He doesn’t really like other cats that much, so he has to go to a house without any other cats. He also doesn’t have the best hearing, one of his ears is pretty ripped to shreds.” She folds over the page, looking at the information on the next sheet. “But don’t let his looks fool you. He’s actually very friendly with human—uh…” The clerk corrects herself. “People. He’s not very active, but he makes a great lap cat.”

“S-SO HE’S LAZY!”

“Well yeah…” The clerk smiles. “He’s a cat.”

“You should get him.” You call.

“No… I…” Papyrus pauses. His finger still shoved through the hole. “I-I SHOULDN’T.”

“He’s had all his shots and everything.” The woman says. “And from what I’ve heard, you monsters didn’t have any real cats underground. You should try adopting one.”

“AND WHERE DID YOU HEAR THAT?” Papyrus questions accusingly.

The clerk smiles. “If somebody told me someday I’d be adopting one of our cats out to a large purple cat monster, I would have told them they were straight up crazy.”
“CATTY…” Papyrus mutters.

“Now… are you sure you don’t want him? He could really use a rescue. He’s been waiting forever
for someone to come along. Besides, I think he really likes you.”

“I…” Papyrus turns, looking at you for help.

“Cats are awesome Big Boss.” You call once again. “You should get him.”

“I DO NOT HAVE THE APPROPRIATE ACCOMMODATIONS! OWNING A PET IS AN
ENORMOUS RESPONSIBILITY… YOU… YOU WOULDN’T BELIEVE HOW MANY
TIMES MY BROTHER FORGOT TO FEED HIS PET ROCK.”

The lady smiles again, looking at the aisles to the left. “We sell everything you would need to
become a new cat owner. His adoption cost even covers a free bag of food.”

Papyrus’s sockets dart around the store as he struggles for a better excuse. “B-BESIDES… HOW
AM I TO KNOW IF I’M INTERESTED WHEN I CAN’T EVEN SEE HIM PROPERLY!” He
says smugly, one hand going to his waist, the other staying firmly inside the glass.

“We have a place in the back where you can visit with any potential animal you want to adopt
personally.”

“W-WHAT!”

“Do it, Big Boss!” You call again.

“N-NO… HUMAN… I...”

“Who knows… maybe you’ll get to pet him with more than just one finger.”
The cat continues to caress his bones, and Papyrus looks down at it for a moment longer before saying.

“F-FINE! BUT I AM ONLY INSPECTING HIM! NOTHING MORE!!!”

“Yo nerd! The hell did Paps go!?” Undyne yells as she walks up to you. She’s holding a new bag, one with the pet store’s logo printed across it.

“He’s in the back looking at a cat.”

Undyne’s face breaks into a sharp toothed grin. “I knew it…” She snickers, her single yellow eye crinkling.

“What’s in the bag?” You ask, noticing how carefully she’s holding it compared to the rest.

“Betta… they had a pure yellow one. Didn’t even know they could be yellow! M’addin’ it ta my collection when I get home.”

“You collect bettas?”

“Hell yeah! Fightin’ fish are awesome!”

She lowers her bag laden arms, looking towards the door in the back. You both stand quietly for a moment… neither of you knowing what to say as you wait for Papyrus to finish.

“So…” Undyne speaks up, her yellow eye looking you over. “How come ya didn’t go back there with’im?”

“Uh… Well… cats… aren’t usually very fond of me… So… It’s probably better if he does it without me.”
“Yeah…?” She says, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah…”

“That’s it…?”

“Uh… yeah…” You respond. Trying to figure out where she’s going with this.

Suddenly Undyne moves closer to you. Her face just a few inches from your own as her single yellow eye looks into yours.

“The hell’s yer angle, human…?” She growls, turning her lip up and flashing her pointy teeth.

“Uh… what…” You say, feeling the tension in the air start to rise.

“Ya tryin’ ta date him’r not…?” She says, her pupil constricting to a slit as it looks at you.

“Uh…”

“Cause if yer jus’ messin’ with him… I got news for ya girly.” She stretches her neck, letting it crack as she glares you down. “Yer gonna be in fer a hell of a beatdown! Don’t think I ain’t on ta yer wimpy goody-two-shoes-shtick! If ya hurt a single bone on the guy…” Undyne drags one of her clawed, webbed fingers slowly across her neck. “I’ll make sure ta use every bone in yer entire human body as a replacement.”

And… once again… you’re being threatened by a monster.

“Pfft!” You snicker, watching the bag laden monster before you attempt to be intimidating. “If I do anything to him at all, you’d better hurry.” You chuckle some more as you shrug, “I think Sans’ll probably finish the job before you even have a chance.”
“Pffft!” Undyne starts snickering as well. “What! That little one HP perv thinks he can take a human?!” She snickers some more. “Did that sleazebag actually threaten ya?”

“Yeah… Wait… Why is that so funny?”

“Cause he’s a weak little dweeb! Fuhuhuhuh! No way! This is hilarious!” She laughs harder now, swinging her bags. “That spineless monster really thinks he can protect his bro!??”

“I mean… he’s not that weak… is he?”

“The hell do ya think Paps joined the guard for!??”

“Because he liked the work…?”

“NO! Fuhuhuhuh! His bro was this close ta bein’ dusted on multiple occasions! Monsters like him ain’t supposed ta survive down there! Papyrus joined the guard to make sure nobody messed with his bro.”

“Oh…”

“Fuhuhuhuhuh! I can’t believe Sans actually thinks he can take a human! Even a weak one like you!”

You simply smile back, shrugging.

Undyne takes a moment more to finish snickering, before settling her eye back on your face.

“So then… what’s the deal wit’cha… huh…?” She leers.

“Um…” You take a moment to think. “I… uh… Well… it’s not that I don’t like Papyrus… but… I don’t usually date people… I did tell him I’d be willing to go on at least one date with him. Doesn’t seem like he wants to though.”
“Ya better not be messin’ with him jus’ cause ya can…” She warns.

“Maybe a little.” Undyne’s eye widens. “But that’s because we’re friends!” You say quickly. “Not because I’m looking down on him. He’s kinda fun to tease… you know…”

Undyne’s eye narrows for a moment as she studies you. “Tch… Guess I can agree with that…” She mutters.

“Mostly… I’ve just been trying to be a good friend for him… you know… help him out. I feel like there’s this whole issue he has with his brother and if someone gave him a push in the right direction, maybe he could finally figure things out.”

“Ugh…” Undyne moans. “Seriously… I’ve been telling Paps ta go over there and talk ta Sans fer days! He’s been mopey ever since that waste’a space moved out. I don’t even know why! All he did was complain when Sans was there! Why’s he so unhappy now that he’s gone?”

“Come’on… you know he loves his bro…” You say smugly.

“Tch… Sans doesn’t deserve it…” Undyne mutters.

“What? Why?”

“That worthless jerk made everything difficult for Papyrus! Then, as soon as he didn’t need his bro anymore, he threw’um away’n moved out!”

“I… I don’t think that’s what happened…”

“Then why the hell’d he leave?”

“I’m not sure…” You say, the thought suddenly hitting you. Why did Sans move out? He loves his bro… You’re certain he does. Why would he move away from him? Sans hasn’t said anything about it at all.
“Paps has been sleeping on my couch for days ya know… Days! N’while I gotta admit… my house has never been cleaner… I need my couch! He can’t keep comin’ over an sleepin’ on it! He’s got his own damn house. It ain’t even burned down! I want my damn couch back Sans! I need my damn couch! Ya know what I do on my couch?” She finally says, turning towards you.

“Uh…”

Undyne smirks… “My girlfriend.” She whispers, then flings her hands in the air. “I need my fuckin’ couch damnit!” She yells.

“UNDYNE! THAT IS VERY RUDE. NO SWEARING IN FRONT OF THE WORTHLESS HUMAN!” Papyrus yells, reappearing through the door in the back.

“Ya finally done.” Undyne says, impatiently. “Where’s the cat?”

“GOING BACK WHERE HE BELONGS!”

“Ya ain’t gettin’ it…?”

“I TOLD YOU, I’M NOT INTERESTED IN TAKING CARE OF ANOTHER WORTHLESS CREATURE!”

“You didn’t like him…?” You ask.

“I’M NOT GETTING A PET!” Papyrus yells, stomping his foot.

“Get the damn cat!” Undyne yells back.

“WE ARE LEAVING THIS STORE, NOW!” Papyrus says, turning and walking away.

“Tch…” Undyne clicks. “Almost had’im…”
You continue to lead the two monsters through the mall, humans all around you watching in fascination, or dashing to get out of the way. You’re just about to reach the exit doors when suddenly, Undyne stops again.

“They gotta nerd outlet in here!” She yells.

You stop and turn around, catching the fish woman standing in front of the entrance to a NerdOutlet. Her single yellow eye shining brightly.

“We ARE NOT GOING IN THERE!” Papyrus growls.

“Don’t be such a downer, Papyrus! Nerd Outlet’s the best! We gotta go in!”

“We MOST CERTAINLY DO NOT! YOUR LOVE OF CHILDISH CARTOON SHOWS FOR BABIES IS DISGUSTING, AND I WILL NOT PARTICIPATE IN IT! BESIDES, WE’VE ALREADY WASTED ENOUGH TIME IN THE STORE FOR FILTHY SLAVE CREATURES AS IT IS!”

“Anime ain’t just for kids! It’s deep! It’s EMOTIONAL!!!”

“OH REALLY?! THEN IS-” And papyrus produces the most accurate anime girl imitation you have ever heard. “AN EMOTION?”

“They…” Undyne grins sheepishly, sliding her feet. “They don’t all sound like that!”

“AND WHAT ABOUT THAT DISGUSTING EPISODE WE STUMBLED UPON ON YOUR DATE? THE ONE WHERE SOME HORRIBLE HUMAN FABRICATION OF A MONSTER ACTUALLY TRIED TO REMOVE THE CLOTHES-”

“AHHHHHHHHH! I can’t hear you!” Undyne interrupts, walking towards the store. “Oh no! The store’s sucking me in!”
“IT MOST CERTAINLY IS NOT!”

But the fish woman is already marching through the entrance, bag laden arms swishing in her wake.

“UNDYNE! I SAID NO! WE ALREADY HAVE TOO MANY BAGS. AND THE EXIT TO THE PARKING LOT IS RIGHT HERE!” The large skeleton yells.

“What…?” The large fish monster smirks, her mouth widening across pointed yellow teeth. “Are a bunch’a bags filled with human stuff too much for ya? Don’t tell me the overworld’s makin’ ya weak, Papyrus!”

“OF COURSE NOT! I SIMPLY DO NOT FEEL THAT I SHOULD WASTE ANY MORE OF MY TIME SHOPPING AT THIS HUMAN ESTABLISHMENT!”

“Fuhuhuhu! Too late! I’m already inside!” She calls back

“NYEEEEEH! YOU ARE GOING TO BE LATE FOR YOUR MEETING WITH ALPHYS!!!” Papyrus yells in defeat.

“Relax ya dork! I’ll be fine!!!”

You march in behind them, snickering. You didn’t know Undyne was a complete weeb, but you’re enjoying every moment of it. For some reason, a giant deadly fish monster completely loving anime is really making your day. You don’t even feel annoyed when every patron turns their heads towards you as two large monsters and one large human enter the shop.

“Woah! They got posters!” Undyne yells loudly, rushing over to a rack of posters near the front. “And they got Mew Mew Kissie Cutie! Nice!”

Papyrus glares at her impatiently, attempting to fold his bag covered arms in disapproval as he watches. “DEPLORABLE…” He mutters next to you. “FEEL FREE TO LOOK AWAY FROM HER ACTS OF DEVIANCY HUMAN!”
Undyne turns around, her pointed teeth stretched into a large grin. Her face is filled with happiness as she pulls a poster from the rack.

You stare at the poster for a moment in recognition. Something about it… Something’s familiar… You’ve definitely seen that pink haired, cat eared anime girl somewhere. “I think… I’ve played that game…” You say, and then you realize it isn’t just the pink haired girl you recognize. One of the characters next to her, you know that character! You know that character very well!

Undyne’s yellow eye expands further. “There’s a game?!”

“Yes… it’s one of those grid based RPG’s. That’s Cutie Cherry Pie-chan, right?” You say. Then you point to the character next to the pink haired anime girl. I think San- I have her pillow case floating around my house somewhere.”

“Pillowcase? They make pillowcases!!”

You put a hand on her shoulder, feeling yourself start to smile.

“You should come with me. Let me show you something great!”

“Oh!”

“Yep…”

“Ohhhhh!”

“And they have one for every character.”

“OHHHHH!!” Undyne shouts louder as she stares at the image printed across the package. She flips it over, getting a glimpse at the other side. Red washes across her face as she looks at it.
“Nice…” She mutters…

“U-UNDYNE!” Papyrus shouts, having peeked over your shoulder. “TH-THES-E ARE INAPPROPRIATE!” Suddenly he smashes his gloved hands across your face. “WHAT TYPE OF DISGUSTING THINGS ARE YOU SHOWING THE HUMAN!”

“She was the one showing me!” Undyne growls back.

“Heheheh! yeah Undyne, geez!” You snicker.

“What! These are great! Do they sell the pillows in here s’well?”

“You continue to snicker.

“Look behind the rack on the left. There should be the actual pillows back there.” You say automatically. Your eyes still covered by Papyrus’s gloved hands.
“H-HUMAN!”

“I mean… geez Undyne, how could you get those!”

“Fuhuhuhuh, Really!” Undyne yells a third time, snatching up several pillows into her already bag covered arms. She’s completely overburdened now, as she drags the items to the front of the store.

“UNDYNE! YOU CAN’T EVEN CARRY THOSE PROPERLY!” Papyrus shouts, releasing you and walking after her. “WAIT…” He says, pausing, staring at one of the packages in Undyne’s hands. “W-WHERE HAVE I SEEN THIS…?”

“Hmmmm…?” Undyne cracks a toothy smile. “Since when ‘ave ya been lookin’ at this kinda stuff…?”

“I-I HAVEN’T… I... I’VE JUST… I’VE SEEN THIS DISGUSTING IMAGE BEFORE SOMEWHERE!!!”

“It’s okay Papyrus. I get it.” She smirks. “Your season’s comin’ up n’ ya got bored.”

“SILENCE! THAT IS NOT THE REASON WHY!” Papyrus shouts in outrage.

You follow behind them, making your way to the check out station. Along the way, you lightly browse the items. NerdOut-let often carries video game related things, maybe there’s something that’ll catch your interest.

You stop when you see it.

Yes…”

Yes!

YES!!!
You already have a really good gift planned for Sans, but because it isn’t physical, you’ve been looking for something else to give him during the party. Before you, hanging on a rack, is a baggy pajama onesie. But not just any onesie…

It’s a kigurumi of Sans’ favorite character from Kitty Kart…

Purrfect…

“Fuhuhuhuh! See Paps! Everything fits!” Undyne cackles, slamming the back door of your car. It’s now stuffed to the brim with bags of party supplies, and several long fluffy pillows.

“TCH… THAT IS STILL NOT A GOOD REASON TO CONTINUE BUYING SO MUCH WORTHLESS JUNK!”

You’re waiting for them inside the car in the driver's seat. Luckily for you, the excuse that your weak human body was getting cold worked. You huddle under your clothes, trying to shield yourself from the sun as it bears down at you through the windows. There’s a few clouds in the sky today, but they aren’t currently floating in front of the sun.

“Ah!!!” Undyne shouts, looking at the time. “I gotta get outta here.”

“I TOLD YOU YOU’D BE LATE!”

“Make sure ya get this dork back in one piece, alright.” Undyne says, leaning in through the passenger side door.

“UNDYNE! YOU NEED TO LEAVE! NOW!” Papyrus commands as he pushes past her and flops into the car seat.

“N’Don’t forget. Keep yer hands at 10’n 2… n’ not on you…”
“UNDYNE!”

“Or 3’n 9… not sixty-”

“LEAVE!!!”

“Later!” She waves, before turning around and jogging away.

Papyrus huffs, watching her leave, trying to get comfortable in your car. His long legs are bunched against the dash, and you take a moment to show him how to adjust his seat.

“Allright…” You say… feeling yourself start to heavily sweat in the sun. “What’s your address…?” You ask.

“ACTUALLY… H-HUMAN…?” Papyrus says nervously.

“Uh… yeah…?”

“IS… IS IT TRUE THAT… THAT YOU ARE FRIENDS WITH MUFFET?”

“Uh… yeah…”

“I… I MAY NEED TO VISIT WITH HER…”

“Oh really? What for…”

“I… I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO MAKE THE CAKE FOR THE PARTY… THUS… SH-SHE IS CLEARLY THE ONLY OTHER MONSTER WITH ANY SLIGHT SKILL WHEN IT COMES TO BAKING…”
I wonder what reader's planning for Sans' birthday present...?

Big thanks to Alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter. I had a hard time writing it, and she helped me out a lot.

[The Skeleton Games Tumblr](https://theskeletongames.tumblr.com)

Sidestories are here [The Skeleton Games Sidequests](https://theskeletongames-sidequests.tumblr.com)
Vamp-Chan takes on the Underground [The Skeleton Games Dungeon Crawler](https://theskeletongames-dungeoncrawler.tumblr.com)
-Two weeks after freedom, and one week after quarantine-

The door to room 211 in Ebott City’s department of commerce remains shut, but to anyone passing by it could have well been open. A voice is shouting behind it. Surprising, considering the voice is almost too cute and girlish for how loudly they’re shouting. Another voice answers, deep and quiet. It sounds scared. What can you expect when you’re looking up at a person with three pairs of arms and five inky black eyes?

“What do you mean I’m not approved!?” Muffet snaps, glaring at the skinny man sitting in front of her.

He flinches when one of her many hands slams his desk, spiders tumbling off her arms, and scuttling across it.

“Y-You’re not approved yet…” The man says, sweating heavily as he leans away from the small, fluffy black balls “We still need to perform further tests to make sure that.”

“I just saw Grillby walk outta here with a permit! Why hasn’t mine been approved yet?!”

The man leans away further, his eyes bulging as more and more spiders fall onto his desk. “I… I was just saying! Monster food has been cleared for human consumption, but dust-”

“It’s fine! It’s practically the same thing!” Muffet pounds the desk, rattling the spiders currently skittering across it.

“W-We have to make absolutely sure there aren’t any harmful effects should a human-”

“There aren’t any!” She snarls back, showing her miniature fangs threateningly.

“P-Please tell them to stop!”

Muffet meets the man’s eyes with hers. Tch… he’s so afraid. Pathetic! She’s hardly even started trying to intimidate him yet! Don’t start crying until she at least ties him up and threatens to remove his limbs one by one. The humans up here as so wimpy they can hardly handle having a basic conversation!

“Fine…!” She rolls her five beady eyes before snapping her fingers and calling the spiders back. They skitter up her arm and promptly hide somewhere beneath her clothes. “But you humans better hurry up! I’ve already made a downpayment on my building. If you continue to bar me from my business…” She smirks. “I will personally see to it that every one of you here pay compensation for loss of sales… Plus interest!”
“I assure you m-miss, we are working as fast as we can. These things simply take time.”

“I’ve given you time! We’ve been out of quarantine for over a week now! GET IT DONE!!”

“EEEEP!” The man squeals as she pounds the desk.

Muffet rolls her eyes again before turning sharply on her heel, and marching out of the office.

Stupid humans. How hard can it be to get one simple task done? They were so keen to get monster food out into public hands, but dust? Nooooooo… They have to take days getting it tested and approved. And of course… that stupid flame face gets his food permit right on time. Ugh… he’s so deplorable!

Muffet stomps down the steps, through the hall, and into the waiting room out front.

Tch… speak of the devil…

Grillby stands off to the side of the door, his bright purple flames lighting up the dimly lit room. He’s typing something on his phone, and he brings his head upwards when Muffet enters. A cruel grin forms on his face, almost as though he’s laugh-

“Sh-Shutup, flame face!” Muffet shouts, walking past him and pushing through the front door. It slams behind her, and she’s plunged into a torrent of rain. She stops and watches it fall for a moment, shielded by the entryway roof of the building. Then she tilts her head up in a huff and marches out into the storm. Grillby can fend for himself as far as she’s concerned, that snide bastard...

Have fun getting home with your fancy new permit when it’s pouring rain outside! It was well known the fire elemental couldn’t tolerate water. He sold a lot of drinks at his bar, but when it came to water, he didn’t touch the stuff. He’d always had someone else do it for him.

Things really are different above ground, she isn’t used to the weather changing so quickly. Actually, everything up here seems to be constantly changing; the people, the landscape, the weather... Sometimes she feels like she’s changing as well. She’s not sure if she likes that.

Her clothes quickly become soaked as she walks to the bus stop. The spiders beneath it shiver against her body, huddling together for warmth. It wasn’t raining when she arrived. Actually… it seemed really nice out.

Muffet stands under the bus stop overhang, waiting as the rain pours down. She might have waited inside for the rain to pass if Grillby hadn’t been there but… There’s no way she’s gonna look at his stupid smug face with his silent smug smile!

Tch… Why did he get a permit before her? Her products are much better! Everything he serves is full of grease and alcohol. And really... nobody needs that much spice on their fries! Besides, all his regular patrons are disgusting. The humans are gonna be so appalled when he finally opens shop! She’d better get her permit by then or they may actually decide never to let monsters open anything with food in it ever again.

Once she’s home, she shuts the door behind herself. It’s a spacious home for one monster, but she wasn’t the only one living here. She’s already started decorating it with her own creations. Soft purple drapes top the windows and decorative silk furniture lines the house. Not to mention the slew of delicate silver spider webs hanging from the ceiling allowing her spiders to easily traverse the house unimpeded.

The spiders in her clothes immediately make a mad dash away from her. Shaking away tiny droplets
of water, they huddle with the other spiders who aren’t cold and wet. She walks up the stairs, already peeling off the layers of her drenched clothes when something comes bounding out of her bedroom.

“Cupcake!” Muffet shouts, grinning, as an enormous multi-legged monstrosity skitters up to her.

“Ahuhuhuhu!” She laughs, reaching out with a pair of arms to scratch the round cupcake-shaped monster across the head. “Did you miss me?”

From one of her pockets, she removes a piece of monster candy and unwraps it. Tossing it into the air, Cupcake parts its enormous toothy mouth and snaps up the candy before it can hit the ground.

“Now if only I could have you eat that worthless human…”

Cupcake starts to pant, cocking its head as though waiting for more candy.

That's how she would have handled things underground. Nobody makes her wait for a permit.

She really misses having that option.

“Stupid human rain.” Muffet mutters as she exits the bus and steps immediately into a deep puddle. This is the third time it’s rained this week. She’s so sick of the wetness. It’s almost like she’s living in waterfall!

Luckily for her, she’s invested in an umbrella and rain boots. Unluckily for her, some of the water splashes higher than she was expecting. A large muddy streak washes across her frilly black clothes, and she stands still for a moment just to glare at the offending puddle.

One of the humans who exited the bus with her hustles to move away. Actually… most of the humans on the bus had looked downright terrified the entire trip. It’s only the second week since monsters have been allowed off the mountain, but she’s starting to get annoyed at their reaction to her face. She’s already had several comments flung at her about how creepy her eyes are. She’s even had humans turn tail and run away screaming just by looking at her.

Tch… let them be afraid. People that get scared of you are beneath you!

As she steps onto the sidewalk, she looks up to a familiar monster huddled under the roof of the bus stop. Her frown quickly slides into a grin.

“Ahuhuhuhu! Well, well… Looks like you haven’t learned anything from last time, have you, deary?” She snickers, gloating at the fire elemental as she watches him glare back. “Human weather is just appalling, isn’t it?” She says in mock pity.

She listens to his fire crackle for a moment, noticing rough rain tracks speckled across his shoulders.

Suddenly, her beady black eyes are glaring again. “I’d leave those comments to yourself if I were you!!!” She snarls, then turns her face up and promptly walks off, staying mostly dry under her black umbrella.

Soon, she finds herself back at room 211 of the department of commerce building, facing the skinny trembling man from one week prior.

“I was told I’d have an answer by today, deary…” Muffet says lazily, inspecting her nails so that she doesn’t have to stare at his idiotic sweaty face any longer. “What's the verdict… Hmm?”
“W-We’ve done a thorough investigation on the effects of monster dust, and decided you will be allowed to operate under the condition that you properly label anything containing it.” The man reaches for a file, and pulls a packet of paper from it. “There are details outlined in these documents about potential restrictions for service, and…” He looks up at her. “Y-You indicated your spiders would be working at the bakery as well?”

“Yes.” Muffet smiles tersely. “I believe I made myself perfectly clear on that aspect.”

“Usually there are labor restrictions for the amount of people that can be hired, along with minimum wage requirements and hours, but... in light of the current status of subclass monsters and how they differ from… uh…”

“Dominant class…” Muffet huffs, rolling her black eyes.

“W-we are currently allowing the entirety of the spider family to be categorized as a singular worker instead, as documented on page 6. Before I can issue you the licence, you’ll need to sign here…” The man pulls out a yellow pen, and highlights several places on the first page. “And here…” He turns a few pages and highlights a second place. “And here… Along with today’s date.”

Muffet snatches the pages from him, already reading through the documents carefully. She knows better than to sign anything without reading the fine print. That’s a lesson she often enjoyed teaching the other monsters underground.

Once she’s finished, the man brings out another page of paper.

“We’ll also require a uh… s-signature from…” And his eyes travel up to her sleeves. “Of course… as legal guardian… y-you can always sign on their behalf-”

Three fluffy black spiders travel down one of her arms as she stretches it towards the desk. The man immediately drops the papers and scoots back in his chair. The spiders pick up the pen in tandem and march it to the page. They proceed to stand atop one another, their tiny legs hefting the pen into the air, before bringing it down wildly on the page. A strange symbol is marked along the line, before they drop the pen gracefully and skitter back over to Muffet’s still outstretched arm.

“Is that everything… deary..?” She says, almost mockingly. She finds his outward display of fear pathetic.

“Y-Yeah…” He types something into the computer resting on his desk before gathering the pages of paper set before him and placing them in a scanner. He seems to be trying to avoid touching the paper the small spiders had signed. “I just printed off your official business licence papers. If you could go to Mary at the front desk, she’ll hand them to you once they’re done printing.”

“Finally…” Muffet smiles. “See deary… you really aren’t so useless after all!” She snickers. “Was it that hard to get things done…? Hmm?”

“I-”

“Don’t worry about it…” She interrupts. “I’ll make sure I do everything in my power so that I won’t have to come back here.”

And with a huff, she turns, and leaves the office.

The man listens to his door close, before breathing out heavily. Then he runs his hands up and down his arms, shivering. He can still feel the spiders crawling.
Walking back down the hallway, Muffet approaches the steps to the front waiting room. As she passes, she hears a voice talking loudly on the phone behind one of the opened doors.

“Yeah, he still hasn’t arrived... I know right! We should schedule his appointments during rainy forecasts every time! Hah hah! RIGHT! Besides, I was gonna mark him off for not having a bathroom anyway!... I bet he hasn’t even thought about that.”

Muffet stops for a moment, her five black eyes narrowing. Are they talking about…?

She motions silently with one of her many arms, and ten spiders scuttle from her clothes, dropping to the floor, and heading for the opened door. She waits, listening to the voice inside.

“I got a bunch of other things I can lead him around with too… I wonder how long he’ll last before he gets tired of it?”

Muffet narrows her eyes as she listens, a light smile forming at her fangs.

“Yeah… so how’s your assignment going? You didn’t get one…? Too bad… These guys have no idea how government’s supposed to work. They were pretty uncivilised down there...”

A moment later the ten spiders emerge from the door, dragging with them several pages of paper. They scurry up her legs, quickly handing off the pages and hiding themselves within her clothes. She folds the pages up, placing them in one of her hidden pockets, before casually walking down the steps to the waiting room.

The human at the front desk hands her a business license, and she takes it with a pointed smile. Then it’s back out the front door, and into the pouring rain.

Once she’s far enough away from the building, she pulls out the papers, holding her umbrella with one set of hands, and the papers with another. Scanning through them, she spots several markings indicating issues with Grillby’s business establishment.

Looks like the human assigned to his case was purposely making it difficult to figure out what he needed to fix before it would be up to human code. There’s a long list of minor infractions, including a large one about not having a bathroom.

Muffet smirks. The first thing she did above ground was make sure and read every document she could find about human business practices. She’d found a suitable location to open her bakery, one that would pass the strictest of building standards. The only thing she had a problem with was defining of her spiders as workers, and dust. She’d made sure both were fixed as soon as possible.

Walking back to the bus stop, she spots Grillby still huddled beneath it. His shirt is looking a lot dryer but the bottoms of his pants are still wet. She turns her head upwards, intending to wait for the bus silently. His flames crackle and pop, and out of the corner of her eye, she watches several young humans across the street taking pictures of the two of them.

Her hands tighten on the umbrella. She has half a mind to walk over there and demand compensation for those photos. Instead she chooses to stay where she’s at. Monsters aren’t supposed to get involved with humans in a negative way. There isn’t much she can do.

As she waits, the rain picks up, and the steady steccato across her umbrella becomes a single loud chorus of violent rain. The droplets falling off the back merge into a stream, and Muffet has to work harder to keep the umbrella angled against it.
Soon, the kids across the street have disappeared, taking cover in a nearby building. Anyone who
didn’t have a reason to be outside right now, isn’t.

Muffet looks at the water trails starting to collect at the bottom of her tights in annoyance. If Grillby
hadn’t been there… Then she could have at least ducked under the stop again while she waited. He’s
so annoying! Why can’t he just go away?!

More soft crackling comes from the bus stop. A moment later, she hears cloth shifting around and, as
Muffet peeks out the side of her umbrella, she catches Grillby climbing atop the bus stop bench. The
puddle along the road is getting big enough to stretch over the sidewalk.

Her eyes travel up his arms, one of the few places his flames show, and she notices they’re burning
lower than usual. Suddenly, his head turns towards her, and she quickly ducks back behind her
umbrella, pretending she hasn’t seen anything.

Instead they both stand, one under an umbrella, and the other a bus stop. Waiting in the rain in
silence.

When the bus finally arrives Muffet is all but ready to leave.

She takes a step, feeling her boots sink into the shin high puddle. She stares at it for a moment,
watching the water slosh around her boots. Then, turning silently around, she marches to the bus
stop.

“H-Here!” She shouts, holding out the umbrella. T-Take it...

The fire elemental crackles softly, his usual cruel grin looking stunned. He reaches forward, looking
apprehensive as he takes the umbrella.

“And this!” Suddenly she’s throwing a wad of folded up paper at him. “Make sure you get
everything fixed!”

Her glare is met with a pair of flashing glasses.

Her face starts to heat. “That’s because y-you’re making us look bad! Humans are beneath us, so
don’t let them take advantage of you!”

More crackling from the fire monster, and slowly his mouth begins to part.

“Sh-Shutup, flame face!” She shouts, her magic starting to burn.

Then Muffet turns and boards the bus, refusing to look back on what she’d done.

Before it leaves, one of the windows opens. “A-And I want that umbrella back! I’m only letting your
borrow it, alright?! Every day you don’t return it will cost you!!!”

The fire elemental clutches at the decorated black umbrella, a smirk across his face.

Things really are different up here…

She’d never do something like that underground.

Muffet’s Bakery had been open for three days, and the total number of customers had remained
unchanged. Two.

The first human had immediately run from the building after seeing her spiders, his screams echoing through the walls as the parlor door slammed. The second had come in asking to use the restroom. Of course, she required them to purchase something beforehand, but it was still a low blow to her ego that not a single human had entered her bakery to simply buy something.

To make matters worse, the humans who lived nearby had heard about the opening, and some of them were now protesting Muffet’s Bakery.

As Muffet leans across the counter, he five beady eyes look out the window, watching the humans outside with malice.

They were so lucky they weren’t underground. If a group of monsters had even attempted to talk about doing something like this behind closed doors… well… her spiders would have gotten wind of it, and Cupcake would have an extra large serving of dessert that night.

Muffet sighs, leaning further across the counter. Maybe she should give up. Sure… it had been her dream to open a bakery once they moved above ground, but… What was the point of getting out of that mountain if she wasn’t going to be able to do business!

The bell above her door chimes, and Muffet’s eyes lift, searching for the customer enthusiastically.

“Welcome to our-” She stops mid sentence. “Oh… It’s you…” Deflating when she realizes who it is, she rests her head back across her arms.

Grillby stands awkwardly at the front of the store, his hands holding the black umbrella from before. His purple flames crackle softly, and he averts his glasses from the spider monster, holding out the borrowed object.

“Tch… J-Just place it by the door.” Muffet waves dismissively.

He does as he’s told, forcing his hands into his pant pockets once the umbrella is out of them. He stands in place for another moment, the purple around his face starting to burn brighter.

“D-Don’t just stand there! You’re blocking my business!!” Muffet shouts.

Grillby flinches, seeming as though he wants to say something more. That’s when he notices the walls around him. They’re teaming with hundreds of fluffy black spiders, each of them waiting for a command to pounce. In a flash, Grillby turns and hurries out the door, the bell ringing loudly behind him.

Muffet sighs, now leaning completely across the glass countertop.

Maybe she really should just give up…

Something shuffles at the door. “I thought I told you to-” Muffet stops, realizing it isn’t Grillby. Instead there’s a human in her doorway. They must have come in the moment Grillby left, as the bell hadn’t rang again. They better not be one of those humans from outside, because if they are… they’re going to regret it.

Muffet sighs. “Welcome to our-”

The human takes a few steps, before slumping forward, and falling face first onto the floor.
Muffet freezes, mouth half forming her next words. What... what just happened!

The human doesn’t move.

Did it die!?! They don’t turn to dust... right?!... Did a human just walk into her parlor and die!?!

Muffet’s spiders begin to surround her, feeling the worry coming from her soul.

No no no no no! She can’t have a dead human in her parlor! That is the worst thing that can happen right now! What's going on? She just wants to run a bakery! What do humans have against her!?! Sure, they’re terrified of spiders, but did one actually just die from seeing her!?!

Muffet continues to watch the human from behind the safety of her counter, her soul filling with more and more concern.

“Mrgh… my face holes.” The human suddenly moans, rolling over on the floor.

Their hands go to their face, wiping at their eyes. More groans come off the human, and they seem to be grumbling something about the sun. As they roll around on the floor, they make it onto their side. That’s when they stop. Looking up slowly, they lock eyes with the many eyed monster above them.

“Uh… hi...” The human says simply.

“H-Hi…” Muffet answers, her five black eyes blinking back.

“Am… am I dead?” The human asks.

Muffet only continues to stare, still very confused.

“Cause right now, I feel like I’m in heaven. This store smells amazing!”

“What?!”

“Hahahaha.” The human laughs, starting to stand. “Uh... sorry about that earlier… I must have been worse than I thought.”

Muffet doesn’t seem to know what to say.

“Don’t worry” They say, patting their hands across their back. ”That happens sometimes, but I’m completely fine!”

Again, Muffet is only able to stare, wordlessly.

You scratch your head, looking at the monster in front of you. You already knew you liked monsters, but this is possibly one of the prettiest ones you’ve ever seen. She stands before you with three pairs of arms, five eyes, and gorgeous, lilac colored skin. A decorated name tag at her chest reads, ‘Muffet’. There’s definitely a spider look going on here, and you immediately notice hundreds of small, black, spidery shaped fluff balls filling the dangling along webs around her.

You take a moment to get your bearings. You’re in some kind of pastry shop. Lacey purple and silver drapes hang from the windows, and enormous black bows are tied to every chair. Even the tables are covered with beautiful, silver, web patterned cloth. You’re really loving the thematic design.

“Is… This place just opened recently right?” You ask.
“Yes…” The monster says cautiously. “J-Just this week.”

“What?! Why haven’t I heard of it!?!?”

Muffet seems taken aback. “I... did place a sign.” She says, as though that should be enough.

“You’re gonna need more than just a sign. We’re in the twenty first century. You need to get on the internet, and pass the word around. This place needs more customers, it looks amazing!” You’re already walking up to the glass display in front. Several professional looking baked goods are presented across the shelves, many of them decorated in purples and silvers, and covered in more shining web patterns. They don’t just look delicious, they’re miniature pieces of art.

As you’re glancing through the display, marveling at the complexity of some of the creations, you happen to notice a sign sitting proudly next to them.

Made by spiders, for spiders, of spiders.

What does that even mean!?! Now you have to try one!!!

“Do any of these have strawberries in them?” You ask eagerly, looking at a large slice of cake decorated with delicate sparkling webs.

The monster slowly points at one of the displayed items behind the case, still cautious of your appearance in her shop. You hope she doesn’t press you for answers about before. You really don’t want to have to use your hypnosis if you don’t have to. Hopefully she’ll think passing out on the floor was normal human behavior and dismiss it.

One of her hands stops at something in the case, pointing at it. It’s in the shape of a fluffy black ball with eight pairs of legs, a near exact replica of the fluffy black balls surrounding the monster above. The tag next to it reads ‘Spider Sliders’.

You stare at it for a moment, wondering where the strawberries are supposed to be in something like that.

“I’ll take one of those. And…” You point at something that looks like a pile of multicolored translucent balls “Whatever that is.”

“Spider Eggs…” She responds, and quickly grabs one of each color, placing them inside a slip of paper. “I-Is that all for you deary?” She asks.

“Yes.”

She rings you up, and you stare at the number in mild horror. That’s a lot…

As soon as you get the bag, you walk over to a table and sit. You don’t feel well enough to traverse the sunlight just yet, so you decide to take out the Spider Slider, testing it in your fingers. The fluffy shaped spider is quite hard on the outside, and you’re worried the hardened black fur may pierce your mouth if you try and eat it in one bite. Instead, you pry it down the middle, and break it in half.

Oh… that’s where the strawberries are…

Ruby liquid drips from the center. You bring half of the Spider Slider to your mouth, taking a small nibble. The hard outer shell quickly melts in your mouth, and it pairs wonderfully with the strawberry insides. You find yourself stuffing your mouth with the rest of it before you have a chance to swallow.
That’s when things get weird. As soon as you do swallow… everything in your mouth disappears.

You sit at the table, stunned.

“There’s magic in these!?” You suddenly shout, getting up from the table.

The monster behind the counter flinches.

“There is some, yes. But also dust.” She responds in a neutral tone.

“But doesn’t the sign say its made of spiders?”

“Spider dust.” She corrects. “It’s quite sweet, and makes for the best confectioneries.”

“Dust…? Spiders make dust?”

Muffet smirks. “Why, yes…”

At that moment, a few of the fluffy black spiders slide down the silver webs in front of you, and tumble onto the counter.

“Spiders don’t have the longest lifespans.” Muffet explains, “So… when one dies, like all things made of magic, they become dust.” She looks at you coolly. “That’s what you were consuming earlier, deary.”

The spiders bring down a small rag and, working together, they begin rubbing it across the counter, wiping off the fresh fingerprints you’d placed along it.

You watch in fascination for a moment, before looking back at the monster across the counter.

“They let you eat them..?”

Muffet smiles. “It is a part of monster culture to place one’s dust on the things they love once they’ve passed… Spiders really do love confectioneries.”

Huh… That’s actually… kinda nice. And the food was really good. You couldn’t blame them for wanting to become something delicious.

“I’d like to get some more...” You say, looking through the glass with a bit more reverence. “How about… the cream puff… and… the big purple doughnut as well.”

“Yes, deary…”

While you wait, you take out one of the strange translucent colored orbs from the bag. It’s small, about the size of a dime. You throw the whole thing in your mouth, feeling it quickly melt and release a juicy fluid, before once again disappearing when you try and swallow.

“You should have more customers.” You say as she rings you up again. You don’t care how much it costs. You’ve lived a long time, but never had any sweets as delicious as these. Vampires aren’t the best at digesting food, so anything that can disappear in your mouth instead of being swallowed is superior as far as you’re concerned.

“Yes… well...” Her eyes go to the windows. The muffled voices of the protesters outside are slowly trickling through the shop.

“Ignore them.” You say in annoyance. “Heh… Rather than made of spiders, I bet these would taste
better if they were made out of annoying humans."

For the first time, the spider monster is actually smiling. You can’t help but like the look. “Ahuhuhu! Well, well… It’s nice to see someone has the same idea. While eating human flesh is technically legal in your governments, getting a hold of it and proceeding to sell it is…“

“Wait… did you actually consider doing that?”

She leans across the counter, smiling wickedly. “I might have…”

“Hahahahah! Wait, it’s legal to eat it!?!?”

“Oh, yes…” She smiles again. “But it’s hard to get something like that when it isn’t kill or be killed. I’m not much for selling meat in my products anyway… that’s more of…” And she makes a face. “Well… I’ll leave it to someone else.” She mumbles.

You finish paying for your order, then cast your eyes at the windows. It’s still sunny, but it’s not that far from your house. You should be able to just make it.

“Something the matter, deary…?” Muffet asks.

“I have a sort of sun allergy, so…”

”Was that what that was before! Humans can be allergic to the sun?” She says, her black eyes widening in surprise.

“It’s a rare condition… But don’t worry, it’s only a few blocks to my house.” You walk up to the door, stopping just short of the sun shining through the glass. “It takes a little while for the allergy to build up… so… I’ll be fine.”

You decide you’d better get a move on. If you don’t, you’ll be tempted to stay in the bakery longer than you should. You push your hood back on, about to plunge into the tempest of the raging fire that is sunlight.

"I’ll be coming back later for sure. I plan on trying everything eventually!!!”

“W-Wait!” Muffet calls, hurrying around the counter, and over to the door. She stoops down, and grabs a black umbrella lying next to it. “You can borrow this… If that’ll help.” She says shyly. “Y-You said you’d be visiting again… so…”

“Oh! Thank you.” You say happily, before taking the umbrella, and opening it. It’s gorgeous. The inside has been carefully designed with another silver web pattern, and you take a moment to admire it. “Where’d you get this? It’s beautiful.”

“I…I made it…” She answers, looking away.

“You made an umbrella!?!?”

“Yes…”

“That’s so cool!”

“I-It’s um…” She seems at a loss for words. “I-I make a lot of my clothing… Sewing’s sort of… a uh…” She looks down for a moment, before placing her fingers together. “F-Feel free to keep it till the next time you visit, deary… Y-You said you’d be back. I’ll… I’ll even throw in a discount. My regular prices are for uncivilized lower creatures… A-And you’re….”
“Oh! Thank you!” You say, smiling. “You really saved me here, you know!”

“Y-Yeah…”

“I’ll probably be back in next week, so… see ya!”

And with that, you walk out of the door and into the protesting crowd. You pull a creampuff from the bag, munching it proudly as you walk by. Maintaining eye contact with them the entire time.

Muffet looks out the window, feeling her face start to heat.

“S-See you…” She mutters, her spiders collecting around her as they sense something’s strange.

Things really are different up here…

She’d never do something like that underground.

Chapter End Notes

Thank Alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter.

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

Sidestories are here The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Vamp-Chan takes on the Underground The Skeleton Games Dungeon Crawler
The drive to Muffet’s Bakery was quiet. At first, Papyrus seemed excited just to be in a car; watching closely as you turned the engine on and shifted gears. But, after a while, it wore off and he slowly stopped talking as he watched the scenery flash by. Something was on his mind, and you felt like you shouldn’t bother him about it. Instead you drove in silence, letting him have some time to himself.

Or maybe it was because you were currently trying to focus on driving as you slowly drift lower in your seat hoping to somehow get out of the burning sun.

“HUMAN! A-ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE FIT TO BE DRIVING THIS VEHICLE!?!?” Papyrus suddenly asks.

“Huh…?” You answer, drifting lower as you fight the nauseating feeling that’s growing from the pit of your stomach. Even if you bought the most sun protecting windshield possible, it doesn’t block everything. Your entire body is covered in sweat. Your face, the only thing left uncovered by your clothes, feels like it’s on fire!

“H-HUMAN!?!?”

You slam on the breaks, narrowly avoiding a collision with the car in front.

“D-Don’t worry…” You say weakly. “We’re almost there…”

“DON’T WORRY ABOUT WHAT!?!?” Papyrus shouts, becoming more worried by your response. “WHAT IS WRONG, HUMAN? YOU SEEMED FINE BEFORE, BUT NOW YOU ARE BREATHING QUITE HEAVILY AND... THAT WAS A STOP SIGN YOU JUST MISSED! HUMAN, THAT IS VERY ILLEGAL!!!”
You see the turn for Muffet’s Bakery and waste no time picking a parking spot. As soon as the car stops, you make a mad dash for the doors. Pushing through them, your entire body relaxes once it’s out of the sun. The heat melts off you, and as you hunch over in the entryway, still panting, you hear the door open again behind you.

“I THOUGHT FOR SURE YOU WOULD BE CAPABLE OF AT LEAST HALF DECENT DRIVING, BUT THAT EXPERIENCE WAS EXTREMELY-”

He stops talking midway, and you take a break from your heavy breathing to look up at what’s wrong. Hundreds of tiny black spiders mass along the walls and ceiling above, and after a moment, you hear someone shout across the parlor.

“What have you done to my human!??”

This is matched by loud whispering. The bakery is filled with humans, many of whom are staring wide-eyed in your direction. You watch several of them get out their phones to take pictures as the owner of the shop abandons her station behind the counter, running up to you in concern.

“Dreary, you’re so pale! Why are you out and about on such a sunny day?” Muffet asks, her black eyes filled with worry. Her concern quickly shifts to rage as she glares at the towering monster behind you. “This is your fault, isn’t it!??”

Papyrus crosses his arms. “I DID NOT COMMIT ANY CRIMINAL ACTS AGAINST THIS HUMAN. HER SICKLY CONDITION HAPPENED ON IT’S OWN AND-”

He stops talking as more spiders appear, now surrounding him on the floor.

“I’m fine, Muffet.” You pant, trying to get her to stop as she continues to glare at the large skeleton. “Really, I am.”

The spiders stop, but Muffet keeps an eye on him as she takes you by the hand. “Come, sit at a table,
I’m sure I can find a spare one for you…”

She leads you through the parlor by the hand, and you become aware of how long and spindly hers are in comparison to your own. The lavender skin is somewhat velvety, and you notice that same humming feeling you’ve come to recognize whenever you touch any part of Sans. She smells good today, very good, and it makes you almost wish she wouldn’t let go.

She gets to a table in the back, and smiles at the humans currently sitting at it.

“Deary’s… I’m going to have to ask you to kindly vacate this space.” She says sweetly. “Of course… I won’t make you give it up for free.” She holds out three slips of paper cards. “As an apology…”

The humans stand, taking the cards. You’d think they’d be a little annoyed getting kicked from the table, but they aren’t. The sweets at this shop really are expensive.

“There… it’s nice and dark over here.” Muffet says once you’ve both sat down. One of the windows closest to the table is suddenly blocked by the purple drapes that hang around it, several spiders scuttling away a moment later.

“Thanks... But really, I’m fine now.” You say, trying to sit up and physically demonstrate you’re alright.

You feel a shadow behind you, and for a split second you hear an audible growl come from the spider monster across the table.

“You!” Muffet snarls as Papyrus walks up. “How could you allow her to be outside in sunlight?!!”

“What is wrong with that?!” Papyrus demands back.

“She is allergic to sunlight, you idiot!”

“Humans can be allergic to sunlight?!” Papyrus says in surprise, meeting your eyes with his own.
“Just… Just a little…” You answer meekly.

Papyrus places his hands on his hips. “THAT IS THE MOST IDIOTIC THING I’VE EVER-”

Muffet growls again.

“TCH.” Papyrus huffs, lowering his voice. “WELL… THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I’VE EVER HEARD OF IT! HAD I KNOWN, I WOULD HAVE PROPERLY BANNED THE HUMAN FROM DRIVING. I NEARLY PERISHED IN THAT VEHICLE MYSELF, YOU KNOW!”

“But we still made it here safely!” You state cheerfully.

Both monsters glare at you.

You drop your eyes guiltily, watching as several spiders scurry up the table, holding a tall glass of icy water between them. They wobble with the heavily filled glass, nearly spilling the cool liquid several times before coming to a stop in front of you and setting it down on a coaster.

“Dreary…” Muffet sighs, not even noticing them. “While I do appreciate your enthusiasm for my confections, I would prefer it if you arrived at my parlor while still conscious.”

“I arrived conscious this time!” You respond, picking up the glass of water.

“THIS TIME?!” Papyrus shouts. “HUMAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU FALLEN UNCONSCIOUS FROM MERE EXPOSURE TO SUNLIGHT?!”

“... a couple times.” You say, sheepishly.

“Oh…” You smile. “So you think I’m cute too.”

“NO, THAT’S NOT WHAT I… SANS IS NOT CUTE!”

“You’re still calling him that?” Muffet groans.

“Yeah!” You say proudly. You’re never gonna stop.

Muffet huffs. “And let me guess… now you’re friends with HIM.” She says, glaring at Papyrus as he stands awkwardly next to the table.

“TCH… WE ARE HARDLY FRIENDS!” Papyrus corrects.

“Oh…?” Muffet says, a little surprised. “Then what are you, hmm…?” She says, tipping up her head as she smirks.

“SHE IS… SH-SHE IS…” He seems to think for a moment, his sockets scrunching up in thought. “MY HUMAN WITH BENEFITS!” He finally declares, proudly.

Muffet’s jaw drops.

You duck into your hands, trying to cover the laughter that’s threatening to spill out. You did say that earlier, but… Without clarification…

“What?!” Muffet sputters.

“WHEN YOU SAID IT EARLIER HUMAN, I COULDN’T HELP BUT FEEL THIS WAS THE PROPER DESCRIPTION FOR OUR RELATIONSHIP!” Papyrus says, looking quite proud with himself.

The laughter starts to spill out, and you have to hunch over the table to contain it.
"I DON’T SEE WHY THAT IS SO FUNNY!"

“No... it’s hehehe... it’s fine! We can go with that.” You continue to snicker. Muffet watches you for a moment, before sighing into her own palm. “A-Anyway!” You say, attempting to change the subject by taking a sip of the water in front of you. “Muffet... don’t you need to be behind the counter right now?”

“I have my spiders manning it. Ahuhuhuh!” She answers. “You don’t think I’m the only one who can work behind the counter do you...?”

“But...” You turn your head towards the counter, trying to get a glimpse past all the humans lined up behind it. So far you’ve never heard her spiders speak.

“Notecards of course...” Muffet says, answering your unasked question. “I’ve finally developed a good system. Seems you humans find it just as fascinating to order from my spiders as you do from me.”

You can’t see what's going on behind the counter, but Muffet’s correct. Most of the attention in the shop is centered to whatever’s going on behind it.

“That’s great, because...” And you signal behind yourself. “Papyrus actually needed to ask you something.”

Muffets five black eyes rise to meet his. “Oh?” She leans across one of her arms, a slow smile spreading along her fangs. “And what can someone like me do for the great and terrible captain Papyrus, hmm..?”

“YES! WELL!...” Papyrus sputters. “I AM NOT CAPTAIN ANYMORE... SO THAT TITLE... WHILE STILL VERY ACCURATE-”

“Out with it!” Muffet snarls.

Papyrus pulls yet another folded note from his leather jacket and slams it across the table.
“I DESIRE THIS CAKE TO BE CREATED FOR CONSUMPTION BY NO LATER THAN TUESDAY’S DATE!”

Muffet reaches across the table, grabbing the note and looking it over.

“Four layers… so a larger cake… high magic percent… vanilla frosting… and… DOES THIS SAY FIVE FEET TALL!!!” Muffet screeches.

“OF COURSE.” Papyrus says calmly. “HOW ELSE AM I TO FIT INSIDE IT?”

“You’re going inside it?” You repeat.

“NATURALLY! IT IS A SURPRISE PARTY, THUS I NEED A SURPRISE CAKE! HOW HARD IS THAT TO COMPREHEND!??!”

“Even if I cut out my entire schedule for the next two days, I wouldn’t be able to finish a cake of this size!” Muffet says, still looking at the drawing.

“TCH… AMATEUR.” Papyrus mutters.

“What was that?!” Muffet snaps.

“BESIDES ME OF COURSE, YOU ARE THE MOST RENOWNED BAKER MONSTER KIND HAS TO OFFER, YET YOU CAN’T TAKE ON SUCH AN EASY TASK!??!”

Muffet places the note slowly back on the table, glaring at him. “Well then…” She places a set of hands together in front of her. “If you’re so accomplished in baking, Great and Terrible Papyrus, why don’t you do it yourself…?”

“I… I DO NOT HAVE TIME…” Papyrus answers, looking away. “I ALREADY HAVE MANY OTHER TASKS TO OVERSEE WHILE PREPARING THE PARTY.”

“Humph!... Even if I did have the materials for such a large project, which I do not!” Muffet
responds, folding a pair of arms defensively, “I’m hardly interested in making such an elaborate cake for your disgusting brother.”

“IT ISN’T ABOUT WHAT YOU’RE INTERESTED IN! I AM A PAYING CUSTOMER!” Papyrus growls back.

“Not even you could afford the high cost of me making something for that waste of space you call a brother!”

“WELL OBVIOUSLY IF YOU PRICED IT APPROPRIATELY, THEN I COULD AFFORD IT!”

“It will priced appropriately! Priced out of your budget!”

You reach across the table while they argue, grasping the note to look at it. It’s an expertly drawn diagram of a multilayered cake with measurements indicating a hollowed out space on the inside. Spikes run along the sides, and the words “BE GRATEFUL YOU HAVE LIVED SUCH A LONG LIFE, SANS!” is written on top the cake in bright pink frosting. It’s huge, really huge. You don’t blame Muffet for refusing, you doubt there are many people who could make a cake this big, and there’s probably no one would could make it in just a few days time.

“I have an idea!” You say, still looking at the note.

Both monsters stop arguing.

“Do you have a pen?” You ask, looking at Muffet.

Several spiders skurry up the table, carrying a thick metal pen. You take it from them, and flip the diagram over, testing the pen on the corner. You begin to draw, and both monsters watch as you outline a new plan for the cake. This one just as wide, but much shorter.

“HUMAN… THAT CAKE IS MUCH TOO SMALL! CAN’T YOU TELL, I AM A VERY LARGE TERRIFYING MONSTER!” Papyrus grumbles, but you keep drawing.
You add a rolling table beneath the cake, indicating an area inside for someone to hide and pop out through the top.

“HUMPH… WELL OF COURSE THAT COULD WORK… BUT MY IDEA WAS STILL MUCH BETTER.” Papyrus pouts, watching as you finish the drawing.

“Could you make something like this?” You ask, pushing the drawing back over to Muffet.

She snatches it off the table, and looks it over.

“It is much more appropriately sized…” She sighs. “But you will have to provide the table yourself!” She says, looking back at Papyrus.

“SUCH CONSTRUCTION WOULD HARDLY BE DIFFICULT. I HAVE BUILT THINGS REQUIRING MUCH MORE SKILL!” Papyrus says proudly.

Muffet looks back at you for a moment, before reaching down to scribble a number across the page. “And it will still cost you…” She says, before handing the note back to Papyrus.

He takes it, and blanches at the page. “THIS IS!”

“It’s the cost for making a cake on such short notice! Besides, you’re making me make something for your creepy brother!”

“IT SHOULDN’T MATTER WHO YOU MAKE IT FOR!” Papyrus roars.

“Anyone who supports that fiery grease bag deserves to go bankrupt!!!”

“I AM THE ONE ORDERING, NOT HIM! AND IF YOU ASK ME, MY PROFESSIONAL OPINION HAS ALWAYS BEEN THAT YOUR ESTABLISHMENT IS SUPERIOR TO GRILLBY’S IN EVERY WAY!”

Muffet opens her mouth to say something more, but quickly closes it. After a moment, she snatches
the page from Papyrus, and crosses out the number. She scribes something else across it, then pushes it back across the table.

“That’s my final offer! I won’t go any lower!” She growls back, her black eyes looking away.

Papyrus grabs the note again, considering the new price. He seems taken aback.

“L-LET ME GET MY CARD…” He says, after a moment.

As the spiders scuttle away, taking his card with them, you reach into your own bag searching for a slip of paper.

“I also brought my payment this time.” You say, pushing a check across the table. “That should cover everything.”

Muffet takes it, looking surprised. “Dreary… I wasn’t expecting payment this quickly.” She says, reading the check. “Yes… this does look like everything…”

Then she rips the check into shreds before you both.

You watch as the pieces of paper fall to the table, only to be picked up by several spiders and carried off.

“Uh…” You say dumbly, watching the spiders go.

Muffet huffs. “The point of that debt was for someone else to pay it.” She says, then she smiles. “As far as I’m concerned, just watching that disgusting little-”

She looks at Papyrus.

“person…” She corrects, “squirm beneath a human, has been worth more than any payment.” She continues to smile, locking eyes with yours. “You are working him hard, aren’t you…?”
“Ah… yeah… He’s uh…” You glance at Papyrus to make sure he hasn’t caught on to who you’re talking about. “Working hard… At least… as hard as I can get him to work.”

Her fangs twist into a smile. “Good…”

“I STILL DON’T THINK YOU SHOULD BE DRIVING, HUMAN!” Papyrus huffs, clambering back into your car.

“There’s more clouds out now, it’s fine!”

“AND WHAT IF THEY DISAPPEAR WHILE YOU ARE STILL DRIVING AND YOU MURDER US ALL?!”

“We made it to Muffets, we’ll make it to your house.”

Papyrus huffs, putting on his seatbelt in defeat. All his things are in your car anyway, there’s not much he can do.

You start the engine and back out of the parking spot, turning on to the main road as your phone directs you to his address. Papyrus glances out the window, watching the scenery go by. The drive is a lot easier this time, now that the sun is obscured by clouds. After a few more turns Papyrus breaks the silence, sockets still staring out the window.

“HUMAN…?” He says quietly.

“Hm..?” You answer.

“IS SANS… IS HE REALLY DOING ALRIGHT…?” He asks.
“I think so…”

Papyrus goes quiet again.

“...Is there something on your mind?” You ask.

“SOMETIMES I WONDER… IF HE REALLY IS ALRIGHT… HE’S VERY GOOD AT
DECEPTION YOU KNOW…”

“Sans?” You question. As far as you can tell, Sans is a terrible liar.

“SOMETIMES I WONDER… IF HE’S DOING SO WELL WITHOUT ME… MAYBE I…
SHOULD HAVE LET HIM GO SOONER…” Papyrus says, turning his head down and running a
finger along his glove.

“He really does miss you.” You say. “Just because he’s doing fine doesn’t mean he doesn’t want to
be around you anymore.” You pull into a familiar neighborhood, still following your phone as it
points to Papyrus’s address.

“I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT… SOMETHING BAD WOULD HAPPEN TO HIM IF I
WASN’T THERE FOR HIM… BUT… WHAT IF I WAS JUST HOLDING HIM BACK?”

“Sans?” You ask again. “I doubt it. I have to help that lazy bones all the time!”

“YOU’VE BEEN HELPING HIM?!”

“Yeah… kinda…” You say. You don’t want to outright tell Papyrus about all the times you’ve
helped Sans for his clean check, but you can probably talk about something else. “He spilled magic
food on his jacket once, and he didn’t even know how to get the stain out.”

“UGH! HE WAS ALWAYS THE WORST AT WASHING THINGS.” Papyrus says, palming his
face. “DID YOU KNOW, HE ONCE USED DISH SOAP IN THE WASHING MACHINE!”
“Hahahah! He would!”

“I RAN OUT OF TOWELS MOPPING UP THE MESS!”

You continue to laugh.

“HE ALSO HAS NO IDEA ABOUT SEPARATING COLORS. HE ENDED UP DYING ALL MY DISH RAGS PINK!”

“You don’t like pink dishrags?” You ask.

“WHILE PINK IS A COLOR WORTHY OF METTATON… IT CLASHES WITH MY BONES!” Papyrus huffs.

“Hahaha! Big Boss… Just admit it! You miss him!”

“I… I DON’T… NOT MISS HIM!” Papyrus leans against the window. “BUT… EVEN IF YOU SAY HE MISSES ME… I DON’T SEE WHY HE WOULD…”

You turn onto another familiar road. This is where you used to live, before you moved into those old apartments. Your house was in this area!

“I don’t know why you would ever think your brother doesn’t miss you?” You state. “He always seems a little sad that you can’t stay longer when you visit.”

Papyrus leans heavier against the window, sighing as his sockets watch the houses pass by.

“UNDERGROUND… I WAS MORE OF… THE TERRIBLE PAPYRUS… THAN I WAS GREAT…”

For a moment, you lift your eyes from the road to look at him. His sockets are far away, staring as
though they are seeing more than just the houses as you drive by.

“What… what does that mean…?” You ask, trying to tread lightly around this topic. You had a feeling from some of the things that’d been said… and how Sans had acted… that Papyrus may have done some things he regretted. But you find it hard to believe that Papyrus had actually hurt his brother.


You pull into his driveway, and look over the house. It’s a large two story, with a pristinely kept lawn. Papyrus gets out of the car first, already opening the back to retrieve the things he’d bought. You walk around to help, but he only allows you to carry a light bag.

“I used to live around here.” You say as both of you walk up his driveway.

“YOU DID?” Papyrus asks, looking at you through all the bags in his arms. “I THOUGHT YOU WERE A POOR WRETCH OF A HUMAN! OWING MONEY TO MUFFET LIKE AN IDIOT!!”

“Ohm…? And if I was, would you feel bad for me and take care of me?”

“OBVIOUSLY NOT! IT IS YOUR OWN FAULT IF YOU FALL INTO POVERTY! HOW WOULD YOU LEARN THE VALUE OF HARD WORK IF YOU LEECHED OF ME LIKE SOME KIND OF TOILET SLIME?!”

“If I’m toilet slime… doesn’t that make you the toilet?” You ask following him inside as he unlocks his door.

“THAT’S NOT WHAT I MEAN!” He growls, leading you through the living room, to an open kitchen in the back. “WHERE DO YOU WORK THEN, HUMAN?” Papyrus asks, watching you take in his house.
“I’m a software developer, I work from home.”

“YOU CAN WORK FROM HOME?!” Papyrus yells in surprise.

“Yep. It’s pretty great, considering the whole sun allergy thing.”

Papyrus’s brow bones soften for a moment. “I… SEE… SUCH A WEAKNESS WOULD BE EXTREMELY INCONVENIENT SHOULD YOU NEED TO LEAVE THE HOUSE EVERYDAY…”

You both set down your bags, and head back to the car.

“What about Undyne’s things?” You ask, grabbing at one of the large pillows.

“She lives next door, thus she will acquire them once she gets home.” He says, piling more bags into his arms.

“You’re neighbors?!” You question.

“TCH… MANY THINGS HAPPENED… AND… WE ENDED UP PURCHASING HOUSES NEXT TO EACH OTHER… FOR COMPETITION’S SAKE!”

As soon as you finish helping Papyrus remove all his bags from your car, he looks over the items, before turning to you.

“As a proper monster representative” He says, placing his hands at his hips. “I will now allow your filthy presence a tour of my home.” He announces.

You smile, already anticipating it. “Lead the way!” You say, following him as he walks out of the kitchen.
The main floor is an open plan, with the kitchen and living room connected to one other. Two large plush couches surround a flat screen tv, with an enormous framed picture of a bone set high on the wall. The room is neat and tidy, with everything aligned and placed neatly.

Everything... but… the yellow sock sitting in the corner on the floor.

Don’t say anything!

Papyrus opens a bathroom door, presenting it proudly towards you. “THIS IS THE DOWNSTAIRS RESTROOM.” He says, and you pop your head in quickly, noticing the perfect balance of colors, from the walls, to the hand towels, to the matching soap.

You nod and he closes the door behind you. Then he walks over to the stairs, and proceeds to lead you up the stairwell onto an overhang opening up above the main floor. The living room lines one side, and two bedroom doors line the other.

“AHEM! THIS IS MY BEDROOM, HUMAN!” Papyrus says, stopping at the first door. “I AM ALLOWING YOU TO SEE IT AS A PART OF OUR TOUR, BUT DO NOT GET THE WRONG IDEA! THAT DOES NOT MEAN THIS IS A DATE!”

“It doesn’t?” You ask, watching as he turns the handle.

“NO! IT MOST CERTAINLY DOES NOT!”

The first thing you notice about the bedroom is the bed. It’s long, much longer than a normal bed. But that’s not all. It’s in the shape of a car; a sleek, black car.

“Oh… check out this bed!” You say, immediately sitting on it.

The sheets are black and silky as well... actually… There’s a lot of black going on in this bedroom, and it feels rather dark even with the window open.

“OF COURSE IT IS. IT IS A COOL BED FOR A COOL PERSON!” Papyrus smirks. He walks over to one of his shelves, seeming excited to show you something. “NEYH HEH HEH! AND
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE, HUMAN!” He says proudly.

He points at a collection of action figures, and you have to admit, you’re at a loss for words. Not only are you surprised Papyrus has a bunch of toys in his bedroom, but even with how deeply you’ve entrenched yourself into nerd culture, you’ve never seen any of these characters before. The only thing your recognize are some of the mettaton figures sprinkled throughout the collection.

“MY THEORETICAL BATTLE SCENARIOS HAVE LEFT YOU SPEECHLESS, HAVE THEY?” Papyrus smiles proudly. “NYEH HEH HEH! YOU MAY DISPLAY YOUR COLLECTION OUT IN THE OPEN FOR EVERYONE TO SEE, BUT I FIND THAT KEEPING MY COLLECTION SECRET ONLY MAKES IT THAT MUCH STRONGER!”

You get up and walk over to the shelf, looking at them. They’re all monsters… but… They’re so different. Human action figures usually depict monsters as the bad guys, or side characters, but… these figures are clearly the heroes. Valliently fighting… humans!

“These are so cool!” You shout. “Where are these characters from… I’ve never seen them!”

“I’VE TOLD YOU ALREADY! THIS IS NOT A DATE! THERE IS NO NEED FOR FLATTERY!” Papyrus says, looking away as red runs across his face.

“I really want to know though!”

Papyrus scratches his skull for a moment, before picking one up. “SANS… MADE THEM…” He says, inspecting it. “SOME OF THEM… WHEN… WHEN WE WERE KIDS.”

He hands it to you, and you take it, noticing for the first time that it is handmade. Some of the plastic looks as though it had been sanded down and repainted. The joints have areas that are cut and glued, almost as though they came from different figures. But the most important thing you notice, is that it was made with love. Nobody would work on something like this if they didn’t care for it first.

“It seems like you use to get along better when you were kids, did something happen?” You ask, handing the figure back.

Papyrus seems to think for a moment.
“WHEN WE WERE KIDS… WE WERE LEFT ALONE… BUT, AS WE GOT OLDER… SANS’ STATS…” Papyrus sighs. “IT’S PROBABLY BEST YOU DON’T ASK ABOUT THIS, HUMAN…” He places the figure back in its place on the shelf. “ACTUALLY! NYEH HEH!” Papyrus says, suddenly grabbing an old leather bound book. “I HAVE SOME PICTURES FROM THAT TIME!”

He opens the book, and holds it front of you, your eyes going wide.

“Papyrus! You’re a baby!” You shout, staring at an adorably small skeleton who looks very similar to the large, terrifying one standing next to you. He stands with his arms folded, in a large oversized striped sweater, glaring at the camera. He looks similar to how he is now, but everything about him is less spikey, and his teeth are nearly smooth. Scribbled along the bottom of the picture are the words “Papyrus, first day of school!”

“NYEH HEH HEH! I WAS THE MOST TERRIFYING MONSTER IN MY CLASS, JUST SO YOU KNOW!” He says proudly.

“You’re so cute!” You manage to squeak out, still staring at the picture.

“C-CUTE?! HUMAN, NO!” Papyrus says, moving the book away from you. “I JUST SAID I WAS THE MOST TERRIFYING!!!”

“Wait! Is there anything in there with Sans?!” You ask, very… very interested.

“OF COURSE THERE IS! THOUGH HE WAS HARDLY OF ANY NOTICE AS A CHILD!”

Papyrus opens the book again, flipping the page. This time it’s a photograph of Sans, standing next to his brother. Even though he’s older, Papyrus has nearly caught up to him in height. Both skeletons wear similar red striped outfits, though Sans’ fits as though someone was expecting he’d be larger.

Sans looks away from the camera, glaring as if he would rather not be photographed. His forehead is much larger than it is now, and his cheeks much rounder. His gold tooth is missing, but that’s not what catches your interest. There’s something off about him, and as you continue to look at the picture, you finally notice it.
“Hey… Big Boss?” You ask.

“What...?” He says quietly, studying the picture as well.

“Aren’t Sans little eye things red...?”

“Of course they’re red!”

“Then why are they white in this picture?”

Papyrus brings the book a little closer to his skull, staring at it. “Ah... yes... I believe they were like that when he was younger...”

“So what... they just suddenly changed one day?”

Papyrus continues to stare at the picture. “I... don’t remember...”

He flips the page, and there’s another picture, this time of Sans only. He’s wearing some kind of long white pajamas, and sitting in a large chair. “17” Is scribbled at the bottom of the photograph. Why does he looks scared?

“Do you have any pictures of your parents?” You ask, as Papyrus turns the page. It seems like he hasn’t looked at the book in a long time, and he’s just as curious as you about what’s inside.

“Parents...?” Papyrus says, and for a moment, you watch his face scrunch in confusion, as though he’s trying to remember something difficult. “I don’t remember any parents... we grew up in foster care.”

“Oh...” You say quietly.
“IT WASN’T UNCOMMON, HUMAN… THAT IS HOW THINGS OFTEN WENT.”

He turns the page again. Once again, it’s him and his brother, a little older. Papyrus holds a new action figure in his hand, smiling as he shows it off. Sans looks off at something… nothing. Half of the picture is blackened, and you can’t make out what it is.

Papyrus turns the page again, and Sans is staring off at something else, sweat ringing around his small skull. Papyrus stands a little taller, with food messily spilt around his face.

Papyrus turns the page again, and you feel the hairs on your skin start to rise. Sans is finally looking at the camera, and his eyelights are blood red.

“I… I SEEM TO REMEMBER THESE PICTURES BEING MORE…” Papyrus struggles to find the right words. “TH-THAT’S ENOUGH OF THAT.” He says, shutting the book and putting it back on the shelf.

He ushers you out of his room, closing the door behind him. Then he continues the tour, walking you past the second bedroom door to a glass door at the end leading outside.

“THIS IS THE BALCONY!” Papyrus says proudly. “I HAVE SPENT MANY DAYS WATCHING THE GLORY OF THE SUN RISE UP HERE! IT’S A SHAME MY SLOTH OF A BROTHER REFUSED TO GET UP EARLY ENOUGH TO SEE IT. HE SAYS HE PREFERENCES THE STARS, BUT IT IS HARD TO SEE THEM FOR SOME REASON.”

“That would be all the light pollution.” You say, looking out the glass on the door. It faces the balcony of the building across from it.

“Didn’t you say Undyne was your neighbor?” You ask. “Why is her guard rail broken?”

“D-DON’T WORRY ABOUT THAT!” Papyrus says quickly, steering you away from the window.

“AND THIS… IS… WAS SANS’ ROOM” Papyrus says, opening the final door. A treadmill sits prime and center in the room, amidst trash that is sporadically tossed across the floor. There seems to be several empty spots in the trash pattern where the bed and furniture used to lay.
“I HAVEN’T CLEANED IT BECAUSE… I-IT’S NOT MY JOB TO CLEAN IT!...” Papyrus says, nervously trying to explain the mess. “SANS WILL CLEAN IT WHEN HE… E-EVENTUALLY. JUST BECAUSE HE MOVED OUT DOESN’T MEAN THAT I HAVE TO PICK UP AFTER HIM!” He shuts the door before you can go inside. “A-ANY WAY HUMAN! WE DON’T NEED TO GO INSIDE! IF WE WERE TO MOVE ANYTHING… I REFUSE TO MAKE HIS MESS ANY EASIER FOR HIM!” He states, before walking away and down the steps.

You follow him, and end up back in the living room. Your eyes immediately go to that bright yellow sock.

“So… I’m guessing that sock is also…?”

“TCH…” Papyrus folds his arms. “HE LEFT THAT ONE THERE FOR WEEKS BEFORE HE MOVED OUT! I KEPT ASKING HIM TO PICK IT UP, BUT HE NEVER DID. THIS IS A WAR HUMAN, AND ONE I DON’T PLAN ON LOSING.”

“Haha… okay…”

You walk to the door, pushing your feet back into your shoes. “I had a fun time Papyrus. I think this party is going to end up nice.” Then you grasp the door handle. “See you Tuesday, Boss!”

“W-WAIT!” Papyrus shouts, and you hesitate at the door.

“AHEM…” Papyrus clears his throat. “I… uh… appreciate… your help…” He mutters quietly through his teeth.

“Huh…?” You say, turning around.

“I APPRECIATE YOUR HELP, HUMAN! YOU SAID THAT YOU LIKED IT WHEN I SAY SUCH THINGS, SO...!” He looks away, but you can still see the red climbing up his face.

“Oh!... Thank you, Boss!”
“YES… WELL…” He closes his sockets. “I SUPPOSE YOU DID OFFER A SMALL AMOUNT
OF ASSISTANCE… AND I AM A MONSTER WHO CAN RECOGNIZE WHEN THINGS
AREN’T COMPLETELY WORTHLESS… THOUGH I’M SURE I COULD HAVE EASILY
PLANNED IT MYSELF…” He mutters.

“I’m sure you could, but it was fun anyway, wasn’t it?”

“IT WAS ADEQUATE…” He says slowly. “A-AND…UH…. A-ALSO… IF YOU EVER FEEL
THE NEED… I WILL ALLOW YOU TO PRESENT YOURSELF TO ME IN THAT CAT-…
WHATEVER YOU CALLED IT…”

“Huh?” You say, cocking your head.

“TH-THAT CAT ABOMINATION YOU BOUGHT AT THE NERD-OUTLET!!!” Papyrus
snaps. “WHAT ELSE WOULD I BE TALKING ABOUT!”

You stare at him for a moment. Papyrus… does he… does he want you to wear that cat kigurumi for
him!?!?

“Uh… wait… Big Boss I didn’t buy that for me.” You say, suppressing a laugh.

“YOU DIDN’T!?!?”

“No, that’s my present for Sans!”

Papyrus stares at you for a moment, narrowing his already glaring sockets.

“HUMAN… I AM STARTING TO DOUBT THE LEGITIMACY OF YOUR KNOWLEDGE
OF GIFT SELECTION FOR MY BROTHER.”

“Hahahah! Don’t worry, he’ll definitely like those tickets I picked out. I just… It’s kind of an inside
joke.”
“A JOKE INSIDE OF WHAT…?”

“No… Um… An inside joke is a joke between two people that only they may understand.”

“Well, it won’t be a very funny one…” Papyrus folds his arms. “There is no possible way Sans would ever wear such a horrible outfit!”

You’re starting to wonder if you shouldn’t have bought Sans that gag gift. Maybe doing something like that is really offensive to monsters. They seem to hardly understand the concept of just giving someone something. Combine gift giving and jokes, and it could be really rude.

“Ah… oops…” You say, scratching your head. “Guess I should have got him-”

Suddenly a pair of very large hands rest across your shoulders. Papyrus sighs, holding you in place.

“I know this is very hard for your worthless human brain to understand, so I shall explain it to you plainly…” He takes a deep breath. “You may not have noticed this… but Sans is an exceptionally small monster…”

“Uh…?”

“So even if the packaging says one size fits all…!” Papyrus says, shaking you a little to dig in his point. “That is a human misconception. Human clothing sizes are filled with lies, and thus, they do not match monsters in any way. Even though Sans is an adult, the only human clothing that will fit him are found in a section for small, underdeveloped, yet slightly husky children!”

You stare at Papyrus’s sockets in shock.

“You have no idea what difficulties I had to go through just to find those matching sweaters when I couldn’t buy Sans an adult size and-” Papyrus stops, staring at you. “H-human… there is no need to cry…”
“Ah…” You move one of your hands to your face, trying to wipe away the tears. “Y-Yeah… I’m… I’m not-”

“W-WORRY NOT HUMAN!” Papyrus says, starting to panic. He begins to shake your shoulders again. “I-I’M SURE YOU DID YOUR BEST! EVEN IF YOU WERE COMPLETELY WRONG.”

“I-It’s okay Big Bos… heheh… I-I’m just-”

Suddenly Papyrus is smashing you to his chest. “TH-HERE THERE… IT IS NOT YOUR FAULT YOU ARE COMPLETELY WORTHLESS. THAT IS SOMETHING YOU CANNOT CONTROL. I WILL MAKE SURE SANS ACCEPTS YOUR HIDEOUSLY MIS-SIZED GIFT, DO NOT WORRY!”

You continue to cry, bent over into Papyrus’s chest. But you aren’t crying because you’re sad. Holding in your laughter is just so difficult right now, you can’t stop the tears from falling down your cheeks. As your face is smashed into his hard uncomfortable rib cage, you notice something nice smelling come from him, and you relax into his body’s natural hum, enjoying the sensation.

“Hey, Big Boss…” You say, after a moment, starting to feel a little light headed from how nice everything is. “You smell nice.”

“Papyrus immediately pushes you from his chest. “DON’T SMELL ME WHILE I’M TRYING TO COMFORT YOU!”

“Oops…”

“AND OF COURSE I DO!” He says, placing his hands at his hips. “I ALWAYS MAKE SURE TO WEAR MTT BRAND COLOGNE!”

“Really…?” You ask. “That’s cologne?” It didn’t smell like cologne to you.

“NYEH HEH HEH! ONLY THE BEST SMELLING COLOGNE EVER CREATED.”
You twist the handle on Papyrus’s door, shaking your head.

If it was really cologne… then why did Papyrus smell so much like Muffet…

Chapter End Notes

Thank Alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter.

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

Sidestories are here The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Vamp-Chan takes on the Underground The Skeleton Games Dungeon Crawler
Want to see Red as a bitty? A Bitty Horror
Bring on the heat

Chapter Summary

Sans goes into heat

Chapter Notes

I'm putting warnings at the beginning of the chapter about the content you are about to read. While there aren't any explicit scenes, there are a lot of discussions about sexual topics. I can't say too much without spoiling, but this is a chapter where a monster goes into heat, and we get to hear about his experience with it from his perspective, so obviously he's gonna think some things. You have been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

HUMAN! HAVE YOU MADE IT HOME YET?

TELL ME WHEN YOU MAKE IT HOME!

HAVE YOU MADE IT HOME NOW?

YOU'RE DEAD, AREN'T YOU?

THIS IS WHY I SHOULDN'T HAVE ALLOWED YOU TO DRIVE!

YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR THIS ONE, I WAS VERY CLEAR ON MY STANCE ABOUT YOUR DRIVING.

Papyrus sent you several texts while you were driving, but you waited until you were home safe before you read them.

You: I made it home
**Big Boss:** EXCELLENT! I WAS VERY WORRIED, YOU KNOW! DEAD HUMAN BODIES ARE DISGUSTING AND, AS I AM OBVIOUSLY YOUR FAVORITE THING… WELL… ACTUALLY… HOW DO HUMANS PLACE THEIR DEAD BODY MEAT ON SOMETHING THEY LIKE?

**You:** We usually bury our bodies or cremate them once we die.

**Big Boss:** YOU TURN YOUR BODIES INTO CREAM?!

You reread his message a second time before answering.

**You:** Yes

**Big Boss:** WELL, I REFUSE TO DRINK YOUR DISGUSTING HUMAN DEATH CREAM, SO YOU’D BETTER BE CAREFUL AND STAY ALIVE!

**You:** Thank you for your concern Big Boss. I will try and stay alive just for you.

**Big Boss:** YOU’D BETTER!

You pocket your phone on your way to your apartment. Once inside, your eyes scan the room, looking for any signs of the small skeleton who’d been sleeping on your couch earlier that day. He isn’t there. He must have gone back to his place at some point. There’s a blanket sitting on the floor below the couch and, as you continue to look around the room, you notice an empty bottle of mustard laying on its side on the counter next to the fridge.

“I’m back!” You yell, letting your neighbor know you’re home, before immediately going to the counter to throw the mustard bottle away.

Nobody answers.

“Skulls!” You call. “Hello!??”
“I heard’ja the first time!” Sans finally responds, his voice coming from his own apartment. He sounds a little strange, like he’s missing some of that burning anger and confidence you’re accustomed to. You wait a moment at the sink, expecting him to suddenly appear in your apartment entrance.

Nothing happens…

Strange… The last time you’d texted him, he’d seemed pretty angry about you hanging out with his brother without telling him. Or… maybe it was because of the reason you claimed you were hanging out with Papyrus. Whatever this seasonal thing is… You thought the first thing Sans would do once you got home was come over and question you about it. Instead… nothing… No Sans…

You take the opportunity to go into your room and hide the present you bought him. He probably wouldn’t have noticed it anyway, but you can never be sure with his curiosity. Halfway to your room, you end up stopping when you spot something leaning against the hall next to your bedroom door.

What is Cherry Pie-Chan doing here? Wait! You lean in close looking at the fresh set of holes marking the cover. Poor Cherry Pie… Sans did have a tendency to hook his claws through the nearest object once he was asleep, but… why did he leave it set out so nicely in the hallway…?

You gather it up as well, attempting to smooth out the holes, before walking into your bedroom.

Once you’ve changed into a fresh set of pajama pants, you stand in the hallway listening at the wall for your neighbor. Sans still hasn’t come over to question you yet. Did he lose interest? Or did he never really care in the first place? You still want to ask him about those pictures though, so he better hurry up and come over.

“Hey Skulls!” You call. “Wanna come over and play some games!?!” You ask, attempting to entice him instead.

“Pass!” His low voice answers immediately.

That’s… unexpected. But you aren’t ready to give up yet. You’d prefer to talk to him tonight if you can.
“I’ll buy you Grillby’s for dinner?” You offer. “Besides, I owe you, right?”

“PASS!” He says louder.

You’re taken back. Did Sans just pass up on free Grillby’s...?

“...Is something wrong...?” You ask, starting to get worried.

“M’fine!” He growls from the wall.

“How can you say you’re fine, you’re rejecting Grillby’s!” You shout, getting annoyed.

“I said I’m fuckin’ fine, so I’m fuckin’ fine!”

“What’s wrong!??!” You demand.

“Nothin’!”

“But you never pass on Grillby’s!”

“I already ate earlier!”

“I seem to recall someone saying ‘there’s always room for Grillby’s’.”

“Well there ain’t today!”

“How much food did you eat to make you not want Grillby’s!?”

You actually hear him gag.
“SKULLS! ARE YOU OKAY?!” You shout, pressing up against the wall.

“Oh… god…” His low voice mumbles from the other side.

“SKULLS!”

“I’m fine!” He pants. “I just ain’t feelin’ well today, alright?!”

“I’m starting to think that whole thing about you being unable to get sick was a lie!”

“I ain’t sick, I jus’ ain’t feelin’ well! Gimme some sleep’n I’ll be fine…”

“Didn’t you sleep in this morning…?”

“N’ how many damn days do ya think I ain’t got shit fer sleep! One day ain’t gonna catch me up that fast!”

“But…” You trail off, realizing he’s probably right. You hardly need any sleep yourself. How are you to judge normal people. “Okay…” You relent. “Get some sleep then… I guess.”

You walk back into the living room, letting yourself get comfortable on the couch. You don’t have to talk to him tonight… You’ve lived a long time. You know how to be patient.

You can always ask about it tomorrow.

________________________________________

Sans sits at his favorite seat, waiting for Grillby to finish his order. The restaurant is unusually hot today, but he can’t leave till he gets his food. Sweat drips down his skull, and his magic is starting to rise to the top of his bones, trying to release as much heat as possible.
He drums his claws impatiently across the counter, leaning over to get a glimpse of the back kitchens. What’s takin’ Grillby so long?! Sans has been waiting forever. He glances around the bar, but the patrons all act like everything’s fine.

“Grillbz… Ya… ya almost done back there!?!?” Sans calls, listening to the sounds of the fryers sizzling.

Nobody responds.

More sweat pools across Sans’ skull, and he wipes at it with a napkin, his eyelights staying level with the back doors the entire time. Why is it so hot in here today? Even he’s feeling it! Skeleton monsters aren’t supposed to notice temperatures unless they’re extreme, and Grillby’s usually pretty good at controlling his heat.

Sans begins to pant as the temperature continues to rise. “F-Fuck…” He mutters, leaning his cheek across the counter, but even the cool wood isn’t enough for him. He needs to leave soon, he can’t stay here like this! But Grillby hasn’t brought his order out yet. When’s he going to finish it?

Sans pants some more, now fanning himself with a menu, wishing he at least had some water. Of course… Grillby never touched the stuff, but Sans could dream. That’s when he remembers the bathroom! There was a bathroom in here… wasn’t there…?

For the first time, Sans slips off the stool and searches for the door to the bathroom. There weren’t many humans who came in here anyway, so it shouldn’t be that big a deal. He somehow finds it, and stumbles through, shuffling quickly to the sink and splashing water across his face. It cools him down, but not by much. His body’s just so hot!

Eventually, Sans throws off his jacket, finding his clothes beneath drenched with sweat. He’s still so hot! He needs something more, something to make the heat go away. Something...

“Hey, Skulls!” A familiar voice calls.

Sans turns his head, water dripping down his face.

“Are you okay…??” You ask.
You’re standing in front of him, towering over him with a strange look to your eyes.

“M’fine…” Sans mutters, wiping at some of the water running down his chin. He feels uncomfortable with you watching him. Why are you looking at him like that?

“Are you sure…?” You ask, stepping closer.

“I said m’fine.” Sans growls back.

But you take another step closer, cornering him against the sink as you place your hands on either side of the counter.

“You look a little hot…” You say, leaning down, lining your face with his as you proceed to lock eyes. Then you move past his skull, and he feels your breath against his bones as you whisper where his ear should be. “I can help you with that…”

Sans’ eyelights expand. “What!” He growls, but it’s already too late. You lift your hands off the counter, and after a moment of fumbling, he hears something fall to the floor. Sans’ breath catches when he realizes what it is.

“S-Stop!” He yelps, but he can’t move. For some reason his legs are rooted to the spot. Everything is so hot and unbearable. Why is it so damn hot!

Your grin widens as you watch him, and slowly you place your hands at the waistband of your underwear. Sans’ eyelights continue to expand. Don’t take those off! Ya can’t take those off! That’s the one thing! The one thing he hasn’t seen!

“You know what’s down here, right?”

He opens his mouth to stop you, but nothing comes out. Ya can’t! Anything but that!

“You’ve been looking at it… haven’t you…?”
The underwear drops to your ankles.

Sans takes one look at your now uncovered crotch and proceeds to scream.

“GAAAAAAAHHHHH!”

Sans rolls off his mattress, sprawling halfway across the floor of his bedroom apartment. His legs are twisted into a mess of blankets and sheets, and he takes a moment to stare at the ceiling as he attempts to orient himself. He’s in his room, with his sheets around his legs… And the alarm of his phone is ringing loudly next to his skull.

Sans reaches over and fumbles to shut it off, finally noticing the light red glow that’s coming from under his shirt... and his shorts… He sighs, letting the palm of his hand drag down his face. “Fuckin’ heat dreams...” He mutters into his hand. “What the actual fuck!”

Well… it wasn’t that weird… Actually, it was pretty typical. Heats make most monsters dream about fucking anyone they’ve been in contact with recently, and Sans is no exception. He’d had them about nearly everyone. Some of the dog guards, Grillby, that one bear asshole he talked to for five minutes before going home, not to mention a few about Undyne… Why did she have ta visit so often? Hell.... He’s even dreamed about his own... Nope, he does not need to remember that! NOT EVER!

Sans sighs again, grabbing at his shirt, and tugging at the collar so he can gauge the steady red glow coming from his rib cage. Come on soul! At least dream about fucking the same species! The fuck does his shitty magic think it’s gonna do with a damn human?!... Nothin’! He’s gonna do fuckin’ nothin’, that’s what! He studies his bones as his chest expands. They’re covered in a light sweat, glistening from the bright glow of magic radiating from his sensitive spots. Then again... he’d even dreamed up some weird shit about the queen’s voice back before he even knew who she was… Just a fucking voice!

Sans shakes his head, letting go of his shirt. Tch... N’ he’s glowin’ this bad on the first day too… Last time he hardly noticed the heat… Or at least… he doesn’t remember it bothering him so much. Why the fuck is it so strong, the whole room is practically lit up!

Suddenly he flinches, realizing his own hand is working its way past his underwear. He pulls it away quickly, more sweat forming on his skull.
He’d… better get to the bathroom. He needs to get a reducer in him now. He can only defy his own magic for so long before it becomes out of control.

Sans forces himself shakily to his legs, his body protesting the motion of standing up.

This is what he gets for looking up shitty human porn the day before a shitty heat… Now he’s glowin’ like crazy n’ havin’ fucked up dreams about his fuckin’ neighbor. It was bad enough he thought’a ya the last time, but with how much he’s been hanging around ya… Fuck… yer gonna practically be in every dream till it’s over… jus’… fuck!

Tch… N’ his soul could at least dream about’cha right. Why the hell’d he dream about’cha with a dick between yer legs! Ya have the other one right…?

Sans takes a few wobbly steps towards the door, feeling lethargic and heavy. His eyelights flick back across his bed, and he longs for it. He could walk over’n lay down… That would be so fuckin’ nice… His grin grows. N’ maybe do some other things too.

Get ta the bathroom… now!

The walk to the bathroom is more of a chore than Sans remembered. Half of the time he’d take a shortcut in the morning, but his magic wasn’t really feeling up to it right now. Was the bathroom always this far away? He thought it was closer. His feet move sluggishly across the carpet, step by step. Any movement at all is a burden. Yet at the same time his magic is flowing wildly through him. It’s agitated, telling him the best thing he could do right now is go back into his room… back to that bed…

No! He’s got work! If he misses work cause he’s dumb enough to listen to his damn soul during a heat, he may as well flush his own dust down the toilet! If Boss finds out he got fired for missing work this week… missing work to mess around in bed during a heat… He’d be dead in seconds.

Sans spills clumsily into his bathroom, scrabbling at his cabinet mirror, before opening it and snagging the little white box waiting inside. ‘Seasonal relief.” It reads, and he pants as he tears it open, shaking out a set of folded instructions and several shining pills.

He tosses the instructions, and throws back his head, swallowing one of the pills. He continues to pant as he scans the mirror. His eyelights are dilated several times larger than usual, his skull is
covered with sweat, and his face is on fire. Fuck! Why is it so bad this time!

Seconds later, the red across his chest begins to fade, and he feels relieved as the desire for his bed fades as well. He’d better be careful about timing his pills. They generally last about ten hours, so all he has to do is take one before the previous one ends.

Sans takes a cool shower, enjoying the feeling of his agitated magic washing away with the water. The feeling is replaced by a dullness, as his magic is lowered artificially by the pill. The feeling of lowered magic wasn’t enjoyable either, but it was preferable to what he was feeling before.

He hates feeling out of control...

By the time the shower’s over, the glow from his chest and pelvis are completely gone. However the glow from his face… well… it isn’t as bright as before… Sans glares at himself in the mirror, annoyed. It’d be nice if that would go away too, but magic reducers can only do so much.

Sans shuffles back into his bedroom, sipping on a bottle of mustard as he pulls on his coat. He tries to think about what he should say if anyone asks about his face. The humans at the paper factory probably wouldn’t notice. Besides the few humans who wanted to talk to him when he first got hired, hardly any of them seemed to care about him.

But it isn’t his work he’s worried about…

It’s you...

Sans’ locker squeeks open, and he thrusts his hand angrily inside to retrieve his coat. He’s more pissed off than usual after a day of work. He was wrong about his coworkers asking about his face. Nearly anyone who wasn’t scared of him asked about it. Hell… Even the boss who didn’t like him asked! The hell do they even care for! Why can’t they just fuckin’ shut up n’ keep ta themselves? Humans are so fuckin’ annoying! Ya don’t gotta worry about people! That ain’t yer fuckin’ business! Leave him the fuck alone!

He shoves his arms into the sleeves, already feeling relieved as the soft, familiar fabric encases him.
once again.

N’ why the hell did he have to watch all that damn human porn yesterday? Holy fuck! They’re all fucking, aren’t they?! Every last human in there… That’s the only way they can come into this world right?! Seriously! Dreemur in hell! He can’t even look at them!

He feels his magic rushing into his face just thinking about it, and he audibly growls to himself before pushing up his hood.

N’ this fuckin’ heat fuckin’ sucks! He can’t even think about shit without it showing on his face! It’s the first fuckin’ day! Why is it so bad?

Then again… he can hardly remember his last one… It was before all that shit happened underground… Before the kid…

Sans slams the locker shut, then walks out and around the building, checking for any humans along the way. When he’s sure there isn’t anyone around, he closes his sockets and takes a deep breath. He usually didn’t have to do these things for a shortcut. As long as he knew where he was going, they were easy, but using magic is always more difficult during a heat, and taking magic reducers makes it even worse. He has to focus harder than normal to get it right.

Sans ‘ports out in his usual place, his room, already feeling relieved to be home and alone. Actually… Sans’ grin begins to grow… This is the first time he hasn’t had ta share a house with Boss while he’s in heat. Sans chuckles, staring at his bed. His magazine may have been ripped apart, but he was smart enough to save some of the less destroyed pictures.

Sans is ready to have a great time!

His eyelights dart out the door, looking into the open hallway. But… he’d better get some food in him first... He’s gonna be in here a while, n’ heats make him hungrier than usual.

Sans is already halfway into the hallway with a wide smirk across his face, when he stops. As quick as he can, he backtracks into his room in a near panic.

SHIT!
He almost forgot about that!

Heavy hammering and low voices come from the kitchen. Two humans are in his apartment, fixing his cracked ceiling.

Fuck! Hopefully they didn’t see him! He didn’t have any excuse for how he got there if they asked! Sans takes a moment to calm himself, standing quietly in his bedroom, listening… Something loud tears and falls to the floor, followed by voices talking, and then laughing.

Guess they didn’t see him. He’ll have to take a shortcut outside and pretend to come home like normal through his door. N’ then, of course, they’ll stare at him, ask questions about how he broke his ceiling, and probably say something about his face.

There goes any plans he had about being home alone today.

Sans turns his head from his bedroom door, glancing at the wall between his apartment and yours. He could just not come home at all, and go over to your apartment till they leave instead. That was always an option. He was hoping to deal with you minimally today, what with his condition, but at this point, hanging out with you was better than hanging out with strangers.

Sans sighs, before grabbing his computer from the floor and taking a shortcut to his bathroom. Quietly he shakes another shining pill from the box in his cabinet mirror, and swallows it. Then he disappears, avoiding the two humans fixing his roof.

When Sans shortcuts into your apartment, it’s quiet for once… He can spot your head poking over the other side of the couch, but you don’t have your headphones on, and you don’t have any music coming from your laptop.

Wait… Are you actually… working? Sans has never seen you work before...

“I’m uh… h-hey…” Sans calls awkwardly. Still remembering the times he didn’t announce his presence, and what happened.

You turn your head, looking him over, then break into a smile.
Sans’ entire face erupts.

Holy fuck! Why did he watch all that damn porn yesterday! He can’t stop thinking about it! N’now there’s a bunch’a damn humans in his apartment while he’s havin’ a damn heat! All he wants to do is fuck around in bed n’ not think about shit! And he definitely doesn’t wanna think about that weird ass dream he had where ya got a tail between yer legs!

“Uh…?” You say, eyebrows raising at his behavior. “Skulls, Are you-”

“I-I’m fine! Stop askin’!” Sans snarls before you can finish the question. Why do humans always gotta ask if he’s fine!!!

He waits for his face to cool before walking over and sitting down. There really aren’t any video games playing across your laptop. Instead, it’s filled with lines of code.

“I didn’t even know you got home yet.” You say, scrolling down the screen as you search for something. “I thought I’d hear you cursing out the contractors or something.”

“I forgot they were there’n nearly took a shortcut right in front’a them…” Sans growls.

You raise your eyebrows again, still reading the screen. “I think they put a note on your door, but… guess who doesn’t use doors?” You cock your head, stopping on a line and reading through it. “Well… don’t worry. I’ll just make them forget if you ever do mess up.”

Sans pauses for a moment, contemplating your words. “Huh… uh… y-yeah… guess ya could…”

“What…?” You smile. “You think I’d let a bunch of humans haul you off to jail?” You take your eyes off the screen to fully smirk at him. “You’re still my slave, so that means they can’t have you yet.”

“I was never yer slave...” Sans growls back. “N’ I’ll be done payin’ ya off at the end’a this week.”

“I almost feel like you don’t enjoy being my slave...” You say in mock sadness.
Sans glares, then opens his own laptop and starts browsing through his list of games.

“Did you try that one game I sent you…?” You ask.

“That Planet Bound one...? It didn’t work.” Sans answers, looking a little annoyed.

“Like... it wouldn’t open… or…?”

“Kept gettin’ a weird message.”

“Let me see.”

Sans attempts to open the game, but like he said, a weird message pops up… in Japanese.

“I told you, you have to run the English patch off that website!” You say, frustrated.

“I tried, but I couldn’t find it!”

“Go to that link I sent you!”

Sans huffs, but does as you say anyway. You lean in closer, watching him navigate the site.

And that’s when you smell it…

“When did you start wearing cologne…?” You ask, leaning in a little closer. It’s hard not to when he smells so good. Is this really cologne? It’s so nice smelling. Usually strong smells aren’t your thing, your nose being more sensitive than most humans. But this…It’s a light smell. Something fresh, like trees, or nature, or… cherries? Does pure energy have a scent? Now you're starting to get jealous. Monsters have all the good stuff!
You lean in more, enjoying the scent, when a bony hand smashes into your face, and you’re pushed away from Sans’ shoulder.

“What the hell!” Sans snarls, leaning away, his face practically on fire. “I ain’t wearin’ any fuckin’ cologne! Stop breathin’ down my damn neck!”

“You aren’t…” You ask, a little stunned. “Then what is that?”

“What’s what! I ain’t done nothin’ different!” He growls, turning back to his screen.

“But you smell really good today!” You say, closing your eyes a little.

The red continues to burn across his face. “Don’t jus’ sit there smellin’ me!”

“You’re the one who’s always smelling me!”

“I ain’t never smelled ya on purpose! Yer strong ass human stench jus’ gets in my face whether I like it’r not!”

You settle back in place, resting your hands across the keys. “Well I don’t know why, but today you smell like your brother’s cologne.”

“Tch… as if I’d wear that metal asshole’s shitty cologne… I don’t even wear that stuff normally.” Sans growls, looking back at his screen. You hear him clicking a few things, before he sighs again. “S’this it?”

You look over, reading the download name listed on the webpage.

“Yes, that’s it.”

It downloads quickly, and Sans opens the folder, staring at the list of files.
“Run the executable program.” You say leaning in again and reading the files as well.

Cherries. He really does smell like cherries. But it’s more than that. Like something alive, something fresh and living. You love this scent, and you breathe deeply, enjoying it. For some reason… it reminds you of something you’ve smelled before. What is it?… It’s so familiar… and yet… it’s unlike anything you’ve ever come across. It’s so good! Good enough to…

Another bony hand crashes into your face.

“The fuck’r ya doing!” Sans snarls, leaning away from you again as he pushes your face in the opposite direction.

“Huh…?” You say, a little confused. When did you get so close to him? “I was just… looking at your screen…?”

You were looking at it... right?

“Ya can see it just fine without breathin’ all over me!” He says, running his hand across his neck bones and shivering. His skull’s glowing again… Has it stopped glowing since he’s arrived? What is he so embarrassed about this time? You haven’t done anything! He pushes away the fur as he rubs his neck, and you catch the red traveling down some of those bones as well.

“Are you feeling alright…?” You finally decide to ask. He may have told you not to, but his face, it hasn’t stopped glowing at all. It’s only settled into a lighter red color every time it cools off.

“M’fine… I just… I still ain’t feelin’ well…” He grumbles, eyelights watching his screen. “And you breathin’ down my neck every couple’a seconds ain’t helpin’!”

“You’re still tired?” You ask. He doesn’t look it. At least… not as tired as you’ve seen him before. His face is just incredibly red.

“K-Kinda…” He mutters.

You smirk. “I bet if you sleep with Cherry Pie-Chan again, you’ll feel much better.”
Sans glares. “Ya pull that shit again’n it’ll be in the void where it belongs.” He says darkly.

“Don’t put her in the void!” You whine.

“Then don’t sneak it in while I’m sleepin’! This is why I don’t wanna sleep on yer damn couch!”

“But my couch is so comfortable!” You say in mock disbelief. “I payed a lot of money for this perfect piece of lounging furniture, and I know for a fact it’s one of the best!”

“It ain’t the couch that’s the problem, now is it!” Sans growls, attempting to open the game again. “N’ this still ain’t workin’.”

“Did you extract the whole thing?” You ask.

“Yes.” He says, rolling his eyelights.

“And you ran the patch.”

“I did what it said ta do!” He huffs.

“Let me see the files…”

You lean over and are immediately blasted by his scent again. Pay attention to the screen… You’re trying to get the game to work. Don’t look at him. Do not look at his face and… It’s getting redder! Why is it so red? Like something juicy and ripe, ready to be picked. A cherry. You need to fix it. Just a little won’t hurt. You’ll just take a little and...

“J-Just take it!” Sans yells, thrusting his computer towards you as he leans away. “F-Fuck! What the hell!”

You stare at the computer for a moment, confused. “Huh…?” What were you…
“If yer gonna be breathin’ down my neck about it, j-just do it yerself.”

Do what!?! He wants you to do what!?!

“Huh…” You say dumbly again.

“The game!” He snarls, still leaning away.

“OH! Right!” You say, pushing your laptop away and taking his. “Yeah… The game.”

You feel yourself start to sweat. What were you…? Were you really thinking…? You can’t bite him! What’s going on?

Opening the patch, you notice a few files are missing. “Skulls, I think you deleted some files.”

“I did not!” He says, leaning back and sighing, his hand covering his neck again. His eyelights focus in the distance has he waits. He’s thinking about something.

You bring up the internet, and open a search for the website from before.

But before you can finish typing your search, something strange happens. The search bar… auto fills…

Big titty goth gf
Doggy Style
Froggy Style
Cowgirl

Your eyes widen, and you stop and stare at it.
He… He didn’t…

No…

But the evidence is sitting right before you…

Well… Guess he finally decided to look things up like he said he would. That’s his business, not yours.

You stay quiet, and continue to type, but more search words continue to fall down the screen, and you pause to read them.

Extra thick
Oral Sex
Lactation
Bowsette

Sans, what the heck! What’s he looking up on here?

You hold your breath, stifling a snort as you read some of the more… ‘specific searches’, but you aren’t going to say anything. What people do on their own time is their choice… If he did it privately, then you shouldn’t bother him about it. Be nice. Don’t tease him. You can do it! Besides, if he isn’t feeling well today, then you’re gonna go easy on him.

You finish the search and look through the website. Redownloading the patch, you attempt to extract the files, but…right… you needed to use the correct extractor. So you go back onto the internet to search.

Hentai
Furries
Goat Furries
You pause, eyes widening as you read the last one again.

D-Did he…? Did Sans really look up…!

“...Goat furries!!!” You shout, unable to contain yourself.

Sans flinches, surprised at your sudden outburst “H-Huh… I… w-what?” He says, his eyelights slowly shrinking when he understands what you yelled. “I… I didn’t-”

"You looked up goat furries?"

"N-NO! What the hell!"

“Everytime I type something in on here I’m getting lists of porn searches!”

“I haven’t! I-I didn’t.” But his face gives him away. Red. The color swarms it. “I w-was jus’ lookin’ some shit up that I… I needed to know how it worked… I.”

“What part of goat furries teaches you about sex?!”

The skeleton with no throat gulps. “Th-That’s not what that was!”

“Skulls!”

“I-I was just lookin’ up some t-terms!”

“Oh really! Terms that have to do with your queen?!”

“That doesn’t count! Furries n' monster’s are completely different!”
“But you just had to make sure goat furries in particular were different?”

“Ya humans got a lot of fucked up shit on there, so I had ta look up a lotta fucked up shit!”

“That’s your queen, Skulls!”

“It had nothin’ ta do with her!”

“Skulls!”

“Fuck you! Gimmie back my computer!” His bones clack loudly against the laptop as he rips it from your lap. “N’ she ain’t technically the queen anymore!”

“I knew it! You totally have a thing for her!”

“I do not!!!”

You smile, watching the beat red skeleton attempt to look at anything else in the room but you. This is when he’s supposed to be red, not whenever you lean slightly close to him.

“I bet you weren’t sleeping at all yesterday… were you…?” You say with a knowing smile.

“Yes I was!” He growls back.

“I’m so sorry, Skulls…” You say, clapping your hands together in forgiveness. “I’ve destroyed your purity,... You were so innocent and cute before, but now-”

“LIKE HELL I WAS!”
“Now you’re ruined for marriage.” You laugh.

“I told’ja I was just lookin’ shit up! I didn’t do nothin’ else!”

“Allright… allright…” You say, backing off. You’re a little worried about his face exploding if you say anything more. It’s really red. “But, why did you decide to look up porn? You could have just… looked up a wiki page about it or something…?”

“Tch…” Sans huffs. “The info yer government gave us was shit, so… a wiki page ain’t gonna do much better.”

“Hmm… Are you sure it wasn’t cause you were hoping to see something you liked…?”

“No.” he growls. “That was the most fucked up shit I’ve ever seen!”

“Heh.. Well yeah… it is porn.” You snicker.

Sans raises a brow bone, watching you. “The hell does that mean?”

“You know… like… If you actually do it with someone it’s... you know…”

“What?”

Right… he wouldn’t know.

“What they show in porn isn’t really…” You try and think how to phrase it. “That’s not how it actually is. It’s for viewing pleasure, not to show how-”

“Ya sayin’ they didn’t show everything!” He says, looking confused.

“Well yeah... it’s... it’s porn.”
He continues to look at you in confusion.

You sigh… Trying to think how to phrase it. It’s hard to explain the concept of real sex vs porn to someone when they haven’t done any of it themself.

“How bout this, you tell me how your monster sex works.” You say, smiling. “And I’ll tell you all about what your missing.”

“No deal! It’s monster sex, so you don’t gotta know.”

“That’s not fair! Now that you know, you have to tell me!”

Sans grins, looking over at you in glee. “Nope! Have fun bein’ a dumbass innocent human.”

You glare at his smug face. As if! You haven’t been innocent for years! You’re a hundreds of years old vampire. You have more knowledge and experience smashed into your head than the human brain is supposed to hold.

“Tentacles...” You sputter, before you can stop yourself.

Sans’ grin disappears. “Te...Tentacles…?” He repeats.

“Yeah… tentacles…”

“Ya got tentacles…?” Sans repeats.

“Uh… Actually…” You say, then look away. ”I probably shouldn’t be talking about this…”

“Where! I didn’t see any damn tentacles!”
“Well yeah… you watched porn. We don’t show it in our porn.”

“But… I saw everythin’… EVERYTHING! There ain’t any fuckin’ tentacles!”

“it’s considered very private for humans. So private… most of us will pretend it doesn’t exist.”

“But… There ain’t any room for… What do ya even use’em-”

“Nevermind.” You say, waving his comments aside. “It doesn’t matter anyway. It’s human sex, so you don’t need to know. Not unless you’re having sex with a human, that is.” You attempt to hide your own smug grin, shrugging and looking over your shoulder. “Besides… it’s… I really shouldn’t have told you.”

“But…” Sans tries again, still looking confused.

“Don’t worry. Most people won’t even expect you to know about it, so you won’t look stupid.”

Sans looks at his hands, sockets narrowed. Is he actually believing you?! Oh stars… when he finds out...

“A-Anyway…” You say, picking up your laptop. “I patched the game, so it should work now.” Sans opens the game, keeping quiet when it actually works. “And uh… I have a question for you…?”

“Hmm…?” He mutters, watching the game’s opening.

“I went over to your brother’s house yesterday. He bought a bunch of things at the mall, and I drove him home after so he wouldn’t have to carry it.”

“S’that what’cha was doin’?”

“Yeah…” You smile. “What did you think I was doing?”
“Not a fuckin’ date!” Sans says, then he smirks. “I already know ya ain’t got anyone.”

“Rude! I could find someone if I wanted. I just don’t cause I don’t want to…”

“Heh heh! Yeah right! I’ve been over here wit’cha nearly everyday fer weeks, n’ I ain’t never heard ya talk ta anyone else n’less yer playin’ games online.”

“Well duh. Why do you think I don’t want to find anyone? That means less time playing games!” You smile, reading your screen again. “Besides… Dating someone would mean less time spent hanging out with you!”

Sans goes quiet, and when he doesn’t respond with something back, you look over, finding his red face focused on the game he’s playing.

“If I was out every night on dates, you’d get all sad and be like, ‘I miss my cute cuddly neighbor sooo much. I’m so sad she isn’t here!’”

Sans glares harder at his screen. “I’d rather drown myself in yer toilet n’ say that…” He mutters.

You laugh, watching the color quickly drain off his face as fast as you put it there. It still doesn’t leave completely. He must be feeling pretty bad for it to stay on his face.

“So um… about what I was gonna say earlier.” You start, finally ready to bring up the subject. “I saw something weird at Big Boss’s house and… I kinda wanted to ask you about it.”

“Yeah… yeah… the sock with the notes s’mine.” Sans mutters.

“No… I pretty much figured that out… Um…” you take a deep breath. “Boss showed me some pictures from when you were kids and… You’re probably not gonna tell me… but-”

“Just ask it already!!!!”
“When you were a kid… you had white little eye things in your sockets. Then all of the sudden, they were red. What happened?”

Sans looks up from his game. For the first time today, the red is completely gone from his face. His eyelights shrink for a moment as he thinks of his answer. He takes a deep breath, then looks back at his laptop.

“I… I killed someone…”

Chapter End Notes

Thank Alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter.

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

Sidestories are here The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Vamp-Chan takes on the Underground The Skeleton Games Dungeon Crawler
Want to see Red as a bitty? A Bitty Horror
Chapter Summary

Sans is still in heat. And everything seems to keep getting hotter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I… I killed someone…” Sans says softly, the blank features of his face lit by the light of his laptop.

“O-Oh…” You respond.

The room becomes unbearably quiet as both of you stare at your respective screens. You can practically feel the anxiety coming off the skeleton sitting next to you. Say something! Anything! He’s gonna feel bad if you don’t say something… but… What are you even supposed to say to that?

“It wasn’t n’ accident either…” Sans mutters, a dark look passing his sockets.

“I… uh… okay…” You respond.

Sans hesitates at his keyboard, the character on screen standing still. He expected you to say something back. You knew he’s killed people… right…? He made that obvious before, back when he talked to you about being a vampire in the kitchen. Why aren’t’cha sayin’ anything? Shit! He fucked up! He shouldn’t have said that! He’s never told anyone about it before! What was he thinking?! He’s such a fuck up! He should just-

“How old were you…?” You suddenly ask.


“In that picture… or when it happened… How old were you?”
Sans pauses for a moment. “N-Nine...” He says, still watching his screen.

Your eyes widen a little. Nine years old! That’s younger than you were! Much younger! And he had to kill someone! Was the Underground really that bad?

“...That... uh... sucks...” You say, not really knowing how else to answer.

“Yeah... well...” A simple smile passes his face... “Not as much as havin’ ta go drinkin’ every Friday...”

You turn to glare at him, and finally catch his expression. Nervous sweat rings his skull, and even though the character on his screen is moving, he’s not controlling it. He looks through his screen instead, walking his character against a wall.

“... I was trying to be serious.” You say.

“...I know...”

“Do you want to talk about it...?”

“No...”

“Okay... But... just so you know... I’m still not scared of you.”

“...Kay...”

He visually relaxes, closing his sockets and sinking deeper into the couch cushions.

“Does your brother know...?” You ask, looking back at your computer.

“No...”
“You’ve never told him?”

“I… I’ve never told anybody…”

“Oh…” You say, surprised. He’s never told anyone, but he told you.

“I… I don’t even know why I…” Sans trails off. “D-Don’t tell Boss…”

“Oh…”

“Okay.”

“Really, don’t tell him.”

“I won’t.” You look at Sans again, right as he starts to take control of his character. “But you really should work on being more honest with him.”

Sans gets into an encounter, the battle music playing as his screen flashes.

“Sometimes things’re better i-if… If I don’t say nothin’ about it.” He nearly whispers.

“And how would you feel if Boss had things he didn’t tell you…?”

Sans’ eyelights drop. “Boss’s a good guy… so…”

You lean back, watching as Sans flips through his available actions.

Suddenly, a strange sound comes from the skeleton.

“Uh… Skulls… what was that?”
“H-Huh…?”

The sound happens again. Some kind of low growl is coming from the skeleton sitting next to you.

“That… what was that?”

Sans pauses for a moment, and then realization dawns on him. “Oh… I uh… Didn’t getta eat when I came home today.”

“That’s your stomach?”

Sans smirks at you. “I thought we’ve been over the whole skeleton thing.” He says.

“Stomachs are supposed to growl when they’re hungry. Not bones.”

“It ain’t my bones neither. My soul’s jus’ growlin’.”

His body gives off another low growl.

“Soul’s can growl like stomachs?”

“Even if my soul ain’t manifest, it can still make me feel like shit n’ make stupid noises when I’m hungry.”

“Why didn’t you say something!” You say, exasperated, already fishing out your phone and searching for Grillby’s number.

“I… forgot.”

“Don’t forget to feed yourself! I owe you Grillby’s! tell me when you actually want it!”
You hit dial and wait as the phone is answered by the same gruff voice.

“This’s Grillby’s, what’ya want?”

You order his signature ‘Sans Special’. Looking at him to make sure he didn’t have anything else to add. Then you hang up, huffing a little as you try once again to get back to work. Sans’ refusal to take care of himself is really starting to get on your nerves.

You almost can’t believe the doofus sitting next to you has killed people... For some reason it’s hard to believe. He’s angry and rude... but... He’s always seemed so harmless to you. So lazy. What would it take to make someone like him kill someone? What happened to him to give him nightmares nearly every night? What happened down there, and why does he hate himself so much?

“Hey, Skulls…?” You ask.

“What…” He huffs, tapping away at his keyboard as he plays the game.

“You’re a good guy too...” You comment, still reading through lines of text.

He pushes his brow bones together, and he blinks several times before answering.

“What?”

“You said your bro’s a good guy… but.. So are you…”

“...I… I ain’t…” He says, his voice soft.

“You are.”

“I really ain’t”
“You are, Skulls…”

“Ya don’t know the shit I’ve done…” He says darkly, selecting an attack and watching a red streak pass his screen.

“Yeah… well… you’ve never told me…” You say. “I’m still waiting on that, by the way.”

Sans drops his eyelights again.

“You can tell me…” You push. “I’m sure we’ll still be friends after… Don’t you trust me?”

“P-Pass…” Sans mumbles.

You sigh quietly, almost holding your breath in frustration. After everything… he still doesn’t trust you… You’ve been working with him. Everyday, you’ve been trying to get him to open up. Sometimes it almost seems like he wants to. Like he just did when he told you he killed someone. Then it’s back to closing himself off again.

“I still think you’re a good guy…” You say.

“Tch… Ya always think ya can jus’ say whatever ya want about me, n’ it’ll be true.”

“It is true.”

“No, it ain’t.”

“You came to rescue me that one time, and you hated me back then…” You say, trying to reason.

“I-I didn’t hate’cha… N’ that was jus’ cause I… I still hadn’t finished that game ‘n… ya owed me Grillbys!” He finally growls.
“And you owed me a TV! I think you had more to gain if you hadn’t rescued me.”

“I-It wasn’t even a rescue! Ya were completely fine! Ya were jus’ out doin’ yer drinkin’ shit!”

“You didn’t know that!”

“Well I didn’t do it cause I wanted ta!”

You smile. “Geeze Skulls… You’re such a bad boy! So evil! Let me guess… You’re just like Boss and you’ve only been tolerating me this whole time?” You say sarcastically.

“No.”

“Then what’s so bad about you?”

“Nothin’ ya’d understand…” He mutters.

“Skulls… come on… You’re not a bad person. Maybe a little unsociable, but not bad.” Sans lifts his head, attempting to interrupt you again, but you cut him off. “I know, I know! I wasn’t there in the underground, so how would I know? And you’re right, I don’t know what happened down there. The only thing I know is the you up here. The you who lives next door to me and plays loud awful music! The you who says he doesn’t care about anything. But I know you care. You care a lot, Skulls. You worry about me going out drinking at night, you worry about me talking to ‘dangerous’ monsters, and you were just worried about me yesterday when you woke up and I wasn’t home! You’re actually surprisingly caring for someone who says he doesn’t care.”

“Th-That wasn’t-”

“I don’t know if you’ll ever tell me what happened in the underground, but as far as I know, it doesn’t matter. I can only judge you by what I know, and the you I know up here is a good guy. A guy I like hanging out with, and a guy I trust.”

Sans looks away, red slowly starting to expand across his face. “A-All that stuff yer sayin’... I-It ain’t like that…”
You sigh slowly, closing your eyes as you prepare to say something you really don’t think you should. “And I have to admit, Skulls... Even though your puns are really bad... like... reeeaaaaaally bad.” You take a deep breath, face heating as you look away. “S-Sometimes they’re actually pretty funny.”

You see the room glowing without looking at Sans. Good. He needs to hear these types of things. Enough that he stops blushing everytime someone says something nice. You turn to smile at him, tease him about the state of his face before he can gloat about being right.

“Uh... Skulls!?!?”

“Sh-shut it! I already knew ya liked um anyway!” He growls, unable to look at you.

He’s so embarrassed he’s pushed up his hood to cover his face, but that’s not what’s causing the room to light up.

“You’re glowing!”

“I-told’ja... th-this is cause... I ain’t feelin’ well.”

“Not that...” You say, eyes dropping as you look at the glow. “Your chest, and... um...”

Sans’ eyelights follow yours, moving slowly down his chest, and then quickly to his shorts. “Sh-Shit!” He shouts, his eyelights expanding. As fast as possible, he mashes his legs together and pulls his jacket over his chest and crotch as he attempts to cover the light red glow radiating out from under his clothes.

“I-I... th-this is...” He seems at a loss for words, sweat covering his face. “FUCK.” He shouts, and a moment later his laptop falls through the space he was occupying, landing with a gentle bump on the couch, still open.

You sit in place, stunned as you stare at the space your bony friend occupied just a second ago.
Did Sans just get turned on from you telling him he’s funny?

No, No, No… that’s not what was going on… He was just… Something’s wrong with him...

“SKULLS!” You shout, listening for him in his own apartment.

All you hear are the workers banging around inside his kitchen. He didn’t teleport into his apartment with them in there, did he? But where else would he go?

You get out your phone.

You: Where’d you go?

You wait, but there’s no response. Great… he’s avoiding you again.

You lean into your couch, still looking at his laptop sitting on the empty cushion. Sans… He really was glowing. And not just from his face. His chest… and… a little heat rises to your face as you remember the specific glow coming from his shorts. H-He was just…Maybe monsters have other reasons to glow? He said he was feeling bad… and his face has been a mess the entire evening… Besides, he didn’t seem like he was turned on… You aren’t even wearing socks… You just complimented him… and he started glowing… Maybe… maybe…?

You’re at a loss…

You’re pretty sure something’s wrong with him, you just don’t know what. Now you’re getting worried. Maybe he’s actually really sick… What did he say can happen to monsters…? They can get corruption from eating bad magic, soul sickness when they don’t take care of themselves… and falling down.

Maybe he ate something bad… and that’s why he was gagging last night…? Maybe that’s why he forgot to feed himself?

But why would that make him glow like that…? He was really lit up… just like what you saw in that magazine… well… kinda like it… He was wearing a lot more clothes, but… You’re surprised he
can actually look like that. He’s all bones. Most of the monsters you saw in that magazine were solid. What do his bones look like when they’re like that…? Is it like his face, where the magic rises to the surface causing it to glow…? Or does the outside just light up on its own…?

What would it feel like to touch him there…? would it feel different…? Is it warm like the time you held his face as you made him blush? As you felt the literal magic inside rush to the surface...

That was the exact spot too… where his chest glowed… When you pushed him down and tickled him... As soon as you touched it, he stopped laughing… A soul spot… he called it… Low, in the center of his chest… But that’s not the only spot… He also has one…

“BZZT!”

You jump a little as your thoughts are interrupted by vibrating. You snatch your phone off the arm rest, feeling your heart rate slow as you read a reply from Sans.

**Sans: I need U to do something for me.**

He’s talking to you again?

**You: Yes! Sure! Anything. Are you alright?**

Wait… why is your heart beating so hard?

“BZZT!” Your phone buzzes again.

**Sans: Keep your mouth shut, and go into Ur hall.**

Sans teleports into his dark bathroom, slamming his chest against the toilet bowl as he falls out of the
air. He didn’t expect it, and it takes a moment of him rolling around on the floor with the wind knocked out of him before he can breathe again.

“Shit!” He mumbles under his breath, before he goes quiet and listens for the noises coming from his kitchen.

They hadn’t heard him.

He nearly lunges for his cabinet mirror, flinging it open and grabbing the little white box inside. Fuck! Jus’... FUCK! He had to start glowing right then! Why aren’t the pills working?! Holy hell he feels hot! Shit! This heat is the fuckin’ worst! Sans shakes out another shining pill, hesitating as he rolls it nervously between his fingers.

He needs to be careful with these things. Taking too many at once can really fuck up a monster. He’s actually heard of monsters purposely feeding them to other monsters to make them easier to kill. Not to mention what would happen if they gave them too much. Sans shutters. How many could he take again? His eyelights drop to the floor, and he snatches up the folded set of instructions discarded earlier.

*Take one pill every ten hours to reduce magical output and suppress the effects of seasonal heats. If signs of heat persist such as: excess magic appearing on the outside of one's physical construct, glowing soul spots, spontaneous soul manifestation, difficulty concentrating during daily tasks, the desire to breed against your will, excessive need for masturbation, you may take up to two pills. Warning! Do not exceed two pills within a ten hour period. Should two pills be consumed within ten hours, and signs of heat persist, stay home until your season passes.*

Sans never had to take another pill before, but… He looks down at his still glowing chest. He can’t be glowin’ like this in front’a ya! Fuck! He’s so gross! You’re probably disgusted he did that! What the hell is wrong with him?

H-He needs to make it clear… It wasn’t cause of anything ya said! He ain’t thinking shit about’cha! He… he really ain’t! Nothin’! Definitely nothin’! It’s jus’ the damn heat! He’ll have ta go back ‘n explain….

But he doesn’t want to tell you about heats either!

“BZZT!”
Sans’ phone vibrates in his pocket, and he flinches, staring at his glowing reflection in the mirror. What should he say? Fuck! He fucked up! Maybe if he didn’t take all the shit ya say seriously, then he wouldn’t have thought about…

...H-He wasn’t thinkin’ shit! It’s just the damn heat!

Sans swallows the pill, watching his reflection, waiting for the glow to subside. It takes longer this time, but eventually it goes away. The empty feeling of lowered magic consumes him further, and the quiet hum in his bones drops to a softer, slower vibration.

He’d better be careful using magic.

He finally notices his hand in his pocket, fidgeting with his phone. He needs to look at the message, but he doesn’t want to. Shit! What ‘r ya gonna think about him after that...

There’s no harm in looking at the message. He can at least look at it. Ya can’t tell if he’s read his messages or not.

Sans takes a deep breath, pulling the old phone out and flipping it open.

**NewContact3: Where’d you go?**

Relief washes through him. Ya didn’t mention anything about it… Of course… That didn’t mean ya weren’t disgusted… Ya probably wouldn’t say nothin’ even if ya were… Ya never say anything… Ya always act like nothin’ bothers ya.

But what is he supposed to say back…? ‘Didn’t mean ta get turned on while I was talkin’ with ya! I’m goin’ through a heat right now n’ it makes me do that…’ Yeah… He can already see the evil smile spreading across your damn stupid face.

But he needs ta tell ya something… Ya know what glowin’ means for monsters, so he can’t jus’ brush it off. Besides… what else is he gonna do? Hide in his room for the rest’a the day like a damn wimp? He’s Sans the skeleton! He ain’t gonna hide from no damn stupid humans!
He could always tell ya he's sick again. That would work. Jus’ say he’s sick n’ his magic’s fucked up. Ya’ve been buyin’ it so far.

Sans sighs, staring at the message on his phone. The sooner he gets it over with, the better… N’ if he doesn’t hurry, ya might actually start thinkin’ shit like he’s inta ya…

Sans gathers his magic for a shortcut, ready to appear in your entryway and face you.

But nothing happens.

Sans’ sockets expand in panic. He’s taken two pills, but he should still be able to shortcut! Heats are mostly increased soul magic! All he did was suppress his obviously excessive output! He should still have plenty left.

Sans gather’s his magic again, building it longer this time. He feels the energy pulse beneath his bones, swirling as he holds it in. It’s dull, and the hum that usually picks up as his magic swells hardly changes, but it’s the best he’s got. Now, imagine the kitchen, the table, the couch! Go there!

Nothing happens.

Sans stands in the bathroom, sweating. Shit! SHIT! He listens at the door, still hearing the contractors working from his kitchen. Isn’t it getting late? Why are they still here?

They have a perfect view of the hallway from the kitchen. Unless he can find a way out of the bathroom without them seeing him, he’s trapped in here!

No! He refuses to sit in this shitty bathroom for the rest of the evening.

Sans gathers his magic a third time, waiting, still waiting. Damn, it’s hardly building. Fuck these stupid humans, all he wants to do today is lay in bed dammit!

When Sans feels like he’s finally reached a point where he can’t gather magic faster than the draining
effect of the pills, he attempts another shortcut. The kitchen, the couch, the door! Anything, just get him out of this damn bathroom!

He feels the familiar weightlessness as he moves through the void, and then…

There’s a tug against his spine, and his entire body lurches. Something’s off! There’s a small crunching sound, then a sharp pain goes up his spine. F-Fuck!

Sans opens his sockets slowly, hoping to to look out at your kitchen from his normal spot in the entryway. But that is not where he ended up. Instead, he’s looking out at his bedroom.

And something’s tugging at his spine.

No…. Fuck No! This can’t be happening!

Sans struggles to move, but he can’t. He drops his arms feeling them hit the wall beneath him as his body is tugged tight around the middle. He didn’t shortcut into his bedroom. He took a shortcut between your wall and his! Now his spine is stuck through the middle of a fuckin’ wall!

And with the feeling of being stuck… comes the awful knowledge that he won’t be taking a shortcut out of it any time soon.

Sans gulps, attempting to kick his legs and find some kind of footing on the other side. Nothing. His ass is held up too high for his feet to reach the floor. At most, he has the option to lean his hands across his slightly raised bed on his side of the wall.

“Sh-shit!” He mumbles as the wall presses in on him. It hurts. Even though he’s light, his spine isn’t built to support his weight like this. He pushes his hands against the bed, wriggling as he tries to relieve some of his weight that’s pressing on him.

This is the end, Sans laments. Any moment now… yer gonna find him… Any moment… yer fuckin’ laugh’s gonna come blasting through from the other side.

He waits, listening to the wall, holding himself up with his hands on his bed, but nothing happens.
Or ya started playin’ a fuckin’ game as soon as he left! How much do ya like games!?!?

His spine is pressed harder, and he writhes against the wall, trying to escape some of the pain.

He sighs… Even if ya don’t find him, it really is the end…

‘Why…?’ Is all he can ask himself as he reaches into his coat pocket, and pulls out his phone. Why!… As he flips it open and attempts to mash out a text clumsily with one hand.

WHY THE HELL DOES HE GOTTA ASK YA FOR HELP WHILE HE’S STUCK LIKE THIS! FUCK! This is the worst day of his life!

Sans sighs again, hitting send on his phone. Hating every moment of being in heat.

You round the corner to your kitchen, wondering nervously why Sans needs you in the hall. Did he teleport into his room? Is he gonna talk to you through his wall? Why is he gonna talk to you through his wall!?? You won’t be able to hear much from him anyway, what with all the banging going on. What’s he gonna say? He’s not gonna tell you something serious, is he!?? He left after glowing, and now he wants you in the hall! Sans, what’s going on!??!

You manage to make it a step into the hallway before you stop dead, staring.

Ah… so it’s just his ass… Nothing to get worked up about… Just a skeleton ass… hanging out of your wall… just Sans’ ass stuck in your wall… Just hanging skeleton ass… from your wall…

Wait… he’s not dead is he? Why is half of him sticking out of your wall!?!

“Skulls!?!?” You call nervously.
One of his legs twitches, his tiny clawed foot bumping lamely against the wall. “Y-Yeah…” He answers meekly back.

“HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!” The laughter comes roaring out of you, and you immediately brace yourself against the hallway wall, all strength gone.

“Shut the fuck up!” Sans whisper yells from the other side.

“How did you?.... Your butt! It’s in my wall! Skulls, your butt is hanging from my wall!” You nearly howl.

“I said! Shut the fuck up!” Sans snarls, still trying to keep his voice low.

You reach into your pocket, searching for your phone as you laugh. “Skulls! Your butt is in my wall! It’s just hanging there!” You practically cry at this point.

“I’m fully fuckin’ aware! Ya don’t need ta keep sayin’ it!”

“CLICK!”

You have your phone out, aimed at the hanging pelvis, attempting to add to your collection of vulnerable skeleton pictures.

“Did… Did’ja jus’ take a fuckin’ picture!??!” Sans snarls from the other side.

“N-No…”

“I heard yer phone!”

“Y-You didn’t hear anything…” You snort.
“Delete that!.” He yells.

“S-Skulls! Shhhhh! You need to be quiet.” You attempt to warn, all while taking another picture.

“I’LL FUCKIN’ KILL YA! DELETE THOSE PICTURES RIGHT THE FUCK NOW!!!”

The hammering in the kitchen stops, and you both go silent, listening for the contractors on the other side. A moment later the hammering starts again, and you let out your breath. That was a close one.

“Ya fuckin’ idiot! They almost heard us!” Sans whisper yells again.

“Then be quiet!” You giggle back.

“I am bein’ quiet! Stop takin’ pictures of my ass!”

“Just a few more…”

“No, no more! And delete what ya already have.”

“You do realize, I’m not the one stuck in a wall right now…”

Sans growls something incomprehensible on the other side.

“F-Fine, ya can keep one!” He snarls softly. “Now hurry up n’ get me outta here!”

“Five!” You state boldly.

“W-What?”

“I want five pictures.”
“One!” He snarls back.

“Five!” You say, smiling.

Sans goes quiet for a moment, thinking over your request.

“This ain’t a ‘weird situation picture’ like last time! It’s literally jus’ a picture of my ASS!” He growls. “How many damn pictures do ya need of it!”

“As many as I can get… Besides, your ass is cute!”

“In what way is my ass cute?! I don’t even fuckin’ have an ass!!!”

“Well…” You try to study the skeleton pelvis twitching and hanging out of your wall without laughing. How are his shorts even filled out like they are? He’s a skeleton! You’re about to mention this fact, but realize that may not go over well. Sans seemed a little touchy about the subject of his clothes somehow looking like they have more weight to them than they should.

“Maybe that’s what makes it so cute?” You answer, forcing your eyes away when you realize they’re going somewhere they probably shouldn’t. Don’t think about the glow… do not think about it!

“Fine! Th-Three! N’ that’s my final offer!” Sans sputters, wiggling his legs frustratedly.

“Deal!” You answer back.

You finish your last picture, taking your time to get a good angle, then pocket your phone.

“How did you even do this?” You ask, finally ready to look at him seriously as you try and figure out what to do. “I didn’t know you could teleport into walls.”

“I ain’t supposed ta! My magic’s jus’… b-bein’ shit right now…”
“So… you’re sick?” You ask, moving a little closer to the pelvis on the wall, trying to figure out how Sans is held up. “I was wondering if you ate something bad.” It’s hard to tell what’s going on, his shorts cover up most of what’s connected to the wall. “S-Skulls?” You ask, when he doesn’t say anything back.

“Y-Yeah, sure, whatever.” Sans sputters. “S’probably the closest thing ya could call ta bein’ sick like humans.”

You get the feeling he’s lying to you.

“Hmm…?” you say, rolling your eyes. “So you’re telling me you’re sick with something that gives you a random monster boner right after I tell you you’re funny.”

“THAT HAD NOTHIN’ TA DO WIT’CHA!” Sans snarls, his legs kicking angrily at your wall.

The hammering stops again, and you hear low voices talking back and forth.

“Skulls… you need to be quiet.” You whisper.

“Then don’t accuse me a’ shit! My magic’s jus’ fucked up right now! What happened before… i-it had nothin’ ta do wit’cha, ALRIGHT?!” ” He whisper yells back.

“Alright, alright, I get it!” You agree, trying to get him to be quiet.

“N don’t call it a boner either! I ain’t gotta fuckin’ dick!”

“I said monster boner!”

“I don’t ever wanna think about yer gross ass human genitals again!”

“Mmm hmm… sure… unless they’re on goat furries…” You say, smiling.
“S-Shuttup!”

You step closer to his backside, trying to examine where his pelvis connects to the wall. You can’t see how it’s connected, it’s like his butt is just suddenly hanging out from the wall.

“So… how do I even get you out of here…?” You ask.

Sans doesn’t respond.

“Skulls…?”

“…Yer gonna have ta break the wall down…” He says, resigned.

“What…?”

“The wall…” He repeats. “Yer gonna have ta break it…”

“That can’t be the only way!”

Sans sighs. “It is… this ain’t the first time this shit’s happened… Boss… always had ta cut me out.”

You try and get closer to him, but you can already smell that same scent from earlier. It’s not as strong, and in the back of your mind, you’re a little upset about that. What you can smell is pretty nice though.

You suddenly realize what you’re doing and move away. Don’t smell his butt! That’s incredibly creepy! You need to examine him without getting a face full of whatever that scent is. You don’t care what Sans says. He smells good, and it’s dangerous.

“How can you teleport into a wall and not be able to teleport out?” You ask, attempting to look at where he’s attached to the wall without getting close. It’s useless, unless you physically move him, you aren’t going to see anything.
“I told’ja I ain’t supposed ta! If I don’t focus right on where I’m goin’ n’ my magic’s actin’ up… then this happens… ‘Sides… didn’t I already say I can’t shortcut if I feel like I’m stuck?”

You tilt your head away from him, as far as possible away, as you reach out towards his bones. Maybe you can maneuver his pelvis away from the wall without breathing in anything. “What’s even holding you up?” You ask as your hand grasps lightly at his iliac crest.

Sans’ legs spasm, and he kicks heavily at the wall. “D-DON’T FUCKIN’ TOUCH MY ASS! WHAT THE HELL!!?” He snarls.

The hammering stops again, and you both pause, listening anxiously. The low voices talk back and forth, and you can almost make out a conversation about monsters. After an agonizing minute, the hammering start back up again, and you let out your breath. There’s a dent in the wall where his kick made contact.

“Skulls, you need to be quiet!” You whisper.

“D-Don’t touch my ass then!” He sputters.

“I’m just trying to look at the wall. And I touched you nowhere near where someone’s ass normally is, those are just your hip bones!”

“Doesn’t matter, don’t touch me!”

“How am I supposed to get you out without touching you?”

“J-Jus’... c-cut a hole out around me…”

“I’m still gonna have to touch you.”

“Ya can’t!” He says, and he sounds really worried.
“I’m not gonna touch where I shouldn’t! Geeze! I know where your spots are now, so I’ll just avoid them!”

“That doesn’t matter!” He says, still very worried.

You huff, feeling annoyed. “Skulls… do you want me to get you out of there, or not?”

He sighs on the other side, and you watch his legs droop uselessly in resignation. “F-Fine! But… o-only if ya have’ta… n’ make it quick!”

“I will.” You answer, and you step back up to the pelvis, making sure to keep your head far enough away that you can’t smell him.

You bring your hands to his iliac crests again. For a guy with no muscle reflex, you still feel his entire body stiffen. You pull at him gently, feeling your face heat a little as you do it. Why did he have to say something? Now you’re hyper aware of how you’re touching him and you feel awkward about the whole thing. Not to mention the fact that you can swear you hear him making strange noises on the other side.

You angle him away, the wall making scraping sounds as you move him, and you’re finally able to see his spine going through a hole of nearly the exact same size. His legs twitch uncomfortably, tapping against the wall, and you realize Sans is right, you’ll probably have to cut him out to free him.

“I’ll be right back.” You say, letting his pelvis go slowly so it doesn’t flop back heavily against the wall.

Sans doesn’t respond, so you walk away, going into the kitchen to grab one of the serrated knives from the block next to the stove. It’s the best thing you have for cutting away drywall at the moment. Then you walk to the sink and turn the faucet on, listening to it run.

Not enough.

You walk over to the television and turn it on to some random channel, and turn the volume up. It doesn’t matter what’s playing, it just has to make noise.
Still not enough.

You walk back down the hall, past Sans’ pelvis and open the closet. There’s a vacuum inside, and you get it out. Switching it on, the loud noise fills your apartment with static sound. It should be just enough, but you go into the bathroom anyway and open the faucet for both the bathtub, and sink just in case. You get back to Sans’ pelvis, still hanging from your wall. “I’m gonna cut you out now!” you shout, trying to be heard over the loud noises drowning your apartment.

“What!” Sans calls back.

“I said, I’m cutting you out now!”

“What!” Sans calls again.

You take a deep breath and drive the knife through the wall, Sans legs spasming when he notices what you’re doing. You saw at the drywall, rolling the blade in a circle you hope will be big enough to fit his pelvis through. The noises in your apartment drown out what you’re doing, and you hope it’s enough that the contractors can’t hear you. You make it halfway around Sans’ body, and reach out carefully with your other hand to move him. His pelvis is blocking the knife, and you need a little more room to cut him out safely.

Sans’ sockets expand when he feels your hand touching him. S-Shit! Can’t ya move him usin’ his legs or something! H-Hurry up! He closes his sockets as you put more pressure on his hips. Shit! Oh, Shit! Please don’t start glowing again! Fuck! He’s already taken two pills! Why are his bones still so sensitive? He flexes his legs, trying to focus on staying stiff instead of the soft human hand pushing against him. Don’t think about it! He’s gonna be free soon! Free of this fuckin’ wall! Yer hand touchin’ him doesn’t mean shit! Yer just gettin’ him outta the wall!

But wouldn’t it be kinda hot if you decided not to free him?

You could do anything you wanted to him in this position.

“N-NO!” Sans practically squeaks, but it’s too late, magic rushes to his bones, and he squirms against the wall trying to keep his soul under control.
You’re over halfway through cutting him out when the scent smashes into you like passing a fragrance shop in the mall. Your brain only has a moment to scream at you of the danger, before it completely blanks out. You stand frozen, bent over with a knife still embedded in the drywall under Sans.

Ah…

That’s a really nice glow. It’s so pretty.

You’re gonna bite him.

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy... Well... Is his boody doomed? Find out next time I decide to write another chapter.

Thank Alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter.

TheSkeletonGames Tumblr

Sidestories are here The Skeleton Games Sidequests
Vamp-Chan takes on the Underground The Skeleton Games Dungeon Crawler
Want to see Red as a bitty? A Bitty Horror
Delicious, finally some good fucking food!

Chapter Summary

Swiggity swooty, you’re fangs are coming for that booty.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Your hand is the first thing to move. You were using it to hold Sans’ pelvis to the side and out of the way, but you’ll get back to that later. You release his weight, breathing out as you let him flop back into place. If he’s saying something, you can’t hear it. The noise from everything you’ve turned on in your apartment drowns out any sounds he could be making on the other side.

Your eyes go to the glow coming from his crotch, watching it shine through his clothes, almost begging to be released. It really is a shame how you can’t see it fully... you should do something about that. You trace your fingers along the waistband of his shorts, noticing how the elastic band hugs his hips, holding them up.

They’re in the way…

So you curl your fingers around the material and in one quick motion, yank the entire thing off.

A high pitched screech faintly sounds from the other side of the wall, but you can’t make out any words amid the noises filling your apartment. Sans starts squirming against the wall, and you watch him hungrily through the haze building in your head.

It’s the first time you’ve seen him in those heart print boxers, and for a brief moment, you feel yourself wrest back some self control. You can’t believe he wears these, they look ridiculous. But your hand is already traveling up his left femur, as you consider the thick leg bone.

It wouldn’t be a bad choice. It’s smooth, and offers plenty of room for biting. Your eyes go back to that glow at his crotch… technically, it’s the better option… but... that would be rude wouldn’t it…? This is… your friend. You’re not doing something bad. He’s just sick, and you’re gonna help him feel better. Nothing wrong with that. You’re just... helping him out.

You continue rubbing your hand across his femur, taking a moment to make up your mind. The glow from his heart boxers brightens again, and you feel the heat pulsing from him as the scent around him thickens. It’s so pretty. Why can’t humans look this nice when you’re trying to bite them? Why can’t they smell this nice? Why can’t they be this nice?

You push up the only material still covering his leg, exposing his bone all the way to the joint at his hip. You pause for a moment, studying it. It’s so odd… this is how his legs connect to his body?

As you look, you notice a faint trace of magic moving between the bones, and you drag your finger across in awe. The glow dances along your skin, giving off heat as the skeleton before you shudders.

Sans is completely silent now. He’s stopped wiggling and squirming, and instead holds his body
rigidly as though he’s waiting for you to do something. Through the thick haze in your head, you find yourself feeling surprised he isn’t trying to stop you at all.

That can only mean one thing.. right?. He’s fine with it... Hurry up and bite him!

You lick your lips, feeling your teeth lengthening in your mouth. Your eyes travel back to his femur, picking a smooth place that almost seems to be sparkling as it draws you in. You lean closer, feeling that delicious scent intensify as you loom over him. It’s everywhere, inside you, surrounding you as it seems to be the very air itself. Your head swims with it, and you can feel your eyes burn as they begin to glow.

Bite him!

But what about his HP…? He’s only got one...

You hesitate, but for only a fraction of a second. He’ll be fine. He wouldn’t smell this way if he wouldn’t be fine... Besides, if he didn’t want you to bite him, he’d be kicking you in the face right now. He wants you to do it. You’re just gonna take a little.

Bite him!

You give the material on his boxers an extra push, making sure they’re completely up and out of the way.

Bite him!!

You lean over his femur, the familiar hum of his bones dancing at your lips. Your mouth parts and you lick heavily across the bone, tasting his heat, his sweat. The vibrations of his body travel through you, and you enjoy the feeling of him against your mouth. Who knew bones could be so warm and alive? It’s like the energy of the world itself is flowing through you, and you can’t get enough of it.

You lick your selected spot clean, making sure he’s properly ready for you before jumping right in. His scent is nearly driving you crazy. It’s there, right under your lips. You feel it circulating, vibrating through him at a thousand miles per hour. Building hotter, and thickening the air around you. You need it. You’re going to have it! It’s yours!

As you’re looking down on your prey, all of your senses ablaze, you hear the doorbell cut through the sounds of your apartment like a scream on the wind.

“Ding dong!”

You clutch at Sans’ leg, glaring down the hallway. Go away! You’re busy! Why is everything trying to stop you!?!

You open your mouth again, ready to bite down… How is this gonna work anyway? Can you even bite through bone? His femurs are pretty thick… You’ll worry about that later! Can’t you smell it?! Of course it’ll work!

“Ding dong!”

Wait… didn’t you order Grillby’s? Is that’s who’s at your door?
Ignore it... Who needs food when you already have something so delicious...

“Ding dong!!”

Ignore the door and bite him! Why haven’t you done it yet?

You hesitate… feeling something hold you back. A small voice, screaming at you from somewhere far away. Telling you to stop. But you can’t stop! You can’t! You’re so close! You need this. You need to take this!

That’s when you hear a different sound, it’s deep and comes from the bone you’re currently holding. Sans’ soul gives off a large rumbling growl, and you feel it travel through his entire body, alerting you to the fact that he still hasn’t eaten...

He needs food, not you! Don’t bite him! Hurry up and answer the door!

With the small burst of self control you’ve somehow regained, you snap your mouth shut and push him away, stumbling as you back into the opposite side of the hallway.

“I-I’m… I’m coming!” You shout as soon as you’re out of range, running for the door. Your bag is sitting on the table, and you reach inside, looking for the bills to pay for the food.

You open the door and are greeted by an impatient wolf muzzle, glaring down as Ice Wolf holds out a bag.

“S-Sorry! I was… i-in the middle of cleaning!” You say, having to shout over the noises still going on in your apartment.

He nods silently, his eyes roaming the kitchen behind you as he takes the bills from your hand.

“Sans?” He asks, looking past you.

“H-He’ll be over soon… He’s just… b-busy!” You feel your face heating. No, it’s on fire. What have you done? Oh stars, what have you done!??

“Ice Wolf says hi.” The wolf growls again, nodding. “He is missed from Grillby’s.”

“R-Right! I’ll tell him that for you.” You say, getting impatient.

“I will say it tonight.”

“That’s great Ice! But I need to get back to cleaning!”

The wolf parts his lips, showing off his teeth in that horrific smile of his.

“Later!” You call, shutting the door before he can say anything else. You let out a breath, clutching the bag of Grillby’s takeout as you lean against the door.

You are so dead!

You just pulled off your friend’s pants, pushed up his underwear, and licked his leg. Femur… Whatever! It doesn’t matter! He’s going to be pissed! You can’t go around pulling off someone’s
pants and licking them! Especially without their consent!

You need to apologize right now! How could you lose control like this? You haven’t done that in years! You’ve been careful to feed on a set schedule and always make sure to use your powers minimally. You hate losing control! Losing control is the worst, and losing control on Sans... He's your friend. The one who knows what you are. The one who accepts you. At least lose control on someone you don’t care about. You can’t even wipe his memory! What are you doing!?!?

You bring a hand up to your lips, pressing against them as you rearrange your thoughts. It’s that smell’s fault! For some reason it’s messing with you… making you feel like the very air around him is comfortable and filled with something delicious. Actually… now that you think about it, is it really a scent you’re smelling? It almost seems like you aren’t smelling him, but… sensing something instead. What’s going on? You’ve been near him plenty of times before! What’s different this time?

Suddenly you hear the door in Sans’ apartment open. Low voices carry from the kitchen on the other side of the wall. Then you hear heavy footsteps leading out of the door, down the stairs, and away.

They’re gone.

Finally the contractors are gone.

You sigh and close your eyes, making up your mind. It’s now or never… may as well get this over with before things get any worse.

One by one, you turn off every appliance and faucet you had running, avoiding eye contact with the hanging pelvis as you walk past. Sans still hasn’t said anything, and unless he starts shouting, you’re gonna turn everything off first before talking to him.

Once you’ve finished quieting things back down, you stand in the hallway, keeping a good distance away from Sans.

“H-hey... uh... S-Skulls...?” You call in a soft voice.

He doesn’t respond.

“The... contractors left...” You say, a little louder this time. “I-I’m gonna get you out now... okay?” You want to apologise, but you can’t bring yourself to say it, not yet. All you can do is focus on what you need to do. Get him out of there first, then you’ll apologise.

He still doesn’t respond, but you decide to proceed anyway. Taking a deep breath, you step up to the semicircle cut you’ve made in the wall. As you approach Sans’ hanging pelvis, you can already sense that strange smell, that strange feeling trying to take you over. You’re hardly breathing in, so this confirms your suspicions. You decide it would be better to get this over with quickly before you lose control again. Like ripping off a bandaid, you grip at the circular cut in the drywall and tear Sans entirely from the wall.

He bounces to the floor, bits of the wall raining down on him. There’s still a good chunk of drywall stuck around his middle, making him look like he’s wearing some kind of horribly misshapen sheetrock tutu. You’re about to start laughing, but stop when you notice the deep claw marks running along the front of it.

Sans stares off into the distance after landing, his entire face is glowing vibrantly, and he refuses to
meet your eyes. You clench your hands when you realize just how difficult this conversation’s going to be. Better get to it, you don’t want him leaving before you’ve had a chance to say anything.

“The… uh… contractors left… so I thought… May as well just get you out faster.” You say, bringing a foot off the ground to scratch at your other leg. This is the worst. You are the worst.

Sans flinches at your movement, but continues to look straight ahead, his face as expressionless as ever.

“Um… Ice Wolf came by with your order. He said they haven’t see you much at Grillby’s… You’re still hungry… right?”

Sans remains quiet, and you look around the hall awkwardly. Just answer, Skulls! You can’t apologise if he doesn’t answer! Your eyes fall on something on the floor, and before you can stop yourself, you blurt out the next thing you think of.

“I left your shorts on the floor by the way…” Someone please shut you up!

Sans turns his head silently, looking for the pair of shorts. His hand moves, grabbing the material and pulling it over to himself.

“Um… maybe we should get the drywall off before you put those back on.”

You take a step towards him, and he flinches again, his eyelights darting towards you. Your stomach drops when you see the look in his sockets. He looks scared.

“Sorry…” You say quietly. “I’m-“

“What the hell were ya...” He trails off, looking down, before growing in confidence. “What were ya doin’!?!” He snaps, a low rumbling growl backing up the bite of his words.

You look away, trying to ignore the glow still shining through his clothes. That glow is dangerous, and you’re glad you’re standing a good distance away from him. Then you open your mouth, close it, and open it again.

“I’m really sorry!” You say, clapping your hands together. “I didn’t mean to. I should have realised there was something wrong with how you smelled earlier, and made sure to be careful. It just happened so quickly, I didn’t have the chance to think before it was too late, and then I was pulling your shorts off, and I was licking your leg, and it tasted good... But, I did stop myself… a-and…” You take a deep breath. “I’m really sorry for trying to bite you!” You say loudly. “I swear I won’t ever do it again!”

Sans’ sockets widen, and his eyelights travel up your face. The glowing spots on his body dim until you can hardly see them through his clothes. “Ya…. ya were tryin’ ta bite me…?” He asks, looking confused.

“I swear I didn’t do it on purpose!”

“...Huh…” He says lamely, but he seems relieved.

“Wait…? What did you think I was doing…?”
Sans’ sockets dart away from you, and he grabs his jacket, zipping it up to cover the glow that’s threatening to intensify once again from his chest. “G-Gettin’ me out… right?”

“Yeah… but when you felt that on your leg… what else would I be-”

“Ya were jus’ tryin’ ta get me out!” He says, louder this time.

“But when I-”

Sans hobbles to his feet clumsily, the tutu of drywall making it difficult for him. “I-I don’t fuckin’ know, alright! I thought’cha were jus’ tryin’ ta get me out!!” He tugs at the drywall still held around his middle, but it doesn’t budge. He can’t even look you in the eye. He’d thought for sure that… What else was he supposed to think when ya suddenly ripped his pants off! I-It wasn’t his fault! He’s in heat! Of course he’s gonna think that when he’s...

“Wait! Ya were tryin’ ta bite me!” Sans says, snapping his head around to face you.

“Didn’t I just say-”

“What the hell!” He growls, stepping back.

“I said I didn’t mean to!”

“The fuck r’ ya tryin’ ta bite me for? I’m a monster, I ain’t got any blood!”

“I know! But…” You struggle to explain yourself. “You’ve been smelling really nice all evening, and when you started… uh… g-glowing I… My head just sort of…” You sigh, deciding to get straight to the point. “Skulls, right now, something about you is making me want to bite you, and I can’t control it.”

“I-I told’ja, there ain’t nothin’ different!” He says, his face reddening just from you mentioning his glow. “I smell the same… n’ I…” His sockets widen as he trails off. “Ya… ya said ya smelled it on my bro?” He asks suddenly.

“Yeah…?”

“When?”

“Yesterday. He gave me a hug and… it wasn’t as strong as yours, but the smell was really similar. Actually… I’m not entirely sure if it’s a smell or-”

“Boss hugged ya!” Sans says raising his brows.

“Yeah… I was surprised too. Your brother is actually-”

“N-Nevermind that!” Sans shakes his head. “Did’ja smell it on anyone else?”

You stop and think for a moment. “Um… Muffet also had it a little…"

“What about Undyne!?” He asks, sweat forming on his skull.

You think back on Undyne. You hadn’t smelled it on her… She’d been all over you yesterday,
putting her arm around your shoulders, slapping your back, even grabbing, and threatening to kill you right up in your face, but you hadn’t smelled anything from her at all.

“Um… no… she didn’t.”

You expect Sans to reconsider whatever idea he had forming, but instead, his sockets grow even wider.

“…S-Shit…” He mutters.

“What! What is it?!?”

“N-Nothin’.” He says quickly, the sweat increasing on his skull.

“Skulls! This is important! I need to know why I suddenly find monsters so delicious smelling that I get the urge to bite them!”

“I-It’s nothin’!” He says, continuing to sweat.

“Skulls!”

“P-Pass!” He snarls.

“Skulls!”

“I ain’t tellin’ ya shit!”

“I need to know!!!”

“Well I ain’t gonna tell ya!”

You huff in annoyance. Now he’s adding on another thing he won’t tell you, but you aren’t going to let this one go. If you feel like biting monsters, you need to know why, and how to avoid it. He can keep his secrets about the underground, and monster programing language, and sex, and everything else, but you need to know why monsters smell like something delicious all of the sudden.

Wait a minute…

You pause, realizing there’s something else monsters have been mentioning, but refusing to tell you lately.

“Skulls…?” You say, slowy, your eyes narrowing as a smile forms at your lips. “Does this have something to do with seasons…?”

Sans freezes in place, hands still fumbling on both sides of the tutu as more sweat forms across his skull.

“N-No…!” He mutters.

“It does! Skulls! What is going on with you and the other monsters!?!?”

“Fuck off! I don’t gotta say shit!” He growls.
“I knew it was something sexual! You’re running around with a monster boner and everything!”

“I already told’ja not ta call it that!”

You stand in place smirking down at Sans as you organize your thoughts. He has medicine for seasons, and according to Papyrus and Undyne, it’s something that happens during a set timeframe. So it’s a timeframe where he glows uncontrollably, feels awful, and has a hard time controlling his magic. Heh... it almost sounds like...

Your eyes widen as you remember a brief conversation you had with Sans while working a past haunt shift. A conversation you had about…

“No way…. Skulls! I-Is this…! A-Are you?!...” Your mouth actually drops as you put everything together. “You’re in heat!?!”

Sans’ face is completely on fire now. “Sh-Shuttup! That ain’t it!” He snarls, but he can’t look you in the face at all.

“I didn’t think about it much when you said it back then, but I should have!” You smile in triumph, feeling proud of your deduction skills. “That’s why you’re glowing so much!”

“Fuck off!!!”

You continue smiling proudly, before suddenly realizing something else.

“Wait… you’re a boy… right?”

Sans furrows his brows, eyelights finally able to look you in the face. “The hell does that have to do with anything’?”

“Shouldn’t it be called a rut?”

“Ya don’t need a different word, it’s the same for everyone!” He snaps.

“Oh… huh…?” Maybe this is why you disregarded what he said about heats earlier. You thought he was only referring to female monsters. “Wait! Why do I like the smell…?”

Sans sighs in defeat, ducking into the fur of his jacket as he glares in another direction. Ya already know, and there ain’t nothing he can do about it now. “I-I don’t know, Alright! I though’cha said ya drank blood! How the hell can’ya smell heats when it doesn’t even gotta smell?”

“Mmm… It’s not really a smell, it’s more like… I can tell there’s something good going on.”

Sans makes a face. “It’s a fuckin’ heat ya sicko! There ain’t nothin’ good about heats! Why would ya like that!?!?”

“I don’t know… It’s just like... you feel really nice to be around right now...”

Sans’ face scrunches even further in disgust. “Don’t’cha dare bite me!” He warns.

“I won’t! It’s only a problem when I get close to you!”
He glares at you, studying your face as though he’s trying to decide if you’re telling the truth. Suddenly, he makes up his mind, and presses his hands on both sides of the drywall around his spine, snapping it in half. He rips the pieces away from himself, dumping them on the floor before breathing out a sigh of relief.

“M’ fuckin’ starving…” He states, before shoving his legs back into his shorts, turning around, and marching down the hall.

You follow after him, careful to keep a good distance away, only sitting once he’s already taken a seat himself. He unpacks his meal, hardly looking at it as he instantly digs in. You watch him eat for a moment, before looking away. You need to stop imagining that glow. Don’t think about it, not how it looks, not how it feels. You’re going to have to be careful… at least… until it’s over…

“So… how long are you gonna be all horny and glowy for?” You ask, watching him shove half his mustard-dripping burger behind his teeth.

Sans chokes on the food, almost spitting it across the table. “Y-Yer really gonna ask me about this?! While I’m fuckin’ eatin’?!?”

“It’s important… I need to know how long this is going to last!”

He grabs the bottle of mustard in front of him and gulps it down, stopping his coughing before digging back into his burger.

“S’about three… four days… usually…” He mutters.

“You’re gonna have a permanent monster boner for four days?!”

Sans starts coughing again.

“I told’ja not ta call it that!” He snaps.

“What should I call it, then?”

“M’ jus’… in heat s’all.”

“Yeah, but the glow.”

“S’jus’ a glow cause my magic’s stronger! It ain’t a boner n’ I ain’t gonna glow the whole time!”

You know for a fact it isn’t just ‘stronger magic.’ He wouldn't be so embarrassed about it if that was all it was.

“Ya’know… you didn’t need to hide this from me. It’s just your biology. If you’d told me about it earlier, I would have understood about touching you, and what was going on and everything…”

He glares back. “Tch… Maybe it’s cause I knew ya’d make a big deal about it…” He grumbles.

“It is a big deal. You’re glowing all over the place.”

“I ain’t glowin’ right now!” He growls back. “N’ normally I don’t glow this much… s’jus’…”
stronger than I’m use ta…” He says, looking away.

You smirk. “Are you sure it isn’t cause you like it when I say you’re funny?”

Sans coughs again. “This is why I don’t tell ya nothin’!” He growls, before stuffing more of the burger behind his teeth. “Cause ya always gotta say shit like that!” Mustard drips down his face, but he doesn’t seem to notice. He’s eating faster than normal today, hardly enjoying any of the food before it disappears somewhere in that skull of his.

“So… you can get pregnant right now?”

Sans sprays his burger across the table this time. “NO! WHAT THE HELL!” He snarls, wiping at his reddening face. “Monsters don’t get pregnant, dumbass.” He glares, before taking another gulp of mustard. “We don’t do crazy shit like storin’ livin’ people inside us ta reproduce! That’s fer cellular weirdo’s, not monsters.”

“That’s usually what going into heat means!”

“Tch…” He closes his sockets. “All it means is that our magic’s ready ta have a kid if we do shit right!!!”

You feel yourself stiffen as Sans edges ever closer to telling you exactly what you want to know.

“And… um…” You say, looking around nervously. “What does… uh… doing shit right mean…”?

Sans mashes the last of his burger behind his teeth before sticking his messy fingers inside one at a time as he cleans them off.

“It means,” He says, smirking. “We do a little magic jig, n’ give each other a handshake.”

“Skulls! No! I need to know!” You whine, leaning on the table.

“Sounds like a problem that ain’t mine!” He growls, thrusting his claws into the large container of mustard-drenched fries in front of him and dumping a huge handful into his mouth.

“At least tell me the clinical version. You don’t have to go into full detail, just tell me the basics.”

Sans’ grin stretches, watching you cry on the table. “I ain’t gotta tell ya nothin’!” He says, finishing the last of his food. “N’ as far as I’m concerned… ya already got the clinical version.”

You let go of Sans’ hand at the same time you let go of your breath. He immediately steps back, making sure to stand at the distance you both agreed upon. The haunt shift had mostly gone well. Surprisingly, Sans’ slightly glowing red face seemed to make him scarier to the guests. His puns were top class tonight, and you found yourself trying your best not to laugh at some of the better ones. This only spurred him on, and even after the shift was over, he’s still telling them.

“Come’on… I know that last one really lifted yer spirits.” He snickers, leaning against your table chair.
“Skulls! No, you are banned from puns!”

“What… scared they’ll haunt ya fer the rest a’ the night…?”

“You’re done! No more haunting!”

“Ya know they’re… spooktacular!”

“GOODNIGHT!” You practically scream, walking down the hallway, ignoring him.

Sans yawns, running his eyelights over you one last time before giving a deft wave and taking a shortcut into his own apartment.

“Night…” He mumbles, ending up in his room. He’s halfway through taking off his coat when he looks up and locks eyes with you once again.

“Heh… uh… what are we gonna do about this…?” You say awkwardly, staring at him through the large hole now connecting his room to your hallway.

Sans shrugs, too tired to put up a fight at this point. “I’ll jus’ sleep inna spare room till it’s fixed.” He says lazily.

“But what about my couch??” You say, almost offended.

“What about it…?” He answers back.

“Skulls, it’s so comfortable! You know it is!”

Sans yawns. “Pass…” He answers lazily.

“But-”

“No butts !” Sans grumbles. “The last time I let ya near mine, it nearly bit me in the ass.”

You stare back at him, almost astonished he could say something like that. “I… I didn’t… I told you it was an accident!”

“That was a pretty big ass -ident if ya ask me. Do I gotta wear garlic guard ta keep ya from biting me next time.”

“I can’t believe you’re joking about this!”

Sans’ grin only grows, and some of that permanent color spreads heavier across his face.

“It’s a coping mechanism…” He says gleefully. “Besides… S’too late fer ya now, girly! Fangs ta yer cute little confession earlier, I know jus’ how much ya love um!”

You open your mouth to respond, but Sans has already disappeared, his shower water running a second later. You stare into his messy room, surprised, but feeling much better. Sans seemed so scared about what you did earlier, but if he can joke about it, that means he still trusts you.
You take your own shower, washing the sweat out of your hair after a long night of working under a mask. You lay in bed a few hours later, staring at the ceiling as you wait for sleep.

But all you can think about is the taste of skeleton bones.

Chapter End Notes

If you can't sleep because of tasty bones, just think about how difficult it must be for Sans.

Thank Alphagodith who helped me edit this chapter.

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