A Matter of Intent

by Ravvi

Summary

Gaster decides to test the importance of intent in monster sexuality.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
Deep Breaths

It was easiest when he could make himself numb to all this, could turn away from the pain and block out the humiliation. When he could remake himself into an inanimate object, just another piece of lab property. A table didn’t have to care. A chair wouldn’t mind that it was used.

An object didn’t feel so painfully empty inside, like nothing in its life would ever matter. It didn’t have to feel at all.

“Contact between monsters is highly dependent on intent,” Gaster explained as he set a tray of tools near the examination table. “Especially concerning contact with souls.”

Sans’ jaw ached from being pried open a touch too wide by the hard, rubber stopper, and the vinyl cover on the table was cold against his bones. He wiggled a little, but wasn’t able to ease the stiffness already settling into his joints from being forced to lie there completely naked with his arms above his head, legs parted and wrists and ankles strapped firmly into place.

“Objects have no intent, and while they can provide stimulation,” Gaster held up a small, plastic rectangle, plugging a thin wire into the side “There are aspects of touch that should be impossible to achieve without actual contact.”

Sans’ breath hitched as Gaster casually reached into his rib cage and pressed the rectangle to the underside of his sternum. With his free hand, he firmly bound it in place with a strip of tape, winding the white adhesive between his third and fourth ribs.

Sans fought down the desire to squirm. That felt…really weird. The wire tickled as it trailed out of him and back to the tray, and the tape pulled against his ribs whenever he took a breath. It made his chest feel tight, and the slight rub of the box on the sensitive bone inside his chest was incredibly distracting. Sans hadn’t realized before how much he relied on breathing to stay calm whenever Gaster was experimenting with him. Grinding his teeth into the gag, he forced himself to keep taking slow, even breaths.

In…this doesn’t matter…

Out…this won’t last forever…

In…

Gaster repeated the process all down the underside of his sternum, then moved to his pelvis and legs. Sans turned his head away, trying not to feel or react to the light touches and pull of tape across parts of him he didn’t want to think about Gaster touching.

“And now to test the theory,” Gaster murmured. Sans jolted when he felt a finger press into the groove of his pubic symphysis and gently stroke downward toward his pelvic inlet. A garbled squawk escaped the gag as he unsuccessfully tried to pull away.

“Paying attention now?” Gaster mused, continuing to slide his fingers back and forth as his other hand explored the holes in Sans’ ischium.

Sans’ face burned as he felt the fingers press more insistently into him, then turned away. Gaster watched intently, then switched his attention from Sans’ ischium to his tailbone. Sans jumped at the sudden change, and his slow, even breaths quickly dissolved into a mess of uneven gasps. Slowly, the bone beneath Gaster’s fingers began to warm, flushing dark blue as Sans’ magic unconsciously
responded to the stimuli.

“Good boy,” Gaster murmured, continuing to tease at the fused joints of Sans’ tailbone with gentle friction. Sans choked something out around the gag that might have been a curse, and Gaster chuckled.

“And I thought you’d appreciate the break from more painful experiments,” he said. “If you don’t like this, then stop trying to check out. You’ll get aroused faster if you pay attention.

Sans didn’t want to PAY ATTENTION. He wanted to throw Gaster off a Hotland bridge and watch him burn to death in the lava. He wanted to blast him into a greasy smear, then blast the greasy smear into a cloud of dust, he wanted-

Something jerked his chin up, and forced him to look down at himself. Little white boxes were taped along the inside of his upper femurs, and around the large vertebra that connected his spine to his sacrum. The interior of his pelvic girdle had been left bare, providing him with an unobstructed view as blue magic began to collect inside his pelvis and between his legs, swelling against his sacrum and pelvic inlet. Sans watched, mortified, as it began to coalesce faster, pressing into his joints and swirling restlessly as though it were aware of being watched. He jerked his head, trying to dislodge the hand construct that Gaster had summoned, but it was holding him too tightly.

“You see?” Gaster smirked. Sans blushed, the colour spreading across his cheekbones and down the back of his neck in a flush of bright blue. “Your body will respond much more rapidly if your mind is engaged.” He gently dipped his fingers into the pooling magic. Sans arched back with a whimper, closing his eyes. The hand holding his chin gave him a little shake.

“Closing your eyes won’t help. You’re only making this harder for yourself,” Gaster tutted, teasing at the magic. It swirled around his fingers, condensing on the inside of Sans’ pelvic girdle in tiny, slick droplets. He rubbed the lubrication across Sans’ pubic symphysis and tailbone, earning a full-body shudder as the magic continued to collect.

Sans swallowed down another whimper as the fingers alternated between rubbing his bones and pressing into his magic, insistent and demanding. This wasn’t the first time Gaster had wanted him aroused for one of his experiments, but he usually used aphrodisiacs, or drugs that induced his heat cycle. Not…this. This was so much worse than being force-fed cocktails that pushed his body into doing things he had no control over. The feeling of those hands pressing, stroking, invading him was brutally personal as they encouraged his unwilling twitches, attentive to every hitch of breath, every choked squeak and moan that he couldn’t swallow back down.

God, he didn’t want this. He wanted to be left alone, to stay in that dark, safe place in his mind where he didn’t have to care.

Gaster dipped his fingers into Sans’ magic again, coaxing the tentative rocking of Sans’ hips as he reluctantly began to crumble into the pleasure. A pale light sparked in Sans’ chest cavity, then faded as his soul flickered. Gaster smiled, keeping his motions gentle and rhythmical. Not much longer now…

Sans jerked on the restraints, protestations garbled by the rubber stopper. Why the hell was his soul trying to manifest? What had Gaster done to him to make that happen? All he was doing was feeling him up, this shouldn’t be having this much of an effect on him! Sans squirmed and pulled his knees inward, trying to slip out of the ankle straps. Gaster persistently kept his hands in place as he struggled, letting Sans push himself into the fingers stroking the underside of his pubic symphysis.

Sans moaned softly as a rush of soothing warmth spread across his pelvis from the point of contact,
then quickly choked back the sound with horrified humiliation. Gaster paused for a moment, smiled knowingly, then stroked him more firmly. Sans could barely hold back from arching into the contact as Gaster’s motions quickly became harder and faster. The warmth spread further, followed by little flutters of pleasure that left his bones achingly sensitive, and increasingly eager for contact despite his bleak, soul-crushing self disgust. Why? Why didn’t he have more self-control than this? Had he really gotten so desperate for pleasure that this was getting him off?

Maybe he had. He was so, so tired of hurting all the time. So...goddamn...tired.

His chest began to glow as his soul appeared behind his ribs, throbbing in time with the hands stroking his pelvis. Sans bit back a sob as the sensations suddenly doubled in intensity. It was impossible now to pull his mind away from the pleasure slowly winding him up, to hold back from the touches intent on pushing him to climax. He felt more than realized that he’d let his knees fall apart, that he was now rutting shamelessly into the fingers delving into his pelvic inlet, willing them to go deeper.

“That’s it. Now…” Gaster reached forward and lightly touched Sans on the chest.

Through the haze of stimulation, Sans heard a muted ‘ting.’ He gasped and flinched hard, feeling as though he’d suddenly been doused in ice water.

“Calm down,” Gaster shushed over Sans’ muffled shrieks of panic as he pulled Sans’ soul from his chest. Sans immediately quieted, eyes wide and expression terrified, breathing in sharp, shallow pants. His magic had all but dissipated from the shock, but that didn’t matter. Not now that Gaster had his soul.

This was going to go so much faster now.
“As I said before, contact is dependent on intent,” Gaster mused. He curled his fingers around the glowing soul, folding them closed as though catching a butterfly. The blue glow faded into a soft, white radiance as he released his magic, and Sans shuddered visibly.

“All sensations are magnified when the soul is exposed,” he continued, examining the glowing shape through the holes in the palms of his hands. It shrank away from his fingers, keeping as much distance between itself and the bones caging it as possible, mirroring its owner’s reluctance and fear.

Slowly, he began pulling his hands closed around the soft, heart-shaped construct. Sans’ eyes fixed on him, eyelights contracting to pinpricks. The rubber of the gag creaked as he clenched his jaw.

“For example, if my intent is to hurt you,” Gaster gently pressed his hands to the soul. The second his palms made contact, Sans head jerked backward, knees and elbows pulling toward his body as he thrashed against the straps and screamed. It burned, oh god, everything was on fire, he was dying, this was killing him, he WANTED to die, makeitstopMAKEITSTOP…

Gaster pulled his hands back and Sans instantly went limp, panting raggedly. A low, broken whimper made it past the gag as he shivered, eyes tightly shut. “A touch with that kind of intent is extremely painful.”

Oh god, no, no, no…

Sans’ thoughts were an even split between panicked screeching and dread over what Gaster had planned for him. His soul had been taken only once before, and then Sans had barely been conscious, half dead and burning with fever from a plague that had swept through New Home. He didn’t remember much of it. Bright lights, someone tilting his head back, forcing something into his mouth, and rubbing the underside of his jaw until he’d swallowed…

Someone pressing a needle into his soul, the surface of the pillowy shape resisting penetration for a long moment before the tip pierced the surface...

And then…

When Sans had recovered enough to wonder why he was being kept in an isolated room with a locked door, he’d found that he no longer had control over his magic. His bones stayed together, he could move, his voice worked, and his tongue still conjured itself whenever he put something in his mouth, but that was the extent of it. Bone constructs, something he used to be able to summon in his sleep, now eluded him. Reaching for soul magic and shortcuts felt like trying to move a limb he had lost. Even something as basic as conjuring flesh only worked sporadically, apart from his tongue. His body seemed content to
collect magic around his pelvis and legs without actually forming sex organs.

Whatever Gaster had done to his soul had stripped his magic down to the bare essentials. He was terrified that he was about to lose those next.

Gaster folded his fingers around the soul again and Sans flinched, entire body tensed against further pain. Gaster smiled, watching with interest as the trapped soul quivered between his fingers. “All this is already well known, of course. It’s less clear whether objects, which lack intent, are capable of causing pain,” he pressed his hands into Sans’ soul again. Sans started, then fell back into the table with a little moan, eyelights rolling up and tension draining from his body. A blue flush spread across his cheekbones, and he whimpered softly as he felt magic begin to pool between his legs. “Or pleasure.”

Sans was done. He didn’t want to deal with any of this anymore. He didn’t want to feel at all, much less be forced to feel at the whim of this sick bastard.

“Oh, don’t look so sad,” Gaster chuckled, sending a hand construct to tip Sans’ face toward him. His subject’s eyelights were dim and he was shivering, chin painted with saliva that had welled up behind the gag. “I could have decided to test for pain. Be glad I decided the risk was too high.”

Moving slowly and keeping his hands where Sans could see them, he pressed his fingers into the soul.

“Mmnh,” Sans groaned, trying to curl away from the skeleton standing over him, hating how good the surge of relief and soothing warmth felt as it pulsed through his body.

Gaster slowly began rubbing the surface of the soft shape with small, circular motions. Sans shuddered, gasping raggedly as he pressed his eyes closed.

“Watch,” Gaster demanded.

Sans dragged his eyes upward, body responding to every stroke with a little twitch. As the fingers lingered, Sans began to feel a little of Gaster seeping through the connection. Not much, he was keeping his mind well shielded from Sans’ soul, but just enough to sense…

Satisfaction. Warm satisfaction. Gaster literally had him in the palm of his hand, had him coming apart under his fingers. He wanted to see what he looked like spread open, gasping, wet, and desperate for pleasure. Wanted to see his stubborn apathy completely broken, wanted him so far gone that he begged for more.

Pale, translucent liquid began to well up under Gaster’s fingers as Sans’ soul responded to the desire slowly being rubbed into its surface. He switched from circles to short strokes, letting the motions become quicker, rougher as his fingers slid through the fluid.

“Hnngh,” Sans spluttered around the gag as the magic swirling around his pelvis began to condense, dripping down his legs and onto the table. Gaster redirected his hand construct to Sans’ pelvis, pressing a finger into the magic swirling at his pelvic inlet. Sans whimpered, bucking roughly into it. Gaster added a second finger, watching as Sans’ body coated them with thick, clinging strands of blue. Despite the stimulation and Sans’ obvious arousal, his magic still refused to form.

Gaster smiled, and pressed deeply into Sans’ soul until he could feel the tiny nub of the implant buried inside. Preventing Sans from forming his own genitalia was an interesting side effect. The implant was only intended to block conscious use of magic. Skeletons typically copulated directly through their souls, forming sexual organs only for pleasure and foreplay. Apparently, there was just
enough conscious control needed to form them that the implant intercepted the message. Well, that was solved easily enough…

Gaster pressed his thumb into Sans’ soul, feeding a little of his own magic into the construct. Sans shuddered, moaning as something finally connected deep inside his being. His magic instantly coalesced into a pussy, lips swollen and slick with need.

God he was sensitive. He wasn’t sure how long Gaster had had him now, but, intentionally or not, he’d been kept chaste the entire time. It was difficult to masturbate when his body refused to form the parts necessary for it, no matter how aroused he got, and he’d never felt so at ease that he’d been able to use his soul.

“There, isn’t that better?” Gaster asked. The hand construct slowly stroked upward along the slit, fingers slipping between the labia. Sans sucked in a breath, legs trembling as his femurs spread further apart. His soul pulsed in Gaster’s hands, oozing thick strands concentrated magic onto Gaster’s fingers.

“But let’s continue with the experiment,” Gaster turned, taking a thin electrode from the tray. Gently, he pressed it to Sans’ soul, slowly increasing the pressure until the tip broke through the outer surface, focusing on keeping the act pleasurable. Sans jerked a little at the intrusion, but there was no pain in his expression as Gaster took the end of the wire and attached it to a monitor. The screen blinked, then displayed an even waveform. Sans looked at it with vague confusion. What did-

Sans spasmed as Gaster suddenly continued stroking his soul.

“Hnn, hnn, hnn,” he whimpered as the hand construct matched the tempo, dipping into the intensely sensitive magic of his pussy. He was so wet that the fingers slid into him frictionlessly, and he moaned a little in frustration, trying to get them to thrust deeper. As though trying to thwart him, a newly formed pair of hand constructs grasped his femurs, holding him still as fingers continued to press into him. He almost didn’t notice as Gaster brought his soul down between his legs, then pressed it point-first against his vulva.

“nnNNNGH!” Sans wailed behind the gag as Gaster slowly pushed his soul into his pussy. The walls of his cunt contracted around it, sending a wave of pleasure over him that had him teetering on the edge of orgasm.

“Not so fast,” Gaster murmured, spreading his labia apart with one hand, and slipping a rubber-coated shaft into the opening before Sans could climax. He grunted as he felt his soul get pushed to the back of his passage, then shuddered as the shaft began to vibrate. His cunt tried to contract around his soul again, but the shaft held him open, leaving him unable to increase the pressure or change the position of the vibration thrumming through his body and soul. He tried to jerk his knees inward, to force the pleasurable sensations deeper into himself, but something was holding onto his femurs, keeping him spread open. He tried to grind downward into the table, but he either wasn’t flexible enough, or the shaft was buried so deeply that he wasn’t able to move it against the padded surface beneath him.

God, he was so close, so close, so close…

Gaster threaded a strap between the tibia and fibula on Sans’ right leg, looping it under the table and tying it off to his left. With a sigh, he dismissed the hand constructs, looking down at his subject.

Sans’ eyes were already going glassy from over-stimulation, teetering on the edge of orgasm and unable to crest without actual contact. With his hands strapped above his head and legs helplessly spread apart, he had no way to stimulate himself enough to reach his peak.
Gaster flicked a switch on the tray, and the little boxes he’d taped to Sans’ body earlier pulsed through him with a low-level shock, forcing his body to convulse and clench around the vibrator buried in his cunt. Sans shrieked, hands balling into fists as the electricity rocked him closer to the cusp of climax than he’d ever thought possible, keeping him there for a long moment before abruptly letting go. Sans laid back with a groan, drenched in sweat and shaking. He struggled to focus on Gaster, realization dawning in his eyes as he realized exactly what this ‘experiment’ entailed.

“Twenty-three hours, fifty nine minutes to go,” Gaster said, setting a timer next to the monitor. Sans’ eyes barely had time to widen before the electro-stim boxes forced him to convulse again, body clenching around the objects that could only maintain his arousal without giving him relief, as Gaster walked out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

God damn it, this thing has grown a mind of its own. At least one and possibly two more chapters coming. I'm going to have to write something absurdly fluffy and happy after this...

Oh! And just to be super clear - electrostimulation in humans should NEVER be used on the chest. That can cause heart attacks and wind up in hospital visits. Be careful.
Twenty-three hours to go

Sans collapsed back into the table, eyes closed and body shaking from head to toe. He resisted the urge to check the timer, focusing instead on trying to calm himself down. Breathe deeply, force his fingers to uncurl and his jaw to unclench, resist the urge to find something, ANYTHING to rut against when he KNEW it was completely hopeless. Savor the moment of relative relief before…

His chest, mid-section, and legs uncontrollably spasmed, forcing his body to clench tightly around the vibrator.

“MNNNGH!” he wailed into the gag as the contraction shoved the end of the vibrating shaft into his soul. His focus narrowed down to the low, pulsing throb thrust mercilessly against the sensitive construct, unable to tear his mind away from the pressure building up inside. He tried to breathe, tried to hold back as his soul burned, growing hotter and tighter until-

Something broke and Sans distantly felt fluid gush from his soul into his cunt, filling him up and leaking past rubber-coated plug locked into his body. A rush of wetness spread over his pelvis and inner femurs, and he whimpered as the pressure only continued to increase. There was nothing he could do but rock in the grip of the electricity, entire body crying with need. Holy fuck, let him come, let him come, let him come…

The electro-stim released him and his bones went slack. He gasped for breath, blinking sweat out of his eyesockets and swallowing as best he could with his mouth full of rubber. His legs quivered loosely, vibrations diminished to an uncomfortable, but more bearable level. The contact was strangely empty compared to when Gaster had handled his soul. True, Gaster had kept himself almost completely walled off from Sans, but he’d still been able to feel something. He’d still known that someone was there.

This was like…like shouting into a void and hearing nothing. Not even his own voice echoing back at him. Despite all the stimulation, all he could think about was being touched. Not even necessarily in a sexual way. Just a pat on the shoulder, or a friendly hug, or…

The electro-stim kicked in again, dragging his focus back to his brutally overstimulated soul. Sans made a weak, frustrated noise and slammed the back of his head into the table, sobbing as the padded surface absorbed the impact with a soft thump.

Twenty-one hours to go

Gaster paused the electro-stimulators, watching with interest as Sans gasped and collapsed, shivering violently and struggling to breathe. Translucent fluid dripped slowly down the wires trailing out
from between his swollen labia, and his soul quivered as the vibrator brushed its surface.

Careful to avoid touching him, Gaster snapped his fingers in front of Sans’ half closed eyes. Sans started, struggling to focus. His eyelights were overbright and dilated. Saliva ran in little rivulets down the sides of his face, soaking into the straps that kept the gag thrust between his teeth. Gaster was tempted to remove it to see whether Sans was still capable of coherent speech, but held back. He wasn’t sure he could do so without the contact pushing Sans to orgasm, and that would ruin the experiment.

**Eighteen hours to go**

Sans’ body clenched for the thirty-sixth time since he’d last lost count. He cried out as a surge of agony swept through his magical ligaments and muscles, and a hint of raw soreness burned over the surface of his soul. The pain did nothing to curb his arousal. If anything, the increasing discomfort kept him agonizingly aware of his body, making it completely impossible to drag himself back from the brink of orgasm. Why couldn’t he come? God, this level of stimulation should have forced him to come over and over and over again these past couple of hours.

Was it because of that theory Gaster had been going on and on about earlier…objects didn’t have intent? He needed a monster to…to actually touch him before he could come? The second he thought that, his mind supplied him with the mental image of Gaster’s fingers pumping into his pussy, tongue swirling against the surface of his soul and-

Sans slammed the back of his head repeatedly into the table, half hoping he could either knock himself out, or force himself to stop fantasizing about the man responsible for everything that was currently wrong with his life.

God he hated Gaster. So…fucking…much.

**Seventeen hours to go**

The electricity abated, and Sans collapsed. The puddle of fluid between his spread femurs had reached the edge of the table, and was dripping steadily onto the floor. Each fresh release of magic was now accompanied by a rush of light-headedness and growing weakness that left his joints feeling loose and bones heavy. Sans’ magical reserves were surprisingly large, but even he had his limits. Under normal circumstances, the fluid his soul was releasing would be taken by his partner, and, if the circumstances were right, used to fuel the conception of a new soul. Without another monster to close the loop, his soul had apparently decided to push as much magic out of his body as possible, desperately trying to entice someone, ANYONE, to give him relief.

Literally anyone. If he’d been able to, Sans would have begged Gaster to bend him over the table and fuck him senseless. Holy fuck he wanted to be touched so badly. Anything was better than this never-ending torture.

**Sixteen hours to go**

Sans woozily stared at the timer, unable to make out the numbers slowly ticking toward zero. His soul hadn’t dumped any more magic out of his body in a while, as though sensing he was running dangerously low. Sans wished it would. The drain took the edge off his pain and arousal, blurring the stimulation until it was almost bearable. The electro-stim wasn’t able to make him do much more than twitch painfully now, which was kind of nice, he guessed. Was he still breathing? It wouldn’t kill him if he wasn’t, but his body wouldn’t be able to replenish its magical reserves if he didn’t. So that was probably bad.
Well, what did it matter? He was halfway back to that dark, quiet place in his mind where nothing could bother him. God it was annoying how hot and sensitive his body STILL WAS. Arousal and exhaustion had long since mixed together into a throbbing ache that pounded through his head and thrummed through his pussy and soul, a nagging, persistent pressure that refused to let him rest.

Goddamn he was tired.

**Fifteen hours to go**

Gaster fished his keycard out of his pocket, sighing with annoyance. A minor component had broken down in the core, triggering an alert that had led a panicking tech to drag him into work and away from this experiment on his day off. Everything was being videotaped and recorded, of course, but it wasn’t a good idea to let something this…intense, go unmonitored for very long.

Gaster swiped the card through the lock and opened the door. It had only been four hours, hopefully he hadn’t missed much.

Sans lay motionless on the table, head turned away from the door. After a long moment, his body hitched once, then fell still. Odd. His soul was still pressed deep inside his body, glow tinted blue through the walls of his magic, and the vibrator was still in place. Perhaps Gaster needed to adjust the setting on the electro-stimulation? He took a step into the room, then looked down in surprise as his shoe splashed into something wet. What on earth…?

Oh...

Oh shit.

Sans’ lack of motion made a sudden, terrible sense as he took in the huge puddle of spent magic slowly seeping into the floor.

Gaster hurriedly shut off the electro-stimulators and the vibrator, pulling it free of Sans’ body. It slipped out of him with a wet squelch, followed by a trickle of soul fluid that Sans could no longer afford to lose.

Shit, oh shit, fuck-

He turned Sans’ face upward, unbuckling the gag and jerking it free. Sans’ tongue dissipated the second his mouth was clear, eyelids flickering once as he stirred, then fell still. The bones of his skull were ominously cold under Gaster's fingers.

Gaster cursed, releasing him and yanking open a cabinet. His hands were shaking as he snatched up a plastic jug, a syringe, and a tube. Setting the first two on the table near Sans’ shoulder, he tipped Sans’ head back, lined up the tube, and pressed it into his nasal opening.

“mnnf-“ Sans weakly tried to pull his head away as SOMETHING invaded his sinuses. Gaster easily held him down, feeding the tube in as he rubbed the underside of Sans’ jaw.

“Swallow, come on, don’t fight me on this. We need to get some magic back into you, that’s it...” he murmured, watching as Sans’ hands twitched feebly against the wrist restraints. He gagged reflexively as the tube slipped behind his jaw, body naturally rejecting the foreign object. Gaster rubbed the bone under his chin in slow, persistent motions until Sans finally swallowed, and the end of the tube disappeared into his throat.

Gaster filled the syringe with clear liquid from the jug, fitted the end of the syringe into the tube, and depressed the plunger. Sans stirred as the liquid trickled into him, and took a shallow breath. Slowly,
his face began to warm as he was dragged back from starvation, eyelights sputtering deep in his eyesockets. Gaster repeated the process twice, then plugged the end of the tube and taped it into place against the side of Sans’ face.

Moving slowly, he reached between Sans’ legs, pressed three fingers into his opening, and curled them around his soul. Gently, he tugged it forward. The glowing shape resisted for a moment, then slid free as Sans shuddered, eyes flickering open. Gaster leaned over Sans’ chest, hands shaking as he brought the glowing object back into place over Sans’ bare sternum.

“AAAHHHHH!” Sans screamed as he convulsed violently in Gaster’s arms, body howling with renewed agony as he came so hard he blacked out. Through the overwhelming wave of pleasure and relief, he felt an odd, empty chill deep inside his chest as his soul dumped the last of his magic over Gaster’s hands.

“Shit,” he heard Gaster spit vehemently as everything went dark.

**Time’s up**

Someone was gently rubbing at his face with something warm and damp. Sans sighed, turned into the small comfort, then winced and sucked in a breath as his abused body throbbed.

“Shh, shh. Try not to move, brother,” someone said nearby.

“Papyrus?” Sans’ voice was rough and shaky. He forced his eyes open a crack, but his vision was so blurred that he couldn’t make anything out.

“Shh,” Papyrus repeated, voice tinted with concern. “Yes, I’m here.”

Sans grimaced as he felt something rub awkwardly against the inside of his sinuses, reflexively raising a hand to grope at his nose. A large hand gently enveloped his, pulling it away. “He said to leave that in. Just in case…” Papyrus trailed off, then resumed gently cleaning his brother, wiping steadily at the crusted residue streaking his legs, spine, and pelvis. Sans sighed and relaxed, feeling himself starting to drift off. Bad dream. This had all been one hell of a fucked up dream, brought on by the fever literally baking his mind. He was recovering in the hospital, probably loaded to the top of his eyesockets with all sorts of drugs, but none of that mattered. None of it mattered...

“Had the worst nightmare,” he murmured, falling asleep.

Papyrus bit back a sob, wringing out the cloth and rinsing it under the sink faucet, holding it under the warm water until he could force his hands to stop shaking.

When he’d literally carried Sans to the Underground’s only hospital, sick and half delirious with fever himself, he’d never thought…

The hospital had been thrown into chaos, sick and dying monsters packed into a space that was never equipped to support so many. Someone had tried to pull Sans out of his arms, saying something insistently as they gestured for him to hand his brother over. Papyrus hadn’t understood, swaying as his vision started to darken around the edges, and then…

And then he’d woken up alone in a locked room, with a sharp pain in his chest and magic that no longer responded to his will. Alone apart from...

No, he didn’t want to think about that.

Papyrus continued bathing Sans, watching the gentle rise and fall of his ribs as he breathed softly.
There were scorch marks on the insides of his legs and the vertebra where his spine met his pelvis. Papyrus dabbed over them carefully, resolutely refusing to wonder exactly what he was cleaning off his brother. He only needed to know that he was finally helping, that his brother was alive. Thank the stars, he was alive. That had been the hardest part of dealing with all this. The not knowing. And now that they were together again...

This whole mess was his fault. If he'd only been able to take care of Sans himself, if only he'd been able to hold out against the fever, then maybe...well, there wasn't anything he could do about that now, but darn it, he was going to fix this. He was going to fix everything.

Somehow.

Chapter End Notes

I know I left this kind of open-ended, but I think I'm going to end this here, at least for a while. Writing these poor skelies in a situation this dark is kind of hard on my soul.

EDIT: Realized that I was missing a whole section of the work. Derp - that's what I get for posting things at 3 AM. Everything should be good now, NOBODY PANIC.
“Interesting,” Gaster mused quietly.

Papyrus held his breath, hoping this was a ‘good’ interesting. The kind where Gaster looked for a few minutes, made some notes, and walked away.

The alternative wasn’t something he wanted to think about, especially since Gaster’s current object of interest was his sleeping brother.

“My reports did suggest that you two were close, for brothers.” Gaster continued, pulling back the blanket that Papyrus had tucked around Sans. “Exceptionally close.” His eyelights flicked over Sans’ naked body, noting the pattern of faint, off-white discolorations on his inner femurs and spine where the electro-stimulation had scorched the bone. How regrettable. He’d have to increase the size of the electrodes for future experiments to avoid that.

Sans stirred, arms pulling closer to his chest. Gaster replaced the blanket, then turned back to Papyrus. “Well?”

Papyrus started. “W-what?”

“Elaborate. How close are you with your brother?”

Papyrus looked away, face burning. He might not be the smartest monster in the Underground, but he’d been part of enough of Gaster’s experiments to know what the scientist meant by ‘close.’ And Papyrus wasn’t. Not in that way. Up until recently, it hadn’t even been a thing he’d thought about with regards to anyone. Applying that to Sans just felt…uncomfortable.

“I’m…I mean, we’re not,” Papyrus waved his hands vaguely in front of him, keeping his voice low to avoid waking Sans. “We grew up together and only had each other. He took care of me when I was little.”

“And your parents?”

Papyrus shrugged. “I never knew them, and Sans doesn’t talk about them,” he said, warming up now that the conversation had moved to safer ground. “We lived in a foster home for a while, until Sans moved us out. Then we lived in an apartment in the city. For the life of me, I still don’t know how he afforded it.”

Gaster was nodding, this was all information that he’d verified with public records shortly after he’d kidnapped the two.

“But you are not intimate.” Gaster did not word it as a question, taking the renewed rush of orange
over Papyrus’ cheekbones for an answer. “I see. Come with me.”

Papyrus’ heart sank as he stood obediently. Gaster unlocked the door and walked out of the room. Papyrus hesitated, then jumped when he felt a hand construct nudge his back insistently. Biting down a heavy sigh, he followed. Even though it had been a while now (weeks, months, a year?) he still felt a pang of loss every time he reached for his magic and found his mental fingers groping in empty air, unable to access the beautiful rush of power eager to sculpt itself to his will. The feeling was never more pronounced than when Gaster used his own magic to push him around.

“Undress,” Gaster said once Papyrus was out in the hall. Papyrus froze.

“Here?” he asked incredulously.

“Do I need to repeat myself?”

Papyrus wished he wasn’t being watched as he pulled the loose, white shirt he’d been given over his head. He looked around uncertainly for a place to put it, but the short hallway was bare. No furniture, certainly no clothes hamper or anywhere else where it would be sensible to put a piece of clothing.

“Do you need me to do it for you?”

Papyrus roughly shook his head, folded the shirt neatly and set it on the floor. He looked up, hoping that this would be all that was required of him, then flinched when a pair of hand constructs jerked his shorts down.

“I can do it myself,” Papyrus stammered, wishing his voice hadn’t squeaked on the last word as the hands almost tripped him to pull the fabric free of his bare feet. The hands dropped the shorts unceremoniously on top of his shirt, then vanished with a soft pop as Gaster dismissed them.

“Then do it faster next time,” he said, “kneel.”

Papyrus quickly dropped to his knees, pressing his legs together and pulling his arms close to his chest. Gaster immediately pulled them away, running his fingers between Papyrus’ ribs. Papyrus flinched, clenching his teeth. His intercostal spaces were sensitive, and Gaster was not being gentle.

“Have you noticed any changes since the last time I looked you over?” Gaster asked, moving behind the younger skeleton.

“No,” Papyrus mumbled as the fingers began firmly pressing into each of his vertebrae, testing the joints for looseness or bad alignment. A sore back might just be a nuisance for a monster with a substantial amount of flesh around their bones, but for him could be an early indicator of disease, or even a relapse into the plague that had allowed Gaster to kidnap him.

Gaster reached his lowest vertebrae, then circled back around to his front. “Open.”

Papyrus opened his mouth, trying not to react when Gaster slipped a finger past his teeth. He felt his tongue swell against the floor of his jaw, and resisted the urge to push against the intrusion with it.

“I’m going to fit you with a controlled drug release insert. It won’t be comfortable. You’re not to touch or tamper with it,” Gaster said, catching his tongue between two fingers and forcing his jaw open a little wider. Papyrus spluttered, and Gaster withdrew his fingers.

“A w-what?” Papyrus coughed, feeling his tongue dematerialize the second his mouth was clear.
Gaster made a small gesture and three hand constructs appeared. They opened the door at the end of the hall that led to the small lab where Gaster usually experimented on him, and returned with a stainless-steel tray. On it was what looked like an odd, plastic spider, and two jars.

Gaster pulled on a pair of latex gloves and dipped his fingers into one of the jars. Without warning, he swiped his fingers upward along the grooves where Papyrus’ sacrum joined his pelvis. Papyrus squeaked and jerked backward, instinctively reaching down to cover himself.

“None of that,” Gaster said dismissively as a pair of hands grabbed Papyrus’ wrists and tugged them away. He dipped his fingers again and began rubbing the fluid into the holes in Papyrus’ sacrum, ignoring the younger skeleton as he gasped and whimpered softly.

“W-why,” Papyrus choked, trying to keep quiet. He didn’t want Sans to hear, didn’t want to wake him up alone in a locked room with his brother moaning right outside the door, but stars it was hard. Whatever Gaster was rubbing on him was slick and viscous. The only thing he could think to compare it with was heavy machine oil, but this was completely unscented and…

Well, he wasn’t sure whether it was the stimulation or something in the oil itself, but he felt almost uncomfortably warm wherever Gaster’s fingers had massaged the liquid into his bones. It was making him sweat, and despite his growing unease, was making his pelvis flush orange as magic began to collect between his legs.

“It will help with chafing and speed absorption,” Gaster explained offhand, picking up the plastic spider. He dipped it into the other jar, then pulled it out, letting cloudy liquid drip off of it in long, gluey streamers. “Turn around and put your head on the ground.”

Papyrus obeyed, sacrum throbbing softly as he shifted his weight. He leaned forward, pressing his forehead into the carpet as Gaster’s hand constructs pulled his arms out in front of him, pinning them down. The pose left him with his tailbone in the air, femurs parted and upper body completely stretched out. It was intensely vulnerable. Without realizing it, Papyrus started to hyperventilate.

He felt a hand touch the back of his sacrum and flinched, a low whine escaping the back of his throat as he tensed against the hands pinning him down.

“Be still,” Gaster chuckled. “I said this would be uncomfortable, not painful.”

Papyrus felt something press into the base of his spine, then cinch tightly against the vertebrae. There were a few odd wiggles as Gaster adjusted something, and then-

Papyrus jerked his hands free and clapped them over his mouth as every hole in his sacrum was abruptly penetrated by a hard, plastic dowel.

Quiet, he had to be quiet, had to be…

“Though I suppose comfort could be a matter of personal opinion,” Gaster said over Papyrus’ shuddering gasps for breath, securing the lower end of the insert with a padded zip-tie. “Is this uncomfortable?”

Papyrus nodded frantically, hands still pressed into his teeth. The plastic ‘legs’ of the spider barely fit into his sacrum, pressing outward against the holes with a tight burn that would have been painful if Gaster hadn’t lubed him up first, and the zip-ties pinched around his vertebrae and tailbone so forcefully that the areas were quickly going numb.

“I thought as much.”
Gaster released him and Papyrus slowly sat up, one hand shakily reaching around to feel…

One of Gaster’s hand constructs snatched his hand away as Gaster tsked.

“I said not to touch or tamper with it,” he scolded. “Get your clothes. I’m sure you won’t want your brother to see you naked.”

Chapter End Notes

I think that making a new chapter of this will work best instead of making a new work...maybe? Oh well, let’s just run with it.

As always, comment away : )
Pins and Needles

Chapter Summary

In which Papyrus gets that feeling you get when your leg falls asleep. Really badly.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The room had a single, wooden chair with a thinly padded seat. Papyrus sat tensely on the edge of it, leaning forward with his forearms pressed against his femurs. If he didn’t move, his sacrum stayed numb, apart from a low, rhythmic throb that spread outward from the places where the insert pressed into him. When he did move-

Papyrus winced, sucking in a deep, shuddering breath as a rush of pins-and-needles thrummed through his sacrum, up his lowest vertebrae, and across his pelvic girdle. He curled his hands into fists, pressing one into his mouth as he literally bit down a whimper.

It was getting worse.

He heard the door handle rattle and started, then doubled over as the sensations reached his lowest ribs and rushed across his pelvic inlet. He wheezed, fighting the simultaneous desire to freeze in place and rub himself frantically against the chair as Gaster stepped into the room.

“Oh for god’s sake,” he heard Gaster mutter. Papyrus tried to glare up at the scientist, but his expression quickly melted into pained discomfort and fear as the tingling became so intense that it hurt. Gaster returned the look with exasperation.

“Up,” he commanded as a pair of hand constructs wrapped around his upper humeri and manhandled him into a standing position. Papyrus yelped miserably, knees threatening to buckle as tinges pulsed down his femurs.

“Walk. Your magic is stagnating. You’ll feel better once the circulation picks up.”

The hand constructs released him. Papyrus immediately crumpled to the ground as his legs gave out, crying sharply as the insert was jostled. His entire focus narrowed down to the rush of unbearable sensation consuming his midssection and upper legs, vision blurring around the edges as he sucked at the air with quick, shallow gasps. Desperate to calm the forceful prickling, he pushed himself up on his elbows and knees, swaying as he pressed his forehead into his fists and whimpered.

“So dramatic,” Gaster sighed, sending his hand constructs to pull him upright. He ignored the younger skeleton’s wordless squeaks and cries as he dragged him out of the room and into the hall, closing the door behind them. He waited a moment for Papyrus to catch his breath, then forcefully stood him up again. “Walk. Lean on the wall if you have to.”

Papyrus curled inward around himself, eyes fixed on the floor as he shook between the hand constructs. “I…can’t,” he whispered, not even making an attempt to support himself.

“I see,” Gaster said, then reached forward and ran his fingers down Papyrus’ femurs with a brisk, hard stroke. Papyrus shrieked, doubling over and twisting away with panicked energy. Gaster shook
his head, mentally reaching for Papyrus’ soul. With a sharp ‘ting,’ blue light glowed through Papyrus’ shirt as the magic took hold.

“This wouldn’t have been a problem if you’d just moved around a little,” Gaster scolded as he thrust Papyrus against the wall. Several more hand constructs moved to pin his wrists and ankles in place as Gaster roughly squeezed along his femurs, forcing the bone to flex slightly while Papyrus writhed

"Pl-EASE, no, s-stop, stop, please, nnNOO!” Papyrus pleaded, voice breaking as Gaster made a particularly rough stroke down his legs that tingled so intensely it burned and made his head ring. Gaster ignored his reactions entirely, concentrating on the task at hand. Skeleton magic was mostly circulated by breathing and motion, but this would help get things started. If nothing else, it would be uncomfortable enough to convince the stubborn idiot to cooperate.

“Well, if you don’t want me to do this again,” Gaster brusquely pulled Papyrus’ shorts down, letting them puddle around his ankles, “then I suggest you move anyway.” He rubbed once down the front of Papyrus’ spine, then mercilessly began kneading his illium and pubic arch.

“HnNNNGH,” Papyrus groaned, body uncontrollably trying to fold around his tormented pelvis as his circulation was forcefully returned. Gaster held him down, continuing the vigorous massage, but carefully excluding the insert and Papyrus’ sacrum from his ministrations. The pegs on the insert were supposed to seal the hormone laced-drugs tightly against the bone where they could then be absorbed, but it wouldn’t be worth days of discomfort to find out that the plastic had leaked.

Gaster persisted until Papyrurs’ shrieks quieted to whimpers, then died down to gasps. He carefully inspected the younger skeleton’s pelvis, vertebrae, and femurs before pulling his shorts back into place, noting how the pale, ivory bone was starting to flush orange, glowing brightest at his joints and around the plastic dowels thrust through the holes of his sacrum. Heat radiated softly off the surface, and a noticeable scent was starting to cling to his body. Tangy, earthy, and full of subtle notes-

Gaster pulled back, shaking his head lightly as he refocused. With a small gesture, he released the magic holding Papyrus against the wall, letting him down slowly so that he had plenty of time to catch himself before completely lifting the blue.

“Walk,” Gaster prompted after a short silence. Papyrus flinched, then unsteadily pressed himself upward. He managed to stagger a few steps before his legs gave out again and he crumpled, groaning with both hands pressed to the front of his sacrum. Gaster shook his head and pulled him up again.

“Keep going.”

He forced Papyrus to pace up and down the hall until he could walk the full length of the short corridor without falling. Papyrus was sweating by the time Gaster was satisfied, face flushed and eyelights just a touch too bright as he panted lightly.

“Burns,” Papyrus gasped as he leaned against the wall. His hands were trembling lightly as he wrung the hem of his shirt with nervous energy.

“Unsurprising,” Gaster hummed. The smell was stronger now, and he had to focus to keep from being distracted. “Do you still feel pins and needles?”

“N-no, but n-now I f-f-feel really weird,” Papyrus stammered, tone laden with anxious confusion. The fabric of his shirt rolled up around his fingers as he tugged at it, revealing glimpses of his lowest vertebrae. The spaces between them glowed softly.
“Weird? Elaborate.”


His pelvis was glowing noticeably under the shorts. As Gaster watched, a thin trickle of orange slipped down the inside of his femur, curled over the rounded process where his knee connected, and slipped into the joint. The faint glow behind his patella brightened as the joint absorbed the droplet, then faded.

“Painful?”

“No really. Just…hot.”

“Then it’s probably normal.” Gaster said dismissively, opening the door to the room and gently pushing Papyrus inside. He gestured, and a pair of hand constructs set a tray with two glasses of clear liquid on the small table near the bed. Sans was still sleeping, eyes flickering as he twitched and mumbled fitfully. Gaster frowned, making a mental note to double-check the amount of healing sleep Sans was getting. The little monster’s HP was low enough without insomnia and restlessness to complicate things.

“One of these is for Sans,” Gaster told Papyrus, tapping on the glasses. “If he doesn’t wake up or refuses to drink it himself,” Gaster placed a syringe on the tray with a quiet click. “I expect you help him. Do you need me to show you how?”

Papyrus rapidly shook his head, staring at the syringe with open horror. Gaster had force-fed him several times early on in his captivity. He'd made it a point to ensure that the experience was traumatic and uncomfortable, until Papyrus had decided that starving himself wasn’t an option.

“I’ll be back in a few hours. Both of those glasses better be empty by the time I get back,” Gaster said, leaving no room in his tone for argument.

Papyrus only hugged himself, shivering lightly as Gaster left the room.

Chapter End Notes

This has been skeleton biology with Ravvi. Next up, what happens when you leave a skeleton in heat alone in a room with his brother...
Go, run, RUN!

Sans gasped for air, legs trembling as he scrambled away. He reached for a shortcut, lunging forward as he felt his magic thrum just out of reach. It was here, he could do it, he had to do it, he HAD TO-

Something wrapped around his neck and whipped him backward. He fell hard, thrashing as his arms were wrenched above his head and his legs were pulled apart. He tried to scream, but a disembodied hand with a hole through the palm forced something into his mouth, holding it in place as he twisted and bucked against restraints he couldn’t see.

“Are you scared?” a voice whispered in his ear as hard, bony fingers dragged themselves up his inner femurs. Sans tensed, whimpering as his soul flickered, then appeared over his chest. Pale liquid oozed from the construct and dripped down into his rib cage, burning where it touched.

“All are afraid of the void.”

Sans couldn’t look away as a floating hand gently curled itself around his soul, then violently clamped down. He screamed around the gag as fluid spurted out from between the fingers in hard gushes, spraying over his face and ribs.

“All are afraid of the void.”

He convulsed once and collapsed, gasping weakly as his magic drained uselessly over his body, leaving him paralyzed on the ground. The hand contemptuously tossed the dried husk of his soul away, then vanished.

“You are no exception.”

His body was so empty that it ached. A heavy, crushing tightness was balled up where his soul should be, and he was unable to move, unable to breathe, helpless to ease that terrible, agonizing emptiness.

He had nothing left.

“H-help,” Sans whispered as the darkness pressed in around him, “Papyrus…”

He couldn’t even hear his own voice.
Sans woke slowly, eyesockets damp as he took a deep, shuddering breath. God damn it, he had
enough to worry about without his own mind piling nightmares onto him too.

Heh, without nightmares darkening his mood.

... There was definitely a better joke somewhere in there, but dammit he was tired and unwilling to
spend any more effort trying to cheer himself up when he felt like shit.

Sans weakly scrubbed the tears off his face, wincing as his sternum throbbed. He let his arm fall
limply back onto the blanket, breathing slowly to appease his sore chest. For a long moment, he
simply focused on his surroundings, trying to convince himself that…everything else, had been a
nightmare too. If he thought about it long enough, he could come up with an explanation that didn’t
involve all the stuff he was definitely NOT thinking about. That strong smell of cheap, bleach-based
disinfectant in the air just meant that he was still in the hospital, instead of the apartment he rented
with Papyrus. Papyrus always kept the kitchenette and his own bedroom scrubbed spotless, but the
cleaner he used had lemon in it to mask the bleach.

Another indicator that he was still in the hospital was how bright it was. The lights in his own
bedroom had burned out months ago, and he’d been making do with a flashlight and his phone
screen ever since. The lights in the rest of the house were a cheap, mismatched collection of bulbs
and fairy-lights that Sans had scrounged, bartered for, and fixed up into something usable. Dim, but
pretty in their own way.

It was oddly quiet too, so again, the hospital. Their apartment overlooked the Core, with all manner
of busy traffic passing their windows day and night. This hospital, by contrast, was almost eerily
silent. Apart from…

Footsteps?

Sans opened his eyes, squinting blearily down past the end of the bed.

“Bro?” he rasped, trying to push himself up and falling back with a pained grunt as his body
cheerfully rejected the motion with a surge of agony.

Papyrus started, pausing for a moment in his relentless pacing. He stood silently at the end of the bed,
panting hard and wrapping the hem of his shirt around his phalanges with nervous, obsessive energy.
Sans felt anxiety slowly creeping up his neck as he took in his brother’s overbright eyes, sweaty face,
and trembling shoulders.

“Papyrus? What’s wrong?” his voice sounded distant, and oddly squeaky.

“Don’t know,” Papyrus moaned, folding his arms over his midsection and curling forward. “Dr.
Gaster said it was normal.”

Gaster.
Sans felt as though he’d been hit over the head with something hard. Slowly, he let his eyes drop below his brother's belt. The white fabric of his shorts was soaked through, dark orange streaking the cloth and insides of his femurs clear down to his knees. As he watched, Papyrus whimpered and a fresh rush of fluid splattered quietly down his legs, running down the bone in thin rivulets and dripping on the floor.

“You’re in heat,” Sans heard himself say distantly.

“I…” Papyrus looked down at himself with terrified embarrassment. “This is what heat is like?” He made an odd, half step backward as though trying to get away from his own body. “It’s so messy.”

Sans couldn’t breathe. There was an odd ringing somewhere, and everything seemed muffled and detached as he stared at the orange residue streaking the floor where Papyrus had been pacing.

“…knew you were supposed to get hot, why else would they call it heat if you didn’t,” Papyrus was mumbling, almost to himself. “But slimy and…and weird,” he doubled over again, curling his hand into a fist and pressing it into his pelvic girdle with a distressed moan. After a moment, uncurled, staring miserably at tray on a small table near the end of the bed. Two glasses were laid on it, one full, one empty.

“He said you’re supposed to drink this,” Papyrus groaned, picking up the full glass and limping over to Sans. His hands were shaking as he knelt and pressed the cup forward. Sans took it automatically, feeling the bottom drop out of his stomach as the smell of his brother overwhelmed the bleach. If the circumstances had been different, if Sans hadn’t been utterly burned out from nine hours of relentless, sexual stimulation, the scent might have been nice. Arousing even. Instead, the tangy, overly rich smell of his brother’s heat was making him feel sick. Sans shuddered and pushed the glass away.

“Just try a little brother, it doesn’t taste bad,” Papyrus said anxiously, folding his hands around Sans’ to press them back around the glass. “It…” Papyrus trailed off, staring down at Sans’ hands with a tight, hungry expression. Abruptly, he leaned forward and pressed his forehead gently into Sans' fingers, rubbing against them like a cat with a low, needy mewl.

Sans jerked his hand away with a panicked gasp, feeling his chest, midsection and legs burn as his body tensed. Papyrus started, pulling away so hastily he knocked the glass over. The heavy, syrupy liquid spilled over Sans’ lap, soaking quickly through the blanket and sticking to his brother’s body. Papyrus stammered an apology, quickly setting the glass aside and moving to peel the blanket back.

“No,” Sans sobbed, scrambling to keep himself covered and falling back with an anguished groan as Papyrus easily pulled the cloth out of his hands.

“I…” Papyrus fell silent, blanket slipping unnoticed out of his slack fingers and onto the floor. He’d seen Sans naked before. Lots of times. And Sans was old enough to have helped his baby brother bathe when their absentee foster parents had, once again dropped the ball.

But now…

Papyrus had never wanted to press himself against Sans’s body, never felt himself aching so hard for contact, because that moment when he’d touched Sans’ hands had been so cool and soothing and the only thing he wanted was to put out the fire consuming his body…

Papyrus gently pressed his cheek into Sans’ shoulder, shuddering as the contact cooled the throbbing
ache in his vertebrae and sent gentle tingles running down the side of his face. He sighed, then jerked away as Sans made an odd, high-pitched sound, coming back to himself with a flash of horrified shame.

Sans’ eyes were shut tightly as he trembled, tears spilling down his cheekbones. He was making no move to fight Papyrus off, cover himself, or even pull away.

He’d given up.

Papyrus scrambled backward in an awkward crawl, pressing himself into the wall with one hand clasped over his mouth. What was he doing? When had he become so desperate that…?

No, it wasn’t an option.

IT WASN’T AN OPTION.

Sans drew in a shuddering breath as he felt Papyrus push away from him, slowly drawing his sore body into a foetal curl and burying his face in his arms to block out the light. He never wanted to be touched again. He didn’t want to think about intimacy with anyone, didn’t want the pain and desperate emotion that came with the scraps of pleasure. It wasn’t worth it, it wasn’t worth it, it wasn’t worth it…

Papyrus thrust his wrist between his teeth and bit down, hard. The jolt of pain cleared his head, just a little. He was still hot, tense, and so full of need that his chest and pelvis burned with pent-up pressure, but at least now he wasn’t about to ravage his helpless brother. Sans was still recovering, and Papyrus was supposed to be the one taking care of him. It didn’t matter how he felt, or what he had to do to maintain his self control. He would do it because Sans needed him to.

After a moment, Sans uncurled, forcing himself to breathe deeply as he lifted his head. Papyrus was pressed with his back into the little space between the end table and the wall, arms locked tightly against his sides and head bowed over his hands, panting heavily. A wet, muffled crunch made its way past the breathing, and Sans’ eyes widened as he saw marrow drip down his brother’s arm.

“B-bro, stop! Don’t do that,” Sans stammered. Papyrus looked up, eyelights intensely focused. His teeth were stained a dark, red-orange and magic of the same colour dripped steadily from a deep bite in his radius. His shorts had slipped, revealing a black, rubber-padded zip tie cinched tightly around his lowest vertebrae. Sans wanted to hit himself, suddenly realizing who he had to thank for forcing his brother's first heat.

“God damn it, he was such a stupid fucking idiot.”

“It helps me focus,” Papyrus blinked slowly, injured hand trembling lightly. “I don’t want to hurt you Sans.”

“No...oh god Pap. Not like that,” Sans felt tears prick at the corners of his eyes. “No, no, no, come here,” he held out his hand, fingers outstretched.

Papyrus’ eyelights fuzzed around the edges as he swayed, looking at Sans’ hand with a starved expression. Slowly, he brought his wrist back up to his mouth.

“No! Pap, it’s fine, I’m ok, please, just nNNGH-” Sans cried out as he tried to scoot forward and pain slammed through his body. Papyrus brought his wrist back down, closing his eyes and trembling. After a long moment, he slid forward, and slowly pushed his face into Sans’ hand.

“Good, good,” Sans whispered, gently running his phalanges over Papyrus’ head. “It’s ok, you don’t have to do that.”
“Mnnnffff,” Papyrus moaned, rocking in place as Sans gently rubbed the vertebrae between his shoulder blades in small, soothing circles. It was a trick Sans had used to put his brother to bed when he was much younger, after story-time had failed to calm the energetic little baby-bones. He hoped it would be enough to calm him down now.

“I’m…sorry,” Papyrus choked, guilt almost overwhelming the relief and strange rush of drowsiness he felt spreading from little notches and dips in his vertebrae where Sans was rubbing.

“Shhh,” Sans swallowed down a wave of nausea as the scent of Papyrus’ heat filled the small space between them, focusing on keeping his touches calming as his brother slowly pressed into his side. The bed was small, but somehow Papyrus managed to squeeze onto it, curling around as much of Sans’ body as he could.

“Oh…” Papyrus half pulled back with a grimace when he noticed his wrist and legs were streaking the bed and Sans’ body with orange slime. Disgusting, he should-

“Shhh,” Sans ran cool fingers along the edges of his scapula, chasing away the heat and urgency. Papyrus settled back down, feeling his eyesockets drift closed. Somewhere inside him, something was deeply dissatisfied with this calming touch intent on putting him to sleep. It wanted heat, friction, motion, and a release for magic angrily swirling and condensing on his pelvis, legs and sacrum.

But Sans’ touch was louder, and Papyrus wanted to listen to it more.

Sans forced himself to breathe evenly as Papyrus fell asleep draped over his chest, forcing down the desire to throw up as he continued his lulling touches.

It wasn’t much, and it wasn’t a permanent solution. But it was better than nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Intent can go both ways - if Papyrus were really invested in arousing Sans, he MIGHT have been able to make something happen despite how burned out and done with sex Sans currently is. But he’s more interested in doing what Sans wants at the moment, and Sans just really, REALLY wants to calm Papyrus down without having to resort to rubbing him off.

But if Sans tried this on, say, Gaster, Gaster might feel an odd bit of drowsiness, immediately shake it off, and continue on with his day, since his own intent would largely override Sans'. Kind of like how Undyne pulls herself back together after taking a fatal hit in the genocide run - her intent to save her people and will to live temporarily overrides your intent to kill her.
Gaster flicked through the notes on his last session with Sans, carefully reworking his previous calculations. He reached the end, totaled everything, then sat back, completely baffled.

Something had to be wrong with his numbers.

As expected, Sans had been unable to achieve orgasm under artificial stimulation, even though he’d displayed every indicator of intense arousal. One of those indicators was the liquid his soul had released, which could be measured to provide a rough estimate of Sans’ total magical reserves. Based on the state of the little skeleton’s body, Gaster hadn’t expected much. Sans was clearly weak and sickly, with appalling HP and a pathetic damage output.

Discovering that he had the magical reserves of a boss monster was absurd. It didn’t make sense. Surely Gaster had made a misplaced a decimal, or read something incorrectly.

But as the scientist ran over his notes a third time and found no errors, he began to wonder. Sans’ past had proved frustratingly difficult to piece together. From his teeth and proportions, Gaster guessed that he was somewhere between his late teens and early thirties, but no birth records were on file to clear up the mystery. It was obvious from Sans’ reactions that he’d been sexually active in the past, and quite possibly abused, but no royal guard reports or investigations had ever been conducted if that was the case.

And amusingly, the little skeleton commanded a lot of respect from the shadier residents of New Home, but he didn’t have a criminal record, obvious scars, tattoos, or any other indications that he was a fighter or gang member. Gaster had initially assumed that the mouthy little monster’s reputation was all bluster and no bite. Now, he wasn’t so sure.

If his calculations were correct…well, Gaster could only imagine the display that the little skeleton was capable of with reserves so deep. Even with low damage, he’d easily overwhelm his opponents with sheer volume.

Intriguing. Very intriguing. And potentially very, very useful. If only his HP weren’t so low…

Gaster glanced at the monitors linked to the cameras in Sans and Papyrus’ room, then did a double-take. Papyrus sprawled across a very uncomfortable-looking Sans with as much of himself pressed against his brother's bare bones as possible, fast asleep.

Asleep.

Not engaging in foreplay.

Not attempting copulation.
Sleeping.

Sleeping while his brother rubbed his back and stared up at the ceiling looking like he badly wanted to throw up. Gaster rewound the tape and played it forward at high speed, eyes widening as he watched the little drama unfold. Well, surprises upon surprises. Sans certainly knew how to cheat.

And how to manipulate his brother. The dose he’d given Papyrus should have driven the lanky skeleton insane with arousal. Gaster made a mental note of the places Sans was rubbing, interested in testing just how deeply Papyrus was conditioned to respond to those touches in this way. It could be useful later if he ever needed to make him relax.

Gaster stretched, then fetched a fresh glass of magic concentrate to replace the one that his subjects had spilled. It would be interesting to see how long Sans could keep his brother pacified, and how he would react when Papyrus woke up as needy and desperate as before, but Gaster wanted to move forward. He’d waited eight weeks to ensure that the pair had sufficiently recovered from their illness, and to push their physical baselines as far into the green as possible. Fortunately, it appeared that they would be able to take care of each other while he was busy with the core and his other duties as Royal Scientist, which would be vitally important as he initiated his primary experiments.

It was time to begin.

Sans idly ran his fingertips up and down Papyrus’ spine, trying to collect his thoughts. Everything was different now that he knew Papyrus was imprisoned with him. Waiting for their controlling, impassive captor to give him an opening he could exploit might not be good enough anymore. He needed a more proactive plan. If only there was a way he could get his magic back…

Sans sighed deeply, wincing as his sternum twinged. A tiny part of him had been holding out a hope that Papyrus might be able to find and somehow free him. He shouldn’t feel disappointed now that he knew that was impossible, but he still felt a pang of sadness as the realization sank in. Sans had a lot of acquaintances. Contacts, people he did business with, casual friends he talked to over drinks at the bar. None of them would notice he was gone. And after the plague, they’d probably think just he’d died quietly on some street corner. Just another anonymous pile of dust among the many who’d been taken out by the fever. They were on their own.

Sans looked up as his brother twitched fitfully in his sleep, sweat dripping down his face and soaking into the mattress. Papyrus’ body felt hot and tense against Sans’ bare bones, flushed with magic and sticky with unmentionable fluids. Everything between his brother’s lowest vertebrae and ankles was thinly coated with slick, orange residue, the result of his body frantically preparing itself for sex. It had slowed somewhat now that Papyrus had calmed down, but Sans could still feel it dripping onto his legs, making his own bones heat weakly despite their intense magical exhaustion. He wiggled uncomfortably, then gasped as Papyrus’ arm pressed down on his sternum. Clenching his teeth, he gently pushed the arm up around his collarbones, grimacing as he felt his hip joints stick in their sockets. Whatever was in the cup that had spilled on him had been heavy and viscous, like syrup or molasses. It had dried into a gooey mess that prickled where it touched his electrode burns, and glued his spine and pelvis to the mattress. At least he’d stopped feeling sick. Maybe his sense of smell had fatigued, maybe his body was finally taking mercy on him, but at least breathing near his brother wasn’t making him want to puke.

But holy hell, he hadn’t even realized it was possible for his magical muscles and ligaments to get this sore. Being magic, they healed quickly and easily, but Sans hadn’t eaten anything all day and his reserves had literally been drained. They had nothing to repair themselves with, and they weren’t being shy about letting him know it.
Well, he shouldn’t complain. He knew Papyrus wasn’t feeling too hot either.

Heh. *Hot.* Damn that was terrible.

When Pap woke up, Sans was going to have some really difficult decisions to make. The time Gaster had induced his own heat, it had dispelled on its own a couple days after the insert had been taken out, but those two days had been a miserable hell of frustrated arousal. Normally he’d have been able to masturbate it out, but he’d never actually been able to make himself come using nothing but his bare bones before. He wasn’t even sure it was possible. And if Papyrus’ soul had been tampered with to keep his magic locked up, then there might not be anything Sans could do to help anyway. Unless maybe he could get rid of the insert?

Moving carefully, Sans reached forward and lifted the back of his brother’s shorts. The plastic contraption was still jammed into his sacrum, the bone closest to the pegs glowing an angry, red-orange colour. The zip-ties that held it in place were thick and tight. Sans knew from experience that trying to tear them off was pointlessly painful. He’d need to get ahold of a pair of scissors, or a knife to get it off of him.

“Finally showing interest?”

Sans didn’t start, but it was a near thing. Casually, he pulled his fingers out of Papyrus’ waistband, looking up into the blandly curious eyelights of his least favourite person.

“Trying to decide whether these things are disgusting, sadistic, or both,” Sans replied cheerfully. “Are they illegal? I bet they are.”

Papyrus groaned and pushed himself up, accidentally leaning on the burns stippling Sans’ vertebrae as he did. Sans doubled over with a yelp, and his sore muscles and magical ligaments shrieked at the sudden movement. He struggled to breathe, blinking away stars as Papyrus stammered apologies and clumsily patted his back in what was probably supposed to be a comforting way. It hurt.

“They are not illegal, but they do require a prescription,” Gaster informed him with mild amusement. “My goodness, you’re quite a mess, aren’t you? Papyrus, I told you to help him drink it, not spill it on him.”

Papyrus miserably wrapped his arms around himself, saying nothing. Now that he wasn’t asleep, his heat had returned with a vengeance. His entire body throbbed gently, making him sway and pant softly where he sat, vision blurred around the edges. Now that Gaster was in the room, he—he KNEW he shouldn’t, but he badly wanted to press himself against the older skeleton, wanted to rub his face against his shoulder and beg to be held, beg for the insert to be taken out because that would mean that he would be touched, and he was so sure it would feel good...

“And you didn’t even clean him up afterward,” Gaster continued, eyes lingering where the mattress was clinging to the backs of Sans’ femurs. “I think you’d better do that.”

Papyrus practically leapt out of bed to grab the washcloth draped neatly over the edge of the sink.

“No, no,” Gaster purred as a hand construct tugged the washcloth away. “Magic concentrate is expensive. I don’t want it to go to waste.”

Papyrus looked hesitantly between Gaster and Sans, chest fluttering with rapid, shallow breaths. He couldn’t piece together what Gaster wanted him to do, but he WANTED to please him, WANTED to make him happy...

Gaster summoned several more hand constructs. One flitted over to Sans and brusquely swiped
upward along his femur, pulling up a wad of sticky mess streaked orange with his brother's exudate. Sans flinched and turned his head away as the hand brought it to his face, then choked indignantly when it roughly shoved the wad into his mouth. He dry-heaved into the hand as it forced his mouth to stay closed, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes and mid-section burning as his entire body recoiled from the taste. Gaster tutted, then pulled the hand away, letting Sans spit the mess out with a second round of dry heaves before curling onto his side, shaking and panting. Gaster waited a moment, then gently took hold of Sans’ wrists and ankles with his extra hands. Slowly, they forced him to uncurl, pulling his arms and legs outward into a spread-eagle.

“Well, it appears Sans doesn’t want it, so instead,”

Another hand gently pulled Papyrus forward, then pushed him between Sans’ legs.

“You’ll have to lick it off.”

“What’s the matter? Not up for it yourself?” Sans snapped as Papyrus trembled like a leaf, wrist pressed hard to the front of his teeth. Sans wanted to cry when he saw the previous bite mark break open and ooze magic down Papyrus’ arm. God fucking damn it, Gaster was going to die if it was the last thing he did for doing this to his baby brother.

“That’s enough from you,” Gaster said evenly, making a gesture. Two of the floating hands forced Sans’ head back while a third rammed an all-too-familiar rubber wedge between his teeth and cinched the buckles down around his cranium. Sans jerked himself free as soon as they were finished, feeling his teeth settle into the grooves he’d already bitten into the rubber as his tongue attempted to materialize and was immediately flattened to the floor of his mouth. He tried to give Papyrus a reassuring look as his mouth was flooded with the taste of disinfectant, desperate to keep him from hurting himself again.

Papyrus returned the look with one of tormented indecision.

“Go on,” Gaster gestured when Papyrus gave him a desperate, pleading look.

Papyrus whined, staring at Sans as with panic. Sans gave him a tiny nod, grimly forcing himself to breathe evenly. Now that he’d had a chance to get over the initial shock of seeing Papyrus in heat, he could keep it together. Besides, there wasn’t anything he could do about this. He was gagged, sore, stripped of his magic, and being held down by a monster more than capable of forcing him to cooperate if he did decide to struggle. What was the point? Might as well accept it and try not to make this any harder on his bro than it needed to be. Just add it to his growing list of ‘reasons why Gaster was going to painfully die,’ and endure.

He still flinched when he felt Papyrus tentatively put his mouth around his lowest ribs and lick gently along the curve.

Papyrus shuddered as the cool, soothing feeling of Sans’ bones ran over his tongue and through head, clearing his mind as he gently sucked at the sticky residue on Sans’ ribs. He knew Gaster was trying to make him do something with Sans, but he didn’t know why, or what exactly Gaster was hoping would happen. But he knew that the scientist would force him if he didn’t obey, and that would probably be painful for both of them. At least this way, he could be gentle.

Beneath him, Sans was holding very still, eyelights distant and unfocused as though his brother had decided that he wasn’t here, and then mentally left. Papyrus was oddly glad that he’d done so as he dipped his tongue between his brother’s intercostal spaces, pulling up the sweet and tangy mixture of concentrated magic and his own fluids. This wasn't so bad, at least Sans would be clean when he was-

Papyrus jerked when he felt Gaster’s hands land gently on his illium, then moaned as he felt a rush of
heat sear downward from the point of contact, eyes going wide. Where Sans’ touch had been cool and soothing, Gaster’s was demanding and potent, driving his barely controlled magic wild. He distantly felt his magic surge painfully between his legs, hot and wet as it ached to form something, ANYTHING to climax with.

“Lower,” Gaster directed as Papyrus reeled, slowly pushing his face into Sans’ pelvic girdle. Papyrus mindlessly began licking at the bone in front of him, panting as his motions grew sloppier, rougher and more rushed. Sans shuddered and closed his eyes, reacting only with the occasional twitch as his brother’s tongue delved into the holes of his sacrum and over his pubic mound, breath hot against his bones. It was impossible not to hear him moan softly around the wet, sucking sounds of his tongue, or feel his head bobbing between his legs, nudging his pelvis back and forth in his haste.

“Here,” Gaster redirected Papyrus to Sans’ pubic arch, dipping his fingers below the waistband of Papyrus’ shorts.

“Hnn-” Sans choked when he felt Papyrus’ tongue curl obediently around his pubic symphysis, feeling his knees twitch uncontrollably as the supple appendage lapped at the sticky mess over the bone. He clenched his jaw as he kept his body still and breathing even, forcing his hands to uncurl and relax, mindlessly tracing a pattern down the texture of the paint on the wall, and jerking his thoughts away from the vulgar sounds drifting up from his groin. Thankfully, he was a lot less sensitive than he thought he’d be. It was easier than expected to pull himself away.

“Oh Sans. You really are burned out, aren’t you?” Gaster chuckled, slowly rubbing along the back of Papyrus’ illium to encourage him. How interesting. Sans’ magic wasn’t even collecting, even though sexual stimulation from a monster in heat should have had him feeling like he was in heat himself. It had to be starvation. Sans was still recovering from losing the vast majority of his magical reserves. He might not even be capable of arousal right now.

Well, he’d investigate that further very soon.

“All right,” he told Papyrus, gently pulling him away. The younger skeleton whined softly as the hands were taken out of his shorts, trying to push himself backward into Gaster’s legs. He squeaked, then made a desperate, frustrated mewl when the hand constructs pulled him away.

“Na-mng..puh, please,” Papyrus finally managed, orange magic leaking helplessly down his legs as he stared up at the scientist, eyelights hazy and blown out.

“Poor thing. Let’s get you taken care of,” Gaster chuckled, slowly rubbing along the back of Papyrus’ illium to encourage him. How interesting. Sans’ magic wasn’t even collecting, even though sexual stimulation from a monster in heat should have had him feeling like he was in heat himself. It had to be starvation. Sans was still recovering from losing the vast majority of his magical reserves. He might not even be capable of arousal right now.

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“Poor thing. Let’s get you taken care of,” Gaster said softly, tucking his fingers under Papyrus’ chin, and tipping his face upward. Papyrus leaned into the touch, then half fell forward when Gaster pulled away, backing out of the room. Papyrus leaned into the touch, then half fell forward when Gaster pulled away, backing out of the room. Papyrus followed eagerly, legs shaking as staggered forward. Sans shook his head, making angry, protesting noises behind the gag. He tried to push himself up and fell back with a weak, frustrated groan as the hand constructs and his own, exhausted body held him down.

“Oh, don’t worry. I’ll be back for you,” Gaster promised as he closed the door on Sans’ despairing glare.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, the next part is mostly about Gaster and Papyrus. And Gaster continuing to be a horrible person. : )
Burning Up

Chapter Summary

In which Gaster decides to dispel Papyrus' heat instead of letting it dissipate on its own. Mostly because he's an impatient jerk.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Gaster led Papyrus into his workroom and closed the door.

“Undress,” he called over his shoulder, digging through a drawer for a pair of scissors. The wet slap of clothes hitting the tile immediately followed his order, and Gaster smiled to himself. No hesitation. The drug was working nicely.

Gaster turned. Papyrus was shivering where he stood, completely naked with his arms wrapped tightly around his torso. Orange magic pulsed angrily around his pelvis, brightest and most active around the insert. It swirled so restlessly over his sacrum that it looked like it was trying to push the irritating, medicated plastic out of his body.

“Turn around,” Gaster prompted. Papyrus clumsily obeyed, stumbling over his hastily discarded shirt as he did. Gaster placed one hand on the younger skeleton’s ilium to steady him, then quickly snipped the zip-ties and pulled the insert free.

“AAAHG!” Papyrus staggered forward as the ruthless pressure inside his sacrum was released, swooning as he instinctively braced himself to be chafed by the zip-ties and felt nothing but blissful lightness. Hands shaking, he gently ran his fingers over the back of his sacrum, wincing as the sore, intensely sensitive bone stung. Despite the pain, he almost laughed. It was gone. It didn’t hurt to move, and the thought of being able to walk without being hurt was so, SO wonderful.

“And now to deal with your heat,” he heard Gaster muse behind him. Papyrus’ euphoria dipped a little, and a heavy tightness began to settle back into his chest. He badly wanted to go back to Sans and let his brother’s cooling touch put him to sleep again, because he was sure that whatever Gaster had in mind was not going to be pleasant. What did the scientist mean, ‘deal with?’ Now that the insert was out, shouldn’t he just go back to feeling normal?

Papyrus turned around, panting softly as hot magic throbbed against him, making his pelvis feel swollen and the space between his legs almost unbearably tight. Gaster studied him thoughtfully, eyes lingering below his waist for so long that Papyrus badly wanted to cover himself.

“Touch yourself,” Gaster finally commanded, making a gesture. Papyrus jumped as the scientist’s hand constructs dragged a stool over to him before vanishing with a quiet pop. “Sit if that’s easier.”

Papyrus gingerly sat on the edge of the stool then immediately hissed and stood back up, hands pressed tightly to his burning tailbone. Stars he was so sensitive it hurt. Grimacing, he forced himself to straighten and pressed his fingers into his arm, looking up at Gaster for confirmation. He’d said to touch himself, and Papyrus wasn’t sure why, but-
“Are you trying to make a joke?” Gaster asked mildly. For god’s sake, he expected this kind of behaviour from Sans, and if Papyrus was going to start playing sassy then-

“N-no,” Papyrus jerked his hand away, hands held upward in supplication. “You said to touch…so I thought…I mean, isn’t that what you wanted?”

Gaster stared at him. He’d known that Papyrus wasn’t as sexually experienced as his brother, but this was ridiculous. “Haven’t you masturbated before?”

“Mastur...oh,” Papyrus blushed so hard that he could see his own cheekbones glowing. Ah. Touch yourself. He meant that way.

Papyrus hesitantly brushed his fingers over his pubic symphysis, wincing as the contact tingled sharply. Why did it hurt? Papyrus didn’t masturbate very often. He’d experimented a bit after Sans had given him a painfully awkward talk about monster sex, reproduction and heats, but after discovering that his soul was the easiest part of him to use for that purpose, he’d largely lost interest. But there was no way he was going to pull his soul out in front of Gaster. Gritting his teeth, he gently stroked the edges of his pubic arch, fingering the bone as lightly as possible in attempt to convince his body to react properly. It stubbornly refused, bone prickling so angrily it felt like it had been burned.

“My goodness you’re bad at this,” Gaster commented as he watched Papyrus struggle. The younger skeleton blushed harder, orange spreading down the back of his neck as shame added more heat to his already blistering body. Desperately, he pressed more firmly into his symphysis, knees half buckling as the contact smarted with only a tiny hint of the familiar pleasure buried beneath the pain. As though mocking him, his pelvis throbbed sharply and a rush of magic abruptly condensed inside his pelvic girdle, splattering his hand with hot, clinging strands of orange. Papyrus pulled away with vague discomfort, then jumped when Gaster caught his wrist.

“Did Sans bite you?” Gaster asked incredulously, twisting Papyrus’ hand palm upward to better examine the teeth-marks in his radius.

“N-no! No, he would never!” Papyrus spluttered immediately, mind screeching to a halt as a choking mixture of fear and frenzied heat pulsed through him. Fear won out by a tiny margin, and Papyrus weakly pulled back, panting raggedly as Gaster frowned, then gestured with his free hand. A pair of hand constructs appeared, rifled through a cabinet, then returned with bandages and antiseptic.

“Then how…” Gaster trailed off as he perfunctorily cleaned and bandaged the bite. “You bit yourself.” He finally stated, staring at the younger skeleton with narrowed eyes. Papyrus unconsciously shied back. Gaster’s expression hadn’t changed much, but Papyrus could tell he was dangerously mad.

“If you EVER bite yourself like this again,” Gaster said, voice icily calm, fingers tightening around Papyrus’ carpal, “I will remove your teeth,” he reached forward and softly tapped Papyrus’ incisors with the tip of his finger. “All of them. Do I make myself clear?”

Papyrus nodded rapidly, shoulders tensed and eyelights constricted with fear.

“Good.” Gaster released him. Papyrus pulled his arm into his chest, desperately longing for one of Sans’ cool, soothing hugs, for their tiny apartment back in New Home with the constant, noisy traffic outside the window, fairy lights draped over the walls and Sans’ mess of a room.

For things to go back to normal.
“…to dispel your heat,” Gaster was saying, almost to himself.

Papyrus automatically moved his hand back to his groin and Gaster shook his head. “I don’t have the time or patience to watch you fumble through that. We’re going to speed things up,”

He gestured and his hand constructs dragged what looked like a small, wire cage with a plastic bottom and no door into the center of the room. “In you go.”

Papyrus jumped when a hand construct nudge his back, pushing him toward the cage.

“U-um, I-” Papyrus hesitated at the door. The cage was really quite small, and he himself was not. He wasn’t sure he would-

The hand construct roughly nudge his shoulder, and Papyrus clenched his jaw and crawled inside. The cramped space forced him onto his hands and knees, head bowed and shoulders hunched against the cold wire.

“Since you seem to be embarrassingly under educated, you should know that heat normally dispels only after the affected monster works through the magic,” Gaster said as a pair of hand constructs appeared inside the cage with him. Papyrus shrank away as they firmly took hold of his wrists and strapped a wide strip of Velcro around each. He whimpered softly as they pulled the binding tight and slipped the tail under a metal loop sewn into the fabric, trying to force down his growing unease.

“Under normal circumstances, it’s typical to do so with a partner, but self-stimulation is also effective.” Papyrus felt similar cuffs being applied to his ankles, knees and neck. “The more intense the stimulation, the more quickly the heat dispels. Since your heat was triggered artificially, I suspect that this will only take a few hours.” The hands clipped the metal loops on the cuffs to the cage, forcing his hands out in front of him, knees apart and head up against the cramped space. Papyrus swallowed hard as a surge of panic made him want to thrash against the restrictions. The only parts of him not pressed up against the wire were his pelvis and femurs, which were alarmingly accessible through the open back of the cage. “Especially if you have a little help.”

Papyrus screeched as his pelvic inlet was firmly stroked, recoiling so hard that the cage scooted a few inches.

“HURTS, IT HURTS! NONONONONO,” he sobbed, half choking himself as he struggled to fold his body protectively around his pelvis.

“It does?” Gaster asked skeptically, hand cupping the space between Papyrus’ legs.

“YES!” Papyrus screamed as something inside him broke and he wildly threw his weight forward, bucking against the cuffs with mindless panic. Out, out, out, he wanted OUT!

Gaster firmly kept his hand in place, frowning as Papyrus thrashed. The younger skeleton had excellent stamina, it was going to take him several minutes to exhaust himself.

“Easy, easy,” he said softly, sending a hand construct to rub at the space between the younger skeleton’s shoulder blades. Papyrus stiffened, frantic motions slowly weakening, then dissolving into desperate sobbing as the hand construct mimicked his brother’s touches. Gaster pulled back as soon as Papyrus still, wiping his fingers clean while he gave the younger skeleton a moment to collect himself. For being in pain, his body had certainly reacted positively. His hand was literally dripping with slippery fluid.

Papyrus gasped raggedly, unable to control his breathing as tears coursed down his face and dripped onto the floor of the cage between his parted arms. He wanted Sans, wanted to forget all this
horrible discomfort and pain and be safe. His entire body ached with it as he shuddered in the cuffs, unable to escape, barely able to move while Gaster kept up the steady, soothing motion against his spine.

“There we go,” he heard Gaster murmur behind him. Papyrus flinched, crying softly as he felt something press against his inner femur, close to his knee.

“Does it hurt here?”

Papyrus mutely shook his head, shivering hard enough to rattle the cage. The soft pressure slowly traveled upward along his femur, and he flinched with a tiny whimper when it reached his hip joint. The hand immediately paused.

“Oh, I see. We waited too long.”

“D-don’t t-t-touch, p-please don’t,” Papyrus whispered, breaking off with a hard flinch as Gaster rubbed something into his hip joint. After a second, a startling rush of cool numbness spread across the bones.

“How does this feel?”

“C-cold,” Papyrus choked, trying to turn his head to see what Gaster was doing to him. The collar pulled him short before he could move more than an inch.

“Good.” Gaster began rubbing the rest of him. Papyrus hiccupped, hyperventilations calming into slow, jerky spasms as the odd, numbing coldness cut the heat and sensitivity, slowly bringing his attention back to the tight, urgent pressure in his pelvic girdle. It pulsed in time with the touches against his body, and he helplessly rocked into them, metal loops on the cuffs clinking softly against the cage and tight sounds escaping his throat as the strain peaked, broke over, and flooded through him.

Gaster looked up in mild surprise as Papyrus shuddered though an orgasm, arching into the wire above him as his toes curled and a soft cry of relief escaped his throat.

“My, my, how cute,” he chuckled as Papyrus winced, as though expecting to be punished in some way. “It’s all right, this is exactly what you need to do to work off this heat. Don’t you feel better?” he asked softly, rubbing his fingers across Papyrus’ pelvic inlet again, then slipping them inside.

“Ah!...nnngh…” Papyrus moaned, hips twitching around Gaster’s fingers.

“Words, Papyrus. Does coming make you feel better?”

“Buh...bet...” Papyrus broke off his attempt at coherency as the scientist began teasing at his magic. The sensation of fingers pressing into the swirling haze was just as vivid as though Gaster were touching his bones, but strangely detached, like his body wasn’t sure where that part of him existed. It was maddeningly unsatisfying.

“Nnuh...mmnnnn,” Papyrus keened softly, trying to move himself into a position where the fingers would be pressing against his bones again. Gaster obliged and slipped his fingers into the holes of his ischium, stroking in and out with firm pressure. Papyrus choked as the collar pulled him short, knees trembling as he strained to spread his legs, to tilt his pelvis into a better position...

Gaster continued playing with Papyrus’ ischium, paying close attention to his reactions. Unlike Sans, Papyrus didn’t seem to have any places where he wasn’t sensitive, though that could be largely due to the heat. Curious, he slipped a finger into the groove of Papyrus’ pubic symphysis, and as
expected, the younger skeleton groaned tightly, tilting his pelvis upward to provide easier access. So responsive...Gaster was beginning to suspect that he'd overdosed the insert. The bone was almost uncomfortably hot to the touch, and so slick that he had to press firmly to create any sort of friction.

He was still avoiding contact with Papyrus' sacrum, but his own hands were starting to feel hot anyway, and a deep, blue glow had quietly flickered to life between his finger joints without his noticing. Gaster sighed and ignored it. Ideally, he'd be wearing gloves to prevent this sort of thing, but direct contact always made this happen so much faster...ah.

Papyrus' chest flickered as his soul manifested, making the younger skeleton shudder deeply, then rock urgently onto Gaster's fingers as his last shreds of self-control were torn away, choking himself as he tugged unthinkingly on his neck and wrists.

"Finally," Gaster sighed, capturing Papyrus' soul and pulling it out of his body.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I was going to make this all one scene but goddammit this part is already over 2200 words long. THAT IS LONG ENOUGH.
Highs and Lows

Chapter Summary

In which Papyrus learns that Gaster is a terrible person, and Sans gives bargaining a try.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Papyrus gasped when he felt Gaster’s fingers press into his soul, mind already so overwhelmed with heat and desperation that panic had very little room to make itself heard. He barely had time to tense from the shock before his focus was sucked down to the fingers kneading a single, undeniable command into the essence of his being.

_Come._

Papyrus slammed himself into the top of the cage with a choked scream, barely aware of the wire scouring his shoulder-blades and the back of his head. His entire body was glowing with ecstasy as Gaster’s command ripped through his mind and smothered his thoughts, compelling him to react to the sensations stroking the underside of his sternum and pumping into his pelvic inlet in time with the hand squeezing his soul. He couldn’t see, couldn’t hear, wasn’t breathing, didn’t care…

_Come._

Papyrus arched sharply, body clenching painfully around nothing as the surge of pleasure shot him even higher and-

…

…

“…overdid it a…”

_Muchtoo muchTOOOMUCHPLEASETOOOMUCH_

“…enough to get you started…”

Papyrus groaned, head dangling limply in the collar clipped to the top of the cage. A thin strand of saliva dripped down his chin, sticking to his face as he took a shuddering breath and weakly lifted his head. Gaster was sitting in front of him now, holding his soul cupped between his hands without touching it.

“…let you finish this off…”

Papyrus blinked slowly, head filled with a low, pulsing throb that had no identifiable source. His entire body felt loose, light, and so numb that the terror of Gaster _holding his soul_ was remote. It was as though his mind had simply refused to continue processing his violation, and had defaulted to an eerie tranquility.

He blinked again, and suddenly one of Gaster’s hand constructs was in front of him, soul clasped
gently in its fingers. Oh. Good, he wanted that back. Was it over already? Could he go back to Sans now? Could he-

Something pried his mouth open, and the hand construct flitted forward and pressed his soul between his teeth

Papyrus inhaled sharply, tongue already forming itself as he instinctively opened his mouth as wide as possible. Bad, bad, bad, WRONG-

The hand construct quickly forced a metal ring into his mouth, pulling the straps attached on either side tight around his skull. Papyrus choked as the circlet forced his jaw past its natural limit, weakly shaking his head. His tongue automatically moved forward to lever the cold steel out of his mouth, and slid clumsily across the surface of his soul well before it could touch the gag.

“Ghk-?!” Papyrus choked, entire body jerking sharply as hot pleasure poured through his body from the point where his tongue had pressed against his soul. Tiny sparks popped against the roof of his mouth, and he felt the heart-shaped construct quiver, then release a pulse of slick fluid over his tongue. It coated his mouth with the taste of copper and heavy musk, dripping past the ring and down his chin as a weak, halting, orgasm rippled through his body.

“Good boy,” Gaster murmured as the younger skeleton panted brokenly, shoulders heaving and soul fluid dripping down his face. Papyrus felt a frantic rush of warmth at the praise, staring up at Gaster with panic as he desperately tried to force himself to dispel his tongue. Please, PLEASE no, not this, not this...

A soft, horrified whimper escaped his throat and sent a faint vibration through his trapped soul as Gaster stood and nodded down at him.

“I’ll be back to check on you in a few hours,” Gaster flicked his wrist and a hand construct thrust two fingers through the gag, pushing the heart-shaped construct back onto his tongue.

“Hnngh!” Papyrus moaned, shivering his body was nearly pushed into a fourth orgasm. Sweat trickled down his forehead and joined the drips of soul fluid on the floor of the cage, splattering wetly over the hand as it stroked once down the curved, pillowy surface imprisoned behind his teeth.

“Don’t disappoint me.”

===

Gaster’s hand constructs vanished the second the door closed. Sans pulled his arms and legs back together as soon as they were gone, turning over on his side to fumble with the buckles on the gag. There were two, he knew. One just beneath his temple, and one behind his head where his cervical vertebrae attached to his skull. It took three tries for his shaking hands to get them loose, then several seconds to ease the rubber wedge out of his jaw and push it off the bed with a revolted shudder. He wiped his mouth on the back of his hand, then grimaced when he felt something tug at his cheek just beside his nose. What the…oh. It was a feeding tube.

Sans peeled away the tape holding the tube to his face and took a deep breath. Slowly, he pulled on the end, holding his head as still as possible. It felt nauseatingly wrong as the soft plastic began to slip upward, and he paused to swallow unsteadily a few times before drawing it the rest of the way out. It quickly joined the gag on the floor as he numbly wondered when he’d gotten so used to being tube-fed that he hadn’t noticed a piece of silicone stuck in his throat until literally bumping up against it with his hand.
Sans curled around himself, tucking his head against his knees and grimacing as parts of the mattress alternately stuck to him like glue or slipped slimily across his bones. He felt uncomfortably cold without Papyrus sprawled over him, and miserably, achingly alone as silence pressed down on the room.

It finally hit him that Gaster was *using* his brother.

He chuckled darkly at himself, cynically wondering why it was just now that he was realizing this. What, had he just thought the scientist was keeping Papyrus around to do the laundry? He wasn’t that naïve.

Maybe he’d just *wanted* to believe that Papyrus would never be forced to go through the kind of shit Sans had put up with. That getting him out of that goddamn foster home was enough to ensure that the one person he cared about could grow up without being forced into adulthood before he was ready. That his brother still had a chance to live without THAT kind of experience tainting his view of the world.

All despite the evidence literally zip-tied to his baby brother’s sacrum.

Stupid, stupid, stupid.

There had to be something, ANYTHING he could do. Something that he could use to bargain for Papyrus’ safety. Sans wasn’t so gullible that he thought Gaster would let his brother go, not with how pathetically little Sans had left to offer him. But there was one thing…

He doubted it would work, but for Pap’s sake, he had to try.

The door clicked open. Sans took a deep, shuddering breath and closed his eyes. He could do this.

“You two made much more of a mess than I anticipated.”

“Yeah, well. Heats are unpredictable like that.” Sans winced as Gaster’s hand constructs pushed him into a sitting position. “Ow?”

“Unpredictable, yes,” Gaster hummed thoughtfully, walking forward and pressing a glass into Sans’ hands. “Drink. Try not to spill it this time.”

Sans felt himself dying inside as he swallowed back a retort and meekly accepted the cup, but now wasn’t the time to antagonize the scientist. He needed to prove that he was capable of being obedient, or this would never work.

At least drinking wasn’t hard. After the initial sip, his queasiness settled and it wasn’t hard to keep going. Despite the thick, syrupy texture, magic concentrate was extremely easy to digest, and his body was more than happy to accept the nourishment without caring about who was providing it. The liquid warmed his throat, soothed his burns and relieved his aching muscles, leaving him feeling light as the pain and discomfort smoothly lifted away.

“Not so much as an insolent look? You must be more tired than I thought,” Gaster commented once Sans set the empty glass aside and submissively looked down. Gaster raised his brows, then summoned several more hand constructs to support the little skeleton’s back and legs as they lifted him off the soiled mattress. “Perhaps I should encourage your brother to interact with you more often.”

“What…are you doing…to him?” Sans groaned as Gaster carried him into a closet-sized room with a tiled floor, a shower and a large sink half filled with soapy water. Sans felt acutely aware of how
small he was when the hands set him into the sink’s basin and he fit comfortably. Well, at least he was getting a bath, and the lukewarm water did feel nice against his lingering aches and half-healed burns. Now if only Gaster would leave and let him wash himself...

Sans suppressed an irritated grumble as the hands firmly held him still and began to sponge away the caked mess of syrup and magical fluid on his spine, legs, and pelvis.

“What am I doing to Papyrus?” Gaster repeated thoughtfully. “Nothing, at the moment. But I did leave him in a position to dispel the heat I induced as quickly as possible.”

Sans didn’t want to think about what methods Gaster might be employing to THAT end.

“Why induce it at all? S’not like you don’t know how that drug works,” Sans asked carefully, grimly distancing himself from the fact that he was talking about his baby brother. He needed to get the scientist talking.

“Among other things, to assess his reproductive viability. How old is he?”

Sans ground his teeth as a hand construct nudged his legs apart to scrub at his ischium. “I’ve got a better question for you. How much is cooperation worth for your experiments?”

Gaster gave him a bemused look. “Cooperation?”

“Please, I—” Sans broke off with a hiss as a hand construct made an unnecessarily rough swipe along the burns dotting his inner femurs. “He’s all I’ve got. Just…stop hurting him. No more experiments. I’ll make it up to you,” Sans chuckled weakly, half of him forlornly wishing that his body would just melt into the sink and wash down the drain. “C’mom, wouldn’t it be better if you didn’t have to force me into this? If you said the word and I laid down and spread my legs like a good boy?”

“You’re offering to willingly submit to experimentation?”

Sans swallowed. “If you stop hurting him. Yes.”

“Interesting.”

Sans whipped his head up, then flinched back with a splutter when a hand construct began impassively scrubbing his face.

“Unfortunately, I require both of you, and even if I did not, your ‘cooperation’ is not required for my purposes.”

Gaster’s hand constructs briskly lifted him out of the sink and set him on a towel draped over a metal folding chair. Sans jerked away as they tried to wrap the towel around him, looking up at Gaster with an easy-going expression.

“Someone once told me that prisons never really work. Mostly ‘cause the jailor’s got a bajillion things on his mind. Gotta feed the prisoners, gotta make sure the walls are up to snuff. Gotta make sure all those Royal Scientist duties are getting taken care of so people don’t start suspecting. But prisoners…”

Sans let his eyelights gutter out.

“Prisoners only have to think about escaping. Sooner or later, you’re going to slip up. And when you do, I’ll be right there to make you pay for what you are doing to us.”
Gaster raised a hand, expression coldly neutral. Sans flinched as the icy feel of blue magic zinged through his chest, then yelped when the scientist pushed him backward, overbalancing the chair and pressing his soul into the floor.

“You are making an invalid assumption,” Gaster said softly as a hand construct seized both his wrists and pinned them against the tiles. “You assume that I have so little control over you,” a second hand forcefully clamped itself over his mouth before he could retort, “that your offer of ‘cooperation’ is in any way necessary for my purposes.” The scientist calmly reached between Sans’ legs and roughly thumbed his pubic arch.

“MMFFF!” Sans yelped, jerking his knees together. Underneath his growing alarm, he noticed that the joints in Gaster’s hand were glowing a rich, dark blue. It confused him for a second before a third hand construct began flicking at the holes in his sacrum, making him gasp and twitch against the almost-painful and brutally arousing contact.

“If I want you to ‘lay down and spread your legs like a good boy,’ you will do it,” A fourth and fifth set of hands slowly dragged his ankles apart, spreading him over the upturned seat of the chair.

“Not because YOU want to,” Gaster dragged his thumb along Sans’ exposed pubic symphysis until the bone began to flush cyan under his fingertips, then curled his fingers tightly around the base of his tailbone.

“Hnngh-” Sans gasped, trying to jerk away as light blue magic slowly began to pulse into his pelvic girdle.

“But because I want you to.” Gaster gave him a rough squeeze. Sans bucked backward, eyes watering as a spike of pain and tingling pleasure drove through his midsection like a punch.

“So be careful how you decide to express your discontent, Sans,” Gaster pressed his hand into the little skeleton’s pelvic inlet, letting the first knuckle on his thumb rub against the underside of Sans’ pubic symphysis as he slipped inside. “Because I only need your body.” He slowly rocked his hand back and forth, motions startlingly gentle. “And if I decide that your mind is getting in the way of my experiments,” he forcefully thrust his hand deeper and Sans screeched as the sudden, unlubricated penetration burned sharply. “I will break you.”

Sans pressed his eyes closed, taking a deep, shuddering breath as Gaster slowly withdrew his hand.

You can try, Sans thought blackly as the hand constructs tugged him to his feet. His pelvis burned as they dragged him into a clean room and shut the door behind him. He let his knees buckle as soon as they let go, clenching his jaw while he carefully ran his fingertips over the abused bones. The contact stung a little, but the pain was bearable and not sharply concentrated at any particular point, the way it would be if Gaster had cracked something. His pelvis was still, painfully, intact.

Well, that was something at least.

Sans took another deep, shuddering breath, then limped over to the corner between the bed and the wall. He curled into the narrow space, pulled the blanket off the bed, and tucked it over his head.

I will break you.

Sans had lots of experience with the world trying to break him, but this...

A part of him was faintly relieved that his plan to bargain for his brother's safety hadn’t worked. The realization sickened him, souring his relief at not having to force himself to willingly submit to his abuser. God damn it, he should have tried harder. He shouldn’t have run his mouth when it looked
like things weren't going to work out. He'd had a chance to spare his brother some of this nightmare, and he'd blown it. The guilt and despair added heat to his burning eyes as he wrapped his arms around his chest and pressed his face into his knees.

It was nice and dark under the blanket, almost comfortable with the bed and the wall pressing gently into his shoulders like a cold hug. And no one would see...

Sans shuddered weakly, struggling to repress a sob trying to claw its way out of his chest.

*I'm sorry,* he thought miserably as tears spilled over his eyesockets and ran down his face. *I'm sorry...*

Chapter End Notes

A surprising amount of plot and character development is sneaking into what was supposed to be a gratuitous piece of pornography. Oh well, let's run with it :)
Things That Don't Belong

Chapter Summary

In which Papyrus has to use his tongue. A lot.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Papyrus resisted the urge to swallow as soul fluid oozed into his mouth and mixed with his own saliva before dripping past the gag. It slipped down his chin in thick, clinging rivulets, collecting on the floor of the cage in a distressingly wide puddle. He shuddered as he tried, and failed not to think about it. Messy, disgusting, but still better than the alternative. Better to make a huge, disgusting mess than try to swallow it down, because when he DID try to swallow, he always ended up touching his soul by accident. And when he did that...

Papyrus whimpered unhappily, then hunched his shoulders and glared once again at the cuffs holding his hands to the wall of the cage. He needed to stay clear-headed, so he could get his soul free and put it back inside himself. He had to do it before Gaster got back, decided that he wasn’t doing a good enough job on his own, and forced him to come until he blacked out again. The thought of the scientist touching him like that a second time made him want to thrash mindlessly until he either broke something or passed out. Instead, he curled his fingers tightly into the wire they were chained to, closed his eyes, and waited for the panic to fade into dull terror. As much as he wanted to give in to the voices screaming at him to run, struggle, and fight back, he had to hold it together at least until his soul was safe. Right now, that was the only thing that mattered.

Moving slowly, Papyrus rotated his wrist and pulled it inward toward his body, using the cuffs around his knees and ankles to brace himself. Breathing deeply, he strained against the fabric as hard as he could, watching as the stitches holding the cuff to the metal loop pulled taut. He held the tension for a long second, arm shaking heavily from impending exhaustion, before letting his body go slack with a frustrated sigh. No good, it was just too strong.

Switching tactics, he tried to push his hand deeper into the cuff and reach for his opposite wrist, hoping Gaster had left him enough slack to unstick the Velcro. It quickly became obvious that he hadn’t. Papyrus could just barely touch his fingertips to his opposite hand before the restraints pulled him short, a good three inches away from anything useful. He took a shallow breath as heat began to prickle down his spine, mentally cursing his heat-induced arousal as he dragged his attention back to the cuffs. He couldn’t lose himself to this blasted heat again, he was already tired and every time he came he used up a little more energy that he could be using to get his soul back to where it belonged. HE HAD TO FOCUS. What else could he try?

Papyrus flexed his fingers, trying to quell their trembling. Once they had steadied a little, he spent a moment trying to contort his hand into a position where it could pick at the Velcro below it. The edge of the cuff was tucked under a flap that kept him from outright peeling the Velcro back, but if he could loosen the upper edge...then maybe...

“MNNGHHH,” Papyrus grumbled with frustration, curling his hand into a fist and weakly punching the cage wall. There HAD to be another way. Picking at the Velcro with shaky hands would literally take him weeks and his soul was in danger NOW.
If only…a-ah…he could just FOCUS…

Papyrus squirmed against the cage, barely able to think as a slow itch began creeping up the insides of his legs. He knew from earlier when he’d still been in the room with Sans that magic had started collecting inside his pelvis again, heating the bone and making it almost intolerably sensitive. Papyrus jerked reflexively against the wrist restraints as he tried to bring his hands between his legs, increasingly desperate to take the edge off the pressure.

“Ghh-hnng,” he whimpered, shuddering as the itch sharpened into a pulsing throb that made his pelvic inlet feel tight and swollen. He knew that it would quickly become painful if he didn’t do something. Touching wasn’t an option. Gaster had left him with one way to relieve himself, and he really, REALLY didn’t want to because he wouldn’t be able to stop himself if he got started…

But…

His soul pulsed, and a gush of slippery fluid splattered past the gag, coating his chin and streaking his forearms. The liquid was almost hot enough to burn, and made his elbow joints ache and flare bright orange where it slipped between the bones.

He needed to touch, oh god, he needed it, needed it so badly…

Didn’t want to, had to focus, he wasn’t safe.

But he was going to EXPLODE if he didn’t do SOMETHING-

“Mynn,” Papyrus whimpered as he gave in and gently pressed his tongue into his soul.

The result was immediate and terrifyingly intense. Papyrus had only ever used his fingers on the sensitive construct before, because the thought of touching it with anything else simply hadn’t occurred to him. Given the choice though, he still would have used his fingers. The feeling of his own tongue gliding across the smooth, plump surface slammed through him like liquid fire, hot, tingling, and brutally harsh in a way that was simultaneously thrilling and painful. There was no denying the demand that flooded through his mind, drawing wet, needy moans from his throat as he began to suckle the construct in earnest. The shape folded around his tongue, allowing him access into its inner layers as it rewarded every stroke with a blinding surge of pleasure, drawing him deeper, deeper…

And yet…

Despite the intensity, the contact had an edge of bleak loneliness to it, as though something was constantly trying to remind him that he was trapped and alone in a place that wasn’t safe. He found himself thinking of how Sans had held him, soothed him. How Sans had done it even though it had been painfully obvious that Papyrus was making him feel sick. How blissfully good Papyrus had felt when Sans had calmed his body, even though he’d felt so guilty for putting his own needs above his brother’s. Papyrus’ mind fixed on the memory of cool fingers easing the fire in his bones as he lapped at his soul, trying to imagine how it would feel if his tongue had that same cooling touch. How it would feel if someone else were-

Papyrus moaned with relief as he peaked quickly, coloured sparks blooming to life around his head as his soul released, pumping fluid into his mouth in several hard spurts that spilled out through the space behind his teeth and down his vertebrae to drip into his rib cage. The aftershocks left him gasping, then exhausted as he hung limply in the restraints, tongue still gently clasped inside the heart-shaped construct. The throbbing ache between his legs had calmed to a dull itch that only nagged at the back of his mind instead of demanding his full attention, and after a moment, Papyrus
clenched his jaw around the gag, narrowed his eyes, and glared blearily at the cuffs.

Ok…

Ok, now he definitely had to focus. He wasn’t safe, and Gaster could come back any time now.

Papyrus took a deep breath to steady himself, then started to pull his tongue back. As he withdrew, the appendage brushed over something hard in the otherwise soft, almost gelatinous body of his soul. He paused, deeply confused. There wasn’t supposed to be anything hard inside his soul.

Tentatively, he pushed forward again, shivering as a slow tingle rippled down his spine. Yes, there it was again. Something about the size of a grain of rice, and colder than the flesh surrounding it. Like a stone, maybe, or a smooth piece of metal.

Something about it felt very, very wrong. Without understanding why, Papyrus KNEW that he had to get it out.

Moving as slowly and carefully as possible, Papyrus curled the tip of his tongue around the grain. His soul quivered, but otherwise kept itself still as he cupped the grain with his tongue and eased out, pausing every few seconds to gasp for breath when the stimulation to the sensitive inner layers of the construct threatened to push his exhausted body into a seventh orgasm. He almost had it now, just a little…

His soul throbbed, and a gush of hot, coppery fluid shot the grain into his mouth. Papyrus flinched back, reeling and coughing around the gag and his soul. He felt, then saw, a tiny, glass bead join the slurry of saliva and soul fluid spilling over the gag to slip into the puddle on the floor.

For a long moment, Papyrus swayed loosely, struggling to focus on the bead. It was clear with an immaculately smooth surface that encased a minute, green-and-silver shimmer. For some reason, it reminded him of wires and circuitry, but on a much smaller scale. Huh. That was strange. Well, at least it was out…

A dull roar abruptly tore through Papyrus’ head, vibrating roughly through every bone of his body before quickly fading into a beautifully familiar hum. Papyrus winced, then opened his eyes comically wide as realization slowly dawned on him. This feeling…

This was how it felt when…

Papyrus flexed his fingers, eyes focused intently as, for the first time in months, he felt his magic thrumming within reach. Disbelief and giddy excitement warred with each other as he reached out with his mental fingers and his magic responded eagerly to the call.

YES.

A salvo of small, perfectly shaped bones appeared in the air in front of his face. Papyrus gasped weakly, twitching his fingers to make them spin through the air, darting around each other with dizzying speed and flawless control.

OH GOD, YES.

Papyrus started to laugh, then choked when the sound rippled through his soul and brought him back to reality. Had to get it out, had to get it safe, had to focus. With no more than a thought, he dismissed the salvo and summoned a thin, edged bone with a sharp point in their place.

With thrilling ease, Papyrus directed it to slice the metal loop off the cuff on his right wrist, pulling
his hand back toward himself as he stared at his own, trembling fingers for a moment with dazed, reverent appreciation. He'd never realized how much easier magic made everything. Shaking hard, he quickly ripped the Velcro free of his left hand, then reached up to unbuckle the gag.

“A-ahh,” he sighed as he worked the ring out of his jaw and pushed his soul out of his mouth with a wet pop. It hung in the air just beneath his face while he wiped his mouth and tenderly fingered his sore jaw. Papyrus hesitantly placed his hand near it, wondering whether he should shoo it back into himself when it suddenly made a little half-turn, drifted toward his bare sternum, and vanished. He felt a soft pulse of warmth deep in his chest as it settled into place and sobbed with relief, pressing both hands into his breast. He felt so, wonderfully full and safe. Oh thank god, his soul was finally safe.

After a moment, he sniffed hard and reached up to fumble at the back of his neck for the clip holding the collar to the cage, growling with frustration when his shaking fingers slipped clumsily over the short leash. After a second, he dropped his hands, tucked his chin to his collarbones, and redirected his bone construct to cut through the back of the collar. His head jerked forward as the collar popped free and he only just caught himself before falling into the mess on the floor of the cage. Rubbing his neck with one hand, he began freeing his legs with the other, stripping back the Velcro with deeply satisfying ripping sounds before backing out of the cage.

Completely naked, shivering with exhaustion, streaked from chin to sternum with soul fluid and from waist to ankles with orange discharge, Papyrus stood unsteadily, mental fingers wrapped tightly around his newly freed magic.

Chapter End Notes

It's always interesting when you let the story be driven by the characters and what they do with their environment. Believe it or not, I hadn't actually planned for Papyrus to get loose here, it just seemed like the best way forward from where I last left him off, poor guy. Gaster is not going to be happy.

Also, has anyone ever seen an Undertale fic where the character is licking their own soul before? I haven't. WHY HAS THIS NICHE NOT BEEN EXPLOITED MORE??
The Broken Cookie Jar

Chapter Summary

In which the plot sneaks in
Trigger warning for panic attacks, be careful.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“The last remnants of the plague are under control, but the hospital in New Home is still on alert in case of later outbreaks. Now that things have calmed down, I strongly suggest we build a second facility for emergencies like this, your Majesty.”

“A second hospital, Doctor?” Asgore asked patiently, hands clasped around a floral patterned teacup.

“No, your Majesty,” Gaster replied, setting his own teacup aside. “More of a multi-purpose shelter. Somewhere that refugees or the sick can go for aid and protection. Something like this,” he offered the king a battered folder. Asgore accepted it and turned the pages delicately, giving each a moment of calm attention before either setting it aside or placing it back in the folder. Finally, he looked up with a heavy sigh.

“Your streak of paranoia is still alive and well, my friend. This reminds me of the bunkers we built during the war,” Asgore said heavily as he pushed a page into the centre of the table. It was a floor plan depicting a small antechamber above a much larger structure that stretched out beneath it like roots from a tree. “Why underground?”

The scientist gazed at the page with a tired half-smile. “Protection, in part. And space economy. We are quickly running out of room in New Home, and I’d rather not burden us with a large building that I pray we will never have to use.”

“I see. And that would not concern me, if it weren’t for this,” Asgore traced the path of a single elevator intended to service the entire underground part of the facility. “Will it not be difficult to get inside? One elevator, and a small one at that, would create quite a bottle-neck for panicking refugees.”

“It is certainly possible, especially if we encounter another plague,” Gaster admitted. “That’s why the upper area is so fortified. If necessary, a large number of people could temporarily stand in the waiting area and be shuffled inside.”

“You could not simply build another elevator?”

Gaster frowned. “Easy access would make the area less safe, your majesty. This design is easy to defend against invasion. Installing a grand entryway with a sweeping staircase defeats the purpose.”

“I see.” Asgore’s large fingers carefully traced the outlines of the upper area, expression almost completely closed off. “They will be frightened,” he finally said softly.

“Your majesty?” Gaster asked when Asgore did not elaborate.
“If this is to be an emergency shelter, then it will only be used by people who are scared, Doctor. People who have been forced from their homes and stand to lose their lives.”

“…yes?” Gaster didn’t see a point to the king’s line of reasoning. Of course people would be scared. Scared, stupid, and dangerous. Such was the nature of fear.

Asgore did not respond immediately. Instead, he tapped the papers into a neat stack, then slotted them back into the folder. “I will give this project my blessing, under one condition, old friend. Do not call it a shelter.”

Gaster must have let his impatience show, because Asgore chuckled. “Indulge me? Instead call it…” Asgore pondered for a moment. “Call it a lab. You could use an official laboratory, could you not?”

“I…I suppose,” Gaster said stiffly. He’d never needed one, the offices in the Core were more than sufficient for his needs.

“Well, now you have one. A fitting reward for the scientist who built the Core and brought light back to the kingdom,” Asgore replied with a sad smile.

Gaster had not built the core. He had lead the team that built it, if you could call a year of coaxing, demanding, and careful persuasion leadership, but he hadn’t done any design work himself. He was a physician and a chemist, not an engineer. He knew as little about building machines as the average monster off the street.

“You wish me to lie?” Gaster asked tiredly, unwilling to argue with Asgore on something so trivial. “If you insist, then I-“

Asgore firmly shook his head. “You will not be lying. I see no reason why the area cannot be used as a laboratory when it isn’t needed to house refugees.”

“Then why not call it what it is?” Gaster asked, impatience giving his voice a thin edge.

Instead of replying, Asgore turned to face into the artificial sunlight streaming through the windows of the garden and closed his eyes. Gaster sighed under his breath, wondering whether he’d overstepped. He had known Asgore since monster-kind’s days on the surface, and he was one of few people that the scientist would willingly call a friend. At times, it was easy to forget Asgore’s position and speak out of turn. Perhaps he should apologize…

“Because the Underground is finally starting to hope again,” Asgore finally replied softly. “To believe that we will survive to see the surface. If I show them a ‘shelter’ such as this,” Asgore tapped the folder with a heavy claw, “they will see nothing but another hole to become trapped in. A den where, like wild animals, we will make our last stand and die. Please, old friend. Do you understand?”

Asgore gravely held out the folder. His hand was steady, but beneath the long, glossy fur, his face was pinched and weary.

“I trust my king’s judgement in this matter,” Gaster replied quietly and accepted the folder.

“Thank you for that,” Asgore said, turning once again to face into the false sunlight as Gaster left the room.

What good will your lies do ‘the people’ when their lives are in danger and they don’t know where to go? Gaster thought darkly as he walked down the hall. When all that hope turns into despair,
Gaster jumped when his phone buzzed at him, fishing it out of his pocket to check the screen. 3:00 PM, DOSAGE DUE, it said.

Sighing, Gaster ducked into an alcove and fished a small bottle of pills out of his jacket pocket. He shook one into his hand and swallowed it dry, grimacing as a hint of harsh bitterness spread over the back of his tongue. Pocking the bottle, he continued walking down the hall, Asgore’s silly, but harmless request now pushed to the back of his mind. He needed to check on Papyrus. There should be no danger of him hurting himself, but after that incident with Sans, Gaster wasn’t taking any chances. The last thing he needed was to lose one of them.

Papyrus looked around uneasily, blinking hard as a rush of light-headedness almost made him fall over. Now that his soul was safe, he wasn’t entirely sure what to do. He took a half step toward the door, then dragged his foot to an unsteady halt when a tiny, terrified voice in the back of his head screamed at him to get back into the cage. Gaster was going to come back and if he found him like this…Papyrus took a shuddering breath as his imagination vividly reminded him of syringes being forced down his throat when he’d refused to eat, of being left strapped to a mattress for hours when he’d refused to cooperate, being held down and cut, and broken-

The thought sent flash of prickling heat down the back of his neck and Papyrus anxiously reached out to his magic again. The response was immediate, sharp and clear like a single note from a crystal bell. The rush of reassurance he felt was quickly tainted when he realized that the scientist would never let him keep it. Unless...perhaps he could trick the scientist into believing that he was still blocked? Papyrus desperately clung to the idea as took a step toward the cage, then froze. His fingers half-consciously reached up to feel the Velcro strap still wrapped tightly around his neck, sliding over the ragged edge where he’d cut the metal loop off the fabric. Shakily, he looked up. The loop was still dangling from the roof of the cage, and beneath it, the ring gag lay discarded in a sticky puddle.

Even if he somehow managed to put the cuffs back together and tie himself up, he’d never be able to do...do that thing, with his soul. Gaster would know that something was wrong. He would find out that he had his magic. He would take his magic away from him again, and put that...that THING back into his soul and...

And then he was going...

He was going to touch-

nooooooo0000000

Papyrus’ knees buckled and he landed hard on the tiled floor, both hands clenched tightly over his chest. His head was spinning, his sternum ached like he’d been punched and he couldn’t breathe.

No, I can’t, I can’t I CAN’T!

Papyrus mindlessly staggered to his feet, a jagged wave of bones beating the door into splinters as he stumbled towards it. His vision narrowed to just what was in front of him as he lurched over the
threshold, hands tingling where they were pressed to his sternum.

“Sans!” he sobbed, staggering down the short hall. He came up against another door and his magic lashed out again, the bones jagged and ill-formed as they tore through the wood like fangs. The splintering sound sent a spike of panic through his chest, and he staggered backward, eyes wild with terror. There was no way to hide what he’d done. Gaster would know. “SANS!” Another door, how many had he broken? “SSAAANNSSSS!”

Sans jerked upright when the door to his room was blown apart in a shower of magical bones and splinters. Cautiously, he stood, letting the blanket fall from his shoulders before he stepped over the threshold and looked outside.

Papyrus was curled up in a ball at the far end of the hallway, hands pressed to his chest and bones lightly rattling as his entire body shook violently. His eyes were fixed blindly at a spot on the floor just in front of him.

“Bro?” Sans asked, voice quavering at how scared, how broken his brother looked. He was caked with unmentionable fluids, and completely naked but for a bandage on one wrist and a tattered cuff around the other. His eyelights were flickering rapidly, and he wasn’t breathing. Gently, Sans crouched in front of him and pressed a hand into his shoulder.

“WHOAA!” Sans yelped, jerking backward as a flurry of bones shot out of the floor at him. Most missed, but two or three pinged through his chest cavity, dissolving harmlessly the instant they would have hit his ribs. Shaking a little, he looked up. Papyrus’ expression was a twisted mess of mortification and terror, arms pulled tightly around his chest, knees pressed together, and hands curled into fists.

“Bro?”

Papyrus opened his mouth as though trying to say something, tears running silently down his face before he collapsed into wracking, messy sobs.

“Suh-suh-suh-sorrry” he finally managed, burying his face in his knees.

“It’s ok, it’s ok. Shhh, calm down,” Sans said softly, kneeling next to him. He touched him on the shoulder again, and this time Papyrus all but crawled into his lap, crying so hard he shook Sans’ shoulders with each sob. “Just breathe…”

“C-c-c-can’t,” Papyrus hyperventilated. “Can’t, I can’t, I C-CAN’T-“

“Shhh, you’re ok,” Sans murmured quickly, at a loss for anything else to say. Papyrus was clinging to him so tightly he was having trouble breathing himself. “It’s ok, I’ve got you.” Sans gently rubbed the back of his brother’s head as he wept jerkily into his shoulder, concerned and deeply confused. Carefully, he looked up, eyes widening as he took in the trashed hallway. Splinters of wood were everywhere, shattered bits of door still clinging forlornly to bent hinges and dented handles. Papyrus had broken every single one.

Was this some sick sort of test? Gaster was nowhere to be seen, but Sans was positive the scientist had hidden cameras and microphones in every area of the house. There was no way he didn’t know what was happening.

Was there?

Papyrus was mumbling something over and over under his breath. It sounded like ‘I’m sorry.’
“It’s ok, you’re ok,” Sans murmured, refusing to think what Gaster might have done to him as he dared to wonder whether the scientist had finally slipped up.

Chapter End Notes

I think this is the first chapter I've posted that doesn't have a graphically depicted sexual act in it. What is the world coming to...

Also, Gaster always seems to be written as a super scientist who knows EVERYTHING about chemistry, biology, physics, mechanics, engineering, you name it. So here, he's primarily a doctor with a strong background in chemistry. Mostly because I am picky about making things match up with real life whenever possible, and it would be really weird (and incredibly impressive) for someone to have mastered EVERY SINGLE SCIENTIFIC DISCIPLINE. Awesome, but not likely.
Papyrus had been through his fair share of childhood mishaps. Little things like scraped knees, broken toys, arguments over whether dessert was warranted for eating two bites of this or one bite of that. The usual run of childish emergencies that prompted angry wails and easily soothed tears.

There was nothing easy about this.

It seemed like hours had passed before Papyrus could breathe normally again, and even longer before he had cried himself into an exhausted slump, bones trembling and shoulders hitching with errant hiccups. Sans stayed with him the entire time, feeling exhausted himself by the time his brother had finally calmed down.

“You’re ok, you’re ok…” he murmured. It had become a mantra, something comforting to say since it seemed wrong to say nothing. He wished he could do more, but….

Hot milk, bed-time stories, awful cooking shows, puzzle books….

Those were the kinds of things that calmed his brother down. Sans had none of them, and when Papyrus finally pulled back with a soft, hitched exhale, Sans found himself at a deeply depressing loss.

Papyrus shivered, then drew his arms and legs together, pulling away from Sans with a miserable expression.

“S-s-s-sorry,” he hiccupped for the millionth time. “I-I got y-you all d-dirty again.”

Sans looked down at himself numbly and forced out a chuckle. “Don’t worry about it, I’m the messy one, remember?”

Sure enough, he was sitting in an orange puddle of slick. His shins and femurs, and ribs were streaked with it, and his hands were spotted with something pale and suspiciously slippery. Papyrus was infinitely worse, but at least his heat seemed a lot less urgent than before. A thin haze of magic still clung to his sacrum, but it lay calmly over the bone. His body was still unusually warm, but not to the point of being feverish, and the glow between his joints had dimmed and completely flickered out in his hands and feet.

But that smell…now that Sans’ magic was back to a more normal level, biology was merrily informing him that a healthy, compatible monster was VERY nearby and VERY ready to have sex. All the joints in his legs had begun glowing a faint cyan, and the colour was slowly creeping higher.

It probably wasn’t helping that they were both naked.
Sans hadn’t given it much mind while Papyrus had literally been inconsolable, but now that he’d noticed, it bothered him a little. When had he become so used to being stripped and examined that being naked barely even registered anymore? Well, whatever. Just one more thing to add to the pile of ‘repressed memories to be dealt with later.’

Papyrus though…his brother had always been fussy and particular about his clothes. They had to be clean, they had to be organized, and god help him if Sans accidentally opened the door while he was changing. Being naked and covered in gunk had to be making him miserable.

Well, maybe there was something he could do about that, at least.

Sans wiped his hands on his femurs, then sucked in a breath as the glow behind his hip joints brightened and spread upward to cover his pelvic inlet with a rush of warm tingles. He glanced at Papyrus, cheekbones burning, but luckily his brother had his face buried against his knees. Definitely time to find some clothes. For the first time, Sans was almost glad that he wasn’t able to form parts for himself, otherwise his body would surely be well on its way to making something REALLY embarrassing.

“Hang tight a sec, I’ll be right back” he murmured, giving Papyrus’ trembling shoulder a rub before he limped down the hall. Let’s see…the door to the bathroom was lying in splinters across the floor, but the towel Gaster had used earlier to dry him off was still there. It had been draped over the folding chair to dry. Ignoring the painful twinge that zipped up his pubic arch with every step, Sans pulled the towel free and wet it under the faucet. The water was lukewarm and-

Because I only need your body, and if I decide your mind is getting in the way…

Sans started, then thrust the towel back under the faucet with a low growl. Forcing down the memory of hands gripping his ankles and cold tiles pressing sharply into his spine, he wet the cloth, wrung it out, then limped back to his brother.

“Here,” he said, holding the towel out awkwardly. Papyrus looked up at him, then down at the towel for a long moment as though he didn’t recognize what it was. Sans was starting to wonder whether he should do…something, when Papyrus finally took it and shakily began to dab at his face.

“You going to be ok?” Sans asked. Papyrus nodded jerkily, and took a shuddering sigh. “I’m going to look around a bit. I’ll be back soon.” Another nod.

Papyrus numbly watched his brother walk back down the hall, looking into each room for a moment before moving on. Papyrus wasn’t feeling up to words at the moment. He wasn’t feeling up to much of anything. Mechanically, he swiped at the heavy streaks of soul fluid around his mouth, slowly working down to his neck. He could get the worst of it this way, but his cervical vertebrae had countless little dips and pockets that were impossible to get clean without a proper shower. He didn’t even want to try working on his legs. The bone was probably permanently stained, he was going to look like that forever-

“Hey,” Papyrus started as Sans gently grabbed his wrist. He looked down and realized that he’d been rubbing at his sternum hard enough to burn, just over the place where his soul manifested. “I found some clothes.”

Papyrus automatically held out a hand, then froze, eyes fixed on the folded fabric Sans was offering him. They were white. Just like everything else Gaster had given him to wear. And his hands were covered…
“Ah, jeez,” Sans sighed as tears began to roll down Papyrus’ face again. He set the clothes aside, then spread a second towel over the ground. “C’mon, sit on this,” he chuckled weakly. “Heats suck, huh?”

“I HATE THEM THEY ARE THE WORST!” Papyrus howled, sniffing as he crawled onto the towel. “WHY IS THIS A THING THAT HAPPENS TO US?”

Sans snorted. “Doesn’t happen that often. Usually just if you, uh…have someone else around and they’re…” he made a vague, up and down gesture with his hand. “regular.”

Sans was giving him that look that he hated. Mild and cheerful on the surface, but the second you looked deeper you noticed how stiff the expression was, how the smile didn’t spread to his eyes or match the weary slump of his shoulders. Like he was trying to hide something, or hold something back. Normally, Papyrus wouldn’t have mentioned it, would have accepted the ambiguous, confusing answer and the bland expression without looking any deeper. This was Sans, after all, and his brother never told anybody anything.

Papyrus had never fully appreciated just how infuriating that was.

“Sans, just tell me without doing the thing please,” Papyrus snapped, pulling the shirt over his (barely) clean torso.

“The…what thing?” Sans’ expression slipped, showing surprise and a touch of uncertainty.

Papyrus sighed, then continued, more gently, “that thing where you’re not telling me the part of whatever it is you’re uncomfortable with telling me. Just…” Papyrus closed his eyes, balling the towel up in his fists. Dear stars, he was too tired for this. “…h-heats. We don’t normally get them?”

Sans shook his head. “Nah. Only if you’re with someone else and you’re…intimate, and they’re having a heat. It’ll trigger sympathetically.” He chuckled darkly, looking down at himself. “Like a lot of stuff about us. We’re accommodating whether we like it or not.”

There was something deeply bitter about the way Sans said that word. Papyrus rolled it over in his mind as he mechanically scrubbed at his legs, getting the worst of the slick off the bone. Now if only his pelvic inlet would stop seeping so indecently…

“Accommodating? What-” Papyrus looked up, just in time to see Sans disappear back into one of the rooms. Papyrus rolled it over in his mind as he mechanically scrubbed at his legs, getting the worst of the slick off the bone. Now if only his pelvic inlet would stop seeping so indecently…

“I would have sworn he’d be back by now,” he muttered. “Did he, uh, say anything to you before…” Sans trailed off, looking at Papyrus hesitantly.

“N-not really. H-he just wanted m-me to,” Papyrus shuddered, pulling his legs together and wrapping his arms tightly around himself. Gaster was going to know. There was no way to hide it. “But I didn’t…” panic threatened to close down on him again and Papyrus swallowed hard, head throbbing as adrenaline struggled beneath his emotional exhaustion. “B-but he’s…he’s going to KNOW, and I d-don’t WANT him t-t-t-to-"
looking back up at him. “You…uh, just nod or shake your head, ok? Can you do that?”

Papyrus nodded, eyes fixed his forearms where Sans was holding him. His thumbs were moving slowly along his radii, scraping softly as they steadily moved back and forth.

“You didn’t have your magic when I saw you earlier, right? It felt like it was all locked up?”

Papyrus nodded.

“And now it’s back?”

Papyrus gulped, then nodded again.

“Can you use it?”

Papyrus immediately reached for his magic, double-checking the connection. The response was still beautifully clear, reassuring and powerful. He nodded.

“Ok…” Sans was looking off into the distance, as though he were trying to make up his mind about something. After a moment, his expression hardened, and he took a deep breath. “Ok. C’mon, I think I found the way out.”

===

Sans and Papyrus stood at one of the few intact doors left in the building. After a moment’s hesitation, Sans reached out and tried the handle. It was unlocked.

A cold gust of wind chilled his face as he pulled it inward, and he flinched back, covering his eyes as a glaring expanse of white reflected the light into his face like a mirror. Blinking hard, he squinted into the space, waiting until the blurred shapes settled, then came into focus.

Snow?

Tentatively, Sans stepped out of the house, shivering as crystals of ice pressed between the bare bones of his foot with a quiet scrunched. Tiny flakes drifted from the ceiling, hidden high above them by heavy grey clouds. Pine trees crowded around the front of the house, opening at the front in a narrow swath that sloped downward into the distance. Just where they seemed to disappear into a wall of white fog, Sans could make out a river twinkling between the pine needles.

He heard snow crunching behind him and saw that Papyrus had followed him out of the house. Sans pointed into the distance.

“See that?” he said, pointing to the river. “It runs through a town, or pretty close to one, anyway. That’s our best bet.” He turned and gave his brother a weary grin. “Let’s get the fuck out of here.”

Chapter End Notes

A second chapter and the smut is still minimal…but not to worry. Gaster’s surely going to catch them both soon >: )
The Imperfect Nihilist

Chapter Summary

In which Gaster gets slightly upset.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Gaster walked slowly down the narrow hallway outside Judgement Hall, watching a small rock monster scuttle along the tiles ahead of him on crab-like legs. He waited until it had skittered around a corner and out of sight, then stepped to his left and into nothingness with a soft puff of displaced air.

The void pressed against his bones with a heavy, invasive cold that was like blue magic trying to tug at him from every direction. He tensed his entire body, resisting the forces trying to pull him apart just long enough to jump across the invisible shortcut to his halfway point, a sealed cave hidden deep within Waterfall. He took a deep breath and leaned against the wall, pausing briefly before he stepped back into the void and made a second, shorter jump to the front door of his private laboratory.

The quaint, four-bedroom home had not always been a lab. It had originally belonged to an icecap couple who’d built it as a bed and breakfast. They’d put it up for sale shortly after, possibly because no customers had been willing to trek thirty-odd miles through the snowy forest just for cold beds and lukewarm coffee. Gaster had bought it years ago, deeply attracted to the little hide-away by its silence and lack of distractions. He had mixed feelings on its current use. On the one hand, it was so remote that his captives were hard to access, especially compared to, say, keeping them in a sealed room deep in the Core. On the other, the isolated location was discrete, and provided a large measure of insurance against potential discovery.

Gaster had not fully appreciated the value of that privacy until he noticed a footprint in the pristine snow just outside the door.

“What…” Gaster stared at the print, standing frozen with one hand already outstretched to the doorknob. Beside it was another…and another. Slowly, he turned, following the trail with his eyes as it wound down into the forest and out of sight. One large set, and one small set, both with the clear indentations of five toes and a heavy heel-print.

The implications seemed obvious, but this was not the time to make assumptions. He needed more information.

Almost dreamily, Gaster opened the front door. It was unlocked, as always. There was no point in keeping it any other way when the lab’s only visitors were the wind and flurries of snow.

Deliberately, he looked over the inside of the building, expression masked by an icy calm. The door to the examination room hung splintered in its frame, and the floor was strewn with slivers of wood. Further inside, the wire cage he’d left Papyrus in was empty, apart from a puddle of clear, viscous fluid that had seeped out from under it and halfway across the floor. Crouching, Gaster summoned a hand construct and sent it forward to investigate. He shuddered lightly as the construct’s fingers raked slowly through the cold slime and crust where the mess had begun to dry.
Nothing...nothing...and then...

The construct came across a glass bead the size of a grain of rice. Dark, quiet anger bubbled deep in his chest as Gaster directed the floating hand to retrieve the bead, then summoned another to bring him a rag to wipe it clean. There was no mistaking it. The bead was Papyrus’ magic blocker, and it was VERY obviously not implanted in his soul.

How...

Gaster stood, gripping the implant tightly between his fingers. He had been careful to sedate both of his subjects before implanting the blockers into their souls the first time. The process was excruciating, and they had both been extremely sick at the time. The additional stress would have negatively impacted their recovery, and could have pushed them into relapse. Removing it should have been unimaginably painful.

Well. He’d ask Papyrus himself how he had managed it. While reinserting the implant. Without sedation this time.

Gaster methodically checked the rest of the house, noting the shattered doors, the towels scattered over the floor, and the clothes missing from the cabinet. It appeared that Sans had escaped as well. That could be…troublesome. Gaster didn’t find another puddle with Sans’ implant in it, but he couldn’t assume that the little skeleton was still blocked. If his brother had found a way, then Sans could easily have followed his example. It was best to prepare for the worst possible scenario.

Gaster stepped into his office, shoes crunching loudly on the splinters of wood underfoot. He shifted his rolling chair out of the way, then opened a cupboard that had several jagged holes punched into the door. Inside the cupboard, pushed to the furthest corner of the highest shelf, was a dusty wooden box with a heavy latch. Gaster opened it. Inside were a pair of thick, steel cuffs.

Unlike most of his lab equipment, which was simple, clean, and spartan to the point of obsession, the cuffs were covered with rusty pockmarks and jagged runes carved deep into the metal. On most monsters, they were meant to be fitted around a wrist or an ankle. On skeletons, they could easily be applied as collars.

Gaster touched the runes along the outside, turning the cuffs to their highest setting. Carefully, he directed a construct to slip inside, flinching as the magical hand immediately clattered to the floor in a disorganized pile of bones that twitched feebly, then collapsed into dust.

Cruel, but effective.

Gaster turned the cuff over in his hands, expression cold and pensive. His blockers were so much more sophisticated. They caused an elegant sort of paralysis, similar to how cutting the spinal cord in a physical monster left the victim unable to move their body. But instead of cutting a physical connection, his blocker interrupted a signal. A very specific signal, which was sent between the mind and the soul every time a monster called on their magic. Blocking that signal left the victim completely powerless, a fully loaded gun without a trigger. Nothing else was damaged, and the victim remained healthy and physically able. The effect could even be reversed later with no lasting harm, as Papyrus had evidently discovered.

 Suppressants, on the other hand, were destructive and crude. The victim could still fight back, though struggling was difficult when their lifeblood was literally being sucked away and trapped inside a foreign object. The technique was barbaric, and potentially lethal if the setting was placed too high.
Painful and cruel. It was a fitting punishment for tampering with his implants.

Stowing the collars into his pocket, Gaster stalked to the door, expression dark as he quietly scanned the snow for footprints, then followed his subjects’ trail into the forest.

===

After spending months walking on nothing harsher than tile and carpet, the soles of Sans’ feet were annoyingly sensitive. The press and scrape of icy snow against his tarsals tickled in the oddest way, making his feet tingle and forcing him to concentrate on placing each step deliberately. Heel first, foot flat, onto the toes, heel first, foot flat…

If Papyrus felt the same way, he didn’t say so. He hadn’t said much of anything. The tall skeleton looked utterly exhausted, stumbling along at Sans’ side so clumsily it was like he was sleep-walking. His eyesockets were half closed, tear-stained, and completely dark. That worried Sans a little. Normally, his brother had faint eyelights that were easy to miss unless he was intentionally trying to make them brighter. Now, they were completely gone.

Heel first, foot flat, ignore the icy crust now packed between the bones of his feet. At least he was light enough that his footsteps barely punctured the top of the snow-pack, and he wasn't bothered by the cold. Otherwise, his bare toes would definitely be frostbitten by now. All things considered, this could definitely be worse.

He still felt exhausted by the time they finally reached the river.

“This leads to a town?” Papyrus asked softly, speaking for the first time in hours.

“Well, if nothing else, it’ll lead to Waterfall eventually,” Sans sighed, staring into the swirling, cloudy water. He could remember visiting the town that bordered this river once, back when he was a whole lot younger. He remembered that he’d liked the town’s name for some reason, but not much else. Still, he could have sworn that the river had looked clearer, with shallow banks and a slow-moving current. The river in front of him looked deeper, faster, and much less friendly.

Papyrus scowled, looking out into the distance where the river vanished to a point between the stately trees. He straightened up, turned back around, and gave Sans a weak smile, eyelights flickering deep in his sockets.

“Very well, let us continue. I shall NOT be defeated by-SANS?!”

Sans felt something hard snap closed around his neck. His eyesockets widened as an alien cold smothered his magic, snuffing it out so quickly that it terrified him. Mindlessly, his fingers scrabbled over the metal circlet, gasping as a deadly chill began to creep through his skull.

“H-help,” he whispered. Either the world was tipping, or his knees had buckled, he wasn’t sure which. Papyrus was right in front of him, pulling his hands away, trying to say something. His voice was muffled. Sans couldn’t make out the words as the ground pitched and heaved beneath him. It might have been a hallucination, but he thought he saw a second hand construct slowly creeping up behind his brother, with a heavy, steel collar clasped in its bony fingers.

“Waatshouut-“ Sans gasped, feebly lifting an arm. Papyrus whirled, summoning a wave of bones that shredded the floating hand and flung the collar into the forest. Sans saw a glint of light reflect off it’s pitted, rusty surface right before everything went dark.

“BROTHER!” he heard Papyrus shriek. Something yanked at the thing around his neck, twisting it around with panicked haste. Sans groaned, forcing his eyelights to re-ignite with an effort that left
him woozy and light-headed. Papyrus was holding him, frantically tugging on the cold, steel collar locked around his cervical vertebrae.

“Hold on brother, just hold on,” he muttered desperately, arms shaking as he struggled to pry it open. Sans blinked slowly at him, then started when he caught a flicker of motion out of the corner of his eye. Over Papyrus’ shoulder, on the far side of the river, a shadowy figure was hiding in the trees. It made a flourish, and five smaller shapes rose around it, fingers outstretched and palms marked with that large, unmistakably familiar hole.

No.

God fucking damn it NO.

With his last ounce of strength, Sans lurched upright and wrapped his arms around Papyrus’ chest with a grip so clumsy and tight that his brother’s ribs creaked warningly. Papyrus yelped, looking down at him with confused alarm.

“Sssorry,” Sans croaked, then threw them both into the river.

There was just enough time for Sans to see the shock and confused betrayal on Papyrus’ face before an icy pressure clamped down on his soul, and everything went black again.

===

Gaster jerked Sans over to the shore, depositing his limp, unresponsive body face-down in the snow. Immediately, he flung out another wave of blue magic, pushing the spell as far as he was able. He held the magic for a long moment, sweat pouring down his face before he released it with a scowl, unable to find any souls beside Sans’ and his own. It was too late. Papyrus was gone.

Roughly, Gaster flipped Sans onto his back, tilted his head up, and brushed the snow away from his face. The little skeleton was gasping weakly, and a light froth had formed between his teeth. Fine dust coated his chin and had collected at the corners of his mouth, and his body was as cold as the snow he was lying on. Gaster frowned, then ran a finger down the runes on the collar, deactivating them one by one until Sans convulsed, coughed hard, and began wheezing harshly, every breath laboured, but strong. That would do, for now.

Gaster turned away and surveyed the river with a dark glare. He hadn’t been fast enough to catch Papyrus before the current had torn him out of his grip. What a shame. This section of the river was a mess of boulders, rapids, and treacherous currents. Papyrus would surely be battered to dust by the time his body reached Snowdin.

Such a waste.

“unngghhh...” Sans choked from where he lay supine on the ground, eyelights flickering once, then snuffing out. Gaster tucked his fingers under the little skeleton’s chin and turned his face to the side, studying his profile thoughtfully. Low HP meant that the scientist was going to have to be careful with how he applied Sans’ correction. Luckily, it appeared that he still had a decent buffer from sleeping, and Gaster knew how to adjust his intent to inflict pain without incurring lethal damage.

“I’ll be there to make you pay for what you are doing to us?” Gaster recited softly, releasing Sans’ chin. The collar glittered around his neck, runes pulsing brilliant cyan as they pulled his magic into themselves and trapped it outside his body. “You certainly know how to keep your promises, don’t you?”

Sans didn’t respond. Either the magic suppression had completely knocked him out, or he had
decided to stop fighting back.

“Well, it’s time I showed you that I keep mine as well,” Gaster said softly, then teleported them away.

===

Sans didn’t know how much time had passed since the collar had been put on, but he was fairly sure that he’d been brought back to the lab. The quiet smells of pine and damp moss had been replaced with the distinctive sharpness of bleach, and the muted swoosh of snow slipping off of tree-branches to patter gently to the ground below was completely absent.

Something clinked against his neck, and a slight weight lifted off of his cervical vertebrae. Sans gasped, then howled with agony as raw magic seared through his numbed body, rushing back into his bones with an intensity that made him feel as though he were burning alive. The sound came out garbled and choked, muffled by the rubber stopper that had already been forced into his aching jaw.

A hand lifted his chin, forced his eyesocket open, and shone a small light into his eye. Sans scrunched his face up, hands jerking against the restraints pinning him against a padded examination table in horribly familiar position. Face-up, arms above his head, legs outstretched and slightly parted. He was definitely back in the lab.

“Magical suppression is so crude,” came Gaster’s voice as he released him, then checked his other eyesocket. “And entirely unnecessary. You’re still blocked? Didn’t your brother tell you how he managed to remove the implant?” Gaster paused for a moment, as though expecting an answer. Sans turned away and pressed his face into the bend of his elbow, eyesockets watering. If he didn’t think about it, he could almost believe that the tears were caused by the brightness of the light, and that the burning in his eyesockets was no more intense than the searing ache still pulsing through the rest of his body.

Gaster roughly dragged his fingers through Sans’ intercostal spaces. Sans flinched instinctively, but the scrape of bone on the sensitive gaps between his ribs was heavily subdued, as though the suppression had temporarily overwhelmed his nerve endings.

“Such a pity that you took it upon yourself to kill him like that,” Gaster continued casually, withdrawing his fingers. “I couldn’t even find his dust. But now,” Sans felt a hard pinch around one of his femurs and cringed, hesitantly dragging his eyes downward. His left leg was caught in a heavy, metal brace that was clamped tightly around his femur. “I am going to ensure that you won’t escape again.”

Before Sans could fully process what was happening, Gaster twisted a handle on the side of the brace and his leg snapped cleanly in half.

…

Someone was screaming. It was oddly muffled and indistinct, like the person who was in pain was far away or in another room.

“Stop…going…”

“…worse…struggle…”

This voice was muted, like his head was full of water. Everything was so blurred that he couldn’t see…
And then the pain hit him. Unbearable, blinding, white-hot agony that centered on his broken femur. He was thrashing and bucking against the restraints, screaming senselessly into the gag, tears pouring down his face. Hurt, it hurt, it hurt, IT HURT-

The pain dipped and he collapsed onto the table, shivering and sobbing as warmth bloomed across the back his throat. Gaster was standing near his head, adjusting the line of an IV. Frowning, the scientist placed his fingers under Sans’ chin, slipped the clear, polymer tube already trailing across his face deeper into his nasal cavity, and taped it into place against his cheek. Sans choked as the object rubbed awkwardly against the back of his throat, dimly recognizing it as a feeding tube. The IV was dripping into it, and the warmth he felt was from the magic concentrate dribbling into his body.

“…actually a common procedure to correct birth defects,” Gaster was saying. He picked up a second brace, opening the clasps with soft, ominous clicks. Sans eyes fixed on it, dread and cold panic heating the back of his neck and making his chest feel tight.

“Nnnn,” he whimpered as Gaster fixed the brace around his unbroken leg and tightened the straps. He shook his head, trying to beg with nothing but his eyes. No, no no...

“In your case, I’ll fix the bone so that it heals misaligned. The breaks will likely cause you chronic pain when walking, and it will take you some time to become adjusted to the new orientation of your feet.”

Sans closed his eyes tightly, hands clenched into fists over his head. His own, panicked breathing echoed loudly through his skull, overwhelming anything else Gaster might have had to say as he weakly shook his head over and over, entire body tensed as he braced himself-

“MMMNGHHHHH!!!” He arched back with an agonized scream that didn’t completely cover the wet snap of his other femur being split apart.

More warmth spread across the back of his throat. The pain quickly dipped, then dulled to a maddening itch. Sans reeled, staring up at the lights overhead as his vision swam in and out of focus and black spots danced around the corners of his eyes. He could see his legs mirrored in the reflective bowls that focused the examination lights on him, distorted a little by the curve of the metal. He stared at them with detached interest, unable to look away. His femurs were completely severed, and the breaks had been drawn slightly apart by the braces. Cyan magic fizzled across the small gaps, slowly reconnecting the damaged bone.

His feet looked wrong. Probably the distortion of the reflection...?

It took him a minute to realize that Gaster had slipped a pin between his tibia and fibula and into the table, forcing his toes to point inward and leaving his femurs turned 90 degrees from their original position.

Oh...oh wow. That wasn’t good...

Gaster snapped his fingers in front of Sans’ eyes. Sans groggily focused on him, finding himself feeling strangely empty.

“At the rate you are receiving magic, you should be fully healed by morning,” the scientist informed him, adjusting the IV until it was moving at a slow drip. Sans watched it numbly. Each drop was met by a tiny surge in the itch tormenting his legs as his body desperately snatched up the magic, immediately used it to mend itself, then waited impatiently for the next drop.
“I suggest you use the time to consider your position,” Gaster continued. “If you misbehave like this again, I will not break your legs,” he drew a finger across the jagged end of one of the breaks. Sans choked, tiny flashes of light splashing across his vision as the soft contact slammed through his consciousness like a blow to the head. “I will remove them.”

Gaster left the room and turned out the light, leaving Sans strapped to the tabletop with just enough magic dribbling into his body to slowly heal his broken, incorrectly set legs.

Sans turned his face away from the empty door frame. Tears dripped down his face as he shivered hard enough to make his ribs click softly in their joints at his spine and sternum. He was too exhausted to think, too uncomfortable to sleep, and so overwhelmed that he felt like he was stuck in a viciously realistic nightmare.

Heh…nightmares. He had lots of experience dealing with those.

Sans closed his eyes and forced himself to concentrate on the magic dripping into his throat. If he focused, he found he could anticipate the tiny rush of warmth that meant he’d been fed a drop of magic, and then match his breath to the slow, steady tempo.

Inhale…drip…

Exhale…drip…

Slowly but surely, the itch faded, and Sans felt himself drifting off. As his consciousness faded, he focused on the memory of his brother’s last expression before he’d fallen into the river, letting it spark a tiny kernel of hope deep in his soul.

Betrayed, shocked and scared. The look on his brother’s face had been blurred and damningly unmistakable, but that didn't matter because he was safe. His baby brother was out of the psychopath's grip forever, and even if Sans hadn’t been able to explain what he was doing, even if Papyrus would hate him forever for what he’d done...

...even if it meant that Sans had to endure this nightmare alone...

...the fact that he had escaped made all of this worth it.

Sans let exhaustion blur his thoughts into a hazy smear of light-headedness. The low, pleasant buzz made it so much easier to remember that nothing really mattered, to remember how much easier it was when he didn't have to care.

Yes. It was definitely better this way.

Chapter End Notes

I've always kind of thought of magical suppression as a kind of constant blood-letting, especially for heavily magical monsters like skellies. Definitely not healthy to constantly be leaking magic, which is why I had Gaster find another way.

In case it wasn't clear in the text, there's a signal that goes between the mind and soul every time a monster calls on their magic - there HAS to be, otherwise the monster wouldn't have any way to control themselves. Gaster's blocker interrupts that signal, leaving his victim's soul constantly tapping its non-existent toes, wondering why
nobody's talking to it.

Or, if you prefer the meta explanation, the blocker interrupts the line of code that let's the monster access their magic. Every time they try, the blocker deletes the code-string, and nothing happens.

Huh, Papyrus escaped...is anyone going to believe me if I say Gaster's surely going to capture him soon? XD
“Look at you. Such a desperate little whore.”

The voice was breathy and familiar in the worst way possible. The tone sent a coil of dread through the pit of Sans’ stomach, but the usual fear he felt whenever his abuser got him alone in a locked room was heavily blunted by the magic heating his bones and driving him insane with need.

“It’s like you knew I was in heat and wanted to join the fun.”

A hand slipped down the front of his shorts, and he whimpered as a finger rudely pushed itself inside his aching pussy and made the oversensitive flesh burn. It hurt, but oh god, he needed it, needed it so badly…

“Already wet little fucktoy?” Another finger joined the first, slowly curling in and out of him as something hard pressed into the small of his back. “Then let’s skip to the main course.”

Sans woke with a jolt, then choked when the movement jostled his sore legs. Panting hard, he frantically looked back and forth, swallowing awkwardly around the gag. After verifying that his old nightmares hadn’t joined his present ones, he collapsed onto the table with a low whimper, fingers twitching unhappily in their restraints above his head. He was unbearably hot, covered in sweat, and all of his joints were glowing so brightly that the walls and ceiling were painted with faint, cyan sparkles. His pelvis, spine, and ribs were agonizingly sensitive, and the light pressure of the table against his body made him want to squirm in place, even though he knew it would be completely impossible to get himself off that way. Of all the fucking times to go into heat…he’d known that hugging his brother for hours while he was in heat would trigger this like nobody’s business, but what the hell else was he supposed to do? Let his baby brother cry his poor eyes out on the floor by himself?

Sans flexed against the restraints, pelvis already throbbing with slow, even pulses like a heartbeat. The heavy, metal pins between his tibia and fibula clicked against the inside of his legs, and the ankle restraints chafed when he tried to bend his knees. Even lying there, his legs felt inexplicably wrong. His mind was dead certain that his toes should be pointing upward, and feeling the table pressing into the sides of his feet was utterly surreal. He felt like he should feel more concerned about that, but his thoughts kept getting interrupted by a tortuously light breeze blowing cool air through his rib cage, and by the slow, steady seep of cyan magic trickling down the insides of his femurs.

“Hnnnnn,” Sans whined into the gag, hips twitching impotently against the table. His tailbone and the backs of his ilium slipped frictionlessly across the vinyl surface, making sloppy, wet noises as he rocked back and forth. The tiny amount of sensation his efforts rewarded him with was brutally
unsatisfying, and he twisted harder in the restraints, pulling mindlessly on his sore legs as minutes passed and the desperate urge to be touched by someone, anyone, overwhelmed his senses. He was dimly aware that he was just wearing himself out, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. In a way, having his libido overloaded was kind of nice. A decent excuse to take his mind away from what was happening, and not think about the fact that he’d been seriously crippled after dumping his baby brother into a river to die. Yes, definitely not a good idea to think about all that...

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Gaster heard Sans’ whimpers of distress long before he saw him, courtesy of having a lab with only two working doors. He rounded the corner, then stopped at the threshold, looking inside with open surprise.

Sans was undeniably in heat.

He walked up to the examination table with a bemused smile. Judging from the heavy streaks of cyan slick down the insides of Sans’ femurs and pelvic girdle, he’d reached his hormonal plateau several hours ago, which meant that he must have started sometime early that morning.

“How interesting,” Gaster said aloud. Sans’ eyesockets flickered open, but there was no fear, reservation, or even recognition in his eyes. Only pleading, overwhelming need. “And Papyrus swore that you two weren’t intimate.”

“Unnghhhh,” Sans whined, saliva dripping unchecked down the sides of his face. Gaster impassively considered him for a moment, then reached forward, pulled the pins out of his legs, and unfastened the braces. Sans grimaced and shifted on the table as the metal contraptions were pulled away, looking baffled as he flexed his toes.

"Full articulation, that's good. Still painful?" Gaster murmured to himself, running the tips of his phalanges over the ring of newly-healed bone. Sans moaned at the touch, shamelessly pushing his damaged legs into the scientist’s hands. Gaster obligingly pushed back, gently testing the stability of the scars. They flexed a little under his fingers without cracking or warping, more flexible than undamaged bone but not dangerously so. Sans didn't appear to be in any pain, quite the opposite, but those symptoms were almost certainly masked by his current condition. Satisfied that his subject had fully healed, Gaster pulled back. Sans immediately whined at the lack of contact, arching and pushing clumsily against the vinyl surface of the table with his re-oriented toes.

“Easy,” the scientist murmured, firmly turning Sans’ face to the side. The little skeleton relaxed the second the scientist's fingers touched his skull, closing his eyes and moving his head in slow, nodding motions under the steady grip. Gaster peeled the tape away from the feeding tube and tugged it free, ignoring the muffled choking sound that issued from his subject at the rough treatment. He set the tube aside, then unbuckled the gag, pressed down on the little skeleton’s chin, and wiggled the rubber stopper clear of his teeth. Sans gasped with relief the second his mouth was emptied, tongue tentatively probing at his sore jaw-joints for a moment before vanishing. Gaster stepped back to drop the gag in the sink, and Sans immediately turned to stare pleadingly at him, eyelights overbright and a touch too wide. He tried to sit up, and whimpered unhappily when the restraints held him back.

“Oh Sans. How shameless,” Gaster tutted, returning Sans’ imploring gaze with blunt curiosity. He’d seen the little skeleton in a medically induced heat before, and while Sans had been urgently aroused, he hadn’t been reduced to near mindlessness. Like his brother, he’d been somewhat able to resist his body’s urges and maintain a decent level of awareness. Definitely enough to speak coherently. The state the little skeleton was currently in seemed deeper, and much more useful.
Gaster experimentally held his hand near Sans’ head. Sans immediately pressed his cheek into his fingers, keening at him needily. He whined with distress when Gaster pulled his hand back.

“Words, Sans. How do you feel?”

Sans trembled, rocking in place with his eyes fixed on Gaster’s hands.

Curious, Gaster sorted through the drawers in his laboratory until he came up with a small paintbrush. He knew that Sans tended to be most sensitive on the tailbone, pubic symphysis, and the underside of his sternum, but it would be interesting to see if that changed when he wasn’t holding anything back.

He started at Sans’ hands and worked downward, testing every part of him with the small brush. Sans craned his neck to watch, giving him a confused, but earnest look. Judging from his little gasps and twitches, he was generally more sensitive at his joints, but not especially so, at least not until Gaster reached his cervical vertebrae.

“Mnnn,” the little skeleton moaned, craning his head back to give him better access.

“Here?” Gaster asked, mostly to himself. He drew the soft brush against the gap between Sans’ second and third vertebrae again. Sans responded with a blue flush and began panting lightly, clearly enjoying the sensation. Gaster made a mental note of it and moved on, getting similar responses at his sternum, the inside of his ribs, and the large vertebrae where his spine joined his sacrum. He practically leapt off the table when Gaster touched his pelvis, whimpering so loudly that Gaster seriously considered gagging him again.

“Hush,” he said absently, dropping the now-dripping brush in the sink and thoughtfully pulling on a pair of latex gloves. He could typically draw out a monster’s soul in under an hour with the right intent and stimulation. The soul was needed to reproduce, so any suitably strong intent to procreate would encourage the construct to appear. The problem was that it took a lot of time and mental effort to do so. Even when he’d been working with Papyrus at the peak of a medically induced heat, it had taken him over twenty minutes.

But Sans was currently much more aroused than his brother had been, and in a much more… suggestible state.

“Do you want to be touched?” Gaster asked softly, using his tone more than the words to convey his message. He held his hand enticingly above Sans’ bare sternum. Sans stared at him hungrily, and Gaster wondered whether the little skeleton would be able to understand him. Well, he supposed it wouldn’t hurt to try.

“Bring out your soul, Sans,” Gaster commanded calmly. He closed his eyes for a moment, concentrating on how it would feel to press his own soul to Sans’ before running two gloved fingers down the front of the little skeleton’s sternum. Sans froze, and something like fear flickered behind his eyes even as he groaned, toes curling impotently against the vinyl surface of the table. Gaster knew that the gloves would blunt the contact and soften the intensity of his intent, but he couldn’t risk coming into contact with the little skeleton’s fluids so soon after dealing with Papyrus. Sans’ sweeter, lighter scent was already driving him to near distraction, and it was easier than he was comfortable admitting to imagine drawing out the little skeleton’s soul and making good on the unspoken promise to conceive a new life with it.

“Bring out your soul,” Gaster said insistently, repeating the gesture. Sans jerkily shook his head, trembling hard.
“Very well. I’ll be back in an hour,” Gaster told him, stripping off the gloves. Sans watched him with increasing desperation, wordless squeaks of distress and frustration rising in pitch as Gaster left the room.

Interesting…Interesting and potentially vitally useful. Even if he didn't manage to get Sans to bring out his soul on command, knowing that he responded this strongly to other monsters in heat was a literal goldmine of opportunity. As he walked down the hall to continue dismantling bent hinges from the empty doorframes, Gaster suddenly realized that it might specifically be Papyrus’ heat that had caused Sans to literally lose his mind. He frowned, hoping that wasn’t the case. Still, he should definitely find a way to test the theory later on, just in case.

===

Sans was barely aware of what was going on. Everything had been drowned by the intense, burning throb pulsing through his entire body, making the room look pleasantly blurred and leaving his bones aching with the desire to be touched. He feverishly rocked in place, able to move a little more freely now that the pins were out of his legs, but not nearly enough to get himself anywhere. He was panting and his body was already getting sore from his clumsy, restricted efforts, but he couldn’t bring himself to stop. Not even the dim, undercurrent of fear at what had just happened did anything to curb his body’s desperation.

Gaster had tried to take his soul. Sans had heard the request. He’d felt the scientist’s touch, had felt the intent behind it demanding that he expose himself in the most intimate way he knew how. Worse, he had felt a terrifyingly powerful compulsion to give in and obey. Sans should have been out of his mind with fear, but there was so little room for other emotions next to his all-consuming need.

*Bring out your soul, Sans.*

He was so tired of fighting. He couldn’t even remember why resisting was so important. Papyrus was gone. Gaster could end his life any time he wanted, could hold him in prolonged agony or unbearable pleasure until he broke down and begged for death, could force him to stay alive even if he lost the will to keep living.

What was this request but a token? Something that Gaster had already won, even if Sans made him work a little harder than absolutely necessary to get it?

Footsteps approached the table. Sans felt two gloved fingers stroke once down the front of his bare sternum, slipping soundlessly across the sweat-drenched bone. He whimpered, aching as the latex barrier prevented the touch from taking all but the edge off of his heat. The tiny rush of relief was torture, because it only reminded him how good it would feel to take that last step and completely give in.

“Bring out your soul, Sans,” Gaster commanded calmly. Sans flinched hard, struggling to remember why he was fighting, why it was so important to keep this last, tiny piece of himself out of the scientist’s hands. Gaster repeated the gesture, and Sans felt his chest tighten, sternum throbbing as he barely managed to hold his soul back.

“Very well, I’ll be back in an hour.”

Sans moaned, hips twitching futilely against the sopping wet surface of the table. The wrist and ankle restraints chafed cruelly at his oversensitive bones, and his entire body ached from being forced to lie in the same position since the night before. Sweat ran down the sides of his face and between his ribs, stinging his eyes and doing nothing to cool the intolerable heat in his body.
He couldn’t give in. For some reason, it was very very not important to give in. Why?

===

Gaster finished cleaning up the doorframes and eyed them thoughtfully. Replacing them himself was out of the question, he knew nothing about carpentry and had no motivation to learn. The best option would be to request help from a professional carpenter in New Home, which would be easy enough from his position as the royal scientist. His examination table, a few decidedly explicit pieces of lab equipment, and Sans himself were going to have to be moved until repairs had been completed. Fortunately, he still had his sealed cave in Waterfall. The space was not well suited for long-term imprisonment, but with some adjustment, it would suffice.

The scientist moved to sort through a box of assorted hardware, then paused and held his hand up to the light.

God damn it.

That dark, blue glow had flickered to life between his finger joints again, despite the precaution of using gloves. Irritated, he checked the time on his phone. It was early afternoon, so he wasn’t due to take another dose for several hours, but if his body was exhibiting a sexual response, then something obviously needed to be adjusted.

Frowning, Gaster pulled out a pad of paper and scribbled down several calculations. He would have sworn that he was already right under the threshold of overdosing himself, but sex or sexual activities had been shown to reduce the effectiveness of the drugs he was taking. If he adjusted the constants to account for that…yes. It should be safe to increase the dose.

Gaster pulled his bottle of pills out of his pocket, broke a tablet in half and swallowed it down. Grimacing a little at the bitter aftertaste, he pulled up the calendar on his phone and adjusted his schedule to account for the increase. As he did so, the glow faded, and flickered out. He flexed his hand, smiling grimly at the change. Still under control.

And speaking of the time…

Gaster walked back to the main lab where Sans was still twitching insensibly on the table, teeth parted and eyes closed tightly. It was hard to tell whether he was in pain. More likely, he was simply overwhelmed by sexual frustration. Gaster was going to have to give in soon and bring the little skeleton to orgasm. Unlike medically induced heats, natural heats didn’t go away after a few days, and being this aroused without relief for more than nine or ten hours could actually hurt the little skeleton.

Well, no matter. He still had some time.

“Bring out your soul, Sans,” Gaster said calmly.

“Nnngh-“ Sans groaned as gloved fingers stroked once down the front of his sternum. His chest was so tight. He couldn’t breathe, it was so fucking hot. Why was he still holding out? He couldn’t remember. Had he ever even known? He wanted to, he wanted to…

“Bring out your soul, Sans.”

The fingers ran down his sternum again, firm, insistent.

Everything ached.
He was so tired of holding back.

And he couldn’t...remember...why....

With a soft cry of relief, Sans relaxed, and his soul flickered into being behind his ribs. He panted softly as the construct coalesced, tears of exhaustion running soundlessly down his face. Good…it felt so good to stop fighting and completely give up control. He literally had nothing left to give, and nothing left to lose. The essence of his being was in the palm of a psychopath, and Sans had been the one to put it there.

“Good boy,” Gaster said softly, dipping his fingertips between Sans’ ribs to stroke the delicate construct. Sans arched, fingers curling in the restraints above his head as Gaster’s gentle touch soothed his brutally sensitive ribs and aching soul. He was feverishly glad that the scientist had left the construct in his body instead of drawing it out. The feeble protection of his ribs and sternum gave him a measure of relief, made him feel a tiny bit safer even though the most vulnerable and intimate part of himself was exposed. The gloves muted Gaster’s thoughts, keeping Sans from being completely overwhelmed as the rhythmic strokes created little waves of pleasure that slowly built on each other, giving him time to adjust and breathe as his body was worked to climax. Higher…higher…

Sans dimly felt that Gaster was concerned about something. Something to do with hormone-controlling pills and a rich, blue glow-

“Ahn…” Sans gasped as he peaked and pale liquid gushed past Gaster’s gloved fingers to dribble obscenely down his spine. His chest lit up with bright cyan sparkles that quickly faded into pleasant warmth and a tranquil satisfaction, quieting the heat in his body and finally giving him some relief.

“That should hold you for a little while,” he heard Gaster mutter. Sans turned his head to the side, watching with dazed acceptance as Gaster stripped off his gloves and scrubbed his hands at the sink, cursing under his breath. The scientist's knuckles were glowing a faint, dark blue.

*Integrity*, Sans dimly realized. Every monster had a base colour that corresponded to their inner-most traits. Sans’ was cyan for patience, and occasionally yellow for justice. Papyrus’ was very notably orange for his bravery.

But Gaster’s was dark blue for integrity? That didn't make sense. And neither did the fact that he was glowing like he was about to go into heat.

“What’s matter doc?” Sans slurred, watching as Gaster pulled up his sleeves with a louder curse. His elbow joints had flickered to life with that tell-tale dark blue. “You look shpooked outta your skin.”

“Oh hush,” Gaster muttered as Sans giggled incoherently to himself. Heh, heh...Gaster didn't have skin...

“I really don’t like you,” Sans snickered, half whispering. This was a secret after all, Gaster wasn't supposed to know.

“I’d gathered as much,” Gaster said dryly, patting his hands down with a towel.

“Nnnoooo. I really, really really don’t like you,” Sans insisted, not sure that he’d emphasized the point enough. “You fffucking suck.”

“Noted,” Gaster replied absently. “I’ll repeat this later, since you seem to be completely incoherent at the moment, but I’ll be moving you to a temporary location later today. Your brother appears to
have disliked doors.”

Sans giggled to himself. “My bro is ‘da besht,” he slurred. "He'sh gonna kick your ass when he finds out where I am. He'sh the cooooolest..."

Gaster rolled his eyelights, refraining from answering as he left the room. Sans watched him go, still giggling to himself. The scientist's hands were still glowing. For some reason, that was the funniest thing he'd seen in a long, loooong time...

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The river’s current was shockingly powerful.

Papyrus felt like a rag-doll in the grip of an angry toddler as he was sucked down into the freezing, cloudy water. His vision was reduced to dark, swirling bubbles and his head was pounding with the roar of rushing water. He flailed as the current tossed him head over heels, struggling to straighten himself, to push himself to shore, to somehow wrest back a tiny measure of control from the torrential current. A sharp flash of pain lanced up his shoulder as his elbow clipped something he couldn't see. The bone cracked and he screamed, trying to jerk his arm back toward himself, right before something slammed into his face and everything went dark.

Chapter End Notes

Catie, I may never forgive you for guessing this twist ahead of time. *gives you the unforgiven stare*
Chapter Summary

An object will only overbalance after its degree of rotation moves the object's center of mass outside its base of support.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Gaster pulled a set of latex gloves on, then turned around and paused, studying his prisoner thoughtfully. Sans was lying recumbent on a thick pad set directly on the stone floor, eyesockets closed and body completely still apart from the steady rise and fall of his ribs. His bones shone with sweat, and his pelvis, spine, and joints glistened with a faint haze of cyan magic that was almost drowned out by the harsh, fluorescent lights overhead. A thick towel had been tucked under his legs in attempt to keep the mess to a minimum, but the fabric was quickly soaking through with slick, cyan liquid.

Yes, this would be a good angle.

Gaster unpacked a camera and tripod from their respective cases and set them up, hooking the camera into a laptop that would automatically send the footage to another computer for storage. The batteries would have to be changed every few hours or so, but he planned to be back and forth at least twice that often. Unfortunately, the set-up was much more intrusive than the hidden cameras in his private laboratory, but he was reasonably sure it wouldn’t matter. Sans’ periods of coherency over the past several hours had been brief and not especially self-conscious. He probably wouldn’t even notice that he was being recorded.

“Time to wake up,” he murmured, filling a syringe from a large, glass bottle, then removing the needle and placing a gloved finger over the open tip of the syringe. He walked over to Sans, turned him face-up, and placed a pillow beneath his shoulders to tilt his head back. The position naturally encouraged the little skeleton’s mouth to open, allowing the scientist to easily work the syringe past his teeth and into his throat. Working slowly, Gaster stroked the bone under Sans’ chin and slowly depressed the plunger. The drug dripped uselessly down the front of his cervical vertebrae and soaked into the bedding beneath him. Frowning, Gaster readjusted the position of the syringe and tried again.

“nnn-“ Sans choked, swallowing weakly with a feeble grimace.

“There we go,” Gaster purred, watching the little skeleton’s eyesockets flicker open with dazed confusion. “Just a little more…”

Sans choked hard, eyesockets watering as he abruptly became aware of the object stuck in his throat. Disoriented, he tried to scramble away from the source of the discomfort, but only managed to force a graceless jerk out of his weak, leaden body.

“Swallow,” the psychopath said insistently, pinning him in place as liquid continued to trickle over his vertebrae.
“Wnghhm!” Sans spluttered, eyesockets smarting as a few of the droplets slipped into his skull and ran over the intensely sensitive bone with a dull prickle. His entire body was tingling and his cervical vertebrae stung where the drug had soaked into them. Gagging around the syringe, he arched backward, hands mindlessly pawing at Gaster’s arms before the scientist calmly summoned a pair of hand constructs and pinned his wrists to the mattress.

“hhHHRRK” Sans choked as the rest of the syringe was emptied over the back of his mouth. The stinging sharpened to an intense burn that left him coughing uncontrollably. Gaster withdrew his hand with an impatient sigh.

“I told you to swallow,” he tutted.

Sans curled into an awkward, splay-legged ball, clutching his burning throat and coughing so hard that tears ran down his face and his entire body shook with the force of the motion. Gaster considered him for a moment, then shook his head with another sigh.

“Here,” he said, wetting a washcloth and handing it off to a pair of hand constructs. One of them pried Sans’ hands away, and the other pressed the cloth to his cervical vertebrae. “This will help.”

Sans glared at him through darkened eyesockets, but shakily held the cloth against his neck, hacking and gasping a little less violently as his body quickly metabolized the drug.

“You’re lucid right now? Interesting. Sedatives often dampen the effects of heat, but I wasn’t sure whether that would hold true in your case. You were exceptionally far gone.”

A dark, blue flush spread across Sans’ face at the casual sentence and he hid his face in his arms, still coughing weakly.

“Does that embarrass you? How cute,” Gaster chuckled, watching as Sans miserably brought his knees up to his chest and tucked his elbows tight to his sides. Gaster would have sworn that Sans’ ability to feel any amount of shame about his body had long been stomped out. “How much do you remember?”

Sans remembered enough.

Oh god, had he really…?

How the fuck had he gotten so desperate that he’d brought his own soul out not once, but three times on fucking command for this psychopath?

Fortunately, everything else was an uncomfortable blur. He had no idea how much time had passed between the summonings, only a vague impression that he’d started giving in a little faster with each successive request. He shuddered, trying to force himself to stop thinking about it. The memory of fingers stroking his sternum was enough to make his chest feel achingly tight, and send little flutters of heat across his oversensitive pelvic girdle.

Groaning, Sans gingerly tucked the washcloth into his burning mouth, feeling an odd sense of betrayal. Even after repeated abuse by one of his foster parents’ friends, he’d never ever felt the desire to pull out his soul and hand it to his abuser. Not when his abuser had said that he loved him, not when he’d insisted on holding Sans for hours when all he wanted to do was hide somewhere and cry, not even after he’d accidentally triggered Sans’ first heat and spent the entire day fucking him senseless. Never. The thought alone disgusted him.

What the fuck was wrong with him?
“Well, no matter. I suspect that this period of coherency is going to be as brief as the others. You should eat and rest if you can. I’ll be back in an hour or so to continue where we left off,” Gaster said carelessly, making a gesture. A pair of hand constructs set a covered tray within Sans’ reach, then vanished.

Sans laughed, a dark, angry sound that was broken by fits of hoarse coughing.

“At least I can’t stay away, can you?” Sans slowly pushed himself upright, feeling reckless and dangerously fragile, like a glass vase poised to smash itself to pieces on a concrete floor. “Is this what you wanted from me this whole time? My soul?”

The scientist didn’t answer, and Sans took that as an affirmation. “Holy fuck, you are one, sick bastard. You like my fucking soul so much?” Sans’ headrang and his rib cage felt as though it was going to explode under a sudden surge of pressure. “Then FUCKING TAKE IT!” he screamed, flinging the washcloth at Gaster. The cloth hit the scientist across the chest with a wet thwap and fell to the ground.

“TAKE IT!!”

He forced his soul to manifest and pushed it out of his chest, shaking as every part of him shrieked that what he was doing was horribly, irreparably wrong. Adrenaline thudded through his body like a surge of life, throwing every tiny detail of the little cave in sharp relief. Time seemed to slow as Gaster stared at the obscene object, seeming a little taken aback as the lewd glow reflected softly off of his face and coat. The small gap between the cuff of his sleeve and the top of the latex glove flickered, then shone with the scientist’s dark blue.

“I did not ask you to do that,” he finally said softly. He was standing casually, but there was a quaver in his voice and a sharpness to the way he was staring at the glowing, inverted heart that suggested he’d frozen in place. “Deconstruct it. Now.”

“Make me,” Sans spat.

Gaster narrowed his eyes, and a pair of hand constructs picked up a bottle of water, sliced off the top, and dumped the contents over Sans’ soul. The little skeleton flinched with a short cry, shuddering as the construct jerked back into place behind his ribs. The water was just cold enough to be shocking, making him gasp for breath and instinctively press his arms to his chest.

“If you ever do this again,” Gaster hissed, sending another set of constructs to pin Sans’ arms back as the first pair dumped another bottle of water through his rib cage. “I will pack your soul back into your chest cavity with snow.”

Sans shivered as water ran down his body, eyesockets watering from the intensity of the sensation. His soul still hung defiantly behind his sternum, glowing dimly but holding firm.

“Go ahead,” Sans croaked, grinning insanely at the scientist. Every tiny drop of water running down his body elicited a tingle from his bones, and the hands pinning his arms to his spine were wrapped so tightly around his wrists that they burned. Despite that, the sensations felt dim, drowned out by a cold, numbing ache deep in his soul that kept him focused and fueled his suicidal recklessness. “Not like I can do anything about it, is there?”

“You can obey,” Gaster replied coldly.

As though responding to the words, the chill in his soul sharpened, like a shard of ice had cut through the inner layers of the construct. Sans doubled over with a thin cry, tears running down his
cheeks as his soul finally vanished, leaving him feeling numbed and deeply exhausted.

“Good boy,” Gaster said, dismissing the hand constructs. Without the support, Sans immediately collapsed, falling forward with his arms tucked underneath him, as though his body was instinctively trying to protect itself in spite of its owner’s wishes. “I’ll be back in an hour. Eat. Rest. You’re going to need it.”

And with that, Gaster vanished with a small puff of displaced air.

For a long moment, Sans lay still, taking shaky, shallow breaths and numbly listening to the soft patter of water dripping between his ribs and onto the mattress below his torso. Something felt different, like a tiny, familiar piece of the world had disappeared, making everything around it seem off and slightly unnerving. Recognizable, but very distinctly NOT what it was supposed to be.

Shakily, Sans lifted his head, staring at the place where Gaster had been. The scientist was gone, but in his place was the gleaming lens of a camera with a tiny, red light shining just over it.

*What’s the point? Just give up…*

Sans pushed himself upright, hands trembling as they squished against the soaked bedding. Unthinkingly, he tried to stand and yelped as his knees bent the wrong way, dumping him hard onto his side. Grinding his teeth against the pain shooting through his legs, he tried again, almost managing to pull himself to a standing position before his legs gave out again.

*How many times is the world allowed to throw you to the ground…*

Sans growled angrily and pushed himself to his feet. He tried to take a step and immediately fell, yelping as his bare ribs skidded across the rough, stone floor.

*…before you’re allowed to just stay down?*

Sans pulled himself onto his elbows, one arm pressed to his stinging ribs. He dragged his body over to the wall, then pulled himself to his feet a fourth time. His femurs ached from the exertion, making his legs tremble as he leaned heavily against the stone. He took a shaky breath, tried to take a step, and flailed, body twisting as his foot moved awkwardly. His face hit the ground with a sharp crack and he cried out, pressing both hands to his mouth with a grimace of pain.

*He won’t be satisfied until you’re dead.*

Sans lifted himself onto his elbows, spitting something hard onto the ground. It was the end of a broken tooth. He stared at it numbly, feeling a throbbing ache centered on the place it had been, like a heartbeat pounding through his chest and temples. Slowly, he pushed himself to his feet a fifth time, feeling a dark, powerful anger bubble deep in his soul.

Fine. FINE. It was pointless. He was trapped here and the world had thrown him the shittiest of all possible shitty rolls of the dice. Gaster wouldn’t be satisfied until he’d been reduced to a shivering pile of bones, too insane to care that his entire life was meaningless.

And there wasn’t a single, fucking thing he could do about it.

Sans staggered forward a step, almost losing his balance as his foot tried to push him sideways instead of forward. Eyes focused on the camera’s little, red light, he took another step, steadied himself, then moved too quickly and fell forward, catching himself at the last moment on the tripod stand. Knees trembling, he used the stand to pull himself upright, then unclipped the camera and slowly turned it over in his hands until the lens was facing him. His reflection glared back at him
through the dark glass, eyesockets empty over a manic smile that had one missing tooth and a smear of dark marrow dripping down his chin like a streak of blood.

“Fuck you,” he spat, and smashed the camera into the ground.

===

Undyne adored this spot in the Underground. This close to the interface between Waterfall and Snowdin, the river still had a decent current without being so outrageously cold that it made her toes go numb. Moving her feet and shoulders with powerful little thrusts, she struggled against the flow, gills flaring as she gulped in the water. Her hair streamed away from her face, hands pressed tight to her sides and teeth bared as she watched the line of white boulders that marked the end of her run steadily creep closer. Just a little further, almost there, she could DO this…NOW!

With a quick flip, Undyne breached the surface, folded over in a graceful arch, then dove back into the river without a splash. Her feet churned as she shot back into warmer water like a red-haired torpedo, grinning fiercely as the combined force of the current and her efforts pushed her to a thrilling speed.

“And TIME!” she shouted, leaping out of the river and whirling to stare at the yellow lizard monster standing under an umbrella at the shore.

“o-OH! Um, um…six minutes, forty-three seconds?” the lizard monster asked uncertainly, holding a bright pink stopwatch in both hands.

“Yes, NEW RECORD!” Undyne crowed, picking the lizard monster up and swinging her around in a massive bear hug. She squeaked and dropped the umbrella, somehow managing to keep ahold of the watch despite the intensity of her friend’s enthusiasm. “I’m REALLY feeling it today Alphys, this is GREAT! Time me for another run?”

“O-of course!” Alphys gasped, not looking entirely unhappy about being crushed into Undyne’s chest.

“Awesome!” Undyne cheered, setting Alphys back on her feet. “Ready?!”

Alphys staggered sideways a step, fumbling for the stopwatch. “Ok,” she muttered, resetting the buttons and taking a deep breath before looking up at the fish monster with a quavering grin. “Ready!”

“GO!” Undyne shrieked, diving back into the water.

Alphys hit the start button, a light, dreamy expression on her face as the blue-skinned fish woman disappeared into the water. It was a little too cold here for Alphys’ liking, but she didn’t mind, not when she could help Undyne out with training. The royal guard was extra free with her hugs when she was happy.

Blushing a little at the thought, Alphys retrieved her umbrella and sat down on the riverbank, digging her clawed toes into the sand. Idly, she began rearranging the little pebbles and sticks near her into a pattern, making neat, swirly designs while she waited for Undyne to reappear. She ran out of nearby pebbles, then tapped her claws anxiously against her thigh, peering into the water uncertainly.

This sure was taking a long time.

Biting her lip, Alphys checked the stopwatch. The six minute-mark ticked past the new record that Undyne had just set, then continued unfazed into the seven minute-mark. As she watched, gaze
flicking anxiously between the watch and the river, the time clicked into eight minutes, and her friend
didn’t reappear.

Uh oh…

Alphys took a half step into the water, then flinched back with a full-body shiver, already feeling
chilled and sluggish. Wringing her hands, she looked out into the water, wondering whether
Undyne had just…pulled a muscle or something. She was only a little late, there was no reason to
panic…

She checked the stopwatch again. Ten minutes were ticking by, already almost double the time
Undyne usually took to make the short sprint between here and the Waterfall/Snowdin border.

Was this enough reason to worry?

Alphys was about to pull out her phone to call someone for help when the top of Undyne’s head
finally popped out of the water.

“Hey, I found someone, he’s definitely hurt!” Undyne called, paddling over to the shore with
something in her arms. She quickly climbed out, carefully pulling her catch ashore alongside her.

“H-h-hurt?” Alphys gasped, “What do you mean by…oh my!”

It was…a skeleton? Or what was left of a skeleton, anyway. He didn’t appear to be missing
anything, but there was hardly a bone on his body that wasn’t marred with a crack or a nasty-looking
break. The damage was so extensive that Alphys blanched, feeling a little light-headed and nauseous
as she stared at him. Dear stars, how was the poor thing still alive?

“God DAMN he got banged up,” Undyne muttered, pulling the ragged remains of his shirt aside to
check his ribs. They were laced with cracks all glowing a feeble orange as his body tried to hold
itself together. It didn’t look like he was breathing. Was that a bad thing? He didn’t have lungs, but
it still wasn’t a good idea to just assume. Was he going to just die right here on the riverbank? Oh
god, that would be so awful-

“We’ve gotta get him to the hospital. Can you call ahead and tell them I’m coming?” Undyne
interrupted Alphys’ internal panicking, scooping up the skeleton’s limp body and standing.

“Y-y-yeah, s-sure,” Alphys gulped, eyes drawn to the heavy fracture that ran through the skeleton’s
right eye and half-way down his face. Her own eye smarted sympathetically at the sight and she
quickly pulled out her phone, feeling a renewed bout of queasiness. God, she hoped Undyne could
get him to the hospital in time.

“Thanks Al, I’ll call you when I get there,” Undyne promised, then took off at a run, quickly
disappearing into the gloom of Waterfall with the broken skeleton held firmly in her arms.

Chapter End Notes

Love letting the characters write the story. Also, if anyone understands the summary
beyond its use as heavy-handed foreshadowing, then congrats - you made it through
physics 101 and actually managed to retain some of the information. That's more than
can be said for me half the time XD
Gaster set his pen aside, rubbing his temples as he stared over the towering stacks of research proposals crowding his desk. As Royal Scientist, it was his duty to disperse the Crown’s grants to any applicants deemed worthy of funding. The scientist had always taken hours out of every day for this task, but after the plague, then the beginning of his own…personal project, it had been badly neglected.

Such a pity. These proposals ranged from improvements to the core, drainage projects to make more parts of Waterfall habitable, research on the barrier, and every topic in between. They influenced the Underground as deeply as Asgore’s policies and the will of the people, improving their lives and giving them hope that one day, they would be able to look up and see stars instead of stone over their heads.

Only a tiny fraction of them would ever get funded. Asgore put a brave face on things, but resources were still too scarce to spend them freely on research and discovery. Gaster often felt that it was his ‘duty’ to simply read through each hopeful, well-written document, then stamp ‘denied’ on the cover page and move onto the next.

The scientist stretched, collected the pile of reviewed proposals, and walked them over to his receptionist just down the hall.

“These are ready to file,” he told the sleepy-looking snake monster. “I’ve marked several for a second review. Leave those separate, they’re queued for approval if we get any additional funding.”

The snake monster nodded once, yawning as he delicately flicked through the files with his tail. Gaster left him to it, returning to his office and locking the door. He straightened his clothes, closed his eyes, and took a brief shortcut to the New Home Hospital.

The hospital’s main hallway was the usual bustle of activity as nurses and doctors went about their rounds. Most appeared cheerful, and more appeared exhausted. Rightfully so. They had only just caught up with the aftermath of the plague, and most of the staff was still running on coffee, cat-naps, and sheer perseverance. Gaster wasn’t overly concerned. If the next few days remained calm, then everyone would be able to catch their breath, and things would go back to their hectic, but manageable pace.

The scientist knocked once on the door to the head organizer’s office, then stepped inside. The cat-monster behind the desk looked up at him from behind a mountain of paperwork that rivaled his own, dark circles under her eyes and a thin, cynical grin playing across her face.
“Come to help with the out-patient forms?” She asked drily, shifting a stack of clipboards aside.

“Not until I read through four-hundred and twenty one research proposals,” Gaster chuckled, taking a seat. “You should be helping me.”

“Yeah, you WISH,” she snorted. “You’re here for an update?”

Gaster nodded.

“Everything’s going well. New patients have mostly been the usual injuries. Teens playing rough, someone fell off a building. There was something else...oh, yeah, some poor guy came in looking like he got thrown off a cliff. He’s stable now, has a good chance of pulling through. Other than that, there were a couple cases of food-poisoning, but it’s pretty much under control. Ummm…” she shuffled through a pile of clipboards in a bin under her desk. “One of the food poisoning cases is in critical care, and she’s a bit shaky so we’re keeping a close eye on her. Anything you want to take a look at?”

“Perhaps a little later, I have other tasks that demand my attention,” Gaster replied, satisfied that the hospital was in good hands. “Thank you for your time.”

“No problem,” the cat monster yawned, turning back to her piles of clipboards with a dark glare.

Gaster walked through the hospital until he came to an empty room, then ducked inside and took a shortcut to his sealed cave in Waterfall. He staggered a half step upon exiting, then collected himself, looking over to the makeshift bed where he’d left Sans. It was empty.

“What-“ Gaster broke off with an exasperated sigh, looking around the room impatiently. He quickly found Sans lying to the left of his camera, face-down on the floor with his eyesockets closed. His face was streaked with tears and sweat, chest rising and falling with quick, shallow breaths. Both hands were curled around his pubic symphysis, fingers pressed tightly against the slick, glowing bone like he’d given up trying to get himself off but couldn’t bear to pull his hands away.

“I should have known that you wouldn’t behave,” Gaster muttered to himself. He picked up the camera, gave it an experimental shake and sighed again when it rattled.

“You crawled all the way over here just to break my camera,” Gaster stated flatly, as though he were having trouble believing what he was saying. “It seems I’m fated to continually underestimate you.”

Leaving Sans on the floor, he set the camera aside, then walked to the far wall where most of his lab equipment had been stored. After a moment’s consideration, he nodded, then pulled a wire cage with a plastic base out of the tangle. He dragged it to the middle of the floor, then walked around it thoughtfully. This was not the ideal place to perform this procedure, but frankly, he was out of patience. Sans evidently needed to be restrained until repairs on his lab could be made, so he might as well use the time productively.

“Now let’s see,” Gaster murmured, crouching next to the little skeleton and summoning two hand constructs to sit him up. Sans groaned as he was forced to uncurl, eyesockets flickering open with dazed incomprehension. He saw Gaster and turned away, pulling his arms into his sides and letting his eyes fall closed with a groggy moan.

“I leave for an hour and you somehow manage to hurt yourself?” Gaster tutted, using a third hand construct to tip Sans’ chin up to better examine his broken tooth and scraped ribs. “Are you a child, needing constant supervision?”
Sans yelped weakly when a hand construct began dabbing at his ribs with an alcohol swab, thoroughly cleaning the shallow cuts before moving onto his mouth.

“Hngh-nooo, stoooop,” he groaned, making a face as the harsh chemical stung his mouth and made his broken tooth throb. “Stoooooop… hurts…”

“Hush,” Gaster replied brusquely, examining the empty gap in Sans’ upper jaw. It was seeping a little, but there wasn’t anything he could do about that. Until Sans’ heat fully passed, physical healing would happen slowly, if at all.

Sans struggled weakly against Gaster’s grip, unaware of the tears running slowly down his face. The pain was dragging him out of his comfortable haze, trying to force him to face a reality he’d rather pretend didn’t exist. If he didn’t completely wake up, then none of it would have to be real. He could go back to being a lazy fence and con-man, with a little brother he loved and nothing more pressing to worry about than paying the rent, keeping his buyers happy, and prepping comedy routines for Papyrus to howl at.

Oh god…Papyrus…Sans miserably pulled his knees to his chest, mind stuttering to a halt at the thought of his brother. It hurt to even think about him, a deep, wrenching pain somewhere in his chest that made him want to find a dark, quiet place and cry for the rest of his life. What had he done? He desperately wanted to believe that his brother was ok, and he still believed that he was better off dead than in Gaster’s hands, but…

But in the end, Papyrus would still be dead, and Sans would never forgive himself for that.

Something began wrapping his wrists, ankles, and neck in thick, snug bands of cloth. Once they finished, they lifted him into the air, carried him a short distance, then set him down.

“Leave me alone,” he whispered, pulling away from the constructs as soon as they let go, curling into the thin pad beneath him. He buried his head underneath his arms, pressing his twisted legs tight to his torso. For some reason, the smell of the surface he was lying on reminded him strongly of his brother, and he sobbed once, hugging himself so tightly that his arms began to ache. It wasn’t real, none of this was real, it didn’t have to be real…

“Work with me Sans,” he heard Gaster say.

Hard fingers wrapped around his wrists and pulled them away from his body.

“I said LEAVE ME ALONE!” Sans shrieked, thrashing against the constructs. His movements were jerked short with a hard, clinking sound. Dread coiled in his chest as he finally opened his eyes and found his face inches away from a panel of thick, woven wire. His hands were already clipped into place, wrists engulfed in thick, Velcro cuffs. Wildly, he looked around, panic choking him as he found himself in a small, wire cage with a ceiling so low that it forced him to crouch and an open back that left his legs and pelvis chillingly exposed.

“No, no, no, no, no…” Sans sobbed as his ankles and neck were clipped to the cage, spreading him into a low, kneeling position with his tailbone up and hands stretched out in front of him. His hips immediately began to ache as the position forced the joints to rotate well past their usual limit to accommodate his deformed legs.

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“Calm down,” Gaster said behind him. Sans tried to turn his head, but the leash between his neck and the cage quickly pulled him short. “This isn’t going to be painful.”

“Fuck you,” Sans spat, jerking on the restraints pinning his wrists. “Fuck y-mMMNGH!”
“‘Fuck you?’” Gaster repeated, watching his hand constructs buckle a gag into place between the little skeleton’s teeth. “How disappointing. You’re capable of being so much more articulate.”

Sans snarled, chest heaving and hands flexing as he shifted uncomfortably against the towel lining the bottom of the cage. Gaster watched him struggle for a moment, paying close attention to how he was moving. The scientist had originally planned to attach another set of cuffs to the little skeleton’s femurs to keep his tailbone up and pelvic inlet easily accessible, but it looked like that would be unnecessary. Sans was maintaining the position himself, probably to reduce the strain on his hip joints. Between that and the heated, cyan magic still clinging to his pelvis, he almost looked eager to participate in this procedure.

He sincerely doubted that was the case, but the illusion was still undeniably compelling.

“Bring out your soul, Sans,” Gaster finally commanded, reaching between Sans’ splayed legs to run two fingers down the front of his sternum. Sans froze, and a thin, keening sound escaped the gag. He shivered violently, and tears began dripping down his face as he shook his head, bones clinking against the cold wire around him.

“Bring out your soul,” Gaster repeated. Sans choked, breathing in short, hard pants and making soft, sobbing sounds. The magic around his pelvis began to swirl against the bone, condensing into fine droplets and seeping slowly down his legs. His chest cavity stubbornly remained dark. The scientist frowned. Well, he’d only managed to repeat this particular lesson three times, he shouldn’t be surprised that it hadn’t stuck.

“Bring out your soul,” he demanded a third time, drawing his fingers almost roughly down the front of the little skeleton’s sternum. Sans jerked, arching hard against the top of the cage as though he were trying to get away. His chest flickered once, then went dark.

Very well, Gaster would do this the hard way.

Pulling on two sets of latex gloves, Gaster squeezed a generous amount of oily liquid into his hand, then began rubbing it along Sans’ lumbar vertebrae.

“Ghhhk” the little skeleton moaned, eyesockets closed and shoulders hunched against the unwanted sensations as his joints flickered to life. Gaster smiled to himself. Sans’ heat was still several orgasms away from dissipating. His body would respond strongly to contact whether he liked it or not.

“You’re going to need to be very aroused before we can continue,” Gaster informed him, slicking down the little skeleton’s femurs. “This isn’t supposed to be painful, but it is certainly going to feel…weird.

Sans moaned, curling his fingers into the wire in front of him until his phalanges burned. This was much, much worse than being strapped to a table. The wire pressing into him on all sides seemed to scream that he was inescapably trapped, slamming down on him with a feeling of panicked helplessness that made his usual coping mechanisms seem hysterically inadequate. No, no, no, no, no…He didn’t want this, leave him alone. This wasn’t happening, it didn’t have to be real…

“Relax, Sans,” Gaster murmured, stripping off the gloves and making a gesture. Several hand constructs appeared and began dragging a heavy piece of machinery across the floor. “This part is going to be enjoyable.”

Gaster moved to tip Sans’ pelvis upward, then hesitated, looking down at his knuckles. They were glowing again, and judging from the tingle slowly spreading up his arm, it wasn’t just his hands.
Gaster took a deep breath, pushing his reservations to the back of his mind. The point of his medication was to curb these reactions, and help him maintain the few boundaries he’d set for himself when he’d kidnapped two sick and dying skeletons to use for this project. And it did just that. Make it easier. In the end, it was still a matter of willpower, which couldn’t be bottled and sold as a pill. He knew that this was going to be difficult, and that was not a valid excuse for failure. It would be a betrayal of everything he was working toward to quit now.

Deliberately, he slipped two fingers around Sans’ pubic symphysis, applying gentle pressure to the sensitive notch. Sans jerked upward, making a garbled whine around the rubber thrust between his teeth.

“Sensitive? Good,” Gaster purred, running his thumb back and forth across the bone. Sans trembled, body already hot and so slick that his fingers made soft, wet noises as they moved back and forth. “Now…”

He reached forward and ran two fingers down the front of Sans’ sternum with his free hand.

“Bring out your soul.”

Sans’ chest flickered before he even said the words, and with an agonized squeal, the little skeleton tensed under his fingers, fighting against the command even as his body betrayed him and his soul materialized behind his sternum.

“There you are,” Gaster murmured, tugging Sans’ soul out of his body. Sans whimpered, body going slack as he felt the scientist gently press his fingers into the construct. Calm, relax, submit, echoed across the contact, smothering Sans’ own thoughts and panic like he was being wrapped tightly in a thick, soft blanket. He bit down on the gag, shuddering as he struggled to hold onto his anger, his sadness, something of his own.

Submit, submit, submit…

The commands pulsed through him, making his grip on the wire go slack and jaw unclench. His eyesockets flickered open, eyelights hazy and blown out as he lifted his tailbone as high into the air as the restraints would allow. The part of his mind that was still screaming at him to resist, to somehow prevent this from happening was dim and quiet, more like a memory of a memory than something he actually wanted. Why resist? In a way, wasn’t this pleasant, meaningless haze what he’d wanted all along? Wasn’t this just…better?

“Good boy,” Gaster’s words echoed through his mind. He could feel that a part of the scientist was genuinely pleased by his obedience, but there was an odd coldness to the emotion, like Gaster was looking at a well-crafted piece of furniture, or a piece of machinery that was working as intended. Sans trembled, fully realizing for the first time just how little the scientist valued his life. There was no ‘Sans’ in Gaster’s mind. He was not a person. He was a living tool and a means to an end.

A tiny pulse of magic rippled through his soul. For a moment, Sans hazily felt something connect deep inside himself, then a tight, throbbing pressure bloomed outward across his pelvic inlet, pressing against his sacrum and hugging his pubic symphysis with intensely satisfying pressure.

“Very good,” Gaster murmured, watching the little skeleton’s magic obediently coalesce into a cyan pussy. Sans’ spread stance left the newly conjured entrance with the labia parted, exposing the inner structures and the nub of a clitorous hidden in the folds. With a gesture, the scientist summoned a hand construct, directing it to slip once down the length of the slit, then slowly push a finger inside. Sans moaned needily, rocking as the finger began to curl against his inner walls. Thick, cyan liquid began to seep across his labia, clinging to the hand construct in long, shimmering strands.
“And now…”

Sans jerked as warm plastic touched the swollen flesh between his legs, uneasily twisting his head to try to see what was happening. Something pushed his labia apart, and the tip of something hard, rounded, and warm pressed firmly into his entrance, making a quiet pop as it slipped inside. Sans arched, groaning appreciatively as a long, ridged shaft rubbed deliciously against the inside of his passage, slowly stretching out the achingly sensitive magic.

“So eager,” Gaster chuckled, and turned the machine on.

“HnnNGH! MMNGH, HNNGH-“ Sans groaned, legs trembling as the shaft slowly thrust into him, slipping in and out of his slickened passage with divine friction. Gaster watched the artificial member carefully, making small adjustments until it began entering the little skeleton at an angle that ruthlessly stimulated the sensitive area on his inner walls, moving just deep enough to feel agonizingly good without inflicting pain. Sans moans reached a new pitch of desperation as the pace slowly increased, until he could do little more than gasp as his body jolted with each, tireless thrust. Too much, it was almost too much, but he couldn’t move away, couldn’t even twist his hips into a less intense angle. Oh god, he was already unbearably close, even though he knew Gaster was probably going to leave him like this for hours for some sick, twisted reason, writhing as he was literally fucked to unconsciousness.

Gaster took a step back and eyed his work. Sans eyesockets were closed, expression insensate and desperate as he leaned into the artificial member, legs trembling so hard that he was left hanging in the restraints. The lips of his entrance were swollen and dripping, making every thrust squelch wetly and rivulets of cyan slick splatter the floor of the cage.

Satisfied that Sans was sufficiently aroused, Gaster flicked another switch on the side of the machine. The little skeleton jolted, eyesockets flickering open in confusion as the shaft in his pussy began to swell, thrusts becoming short and shallow as it pushed itself deeply inside. It quickly grew past the point of comfort, locking itself deep inside his passage and forming a tight seal as it strained his ecto-flesh to the limit.

“MNNGHHH!” Sans shrieked as a cloudy, viscous liquid began to gush from the artificial member into his twitching passage. His body automatically reacted, creating a long, thin sack that hung in the empty space just below his ribs, made of the same, translucent flesh as his sex. The member continued to pulse, quickly filling the sack and forcing it to swell outward until it had completely filled the space below Sans’ ribs and belled outward over the edge of his pelvis.

“Just a little longer,” Gaster said over Sans’ whimpered protests. The member twitched, then the tip opened, allowing a slender, black rod to emerge. It slipped into Sans’ distended belly, then expanded into a large ‘X’ shape. The ends of the rod pressed gently into the cyan womb containing them, making small dimples in the fluid-filled sack. Sans trembled, eyesockets closed tightly as he hung in the restraints, joints and ecto-flesh still glowing brilliantly despite the discomfort he had to be in.

Gaster walked around to the front of the cage, then crouched down, rubbing slow circles into the surface of Sans’ soul. Gently, he directed a hand construct to tip the little skeleton’s face upward.

“Look at me,” he commanded. Sans’ hazy, over-bright eyelights slowly focused, then immediately rolled back into his head when Gaster pressed his fingers into the soft, pillowy surface of his soul.

“Focus, Sans,” he insisted, waiting until the little skeleton’s eyelights had refocused before continuing. “Good,” he murmured, watching the little skeleton’s breath pick up, and his passage twitch around the massive plug still straining at its inner walls. He was close. Close, and so,
beautifully desperate. This was the tricky part. Monster pregnancies required strong, focused intent from both parents to be successful. Accidental children were literally impossible, because conception would not happen unless the parents wanted it to. Artificial pregnancies might not follow that rule, but Gaster didn’t know that for certain. That was why he was performing this trial run with an artificial souling and not one of his more...valuable specimens. He needed to be sure that Sans’ internal environment could support that kind of life before risking it, as well as verify that his body could even be convinced to act as a surrogate without his will and consent.

Concentrating, Gaster firmly pushed his fingertips into Sans’ soul until he could feel the tiny nub of the blocker buried inside, trying to override Sans’ intent with his own.

*Want this*  *Deserve This* accept accept accept ACCEPT

Sans couldn’t hear himself under the flood of demands being forced into his soul, couldn’t accept remember what it was he didn’t want accept only that he didn’t want-

*You want this.*

He didn’t, it hurt, it felt wrong-

*You deserve this.*

He deserved this. He deserved this for what he’d done to his brother, for failing the only person who meant anything to him.

*Accept…*

No…please…

**Accept.**

As though he’d flipped a switch, Gaster felt Sans’ attitude shift from brittle defiance to a broken, numb acceptance. Slowly, reluctantly, the end of Sans’ passage began to close, magic padding the exit from his womb and sealing the fluid and the implant inside. Sans hung limply in the cage, tears running silently down his face, looking small, lost, and deeply fragile.

“Come,” Gaster murmured.

Sans arched against the cage, hips twitching against the thick plug of the artificial member. Rivulets of fluid leaked past the obstruction to ooze down his femurs as his entire body clenched tightly, then went limp. Gently, Gaster placed the little skeleton’s soul back into his rib cage, watching as it quietly vanished, then deflated the plug and slipped it free of Sans’ body.

“Please don’t…no…” Sans whispered as Gaster unbuckled the gag. “Don’t make me…don’t want it…l-leave me alone…”

Gaster unclipped Sans from the cage and gently pulled him out, setting him back onto the pad he’d laid out on the floor. Sans feebly tried to push him away, still quietly pleading to be spared of something that had already happened.

“Keep still,” Gaster said quietly, accepting a syringe with a short, thick needle from one of his hand constructs. He flexed Sans’ elbow, then worked the needle into a small, weak place in the bone of the joint, pushing firmly until the tip broke the surface. Sans didn’t even seem to notice the jab, or the sting as Gaster injected the contents of the syringe into his marrow.
“Noo, pleash…don’ hurt him,” Sans slurred, body going limp as the sedative took effect. “Pleash… juss leavv ‘mmmm…

Gaster ignored him, directing several hand constructs to sponge off the little skeleton’s legs and sex. Once the worst of the gunk had been washed away, they positioned him on his side, tucked one pillow under his head and another between his knees, then pulled a blanket over his body. The thin cloth glowed faintly where it pressed into the curve of the little skeleton’s new belly, oddly incongruous against the sharper shapes made by his illium and scapula. He fidgeted restlessly for several minutes, speech steadily becoming more slurred and incoherent, before finally going still, face relaxing into an expression that was almost peaceful.

How interesting. It appeared artificial pregnancies didn’t require the same intent as true ones after all.

===

Back in his office in the core, Gaster cursed, turning the sink on full blast to scrub his hands. His reactions had been muted by his medication, but his pelvis, spine, and ribs all felt almost unbearably hot behind the lab-coat and long-sleeved dress shirt he was wearing. Damn, this was inconvenient. Why now? Where had he made his mistake? Was it because he had selected other skeletons as his subjects? Had he been careless in some way that he hadn’t accounted for?

Gaster turned off the water, roughly drying his hands with a towel. His knuckles were still glowing, and if the way he felt was any indication, they weren’t going to stop anytime soon.

Clenching his hand into a fist, he began digging through his desk drawers, looking for a pair of gloves. In the end, this momentary distraction made no difference. Having his heat triggered was a mild consequence, and he would deal with it as efficiently as possible.

Unbidden, the echo of Sans’ numb, exhausted acceptance flashed through his memory, making him shiver lightly as he pulled a pair of thin, cotton gloves over his hands. He scoffed at his own reaction, forcing himself to concentrate as he shifted another enormous stack of papers into the center of his desk. So his subject was sad? Expected. He was a sentient creature and Gaster was submitting him to repeated, extended, and acute sexual torture. This was normal, and an unfortunate necessity of this project. Letting that fact bother him would do no one any good.

===

Papyrus was floating somewhere between being asleep and awake, so warm and pleasantly exhausted that he didn’t want to move. He had to try, though. Sans was in trouble. He couldn’t remember what kind of trouble, or what exactly had happened, but it was bad. He did remember that much.

Papyrus groaned, trying to move his arms to feel his face. It itched for some reason…

“Hey, whoa there. You’re ok, just hang out big guy,” someone said, gently pushing his arms back under the blanket. Papyrus huffed, trying to explain that his face itched, but the indignancy got lost as a wave of sleepiness trickled through his body, and he fell back into unconsciousness.

Chapter End Notes
Was there a teensy bit of aftercare somewhere in here? I think I put it in between the SCREAMING and the CRYING.
“…and the new low-pass filters are really helping out the power fluctuations. We might not even have to replace the main transformer now…”

Gaster was having trouble paying attention to the update that the enthusiastic vulkin tech was giving him. Over the past several hours, his body had steadily grown more sensitive, until the light brush and chafe of his clothes had become uncomfortably harsh. Everything between his waist and knees prickled like a mild burn, distracting and annoying. The unformed magic padding itself over his body was worse, almost-

The tech was looking at him as though she’d asked a question and was expecting an answer.

“I’m sorry, my attention has been less than ideal today. Bear with me and repeat yourself?” Gaster asked genially.

“Oh! No worries, none at all Doctor! I was wondering whether that project to extend power to Waterfall had been started yet? Because we’ll need to increase the power output to keep everything supplied if we do, and it would be a great excuse to upgrade a lot of the sketchy equipment,” she grinned and rapped her knuckles against a dripping, rusty pipe that had been patched with peeling duct tape.

Gaster frowned. The Waterfall power project had been one of the proposals he’d had to turn down. Unlike Snowdin, which would be pitch-black and unbearably cold without power, Waterfall was manageable. The plant-life was luminescent enough to keep everything lit, and the damp was unpleasant, but it wasn’t deadly.

“It’s queued for approval if we get more funding, though I suspect it may be years before we can undertake that,” Gaster said regretfully, forcing himself to stand perfectly still as beads of sweat dripped between his ribs with an irritating tickle. “For now, continue to concentrate on the capitol. It’s going to be a challenge to keep up, but I have faith in all of you.”

The vulkin blushed and giggled, letting loose a little flicker of lightning that danced happily around her cone. “Oh golly, we’ll do our best sir!”

===

Gaster stared numbly at the equipment lining the halls of the core as he walked out of the facility. Sketchy didn’t do it justice. Outdated, dangerous, barely functional. It was a miracle that it ran at all.

So many things were falling apart. Trying to keep them all going was like supporting a collapsing tower of cards with nothing but his hands. He could make dozens of them to reach out to help emergency after emergency until the effort threatened to kill him, but something would always slip through the holes. He could only do so much...

Gaster permitted himself a small smile as he stepped onto the conveyor belt that would take him back
to the capitol. His heat was eliciting excessive emotion from him. How annoying.

Back at his office, he managed to get through five more project proposals, then decided to go home for the day. He couldn't concentrate, and he was leaving sweaty fingerprints on the paper. Sleep and medication, that was the best thing for this. At least Sans was settled for the night. Gaster didn’t trust himself to be in the same room as the little skeleton right now. The very thought was...

He stopped thinking about it.

===

Sans didn’t want to wake up.

Maybe if he kept pretending that he wasn’t awake, his mind would decide to play along. Fake it ‘till you make it? It had always been easy enough for him to do. His face was naturally inclined to hide his feelings.

Maybe if he pretended he was dead, his body would play along. Fake it…till you…

Sans shuddered, and a faint sob shook his shoulders. The motion felt painful and terrifyingly strange. It was almost impossible for him to bend at the waist and everything between his sternum and pelvis was so, fucking sore.

This sob was louder, lasted longer.

A steady, alien pressure thrummed through his midsection. The points where the…probe? Where the probe touched his belly felt like a gentle pinch that pulsed with each shallow breath, a persistent reminder that something was inside his body. What the hell was Gaster trying to do? The belly-thing was vaguely similar to the way some monsters carried pregnancies, but skeletons didn’t…gestate. Not like this, anyway.

Half-consciously, Sans shifted a hand to feel the space below his ribs. The motion was quickly pulled short.

“IIiihhh?” he groaned, opening his eyes and groggily waiting for his sedative-slowed vision to focus. A heavy strap was wrapped snugly around his wrists, keeping them tied together and pinned to the surface of the mattress. An experimental flex verified that his ankles had been enveloped by a matching set, forcing him to stay curled on his side and keeping him from getting up or moving around. Sans swallowed hard, shivering lightly as the probe shifted against the front of his spine. With a slow, shallow breath, he closed his eyes and fell still, dazed from the sedative but too despondent and numb to fall asleep again. Gaster’s commands echoed through his head, repeating over and over like a bad song he couldn’t forget. The tone was calm, authoritative, and impossible to ignore.

Want this. Deserve this. Accept.

Like a dam breaking, Sans wailed, pulling his elbows tight against his torso. All the pain, the endless torture, and Papyrus…

Why was he alive?

He didn’t even know…

Sans sobbed uncontrollably, feeling so miserable and exhausted that he wished he could just sink into the floor and cease to exist. He didn’t want this. He didn’t want this. Maybe he did deserve it
“AAAGGGHHHHH!” Sans arched with an agonized scream as a sharp cramp shot through his midsection and groin.

“Ghhhh, oh g-god…” he groaned, trembling with intense relief as something inside him broke and liquid gushed over his legs. The calm exhaustion that followed felt absurdly like joy, and he giggled weakly, reeling at the sudden change. Gaster wanted to turn him into a living goldfish bowl? Heh, heh…he was going to have to try harder than that.

“Heh..ha, ah…ow…” Sans groaned as the ecto-flesh below his ribs began to pull inward around the x-shaped frame lodged inside his body. An insistent, irritating pressure kept nudging at his aching cervix, steadily growing stronger as the fluid continued to drain out of his abdomen. Slowly, reflexively, Sans stretched, pulling himself outward as far as the cuffs would allow. It hurt in the best possible way, and it felt inexplicably right...

With a soft pop, something fell through his entrance and became lodged there, putting uncomfortable pressure against the raw flesh inside his pussy. Sans doubled over with a weak yelp, then shakily looked down at himself. His legs were covered by a thin, white blanket that was soaked through with slippery, blue-tinted fluid. His belly and pelvic girdle were bare, giving him a clear view of the probe and the mound of aching, swollen magic filling out the space between his legs. One of the probe's legs had slipped out of him. The tip was protruding between his abused labia, and was firmly trapped in place.

Well, shit.

Panting lightly, Sans eased his legs apart, groaning as the movement drew the tip of the probe against the sensitive flesh inside his cunt. It hurt just enough that he immediately froze, then moaned feebly as a tiny flicker of pleasure rippled through the construct from the point of contact.

Oh shit…

Keeping as still as possible, Sans worked his wrists around in the cuff, feverishly looking for a way to free them. The strap was made of heavy Velcro, with a flap that made it impossible to just grab the end and peel it up. Maybe he could loosen the edge? Clumsily, he bit the heavy fabric, then jerked away with a muffled curse as the attempt nudged the remnant of his broken tooth and white-hot pain slammed through his jaw.

“Ghk-” he groaned, blinking away stars. Once his vision had cleared, he tried again, gingerly using the undamaged half of his mouth. The Velcro resisted his efforts, re-sticking and bunching up as he worked at it. The pressure of the probe inside his cunt was brutally distracting, leaving him flushed, sweaty, and aching for relief by the time the top layer of the cuff finally separated from the bottom and he was able to tear it free and release his hands.

Fingers trembling, he slowly parted his knees and fingered the hard, rounded end of the probe. Should he just…push it back in? Trying to pull it out seemed like a REALLY bad idea, but-

“FUCK!” Sans howled as, for no discernible reason, the probe abruptly snapped back into its rod shape. The motion shot the hard, plastic cylinder deep into his body with a sharp jab that knocked the wind out of him.

“Haa-nnngghhh…” ow, ow, ow, ow,...

The pain was so intense that Sans fell limply onto the mattress, vision blurred and head ringing. He
didn’t notice as the probe quietly slipped out of his body, then fell onto the mattress beneath him with a quiet thump and a trickle of raw, cyan magic.

===

Sans’ eyelights dimmed, and his head dropped lifelessly against the table. Gaster cursed, running his fingers down the front of the little skeleton’s sternum.

“Sans, give me your soul,” he demanded, voice edged with panic. Sans mutely shook his head, then fell eerily still.

“Sans!”

Before Gaster could react, the little skeleton’s ribs began to fall away from his body, clattering to the tabletop one by one. His arms, legs, feet and hands followed, carpals and metacarpals scattering across the floor like a handful of dice.

“H-hurts,” the little skeleton whimpered. “Please…”

Gaster backed away, terrified without knowing why.

“He could have stopped this. This was his fault.

“I don’t…want to…”

Sans’ vertebrae began to fall apart, rolling across the table. One bounced over the edge and rolled toward Gaster’s foot. He stared at it, unable to move as it bounced off of his shoe and dissolved into a shimmer of dust.

“…just let me die…”

===

Gaster woke with a start, so hot and sweaty that his sheets had glued themselves to his body. Peeling them back with an groggy sigh, he stumbled to the shower, turned the water on, and immediately stepped into the spray. The cold woke him up a little, but barely quelled the sense of urgency and heated glow shining out through every single one of his joints. Fumbling, he turned his back to the shower-head, grabbed his bottle of hormone suppressants off the counter, and shook two caplets into his hand. They immediately stuck to his wet hand, making it hard to get them past his teeth and onto his tongue.

"Haaahhh..." he groaned, grimacing from the bitterness. With a quick jerk, he turned the temperature of the water down and let it pour over his skull, gently thumping his forehead against the wall of the shower. Touching was only going to make it worse, this way was going to be faster, he just had to hold on for a little longer...

Slowly, the glow flickered away and the heat faded, until it was back to its persistent, but manageable state. Gaster shivered as the icy water dripped through his rib cage, forcing the mental image of the similar treatment he'd given Sans out of his head. He wasn't thinking clearly. He needed to get this under control, then sleep this off.

Groggily, Gaster turned the shower off and stepped out, water streaming off his bones and onto the floor. Had he already taken his medication? He couldn't have, not with the way dark, blue magic
was still pooling in his chest and pelvic girdle. He dried off his hands, shook two tablets onto the
counter, and swallowed them dry. There, back under control. Now he just had to...had...to...

Gaster took two, staggering steps back toward his bedroom, then collapsed onto the floor with a
heavy thud, unconscious before he hit the floor.
Sans came to with a whimpered groan. His own voice sounded pitifully faint, and his body was heavy and hard to move.

“Aayrrrrss?” he whispered, calling for his brother. Something was wrong. He felt sick. Really sick. Wasn’t there a plague going around? God, he’d never felt this lightheaded or achy in his life, and the space below his ribs was killing him.

Gingerly, Sans moved a hand to feel his throbbing midsection.

“FFFFFFF-“ he hissed, pulling away with a hard flinch. The cyan flesh clinging to his spine tensed sharply, then relaxed again with an uneasy flutter. As it did, a rush of warmth dribbled over his inner femurs and splattered wetly onto the bedding underneath his pelvis.

“Nnnggh…?” he groaned, then weakly pushed himself into a half-sitting position using his elbows. More warm wetness rushed over his legs, making him flush with bewildered embarrassment.

“Pyyrrruuss?” He swallowed hard, swaying in place as he waited for his vision to focus. Once it finally settled, he looked down at himself, then blanched. His femurs were caked with a sticky, cyan fluid that had gummed his labia together and pooled inside the soft, translucent sack just below his ribs. Patches of it had dried into dark, blue-black flakes that itched where they pulled at the flesh still filling out the space inside his pelvic girdle.

“Not good,” he croaked, eyes locking on a ragged tear half-hidden inside a knot of swollen flesh deep inside his pseudo-uterus. The probe must have torn something when it had jabbed him earlier. Oh g-god, that was a lot of raw magic…

“Ah-“ he gasped as he tried to sit up and a harsh sting punched through his pelvic girdle-

-hard fingers digging in between his ribs that clenched every time the much larger monster thrust into him, drawing a scream from his throat as his abused flesh tore a little more-

Sans swallowed hard, then carefully looked away and took a shaky breath. Closing his eyes, he forced himself to concentrate, sweating lightly as his body’s pain and exhaustion crept insidiously around the edges of his mind. He needed to stop the bleeding, and to do that, he had to deconstruct the injured flesh. Just deconstruct and let the damage undo itself. This wasn’t so bad, he’d dealt with worse than this before, it would be no big deal once he…

Why wasn’t it deconstructing?

Hands trembling, Sans pressed his fingers to his sternum, like a babybones still learning how to summon an attack. As hard as he knew how, he begged his body to break the connection fueling the
torn construct. Numb dread filled him as the plea went unanswered.

“Hnnnn,” Sans flinched as his abdomen cramped and his vision went dark around the edges. How much magic had he already lost? It felt like a lot. “Please,” he whispered into the air, chest aching like a heavy weight was pressing down on him. “Please…”

His soul flickered to life behind his ribs. Sans sucked in a breath, eyesockets watering as all the pain assaulting his midsection immediately doubled. No, no, no, no, holy fuck, go away, go away, go away…

The construct faded, and Sans gasped with relief as the pain immediately dropped to its previous level. Shivering uncontrollably, he pressed both hands over his mouth and sobbed, trying to block out the vivid, tactile memory of gloved fingers slipping across his bones. Never again…he’d be so fucking happy if he never saw his soul ever again-

Hot, sticky magic gushed over his femurs and Sans’ breath hitched as the world spun and a dull ring reverberated through his skull. Immediately, he pressed his hands over his intensely sore vulva, shut his eyes, and tensed as he struggled to stay conscious. Calm down, calm down, he couldn’t pass out now. Deep breaths, just keep breathing...

“Haaahhh,” Sans gasped as his vision finally settled, panting shallowly as he struggled to balance the need to breathe with the need to hold still. Shakily, he pulled his hands away. They were slick with dark cyan that glistened under the fluorescent lights overhead. Numbly, he wiped them on the mattress at his sides.

“Ok, haaahhh…ohhh-kay,” Sans whispered, then pressed his hands back to his breastbone.

Deconstruct, come on, deconstruct, please, please, please…

Sans choked as his soul flickered to life, then gently pushed itself into his fingers.

“NOOO!” he wailed, jerking away with frustrated horror. Sobbing freely, he buried his face in his hands, screaming as the increased sensations from his soul and memories of past violations completely overwhelmed him. He was going to die, he was going to bleed to death and he couldn’t do anything to stop it, he was-

...pack your soul back into your chest cavity with snow…

...bring out your soul, Sans…

No, no, no, calm down, calm down, calm down…

_Papyrus was fumbling with a collar that was slowly killing him, still trying to save him even though he had to know that Gaster was nearby. “Hold on, brother, just hold on…”_

Hyperventilating, Sans held his hands tightly over his nose and mouth and forced himself to take a slow, shallow breath, then another, and another. Calm down… calm down…calm down…

Slowly, the raw panic started to fade, making it easier and easier to breathe even though his soul’s presence kept his chest feeling tight with barely suppressed anxiety. Hands trembling, Sans scooped the little heart up to his breastbone, feeling a tiny bit safer and less panicky with it hidden behind his hands. Its surface felt rigid and unyielding against his shaking phalanges, like it was made of hard, dry plastic. It shouldn’t want to be out at all, not when he was this stressed and scared. Well, go figure. His soul had been doing a lot of strange things lately, and it hadn’t really felt right ever since…
Since that morning he’d woken up in a locked room with no magical control and a psychopathic royal scientist for company. Gaster…Gaster had done something to his soul. At first, Sans had thought the scientist had just…cut him. Had surgically performed some sort of permanent, magical castration. But that wasn’t right, was it? Papyrus had reversed it somehow, and that meant that whatever Gaster had done wasn’t permanent, and if it wasn’t permanent…

“H-how…” he whispered, at a complete loss for what his brother could have done. God, his poor baby brother. Sans had never seen him that badly rattled. First heat, coming off of one hell of a panic attack, completely covered in gunk…

Covered in soul fluid, Sans suddenly realized. Not just the usual metric fuck-ton of slick that came with being in heat. His brother had been covered in soul fluid. More importantly, it had been all over his face, chest, and mouth. Did that mean…?

Utterly desperate and not sure what to expect, Sans brought his soul up to his mouth, parted his teeth, and gave it a tentative lick. The construct shivered lightly in his hands, then fell still.

Well. That was disappointing. Maybe if he…?

Very, VERY carefully, Sans pushed his soul past his teeth and held it there, pressed lightly between his tongue and the roof of his mouth. After a moment, he frowned, feeling disgusted and vaguely stupid. What the hell was he supposed to do now? This just felt gross and dimly smothering, like he had wrapped his entire body in a cold, damp towel.

Shuddering, he spat the construct back into his hands, then retched as a heavy, coppery taste spread over the back of his tongue. Immediately, his soul pushed itself against his fingers, and he started as a light pulse of warmth rippled through his hands.

“W-what?” Confused, he rubbed one thumb lightly along the curved side of the construct, finger slipping easily in the thin layer of saliva. This time, the little heart rewarded him with a tingling flutter.

Tentatively, he leaned forward and licked the construct again, careful to keep the stroke light and gentle. The thin lubrication of his saliva softened the harshness of his fingertips, and he felt the little heart quiver and warm against them. Encouraged, he tried again.

“Hnmmm,” he moaned, tongue sliding back and forth in the little cleft at the base of the inverted heart. It was softening in his fingers, starting to feel more like firm gelatin instead of plastic. Beads of clear fluid oozed over his tongue, and this time, the musky, coppery taste was oddly satisfying. He was salivating too much and it was getting all over his hands, but now that he’d started, he really, really didn’t want to stop.

“Ghk…hhhhhh,” he groaned, hesitating for just a moment before folding his soul back into his mouth. His eyelights lost focus when he gently suckled the pillowy heart, shamelessly bobbing his head back and forth in unconscious mimicry of another, equally dirty act. The suction of his mouth rapidly began to build to a desperately gratifying pressure, and his eyelights fuzzed as a sudden surge of warmth rippled through his head. A light tingle began to bloom across his pelvic inlet and deep inside his chest, smothering his body’s pain, exhaustion, and the need to do anything but continue. Instinctively, he pressed his tongue forward, and arched as his soul’s outer layers parted and gave him access to the intensely sensitive inner layers.

“Mnn, hnn, hnn, MMNNN” he moaned, then tensed as his entire body was flooded with sublime heat and euphoria. A second later, slippery fluid gushed into his mouth, spilling over his teeth and running down the front of his cervical vertebrae. He swallowed automatically, and the light pressure
and motion of his tongue triggered a series of gentle aftershocks that left him breathless, then utterly spent.

Sans collapsed face-down on the mattress, panting weakly through his nose with his tongue still gently clasped inside his quivering soul. A shiver of fear ran through his chest as he realized just how much that act had drained him, and it quickly soured to despondent shame. He hadn’t managed to reverse the blocker. All he’d done was exhaust himself in an exquisitely perverted way. God, was he really this disgusting-

Sans hesitated halfway through pulling his tongue out of his soul as it brushed over a tiny grain of hardness in the otherwise soft body of the construct. His eyesockets widened as he tentatively probed at it and the inherent wrongness of the tiny, smooth-sided bead washed over him.

Holy…

Carefully, Sans maneuvered the grain onto the tip of his tongue, eyesockets watering as the motion jolted the overly-sensitive inner layers of the construct. Despite the irritation, his soul almost felt like it was helping him as he worked at the bead, clenching around his tongue from all sides to keep the unnatural object in position as he scooped it out. Almost there…

The grain slipped free and Sans immediately spat it onto the mattress in front of him, then pushed his soul back into his hands. It immediately vanished back into his chest, leaving him feeling tired and blissfully numbed. With the tip of one finger, he shakily turned the tiny implant over. His vision was so blurred that he could barely see it, but that had to be it, there was no-

Sans arched with a wordless gasp as a loud roaring sound reverberated through his skull. Immediately, the damaged constructs in his pelvis and midsection throbbed sharply, then vanished with a surge of relief that was so powerful it knocked him breathless.

“Heh…gotch mnnfff.” Sans mumbled as the roar quickly faded into a barely noticeable hum. He did it, he was…

Sans’ eyelights rolled up to the top of his head, then he collapsed limply onto the sticky, soiled mattress with one hand still cupped over the newly-removed blocker.

===

Gaster wasn’t out for more than a few minutes before he blearily pushed himself onto all fours, wondering dimly why he was on the floor. Then, a surge of nausea clamped down on his chest and he doubled over and threw up.

“Unnngh,” he groaned, throat burning and mouth tingling as saliva pooled around his tongue. A second later, he heaved again, bringing up a mess of blue magic laced with streaks of black that tasted like sour milk and putrefied meat. What was going on? Food poisoning? There had been food poisoning incidents at the hospital. He should…

Wait…

Not food poisoning, he realized with sudden horror, staring down into the puddle below his face. The black streaks were consuming the blue, giving off a thin wisp of acrid smoke as the two reacted and broke down into a vile, tarry mess. The suppressants. Oh shit, he’d overdone the suppressants.

One hand pressed to his mouth and the other over his chest, Gaster lurched to his feet and stumbled down the hall. He made it to his suite’s kitchen, knocking a chair into the wall as he staggered to the counter. Fumbling, he picked up the first thing his hands came across – half a loaf of bread, and
began eating it in rough chunks, resolutely forcing himself to keep going when his body heaved and he almost threw up a third time. He finished it, then crumpled to the floor, forehead pressed into the wall as his chest and throat burned. He had some pain relievers in the bathroom, but adding anything else to his rebelling system was definitely a bad idea right now. Ideally, he should force himself to eat some more to give the suppressants something other than his own magic to destroy, but he was so, so tired. He just...just needed... a moment...

Wan pseudo-sunlight filtered in through the window. Gaster groaned as his phone buzzed on a hard surface from somewhere nearby, then sucked in a breath as his head throbbed. Grinding his teeth, he staggered upright, then leaned heavily on the counter as dizziness threatened to drop him back onto the floor. After a moment, he swallowed hard, then retrieved his buzzing phone off the table.

6:30 AM, dosage due, the screen said.

With a short, hoarse laugh, Gaster set it back down and leaned over the counter with a groan. Careless. Stupid. Irresponsible. He was lucky he hadn’t killed himself. He didn’t deserve to be alive after making such a fundamental, easily-avoided mistake.

With a grimace, he pulled out a chair, sat heavily, then picked his phone back up. Despite the early hour, he already had more than a dozen messages and emails. Forcing himself to focus, he skimmed the subject lines, then selected a few to open. Repair work was all done in his private lab in Snowdin, the Core was operating nominally, his emergency shelter project had been started, and Asgore wanted to meet with him later that day. Good, it looked like everything was doing reasonably well. With a small sigh, he moved on to an update from the hospital...

Gaster froze, then quickly opened the message, certain he’s misread the subject line. It couldn’t be...

Know you’re busy, but I have a few questions about skeleton physiology if you get time. Our cliff-jumper isn’t responding to treatment as well as we’d like.

Discomfort and exhaustion were immediately pushed to the back of his mind and replaced with dull panic. Panting, Gaster rushed to change his clothes, summoning several hand constructs to fetch his keys, jacket, and wallet. Sans needed to be checked on very soon, but this took precedence. If the hospital’s mystery cliff jumper actually was Papyrus back from the dead...

Gaster shuddered, unwilling to imagine the ramifications of a scandal like this getting out. He couldn’t take that chance. No one must ever know about this project or the subjects he’d used to facilitate it. No one.

Chapter End Notes

Da da DAAAAAA... 

Not sure whether ecto-flesh would ever heal if it was injured. I've seen some people headcannon it that way, but I keep thinking it would just be easier for the monster in question to just go 'poof, injuries gone.' Of course, if you can't control your magic because of a blocker implanted in your soul by a psychopathic scientist...I mean, it's a niche situation, but that would still really suck.

Also, this is definitely an excessively convoluted justification for oral soul masturbation. But...it's oral soul masturbation, so shhh, just go with it XD
Chapter Summary

Going to start putting warnings here, the tags are making it look like I'm just adding random things to get more hits XD This'll be more useful anyway, I think. More relevant than trying to pick through that MASSIVE list trying to guess which pertain to this chapter.

In which Papyrus develops a life-long phobia of bleach and Sans loses patience at the worst possible moment.

Warnings include non-con, medical non-con, abuse of authority, force feeding, mild somnophilia, electro-stim, torture, psychological manipulation, and depictions of panic attacks.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Nnnghh…”

Groggy and still mostly asleep, Papyrus tried to sit up and was immediately thwarted by what felt like a blanket tangled around his legs and right arm. Weakly, he kicked it away, rolled onto his side, and cracked his eyesockets open. Blinding light immediately overwhelmed his vision and he snapped them closed again with a thin groan. What was going on? He felt so groggy and sore…

“Aghhhhh,” he gasped, gingerly running his fingers over his skull. Something soft was plastered over his left eyesocket and cheekbone, making a heavy bandage that covered half of his face. The bone underneath was tender, and twinged warningly whenever he moved his head. It felt like whatever had happened up there hadn’t completely healed, but…no, that made sense, right? He’d fallen…fallen into rocks, and a lot of dark water, and...

Sans…

Oh no, where was Sans?!

Grimacing, Papyrus opened his free eye and squinted into the space around him. Uneasy tension settled into his chest as he took in the small room surrounded by white, sterile walls that literally reeked of bleach. Everything about it felt terrifyingly familiar. He didn’t recognize the space itself, but puzzle pieces stayed the same even if you shuffled them around. It was the same linoleum tile, the same smell…

He looked down, feeling nauseous with dread as he saw the small, simple bed he was lying on. Same thin blanket, same cheap, foam mattress.

Oh god.

Chest so tight he could barely breathe, Papyrus lurched out of bed, barely noticing as a handful of leads attached to his ribs ripped out of a set of monitors next to the bed. Panting and struggling to keep his fingers from shaking, he fumbled for the door knob. It was locked.
“No…” he whimpered, knees buckling as fear and dread burned the back of his neck and a pulse of eye-watering pain rolled across his face. He couldn’t be back here, he couldn’t go through this again—

Breathing in short, hard gasps, Papyrus shut his eyes and lunged for his magic. It responded instantly, shooting up through the floor in a series of thick, blunt-ended bones that smashed through the door with an ear shattering crack.

YES

Staggering to his feet, Papyrus pushed through the mess, feet slipping on splinters of wood as he rushed forward. Sans, he had to find Sans—

Something slammed into his middle and pinned him to the wall.

“NO!” he screamed, thrashing violently in his captors’ grip. “PLEASE DON’T! I’M SORRY, I’M SORRY!”

“Sir, you have to calm down, you’re OOF—” a hospital orderly began, then broke off with a grunt as the skeleton slammed an elbow into her face. “Sir, your attacks are endangering the other patients, you can’t—“

“PLEASE, I’M SORRY I’MSORRYI’MSORRYI’MSORRY” Papyrus screamed over her, sobbing wildly as bone constructs tore gouges through the walls and floor.

“Shit—” the orderly cursed, barely dodging a flailing hand. The rock monster was strong, but she wasn’t going to be able to hold the terrified skeleton down for long if he kept throwing attacks around like this. He was twice her height and startlingly strong. “Haloperidol! On the cart!” she yelled to her partner. The young air elemental started, then dove into the cart and quickly drew a small measure of milky liquid into a syringe. Tossing the bottle aside, he turned, took two steps forward, then froze, staring at the mess of flailing limbs with panicked indecision.

“HURRY!”

“W-where do I put the needle?!”

“You don’t,” a new voice said behind him. The air elemental started as a pair of magical hands snatched the syringe out of his grasp, reinserted it into the bottle and filled it to the top.

“Keep holding him,” Gaster told the orderly, directing his hand construct to discard the needle and drop the newly-filled syringe into his hand.

“NONONONOPLEASEPLEASEPLEASE—” Papyrus screamed, panicked apologies dissolving into insensate gibberish as the scientist calmly walked up to him, forced his head back, and shoved the syringe down his throat.

“Swallow,” Gaster said softly, over the choked whimpers. “Shhhh, stop struggling, we’re trying to help you.”

Papyrus gagged, tears streaming down his cheekbones as the impulse to obey broke through the panic, leaving a hopeless, agonized despair in its place.

Sans…oh god, I’m so sorry Sans, I’m sorry…

“Swallow,” Gaster insisted, running a thumb down the front of his exposed cervical vertebrae.
“Hnngh—“ Papyrus shuddered, saliva spilling over the corners of his mouth as he swallowed awkwardly around the syringe. Gaster’s hand was crammed painfully between his teeth and the liquid irritated his throat, but despite that, the experience was unnervingly familiar and almost comforting. Gaster had force-fed him like this for three days in a row shortly after he’d been captured, and several times after when he’d refused to eat. If he held his breath and didn’t move his head around, then he wouldn’t choke and it didn’t hurt as much…

“Good,” Gaster murmured, slowly depressing the plunger as the younger skeleton’s throat pulsed around his fingers.

“Mnnnnngk,” Papyrus whined, feeling the orderly’s grip readjust around him as he slid limply down the wall and into her arms. The sedative spread through his chest in a wave of cold numbness, taking effect with startling speed as Gaster pulled his fingers out of his mouth, then turned to face the air elemental.

“Get a tube in him and keep up the sedation until I can get a chance to make an assessment,” the scientist requested as Papyrus’ vision began to fade and the sensation of falling overwhelmed what was left of his sense of balance. “If he panics again, I’d rather not have to rebuild the entire ICU…”

Gaster finished leaving instructions with the hospital staff, then ducked into a janitor’s closet and teleported to his sealed cave in Waterfall. The metallic smell of raw magic filled the air the second his feet pressed into the stone floor, and he immediately knew that something had gone wrong.

“Why am I even surprised,” he sighed to himself, walking over to Sans. The little skeleton was face-down in a pool of glistening, cyan fluid, apparently unconscious and very obviously not incubating the probe. Gaster studied him for a moment with resigned exasperation, then carefully pushed his legs aside and peeled the probe off the mattress. The black, steel surface was caked with dried gunge, but luckily, the casing hadn’t been damaged. Hopefully, it had managed to collect some useful data before it’s premature abortion.

“And how…” Gaster frowned, then summoned a set of hand constructs to roll Sans onto his back. The little skeleton lay quietly in place, one arm draped limply across the empty space below his ribs. Gaster lifted it away, then experimentally ran his fingertips along the front of his spine and the bare interior of his pelvic girdle. Both were an absolute mess of crusted and drying fluids, but otherwise there was no sign of the cunt or pseudo-uterus that Sans shouldn’t have been capable of dismissing. How disappointing.

“And I didn’t think that was possible,” Gaster sighed, eyeing the bare bones with annoyance. The worst part was that he hadn’t had a chance to set up another camera to replace the one Sans had destroyed, so there was no record of what had gone wrong. Well, whatever it was, it had clearly drained the little skeleton. He was still breathing, but his body was cold to the touch and pliant under the scientist’s fingers. Unconscious, but stable.

Well, he could always repeat the experiment. But this time, in a much more controlled setting.

With an irritated sigh, Gaster scooped the little skeleton into his arms and took a shortcut back to his private laboratory in Snowdin. It would take him at least a day to prepare, and in the meantime, Sans needed some time to recover and be taught how to behave in restraints. He might as well use the
time productively.

He landed in the lab’s bathroom, then gently placed his subject in the sink and turned on the water. Sans’ eyelights flickered as the basin slowly filled, and he took a shallow breath.

“You did make a mess of yourself this time,” Gaster sighed, summoning a small flock of hand constructs that cupped the little skeleton’s head and began wiping his body down with gentle, circular motions. “What on earth did you do?”

Sans predictably said nothing, sitting lifelessly in the sink as the soapy water slowly turned blue. Keeping half an eye on him, Gaster extracted a data chip from the probe, then wiped it down with an alcohol swab. Chip in hand, he took a deep breath, then redirected one of his hand constructs to fetch his laptop. He could summon and control up to eight of the skeletal, disembodied hands, but they tended to get clumsier when he asked them to do separate tasks and the last thing he needed today was a broken laptop screen.

The construct flitted away and returned with the requested instrument without incident, then ducked back into the sink to resume its previous task. Gaster plugged the chip into the computer and scrolled through the data. The time-stamp revealed that it had only been active for about six hours, but luckily, it had been collecting the entire time. Frowning, Gaster quickly ran the information through a processor, then studied the results.

“Of course,” he groaned, rubbing his temples as, one by one, the graphs came back with the same, crystal-clear trend. His frustration grew as he read them, confirming what should have already been obvious.

Temperature — nominal for the first half hour, tapering down for the second, and then negligible for the remaining time.

Salinity — nominal, tapering, negligible.

Ph — nominal, tapering, neutral.

Magic content — nominal, tapering, negligible.

Same, same, same. Sans’ body had incubated the probe only for as long as it had taken Gaster to restrain him — i.e. for as long as the scientist or his constructs had literally been touching him. The second Gaster had left, Sans’ body had stopped maintaining its nourishing internal environment, which had deteriorated until the probe might as well have been sitting in a beaker of water on the countertop.

Unacceptable.

Sans groaned softly in the sink, and a pained grimace flickered across his face. Gaster closed the computer with a sigh, then frowned at his subject. He needed to find a way to override Sans’ intent more permanently, or else these artificial pregnancies would never progress. But how to do it…

The water Sans was sitting in was now dyed a chalky, opaque blue. Gaster drained the soiled water, then refilled the sink, running his fingertips carefully around the rim of Sans’ pelvic inlet as the basin filled. Now that most of the gunk was gone, two sets of microfractures were visible on the bone, visible as dark patches against the pale ivory. Probably caused by the insertion machine during the
knotting phase. He’d have to remember to turn the settings down a little to avoid a full-on fracture in the future.

Gaster experimentally pressed his fingers against the damaged areas and Sans’ breath hitched, expression tightening for a moment before going slack again. Gaster looked up in surprise, then gently ran his hand along the front of Sans’ sacrum, letting his fingertips catch on each hole and notch on the way down. Sans’ teeth parted with a sigh, and his hip joints began to glow softly through the warm water.

“Still responsive?” Gaster murmured incredulously, directing his hand constructs to push the Sans’ knees apart until he had enough room to rub the little skeleton’s pubic symphysis between his forefinger and thumb.

“Ah…hahh,” Sans moaned, hips twitching feebly. Like his pelvic inlet, the notch had a few tiny fractures marring the otherwise pristine bone. They felt rough under Gaster’s fingers, and were clearly making the bone hypersensitive. Useful…

Thoughtfully, Gaster lifted the little skeleton out of the sink, wrapped him in a towel, and carried him into a cell. His hand constructs zoomed off, then returned with two large, plastic tubs as Gaster set Sans down on the floor and gave the bed a critical look.

“Now let’s see,” he hummed, methodically picking out two heavy, leather straps. He cinched one around the top of the mattress and one around the base, then lifted Sans into place on top of them, arranging the little skeleton on his side with his knees slightly bent and arms curled in front of his face. A heavy, Velcro strap went around his wrists and a second went around his ankles, pinning him in the same position Gaster had left him in at the cave. The recumbent posture was safer for unconscious or semi-conscious patients, since it prevented them from choking on their vomit or saliva. As Sans had found out, it was a relatively easy restraint system to thwart.

Provided the subject was trying to thwart it, of course…

Sans’ eyesockets flickered as Gaster picked up a small, plastic box, reached inside his rib-cage, and held it in place against the front of his spine. Deftly, he threaded a strip of medical tape between gap where Sans’ ribs joined his spine and pulled the adhesive tight until the box had firm contact with the bone. He repeated the process down the length of the little skeleton’s spine, then braided the wires together and plugged them into a controller. Once he was satisfied with the arrangement, he picked up two sensors, attached them to the clips holding Sans’ ankle and wrist cuffs to the bed and then plugged them into the controller as well.

He set that aside, then dug a modified gag out of the bin. Unlike the one he’d been using, this one had a thick tube running through the center of the stopper that Sans could be fed through, eliminating the need to ever remove it if he so chose. He slipped the tube down the little skeleton’s throat, buckled the gag into place, and injected a syringe full of magic concentrate into the line. Sans stirred almost immediately, eyesockets flickering open with bleary confusion.

“I’m getting awfully tired of you misbehaving,” Gaster said calmly, picking up a small, bullet-shaped vibrator and taping it firmly in place against Sans’ pubic symphysis. “So you’re going to practice remaining in restraints until I’m satisfied the lesson has sunk in.”

Sans looked down at himself, expression hardening as Gaster pulled back and waved the remote-control for the vibrator at him.

“Starting now.”
Before Gaster could push the button, Sans’ left eye flashed blue and a surge of bones ripped through the air around him. Gaster felt one pierce his shoulder before he managed to teleport away, leaving the rest to slam harmlessly into the wall.

“Ah!” he groaned, reappearing in the hall. The construct hadn’t lasted long or done much damage, but the place it had struck was burning so sharply it felt like the attack was still lodged in his shoulder.

Sans gave a muffled shriek, and Gaster looked up with a dark scowl. Calmly, he walked back into the room, and glared down at the bed where Sans was lying. The little skeleton was arched backward, eyesockets tightly shut and body shaking as electricity surged mercilessly down his spine.

“You should have let me calibrate it first,” Gaster tutted. “It was only supposed to give you a three-second shock every time you tried to get out of the restraints.”

Sans didn’t seem able to hear him, bone constructs flashing in and out of existence as he tried and failed to concentrate in the grip of the electricity. Gaster watched them with detached interest, waiting for the little skeleton to wear himself out. The bones were ill-formed and fell apart quickly, but they made a quiet buzzing sound while active, and flickered rapidly in place. How strange...

“Is this how you’ve survived for so long?” Gaster mused, sending one of his hand constructs to touch an attack. The floating hand seized up, fell a few inches, and vanished in a shower of dust a second later. “But then why does your damage appear to be so low?”

Sans convulsed with a muffled cry, attacks fading as his endurance gave out and the electro-stim wrenched his spine into a painfully sharp arch. Gaster waited a moment to make sure he was done, then pressed a button on the controller. The electricity immediately cut off, allowing the little skeleton to relax with a pained whimper.

“Bring out your soul,” the scientist immediately commanded, running a finger down the front of Sans’ sternum. Sans jerked backward as though he’d been burned and hurled another wave of attacks at Gaster. The scientist immediately reactivated the electro-stim, flinching back with an annoyed hiss as a single bone managed to graze his arm.

“I’m not in a very patient mood, Sans,” Gaster snarled, flexing his injured hand. His humerus stung sharply, and a thin crack slowly spread downward from the point where the attack had hit him. It widened and grew for an alarmingly long moment before halting, as though he’d been hit with twice the force of the original attack. “And you should know better than to test me.”

Sans shook violently in the restraints, eyesockets closed as sweat poured down his face. His teeth were clenched so tightly around the gag that a flicker of magic had appeared at his jaw-joint to keep his mandible from dislocating under the sheer pressure. Gaster watched him coldly for a moment, then released the electro-stim.

“I saw your brother,” Gaster said softly as Sans wheezed and weakly curled around himself. “You didn’t kill him after all, though it was a near thing. He only regained consciousness this morning.”

Sans froze, and tears welled up in the corners of his eyesockets as he fixed his gaze numbly on the wall behind Gaster’s shoulder.

“Unfortunately, he’s been entered into the hospital system, and it’s going to take me a considerable amount of time and energy to get him back. It would be so much easier if he simply died quietly one night from...complications.”
Sans looked horrified, trembling as tears rolled down his cheeks and he turned to stare pleadingly at the scientist.

“So I suggest you stop wasting my time and energy with your pathetic attacks and bring out your soul.”

Sans closed his eyes, tears pouring over his cheekbones. His entire body hitched once, and a pale light shone through his ribs before he stilled, quivering in the restraints with a broken sob. Gaster immediately tugged the construct out of the little skeleton’s body and loosely cupped his hands around it, frowning at the opaque, white surface. No scars, blemishes, or any other indication of how Sans had managed to remove his blocker. How…

His hands began to feel uncomfortably warm. Gaster looked down at Sans’ soul in surprise, then past it to Sans. The little skeleton was glaring at him, one eyelight extinguished and the other glowing an enraged, electric blue.

“Don’t you da—“

Energy exploded outward from Sans’ soul, and the entire room flashed with brilliant, blinding light. Gaster barely had time to feel surprised before the pain hit him, and everything went dark.

Chapter End Notes

You know one of the worst things about this Gaster? He's the Royal Scientist. That means that more than half the underground thinks he's an amazing person and are willing to follow his lead without even questioning it.

*Allows that to sink in for a minute.*
Chapter Summary

In which Gaster finds out that he is truly the worst person alive.

Warnings include non-con, medical non-con, tiptoeing on the edges of forced sibling incest, psychological manipulation/mind control, severe injury, soul play and soul torture.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sans fully intended to kill him.

Every fiber of his being, every fucked-up memory that he’d repressed to keep himself sane and three months of pain, anger and fear. All of it exploded outward from the center of his being in a blinding roar of heat and light. His soul burned under the strain, surface tight and stinging where the outer membrane stretched to the point of splitting apart. Sans screamed, barely able to feel the pain under his anger.

Papyrus…was…alive…

His brother was alive, and this motherfucking psychopath would NEVER touch him again.

The next thing he knew, he was halfway across the room with a mouthful of what tasted like melted rubber. He blinked slowly, then pawed at his face, trying to spit out the half-melted remains of what must have been the gag. It was stuck to his teeth-

“Uukk-“ he gagged as the attached tube dragged sickeningly across the back of his throat, then slipped free of his mouth. Holy hell, it was thick. How had he not noticed-

“You…little…idiot.”

Sans’ head snapped up as something clenched around the raw surface of his soul. Gaster was down on one knee, face blackened and chest covered with the charred remains of his lab coat and shirt, but still disappointingly alive. Sans’ soul shone faintly through the hole in his right hand.

“N-no,” Sans gasped. He lunged forward, only to drop to his hands and knees with a sharp cry when the scientist’s fingers tightened again around the aching construct.

“I expect this level of stupidity from your brother,” the scientist snarled, knuckles glowing ultramarine over the pale soul trapped behind them. “But you…”

“AAAGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” Sans screamed, doubling over as Gaster’s fingers flared dark blue, then closed down around his soul like a vice. The scientist’s anger slammed across the connection, clamping down on his chest, head and throat. It felt like skeletal hands were creeping over every inch of his body, prodding at his weak places and pulling him apart with invasive, pitiless force.

“Hhh…nggk-haahhhhh” Sans gasped, clawing uselessly at his neck. He couldn’t breathe-
“I EXPECTED you to know better than to FUCK with me.”

Sans screamed again, writhing in place as something hard stabbed itself into his soul and –

getting in the way of the Underground’s freedom SELFISH BRAT see what happens when you waste my time SUBMIT-

Sans reeled under the onslaught of Gaster’s thoughts, drowning under the sheer volume of mental noise coming across the link. The scientist had always been so guarded, kept himself so perfectly sealed off that Sans had never realized just how much he was holding back. Anger, fear and-

See you BROKEN before me, begging to be touched, desperate for relief…

“Mnnnn, nnn, guh–” Sans whimpered, eyelights losing focus and limbs going slack as he twitched erratically on the floor. He’d been wrong before, when he’d thought the scientist had no feelings for him. They weren’t absent, just buried so deeply in Gaster’s mind that the scientist himself probably wasn’t aware of them. Underneath all that outward rage over ‘wasting his time’ and ‘getting in the way’ was a thread of genuine pleasure at seeing him so helpless, degraded, and overwhelmed. Sick bastard. Had that been the real reason Gaster had kidnapped him from the hospital? The motive behind all this fucked-up, sexual experimentation?

Well, it wouldn’t matter in another minute or two. He could already feel something deep inside himself starting to give under the pressure, and he almost welcomed the promise of calm nothingness. Hell, he would have run into it with open arms, if he still believed that his brother’s dust was scattered across the bottom of a river. But it wasn’t, and that changed everything. He couldn’t die now.

...getting in the way then I WILL BREAK YOU-

Sans shuddered, fingers curling into fists as he struggled to hold himself together with nothing but sheer willpower. The effort sent a blinding shock of pain straight through his chest where his soul should have been, followed by a cold, aching throb like he had been stabbed by a piece of broken glass. There was a light, almost inaudible pop, and then a wave of horrified disbelief flooded through his mind.

ToofarSHIT calm, get things stabilized, restore structural integrity KEEPHIMCALM-

The squeezing around his soul immediately ceased. Sans sucked in several deep breaths, head spinning as the sudden lack of pressure made spots of light flicker across his vision. Something warm and slick was trickling indecently down the insides of his femurs, but when he tried to draw his legs together, they only gave a single, agonized twitch.

Calm, relax, don’t fight me-

The scientist was pulling back, pushing that overwhelming flood of thought down and out of sight. Despite his efforts, Sans could still feel an undercurrent of anxiety and panicked concern creeping through the scientist’s mental barrier, like a trickle of smoke over a burning house. He’d gone too far, he’d made a mistake...

“Hnnnnn,” Sans whimpered, trembling as the commands to relax only added to his growing terror. His joints felt alarmingly fragile, like even the light pressure of the floor against his front might be enough to make his body fall apart and dissolve into dust. And his chest…his entire rib cage felt empty and numb, with an edge hidden beneath the lack of sensation that suggested that things would start hurting VERY badly if he tried to move. And over all of that was Gaster’s dread and dull panic
over some sort of mistake. What had he done? Why was he relax- Why was Gaster shhhh- WHAT HAD HE DONE TO HIS SOUL?

Sans tried to move and the numbness swaddling his chest instantly shattered.

“AAAAAHBBBBBBBB!”

Holy fuck, it hurt-

“AAAAAAHHHHHBBBBBBBB!”

HOLD STILL RELAX DON’T FIGHT ME-

“AHHKK!” Sans shrieked, screams cut off as the scientist drew something out of his soul. The construct had softened a little, desperately trying to lubricate and protect itself despite its owner’s discomfort, so it didn’t threaten to shatter like before, but it still wasn’t prepared for the hot, piercing sensation that drove right through its center. His back arched off the floor, entire body seizing uncontrollably as the burning sensation flooded through his body. Hard fingers wrapped themselves around his wrists and ankles, pinning him down as he thrashed in agony.

HOLD STILL, HOLD STILL, STAY CALM-

Sans collapsed in the scientist’s grip. He couldn’t move, his head was ringing so loudly he couldn’t hear anything, and his vision was a mess of blurred lines and disconnected starbursts that popped in and out of existence without visible meaning or cause. What had he done? What had he…

shhhhh, just relax…

what…

Calm down, you’re going to be fine…

What did you do to me?!

Shhhh…

What did you do to me…

Stay calm, hold still…

What did you…

===

Gaster swore as Sans’ consciousness faded into pained incoherency, then immediately directed his hand constructs to clear a space on the floor in front of him. The floating hands swept away the worst of the debris left over from Sans’ last attack, then laid down a clean sheet and moved into position around Sans. Sweat beaded on the scientist’s forehead and rolled down the layer of soot over his face as the hands carefully slipped under Sans knees and shoulders, then placed him on the sheet.

“God damn you,” Gaster whispered, eyelight losing focus as he redirected his constructs to bring him antiseptic, forceps, topical anesthetic-

Sans made a choked mewl and spasmed, making the sheet bunch up beneath his naked spine. Gaster quieted his thoughts, focusing on the words ‘calm’ and ‘still.’ Sans’ soul fluttered under his fingers,
lying heavily against his phalanges despite the fact that it had room to float freely between his hands. Bad sign. Usually, willing soul contact would mean that the monster in question trusted him, that they believed in him so completely that there was no doubt or reservation in their mind. But now…

Sans jerked again and Gaster refocused his thoughts, hands shaking as he struggled to control four constructs and keep his mental barriers up at the same time. Everything was moving much too slowly, but he resisted the urge to rush his existing hand constructs or summon more. Deliberate and steady. He’d made enough mistakes today.

His hands set a stainless-steel tray in his lap, then laid a towel over it and covered the cloth with a sheet of plastic. Gently, Gaster set Sans’ soul onto the makeshift surgery surface and moved it as close to the little skeleton as he dared. If Sans had another seizure, Gaster didn’t want him to crush his own soul by accident, but it should help to have it closer to his body. Unfortunately, it didn't seem to make any difference. The construct lay heavily on the plastic, glow muted and dull. A devastating, jagged-edged crack ran down the center from crest to tip, with a tiny, glass bead lodged at its center.

Stupid, irresponsible, and nearly fatal. He should NEVER have tried to implant the blocker without strictly controlling his own intent. He KNEW that, and Sans was lucky to be alive after such a stupid mistake.

Gaster angrily stripped off his charred lab coat and held out his arms, letting his constructs drag a new one over his shirt and scorched ribs. Latex gloves next, to muffle the contact, though he would be limiting that as much as possible. He already had a pounding headache from the effort of focusing on so many different tasks at once, and he didn’t trust himself to keep from pushing Sans’ state past that final, tiny barrier while also controlling his own magic and performing a surgery.

Delicately, he picked up a small jar of purple jell, dipped a cotton swab inside and painted the substance over the edges of the crack. The construct trembled and Sans’ breath hitched, then evened out as the anesthetic numbed the damaged area.

And now the hard part.

Taking a deep breath, Gaster drew his fingers apart, summoning a shimmering, azure filament between them. He threaded it through a curved needle, then hesitated, looking down at the broken soul in front of him. He often used his own magic, his own integrity, for this kind of healing. He knew from experience that this thread would hold Sans soul together flawlessly. But despite that, it was still his magic. There was a strong chance that Sans would reject it, and in doing so, finish himself off.

Unless…

Completely out of other ideas and unwilling to waste more time that Sans didn't have, Gaster sent one of his constructs to fetch another jar. While waiting, he tilted Sans' face toward him, then cursed softly. A thin stream of scarlet magic was dripping steadily down the sides of his subject’s face from the corners of each, half-open eyesocket. It had already left wet, crimson splotches on the sheet beneath his head and stains below each eye. Baffled and deeply concerned, Gaster blotted away the worst of it with a gauze pad. Why was this magic not Sans' usual cyan? And god damn it, where was that hand construct...?!

The aforementioned hand zoomed back into the room and set a jar of bright, orange liquid on the floor near his knee. Praying for a miracle, Gaster unscrewed the cap and poured out a small measure into a glass dish.
Heal him, he thought, then ran his own magical thread through it. The blue strand turned an ugly, mud-brown and fizzled lightly as the two magic types mixed uneasily. Bravery was a poor match for Integrity, but he was out of time and options. He had to try something.

Carefully, Gaster applied light pressure to either side of Sans' soul. Sans remained still, eyesockets still leaking that strange, red magic, but otherwise no worse for the change. Taking a deep breath, Gaster slipped the needle into the outer membrane, tugged the thread all the way through, and waited. A little of the orange magic beaded around the hole, then soaked into the pillowy surface beneath with a little fizzle of light. Gaster let out a long, slow exhale. It was working.

Deftly, he began to stitch up the crack, pausing about half-way through when he realized that the blocker might complicate his subject's healing. After a moment's thought, he decided it was too risky to remove the little glass bead, and continued, leaving it trapped inside. Sans lay completely still throughout the entire procedure, unreactive to the needle and Gaster's light touches. It didn't even look like he was breathing.

After what might have been an eternity of slow, patient movements, Gaster finally made the last stitch, and set his tools aside.

Accept, the scientist thought firmly as he carefully lifted the soul and brought it back over Sans' sternum. Work with me.

Sans' chest hitched and he took a shallow breath as Gaster held his soul in position over his body. Instead of immediately disappearing, the heart-shaped construct quivered, and steam began to trickle from the stitching around the crack. Gaster forced himself to hold back his alarm as he concentrated on the word 'accept,' repeating it over and over like a prayer. The magical thread's ugly, mud colour brightened, letting the orange of the other monster's magic shine through like a wisp of flame until it had almost completely subdued the dark blue before it settled. The final hue was still muddy and slightly off, but it was much more recognizable as Papyrus' magic now instead of Gaster's. How curious...

Sans whimpered, and a string of disconnected thought flickered through Gaster's mind.

...you didn't deserve...I wanted to protect...wanted you to have something better than I did...wanted someone to be there for...I'm so goddamn sorry...

The soul flickered and vanished. Tears spilled over the corners of Sans' eyesockets, washing away the crimson staining his cheeks as his eyelids fell closed.

Chapter End Notes

How's THAT for a metaphor?? Papyrus is literally holding Sans together right now. LITERALLY. Also GASTER, YOU STUPID IDIOT, how am I supposed to make this wonderful and sexy if you KEEP BREAKING EVERYTHING?? God DAMN you are such a pain in the neck sometimes...

And speaking of Gaster, it looks like he got off pretty easy from this attack...a little too easily
Chapter Summary

ALL RIGHT! @catielewd commissioned me for a Matter of Intent scene and I definitely ran a bit far with it XD Two more chapters coming out of that commission, stay tuned.

Strangely enough, warnings are light this time. Aftermath of non-con medical experimentation and soul breaking, Sans pretty much in constant mortal peril, the Underground going to hell in a handbasket, and Alphys being painfully awkward.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Timestamp: 11:35 AM

HP Status: Falling

Glasgow: 3

Notes: Red discharge from eyesockets has slowed. Discharge appears to have stained the bone beneath each eye. Ten ounces of magic concentrate administered via nasogastric tube to aid healing.

Timestamp: 11:50 AM

HP Status: Stable

Glasgow: 3

Notes: Red discharge from eyesockets has ceased. Subject moved to another room and placed in a bed with padded side-rails to prevent injury if more seizures occur.

Timestamp: 12:05

HP Status: Stable

Glasgow: 3

Notes: Subject suffered a five-second, convulsive seizure shortly after being moved. Left shoulder was dislocated by the event and successfully corrected. Electrostimulation applied to body of sternum and fourth, sixth, and eighth rib pairs to regulate breathing. HP loss appears to have plateaued.

Timestamp: 12:20
HP Status: Falling

Glasgow: 5

Notes: Subject unintentionally manifested soul following palpation of the sternum. The manifestation was brief, and sufficient to show that the stitches have been accepted and are beginning to dissolve into the construct. Subject appeared to be in significant pain, indicated by screaming and erratic limb movement. He lapsed back into a completely unresponsive state less than a minute after the soul dematerialized and currently has a Glasgow score of 3.

Timestamp: 12:35

HP Status: Falling

Glasgow: 5

Notes: Subject suffered another three-second, convulsive seizure. Dust is visible at corners of the mouth and joints are extremely loose. Anti-convulsants and sixteen ounces of magic concentrate administered to counteract falling HP and prevent additional seizures-

The lights went out with an audible click. Gaster started, and a loud crash came from the other room as his hand construct dropped the bottle of Diazepam it had been sent to fetch.

“Damn it today,” he groaned, setting his laptop aside and silently counting out the seconds of near-darkness in his head. One…two…three…four…

Emergency lights kicked on, bathing the room in a flat, crimson glow. Swearing again, Gaster walked over to Sans’ bed and stripped the blanket off of his chest. The red light threw Sans’ frame into harsh relief, glinting faintly off the electrodes dotting his bare ribs and sternum. They rose once, then fell slowly and completely stopped moving.

“Oh no you don’t,” Gaster muttered, then closed his eyes and summoned a pair of hand constructs. They materialized, then immediately crashed to the ground with an uncoordinated twitch.

“Nghhh-“ Gaster groaned, fighting back tears as a sickening throb pulsed through his skull. He took several deep breaths, then glared darkly at his fallen hands. Slowly and smoothly, they lifted into the air, slipped inside Sans’ chest and pressed themselves palm-outward against his ribs.

“The power going out does NOT give you permission to die,” Gaster muttered, gently placing his own hands over top of the constructs, sandwiching Sans’ ribs between them. “Or to stop breathing.”

“Hhhh…” Sans gasped, feebly arching into the touch with a tight grimace. Gaster firmly kept his hands in place, forcing Sans’ chest to fully expand, then contract. He moved gently, using all four of his hands to make sure that Sans ribs were moving evenly and not stressing the little skeleton’s weakened joints. Sans continued to fidget and make small, distressed sounds despite the extra care. Responding to the discomfort of having his ribs touched? Gaster wasn’t sure.

Calm, the scientist thought, using his constructs to make Sans inhale. Sans whimpered softly, then fell still, as though responding to the mental command. Heal, Gaster continued, gently compressing Sans’ chest. Accept. He paused for a second, waiting to see if Sans would react. The little skeleton’s chest hitched once, then stopped moving. Gaster sighed and repeated the process,
focusing on the words as he forced Sans to breathe. Calm, inhale…heal, exhale…accept, pause…

calm-

A soft hum rippled through the lab and the normal lights came back on. Sans jerked a little as the electro-stim reactivated and tried to make him take a breath in the middle of an exhale. Gaster quickly pulled away, then spent a few moments watching as the electricity re-established a deep, even breathing pattern. It might have been his imagination, but it looked like Sans was slightly more at ease than he had been before.

Foolish. Sans was in a coma. He couldn’t get much more at ease without dying.

Gaster rubbed the bone over his eyesockets, then glared up at the lights. That hum was from his back-up generator, which shouldn’t have kicked on unless it had gone more than five minutes without getting power from the Core. Something was badly wrong back at the capitol. Where had he left his phone…?

“Ohhh…” Gaster groaned, then made a small gesture. One of his hand constructs flitted away, then returned with the charred remains of his lab coat. Grimly, Gaster took it and checked the breast pocket. There was a mess of twisted plastic inside. It was depressingly phone-shaped. Gaster extracted it, grimaced, then dug his finger into the seam where the device was supposed to open. The cover split in half, revealing a lump of burnt glass and warped electronics inside. Useless.

Calmly, Gaster lifted his arm and hurled it at the floor. The ruined device shattered into pieces with a deeply satisfying crash. Those idiots couldn’t last ONE DAY without trying to make their only source of warmth and light melt down, COULD THEY? Did they think he was going to be around to babysit them for all eternity? There was only so, fucking much he could do.

Gaster sat back down and pinched the bridge of his nasal aperture. His head ached, his ribs burned with every breath, and despite overdosing the suppressants, his pelvis felt suspiciously damp and sensitive. How much of this irritation was being caused by his own physical needs? Enough that taking a moment to calm down had already quelled the worst of it. Everything would be fine. The underground had been through much more compromising situations than this. If only he had a way to check on things...

Brushing the remains of his phone away, Gaster reached for his laptop. A brief search revealed that the Undernet was down, along with his email and the University’s fileshare server. Short of teleporting to the core, he had no way of tracking the blackout or communicating with the Core techs. How disappointing. Everything they had accomplished, all the amenities and support that the Underground had developed. None of it could function without electricity. Gaster had known this on a mental level, but having it cut off truly drove home just how dependent they all were on that faulty, barely functional machine.

A soft tone played over his laptop speakers. Gaster immediately thumbed over to the timer, silenced the alarm, and pulled up his notes on Sans’ condition. He read over them once, then walked over to Sans and tipped his face upward, carefully avoiding the feeding tube taped to his cheek.

“Sans? Can you hear me?” he asked loudly, giving the little skeleton’s cheekbone a light slap. Sans’ expression remained slack and lifeless, unresisting as Gaster peeled his eyelids back and ran a phalange around the inside of his mandible from underneath. The action provoked a faint, crimson glow and dampened the interior of Sans’ mouth with red-tinged saliva, but nothing more.

Frowning, Gaster turned his attention to the electro-stim, making sure the electrodes had firm contact with Sans’ ribs. Skeletons and many other semi-corporeal monsters had a ‘breathing’ motion that pulled magic from the soul and pushed it through the body, like a heartbeat. Severe soul damage or
magic depletion would weaken the reflex, starving the body in favour of keeping the soul alive. If that happened for too long, the monster would fall down, and death would shortly follow. The electro-stim countered that, and as long as additional magic was provided, the treatment was entirely benign.

Well, almost entirely. Annoyed and a little incredulous, Gaster ran his fingertip around a patch of irritated bone beneath one of the electrodes. The area was slightly warm and flushed a bright, angry scarlet. How was it possible for a monster this delicate to still have enough magical reserves to blast a hole through the wall with an undirected attack? It should be impossible…

Carefully, Gaster peeled the tape away from the offending electrostim boxes, placed them on a nearby sections of rib, and smeared some jell over the burns. The clear, green substance glowed as it was applied, then slowly sank into the bone. A few seconds later, it was gone, leaving the treated area completely healed. Expensive, and overkill for such small injuries, but Gaster was done taking chances. Soul fractures were tricky to heal at the best of times, and he had no idea whether Sans’ magic change from cyan to red would complicate things further.

And none of that would matter if Sans’ HP didn’t stabilize soon…

Fearing the worst, Gaster checked the HP monitor clipped to the bedrail and stared at the readout numbly. The numbers were now flickering between three and negative ten. Fifteen minutes ago, they’d been between fourteen and six. Sans was still falling.

Sometimes there was just nothing he could do

Calmly, Gaster set the monitor down and began typing notes into his laptop. No matter. With careful attention Sans WOULD stabilize. The stitches had accepted, he was being given magic to replenish his reserves, and the seizures were under control.

And now there really was nothing else he could do

And now it was just a matter of time.

Timestamp: 13:10

HP Status: Falling

Glasgow: 3

Notes: Irritation noted and treated beneath electrostimulation contacts on eight rib pair. HP is still decreasing despite attempts to stabilize the loss. More intensive measures are unavailable at this time, as subject’s condition is too unstable to tolerate relocation. Further loss will be fatal. I need to do something

===

Papyrus stared dreamily at the ceiling, feeling as though he were sitting in a very low, safe, and comfortable place. He COULD move if he really tried. He was very sure of that. At the moment, he didn’t think he SHOULDN’T, though.

He wasn’t sure why, but that was ok. It was ok because he could change his mind whenever he
wanted. And move.

But only if he thought he should, and he didn’t.

Not right now, anyway.

Something touched his shoulder, then gently pressed along his humeral head and down the radial groove. It tickled a little, but in the strangest way. More like he was watching someone on TV get tickled than actually feeling it happen. A ‘not me’ tickle? Except that it WAS him.

And not someone else.

A butter-yellow smear appeared above him. After some oddly difficult concentration, the image resolved itself into a lizard monster with small, round spectacles and large front teeth. Their expression was thoroughly anxious, but something about them seemed kind, somehow. Or at least like they wanted to help.

Not like HIM.

Now was the time to move.

Alphys jumped when the SEDATED monster she’d helped save (and consequently been assigned to) groaned and clumsily tried to sit up.

“N-n-n-no! Stop, I haven’t put the splint back,” she gasped, rushing to hold his broken arm. He grunted, then collapsed back onto the bed with a little shiver. Alphys quickly pressed the splint back into place and quickly wrapped a bandage around it to hold it against the bone. The break was knitting back together (finally) but he REALLY shouldn’t be trying to use his arm yet. Not for another few days at least.

“Ssaassss,” he rasped nonsensically, staring at her with a surprising amount of intensity for someone who was supposed to be sedated.

“You s-shouldn’t be awake, you know,” she muttered, gently taking his left hand and unwinding the bandage.

“Sssasss…” he repeated, eyelights focusing, then unfocusing as she dabbed ointment along a nasty break in his third metacarpal. “Sssassss…”

“U-um…s-safe? Is that what you’re trying to s-say? You’re safe, it’s all right,” Alphys told him with a watery grin. After a moment, she reached over and gently patted him on the shoulder. Touching shoulders was ok, right? ‘Don’t touch anywhere that a bathing suit would cover’ was what she’d been told. Except she’d never seen a skeleton in a bathing suit before, or seen many skeletons at all, really. Apart from Dr. Gaster and…well, just Dr. Gaster. Skeletons didn’t wear bathing suits on their shoulders, did they?

“Saaass ihh tuhhh…”

Alphys froze with her hand hovering just over his shoulder. Was he trying to tell her to stop? Had she accidentally crossed one of his boundaries? Oh no, this was EXACTLY why she tried to make sure she only worked with unconscious patients during her volunteer hours, maybe she should go get someone?? She could hear people walking back and forth in the hall just outside…
“I—I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to! Heh, heh, I m-make everyone uncomfortable,” she said, pulling her hand back with a despairing chuckle. God, she was such a loser. She couldn’t even take care of ONE person without wanting to run off and get help, and she was supposed to be helping them. She really shouldn’t bother them…

“Uh…I need to look. At y-your eyesocket?” she finally managed to squeak. “It m-might hurt a little.”

She reached for the bandages around his head and he closed his eyes with a small, soft whimper. Alphys wanted to cry at how legitimately scared he sounded. God, she must have messed up bad enough that she’d traumatized him, this was all her fault…

“I’m s-sorry,” she repeated, then gritted her teeth and carefully pulled the bandages away. He held perfectly still the entire time, barely even breathing.

“There we go” she said with a desperate sort of cheerfulness, “It’s…it’s looking better!”

And it was better, for what that was worth. The crack only reached a few inches above and below the skeleton’s eyesocket now, instead of cleaving his entire face in half. Looking at it made the entire left side of Alphys’ face tingle sympathetically, even though she’d spent a lot of time looking at it this past week.

“Almost done…” she muttered, dabbing some ointment along the fracture with a cotton bud. The skeleton flinched, hunching his shoulders and breathing through gritted teeth until she pulled back.

“Ssans,” he half-whispered, eyelid closing over his ruined eyesocket as she began to re-bandage the crack. “Ssans…hhelp…”

Oh no, he was crying! What was she supposed to do?!

“You’re s-safe! Very safe, and it really does look better, I promise!” Alphys babbled with a forced smile. “It’s ok, don’t cry! You’re going t-to beEEE?!”

Alphys jerked backward as the skeleton lunged forward and grabbed her wrist, eyelights intense and focused.

“Sans…needs…help,” he said slowly. “Please…help…”

His eyes unfocused and his fingers loosened. Alphys fell backward and landed on her tail with a graceless flop.

“S-sans?” she asked incredulously, staring up at the hospital bed. She knew that name, but…no. It was impossible. Sans was dead. Just one more victim of the plague…

“Hhhelp…hhhhellllh…”

The skeleton was repeating it over and over, each iteration getting more garbled and incoherent until he was muttering gibberish. Without standing, Alphys fumbled for her clipboard and frantically flipped through his papers. All of them referred to him as ‘Mr. Skeleton,’ or ‘patient,’ but…

There were VERY few skeleton monsters in the underground. Sans had been a casual acquaintance, someone who she’d swapped theories with over drinks at the University cafe. But she DID know that he had a brother. Mostly because he’d never shut up about how great and amazing he was…

“Papyrus?” she asked softly.
Before she could get an answer, the lights flickered, then went out.

“O-oh! Another surge…?” Alphys asked, trailing off when the hospital’s red emergency lights kicked on. That wasn’t supposed to happen. The hospital had a bank of backup generators that were supposed to activate immediately after the power cut out. What was going on…

“S-sorry, just stay there. I’ll be back soon,” she murmured, eyes fixed worriedly on the lights as she hurried out of the room.

Papyrus muttered something that sounded like a plea, then fell silent.

===

“Twenty nine!”

SPLAT-

“Twenty eight!”

SPLAT-

“Twenty seven!”

Undyne tossed another torso-sized boulder onto the new path through Waterfall with a little grunt of exertion. It made an AWESOME sound when it hit the marshy ground, and threw up a spray of mud that painted her greaves and the lower half of her steel breastplate with black speckles. It was gonna be a PAIN to clean later, but she could always go for a quick swim on the way home to get the worst of it off. She was getting work done, she didn't have TIME to worry about cleaning!

“Twenty six!”

SPLAT-

“Twenty five!”

THUNK-

“Awww,” Undyne groaned, hopping off of her freshly-placed rock path. She immediately sank calf-deep into the muck, and cold, gritty water began to invade the joints in her greaves. Cheerfully ignoring it, she dug her fingers into the mud, then tossed her last rock aside. Buried a few inches down was the remains of wooden footpath that was half-rotted and covered in pale, large-bodied termites, several of which had been VERY squashed by the boulder she’d just chucked onto their home.

“And that’s why wood sucks,” Undyne muttered to herself. Bridges worked ok over water, but stick a log in mud and it immediately started to rot. Plus it had to be shipped in from Snowdin, and that was FRIGGIN EXPENSIVE. Boulders were so much better. There were TONS of them, so it didn’t matter if they sank. You just slapped a new one on top of the old one and kept on going.

“OOOHHHHH! Big rocks...NOT CUTE!”

Undyne shuddered, then quickly heaved the old log off to one side and plopped her rock in its place. Maybe if she looked super busy, the Tem would get bored and wander off without hanging around to annoy her for very long...

“Pepul yelling...ALSO not cute! Biiiig fight in dark lantern room. Pepul…so scare...”
“People are always arguing, it’s nothing new,” Undyne grumbled, lifting another log out of the way. She wasn’t supposed to be ‘rude’ while she was on duty. Meaning she couldn't drop-kick the aggravating little monster across the cave. Not that she didn't WANT to.

There was a soft patter behind her, and then the Tem hopped up onto the path and sat pertly on the next log she needed to remove.

“Would you PLEASE go pester someone else?” Undyne growled, folding her arms over her chest.

“They weren’t just arguing,” the Tem said, voice eerily serious.

“Wha-“ Undyne began, right before it bounded off into the gloom with a high-pitched giggle.

“DAMN you creepy little jerks,” Undyne muttered, looking behind her. The Tems might be annoying as all hell, but when they had something serious to say, it was usually worth paying attention to. The Darkening Lantern room was just a short jog away. Off of her assigned rounds, but it wouldn’t hurt to go look.

“Watch, this is gonna be a couple kids fighting over some stupid toy,” Undyne muttered to herself, shaking mud off her hands. "And then I’m gonna break the toy in half. And keep it." Still grumbling to herself, she hopped out of the mud, scraped the bottoms of her boots clean, and jogged off into the cave.

It quickly became obvious that it wasn’t a couple of kids. A large crowd had gathered in the center of the room, screeching and hollering around something she couldn’t see. Undyne took one look at them and roughly elbowed her way into the center. People glared at her, then saw the armor and backed off. You didn’t mess with the Royal guards. Not unless you wanted to get your ass kicked.

Two monsters were fighting at the center. Or rather, one was fighting. A rail-thin monster with slender horns had a smaller, moth-like monster pinned underneath him, pelting their wings and face with fist-shaped bullets while the crowd egged him on.

“All right, BREAK IT UP, that's enough!” Undyne snarled, grabbing the fighter by a horn and the other monster by an antennae. “King’s orders. You wanna fight, you do it civilized or you do it where I can’t see. GOT IT?”

“Who gives a FUCK about the king’s orders?” one of the monsters in the gathering crowd shouted.

“What’s HE ever done for US?” someone else screeched.

“Waterfall’s still a moldy shithole and if he’s got anything to say about it, it'll fucking STAY THAT WAY!”

“Get the FUCK off me,” the horned fighter snarled, twisting in Undyne’s grip. The moth monster he’d been pounding just trembled, completely unwilling to pull on their delicate antennae.

“I don’t give a damn why you were fighting, you STILL don’t get to beat the shit out of someone on MY watch,” Undyne snapped, shoving the moth-monster away and giving the other a little shake. “Now get the hell out of here.”

The moth-monster took a half-step toward the crowd. Someone immediately stepped in their way, and they backed up with a small, scared sound.

“I got the right to be here if I wanna!” the horned monster howled, twisting his head out of Undyne’s grip and staggering a few steps back with a snarl. “I got the right to be PISSED if I wanna! What the
FUCK’S Asgore ever done for us? We ain’t got ROADS!”

The crowd behind him rumbled their assent. Undyne narrowed her eyes and pushed the moth monster behind her.

“We ain’t got LIGHTS!”

The crowd rumbled louder.

“EVEN FUCKING SNOWDIN HAS LIGHTS!”

“I SAID GET OUT OF HERE!” Undyne bellowed over the crowd, throwing out her arm and hurling a wave of spears into the ground at the mob’s feet. They slammed into the damp earth with a resounding thud and stayed there, humming softly. There was an eerie, shocked silence as the crowd stared at the spears, then at Undyne.

“GET HER!” the horned monster screeched.

Undyne had just enough time to prepare an attack before the mob charged forward.

Chapter End Notes

Curious about commissions? Feel free to check them out here on Tumblr.
Gaster finished making his notes, then set his laptop aside with a long sigh. Sans had stabilized. His HP was critically low, and stars only knew what sort of shape his soul was in, but he was finally stable.

Thank god.

Tenderly, Gaster rubbed his temples. The bone ached under his fingers, a slow, painful throb that made tiny lights shimmer across the insides of his closed eyesockets. Endorphins had long since given everything a fuzzy, floaty sort of feel, and blunted the worst of the ache. He should probably take some pain relievers, but he didn’t want to impair his alertness. At least not any further than it already was.

He was exhausted.

Expressionlessly, Gaster lifted his head and stared down at the remains of his phone. It had been over three hours since the Underground had gone into blackout. He HAD to go tend to the core. Every minute that the Underground went without power was another minute that the population went without light, heat, refrigeration…

But Sans was still so goddamn fragile. And if he died, then this project was over.

The thought was both relieving and deeply chilling

And if that happened, he could find another suitable monster for his purposes. His surrogate didn’t need to be a skeleton monster. They simply needed to be moldable enough to shape into the tool he needed for the job.

The alarm on his laptop computer rang. Mechanically, Gaster stood and checked Sans again, verifying that he was still stable and largely unresponsive. He made his notes, then closed his computer and draped his lab coat over one arm. Quietly, he left the room and locked the door behind him.

He was delaying now.

Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and teleported to his halfway point.

“Ah-“
Gaster staggered into the wall, then pressed one hand over his eyesockets until the headache faded. Once it had dropped back to a manageable level, he glared at the ceiling, closed his eyes again, and teleported to the hospital.

His office lights were blinding after the dim glow in the cave. Gaster swore under his breath, then yanked open a desk drawer and fumbled around until he found his spare phone. Without missing a step, he turned it on, shoved it into his pocket, and stepped out into the hall. The space was crowded with monsters hurrying back and forth with trays and carts of medical equipment. They looked stressed, but not panicked, so someone must have been keeping things organized. Good...

“Doctor Gaster! What’s…” someone began, then trailed off.

“Where is Catrina? I need a status update,” Gaster demanded curtly.

“Front lobby?” someone else said, giving him a strange look. Gaster ignored them and quickly pushed through the hall.

“…everyone we can spare down on the street with glow-paint. I know it’s crappy but we need to keep the flashlights here in case the generators give out again,” the hospital’s medical director was ordering a group of overwhelmed-looking interns. “Don’t let anyone push you around, and stay in groups of two or more.”

She glanced up at Gaster, then did a double-take. “All right, get out there. If you’re not back in two hours then you’d better be dead because I’ll be sending someone to find your dust. If they find you instead, I’ll be EXTREMELY relieved and you’ll be EXTREMELY fired. Got it?”

The group muttered their assent and hurried off, huddling so close together that they were practically stepping on each other’s tails and heels.

“You’re a little late,” the cat-monster told Gaster with an odd look. “But it looks like you’ve been busy.”

Gaster didn’t know what to make of that last statement, but trying to puzzle through it just made his migraine give an especially nasty throb. “What is the status of the hospital?” he asked instead, resisting the urge to rub his temporal bones.

“Uhhh…we’re doing ok. The backup generator’s got another four or five hours before we have to get more fuel, thanks to one of our interns. We ought to stick her in the core once this is over, she’s got a real knack for machines.”

“Noted. Do you need anything at present?”

“Other than the core back on?” she groaned, rubbing the fur behind her ears. “Any volunteers we can get. There’s gonna be a lot of people who got hurt in the dark and I’d like to be ready for ‘em. Uhhh…speaking of that, are you ok? Looks like you might have hit your head…”

“I’m fine. Just keep this place running and I’ll see about getting some volunteers,” Gaster replied dismissively, thumbing past the missed calls and messages on his phone. “Keep me posted.”

“Ok…” she said uncertainly as he turned on his heel and disappeared.

Gaster made a brief visit to the Dean of the university, then to the Captain of the royal guard. Riots had broken out across Waterfall and were starting to spill over into the capitol, so unfortunately, the hospital was going to have to make do with students. Not ideal, but that seemed to be his lot in life today. It was certainly a good deal better than nothing.
Gaster’s next destination was the core. The monolithic generator was an absolute mess. A coolant pipe had broken and flooded three lower levels, quenching the magma that heated the conversion rods. The liquid rock had solidified around the machinery, filling the air with super-heated steam and noxious gas. All of the techs with any amount of inborn heat-resistance were currently pumping out the rooms, leaving a handful of engineers waiting anxiously around the upper levels. The immediately ran off to get the plant manager when Gaster asked, looking relieved to finally have something to do.

The prickly, vaguely cactus-shaped monster on duty always looked irritated, but the layer of soot and sweat covering their face definitely added to their habitually overworked air.

“We’re doin’ everything we can but it’s going to take at least the rest of the day before we can start makin’ repairs.” they sighed. “I keep telling ya we need to replace the outdated equipment. It can’t wait any longer unless you want a REAL meltdown on your hands. We got lucky this time. Sensors took us offline before the central unit could overheat. Next time, maybe the sensors go out instead. Then we’ve got a puddle of goo instead of an overheated geothermal reactor.”

“I see. I’ll speak with Asgore. In the meantime, we need to get the system back online as soon as possible,” Gaster said, ignoring the plant manager’s aggravated sigh. “Is there anything you can do with the equipment that hasn’t been damaged?”

“We might be able to limp along using just a section of the radiator, but we’re going to have to cycle the power grid and I REALLY don’t wanna have to do that,” they said waringly. “It’s probably gonna cause even more infrastructure damage, not to mention I’m already short on techs-“

“Do it. I’ll see about getting you parts to replace the piping, but get the power back on. There’s over seven-hundred monsters in Snowdin who don’t have heat right now. They’re not going to be ok if they have to make it through the night without it.”

The cactus monster cursed under their breath and stalked off, yelling orders to the monsters standing nearby. Gaster closed his eyes for a moment, not looking forward to that conversation with Asgore. In his opinion, taxes were already too high, but the only other place to pull funding was from the projects. It almost wasn’t an option. Every project that currently had funding was needed, and desperately. How was he going to choose…

His head twinged, and he gingerly ran his fingertips over his supraorbital notches. Perhaps he could delay that for a little longer. Papyrus needed to be dealt with, and the confusion of this event should cause a sufficient smokescreen for Gaster to smuggle him out. Perhaps it had been a blessing in disguise, after all.

It would be nice to think that something good had come of it.

===

“Are you awake?”

Papyrus jolted upright and instinctively scrambled backwards. He yelped as one of his hands slipped over the edge of the bed, sending him tumbling to the floor in a woozy, disoriented heap.

“Ahhhhh,” he groaned, holding his stinging ribs where the floor had jolted the partially-healed breaks. Soft footsteps approached him and he curled into himself tighter, wanting nothing more than for everyone to go away and leave him alone.

A hand reached down and lifted part of his gown away. Papyrus braced himself with a confused
whimper as inquisitive fingers pressed lightly over a half-healed crack in his scapula. The feeling was blunted and fuzzy, but it still hurt. There was no doubt now that this was happening to him.

“You’re hardier than I expected you to be. Stronger monsters than you have died to that river. Such a shame. Under better circumstances, I would have left you here and allowed you to discredit yourself as a self-destructive lunatic. Unfortunately, I require your assistance with something instead.”

With a sharp ping, his soul turned blue and he was lifted off the floor. Papyrus squirmed, toes brushing the tiles as he struggled to focus enough through the sedatives and his own terror to do SOMETHING.

A set of bone hands pressed over his mouth. Gaster’s face swam into view just inches from his own, expression cold and serious.

“Stop that. I’m not planning to kill you, but if you make enough noise that someone comes in here, then I will kill them. Do you understand?”

Papyrus nodded frantically, pressing his knees together and squeezing his eyelids shut. He felt like screaming. He felt like dissolving into tears and begging Gaster to let him go. Instead, he curled his unbroken hand into a fist and forced magic into it, forming a small, blue bone. He would have to do this quietly, or else that nice monster who’d helped him earlier might be in danger...

“Now hold still.”

“Mngghh,” Papyrus winced as a sharp pinch flared through the space between his cervical vertebrae, spreading prickly heat up the side of his neck and face. The wooziness started to lift, replacing itself with a vague feeling of euphoria that was immensely confusing given his current circumstances. His attack tingled in his hand, flickering a little as his intent wavered. Half panicking, he pushed magic into it as fast as he could, willing it to stay together. He DID want to do this quietly, or else that nice monster who’d helped him earlier might be in danger...

Gaster pulled out the needle and pressed a single finger over the small wound in his third cervical disk.

He had to...

“Good boy~”

HE HAD TO-

“MNGH!” Papyrus snarled, shoving the attack forward. It phased through Gaster’s left shoulder, turning his soul blue with a muffled ping. He had just enough time to give the scientist a hard shove backward before the world tried to pull him apart and squash him at the same time. It was over in seconds, leaving him prone on a surface that was cold and rough to the touch. Stone…?

“Agh!” Gaster grunted, followed by the sound of bone hitting solid rock. “God DAMN it today!”

Where am I, Papyrus tried to say. It came out as a slurred, incomprehensible mumble. Slowly, he pushed himself up onto wobbly elbows and looked around. The room was dimly lit by a handful of phosphorescent mushrooms, leaving him unsure just how big it was. It felt stuffy though, and the air was full of a heavy, musky scent that strongly reminded him of Sans and his god-awful mess of a room back home. It made him feel vaguely irritated and slightly unnerved. Sans had been here?

“Stay still,” Gaster snapped when Papyrus tried to push himself into a sitting position. “You’re lucky
I need you physically able for the next several days. Don’t push your luck or I will change my mind.”

Papyrus dropped his head back onto his forearms, breathing deeply as magic thudded slowly through his temples. He didn’t need air, but this must be what it felt like when other monsters said they were short of breath. His chest felt tight and heavy, like his ribs had suddenly become too small and stiff for him to get a full breath. And it was getting worse.

“What…did…you…give…m-me?” Papyrus panted, trembling as sweat began to bead on his skull, spine, and shoulders.

“The injection? It was a reversal for the sedative they gave you in the hospital.”

A hand construct flitted over and tapped on the underside of his mandible a few times. Papyrus ground his teeth, then hunched his shoulders and tipped his face upward. Gaster was leaning against a wall a few feet away. A thin, black line trailed a few inches over the top of his left eyesocket, like a black thread clinging tightly to the bone. He peered down at Papyrus for a moment, then nodded to himself.

“It sometimes has this effect. You’ll be fine in a few minutes,” he said.

Papyrus pulled his face away with a small, frustrated sound and drew his knees up under himself. He was NOT fine. He felt like throwing up, but only if his soul didn’t jump out of his chest first. Growling under his breath, he closed his eyes and tried to focus on his breathing. Slower…slower…slow…

“How…did your skull…get cracked?” he wheezed after a moment, surprising himself by the hint of venom in his voice. Why did he feel so…angry? Gaster might have done terrible, unspeakable things, but he was still a person. A person, perhaps, that he didn't want to spend any more time around. A person that he was absolutely terrified of and wished would leave him alone forever, but...

But he shouldn't feel this cold, dark satisfaction whenever he looked at that small, painful looking crack. There shouldn't be any part of him that wished he'd put it there.

“Cracked…” Gaster sounded confused before continuing in a dismissive tone. “It is none of your concern.”

Papyrus pushed himself up onto his elbows, chest heaving as he stared critically at the scientist. Gaster was leaning heavily against the wall, arms folded across his chest and shoulders slumped tiredly. Dark circles ringed his eyesockets, almost concealing a second crack just under his right eye. An accident? Had he worked himself to exhaustion, and then made some mistake and gotten hurt?

One way to find out.

“You’re…hurting yourself...you know,” Papyrus panted, misplaced anger simmering quietly beneath each word. “Don’t…you ever think...that this isn’t worth it? That you should...just stop?”

“Do you really think it’s that easy?” Gaster asked with mild interest. “Tell me Papyrus. What, precisely, do you think I am doing?”

“I don’t know…but it isn’t right. Not when…you have to hurt other people…to do it,” Papyrus gasped, then pressed both hands over his chest with a muffled groan. The nausea was stronger now, and his chest ached. It felt like someone was standing on his sternum, making him fight for every
breath…

He heard Gaster step forward, then kneel down beside him.

“Is it really that simple in your mind?” the scientist asked softly. “Can you think of nothing that would be worth the lives of two monsters?” He waited a moment, as though expecting Papyrus to answer. “I never said that what I was doing was right. If I am successful, I hope that no one will ever know what I did, only that it has been done. It may not be right, but it is necessary.”

“Necessary…” Papyrus gasped, curling his hands into fists as a deep, ugly feeling rose through his growing discomfort. “Necessary. Tell me, Doctor. Was it really necessary to kidnap my brother? Because from what I’ve seen...there is more to your interest in him than what is simply necessary.”

He spat those last words, trembling from head to toe. His body and soul were screaming at him to shut up, to apologize, to curl up into a tiny ball and cry for the rest of his life.

But he wasn’t allowed to be scared. Not around this…this person. Not anymore.

“Is that so?” Gaster chuckled, leaning back. “It would certainly look that way from your perspective, wouldn’t it? How amusing. Fantasize all you like, I suppose you need something to occupy your time.”

“Fan-“ Papyrus began indignantly, then doubled over with a dry retch. His eyesockets began to water as bitter, acidic magic scorched the back of his throat.

"Hnh-" he snarled, jerking away as a hand began to rub soothingly along the vertebrae between his shoulders.

“If only your brother had this much resilience…” Gaster sighed.

"Hhrrk," Papyrus heaved, face so flushed with magic it felt like his skull was going to burst. That… that hand was back on his spine again, but it hurt too much to pull away now. It hurt too much to do anything-

“It will go easier if you stop fighting it,” Gaster said, gently tugging him closer and pulling his head onto his lap. One hand crept below the neckline of the hospital gown and began lightly running along the front of his sternum in slow, even strokes. Papyrus shuddered and pushed weakly against the scientist’s knees, trying to get away. A hand construct appeared and gently pulled them behind his back, pinning them against his spine and leaving his chest open to the unwanted touches.

“Though it doesn’t really matter in the end, I suppose.”

“What did you give me?!” Papyrus rasped, then heaved again, tears pouring freely down his face now as genuine fear began to creep in under the anger. The pressure in his chest was coming in waves now, like someone was forcing his ribs apart from the inside. Over and over and over-

“In addition to the reversal? A drug that is forcing your soul to manifest.”

Papyrus gasped as light flickered inside his chest, then threw up over Gaster’s lap. The scientist sighed, then began to pull at the ties on the back of his hospital gown.

“I already said it would be worse if you fought it,” he said with infuriating calm, pulling the gown away and tossing it aside.

“AHHHHH!” Papyrus cried as he felt Gaster’s hands push past his collarbones and into his rib cage, rubbing along the front of his spine. Light flickered inside his chest cavity and he desperately pushed
it down, fighting against the discomfort and terror. After an agonizingly long moment, the light faded, and he threw up again, entire body shuddering as sweat poured down his body and long strands of rust-coloured mucous clung to his mouth. It was too much, he couldn’t keep it back, no, no, no-

Gaster lightly brushed his fingers over the front of his spine, sending a rush of heat along the insides of his ribs. The pressure inside his chest spiked, overwhelming him with its suddenness and intensity. Papyrus arched stiffly, holding back as best he could...

“Nnnn,” he whimpered as his soul fully manifested, then collapsed over Gaster’s knees.

“You know, I did consider implanting the blocker immediately,” Gaster said, trapping his soul between his hands and pulling it out of his chest. Papyrus cringed, mind completely blank and overwhelmingly aware of the fact that Gaster’s fingers were less than an inch from the surface of his soul. “But in the end, I decided to try this instead. Look at me.”

Papyrus couldn’t disobey. Shaking, sweating, throat scorched and dry, he lifted his head. Gaster had summoned a hand construct, which was holding a small, clear bag made out of some sort of rubber or plastic. It was shaped like an inverted heart.

Papyrus gave an alarmed whine and jerked on his pinned hands as Gaster firmly began to push his soul into the bag. Gaster ignored him, fingers making brief contact with the white construct as he worked it inside the tiny, plastic prison. Hints of exhaustion and impatience crept across the link, but Papyrus wasn’t able to pay much attention to it. The smothering feel of heavy rubber was pressing in on him from every direction, he could feel it squeezing around his soul, compressing it so tightly it was almost painful.

"Please don’t, please don’t, take it out take it out takeitoutPLEASEDOCTORTAKEITOUT-" he sobbed desperately.

“Hush.”

Papyrus choked, arms and legs trembling as he watched Gaster run a finger over the bag’s seam. Dark blue magic sank into the plastic, knitting the edges together and sealing his soul inside. Coldly, Gaster tilted the newly-wrapped construct back and forth, inspecting it in the dim light. The casing glinted in the mushroom-light as the small, inverted heart quivered behind his fingers.

"That should do," Gaster nodded, then carefully placed Papyrus’ soul back inside his rib cage and let go. The construct quickly floated back into place behind his sternum then hung there, still quivering slightly.

It didn’t disappear.

TAKE IT OUT! Papyrus wanted to scream, but his throat had closed off, barely letting him breathe. Instead he protectively curled his arms toward his chest, and buried his head in his knees, shivering all over. The way the plastic clung to his soul felt fundamentally wrong and utterly bewildering at the same time. Somewhere between getting buried alive, and being wrapped tightly in a heavy blanket. But worse was the terrifying sense that some, vitally important piece of himself was missing. That he was exposed, vulnerable and in danger.

It was achingly familiar.

===

Gaster teleported them to his lab, half leading, half supporting his wayward test subject down the
Papyrus would likely need a few days to fully recover from the drug, but he should be semi-functional in the meantime. Soul elicitors were experimental unlikely to ever gain popularity. The process was risky, and as Papyrus had learned, excessively uncomfortable.

“Later, I will have more detailed instructions for you,” Gaster began, pushing open the door to Sans’ room. “For now, you will simply monitor and report if something goes wrong.”

He sat Papyrus in the room’s chair, then pushed a bucket into his hands, in case the nausea persisted. Papyrus barely reacted, eyelights fixed on his brother’s unconscious form and both arms still pressed numbly to his chest. Gaster sighed, then firmly uncurled one of the younger skeleton’s hands and placed a small, silver button into it.

“Press this if he starts to crash. Do you understand?” Gaster demanded. Papyrus accepted the button and nodded wordlessly. Gaster decided to accept this minimal response and left the room, locking the door behind him. Head pounding and body heavy with exhaustion, he stumbled back to his office. Despite his own physical state, he felt deeply satisfied. The core was being repaired, some power was being supplied, and the hospital was operating as intended. He had both his test subjects back, and they were firmly under his control. He still had a meeting with the King, but that was not urgent. No one would starve, go untreated, or freeze to death if that was delayed for a few more hours.

Everything was back in its place.

Gaster collapsed into his desk-chair, then pressed his face against the surface of his desk with a small groan. Five minutes. He just needed five…

Papyrus stood, barely noticing when the bucket and emergency button rolled off his lap and clattered to the floor.

“Sans…” he whispered hesitantly, voice cracked and raspy. “Sans…?”

What had Gaster done…

Wordlessly Papyrus held his phalanges over his brother’s damaged legs, hands shaking as he stared at his brother's crippled feet. After a moment, he pressed his hands down over the scars, as though hiding them would somehow make things better, would take away the pain and loneliness that Sans must have felt when…

I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry…

Tears began pouring down his face as he reached for the sheet bunched up at the end of the bed, then gently pulled it over Sans’ body. He was so cold and…and still...

“Sans…” he sobbed, pressing a hand to his brother's face, his shoulder. He made a small, distressed sound when Sans didn’t respond. “Sans, please…please...”

I wasn’t there for you...

Crying softly, he wrapped his fingers tightly around Sans’ hand and pulled it into his chest. Shoulders shaking, he bent over his brother’s hand, wanting nothing more than to pull him into a hug, take him far away from this cursed place, and have everything be ok.

I'm here for you now. I'm here. I'll make it better. I'll make you better.
I promise.

Chapter End Notes

Part two of Catielewd's commission, and mmmmm, boy, have I worked things up for that third chapter yet Catie? XD

Curious about commissions? More info [here](#).
Chapter Summary

Gaster finally does something about his heat.

Warnings include non-con, penetrative rape, public kink, humiliation, overstimulation/multiple orgasms, monster heats, bondage, predicament bondage, non-consensual body modification, needles/medical kink, size kink and depictions of PTSD/panic attacks

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sans ambled forward, bare feet splashing quietly in the shallow puddles underfoot. Glimmering Echo flowers were growing in small patches all around him, whispering back and forth to each other as he passed. Their voices overlapped and wove together until they sounded like a breeze, sweeping over the bioluminescent landscape in a ripple of sound and bobbing petals. The air was so damp and cool, he could almost imagine the way it would feel against the bones of his face. Not harsh and biting like the blizzards in Snowdin, or searing hot like the gales that scoured Hotland every few days when the Underground cave network breathed. Just gentle and calm.

It was nice…

“Peaceful, isn’t it?”

Sans froze in place, eyes fixed on the ground near his feet. The Echo flowers had stopped whispering.

“Waterfall is probably the most habitable place in the underground,” the voice continued in the sudden, eerie silence. “But tell that to a monster who didn’t see what it was like when we crossed the Snowdin Forest. Try to explain how the needs of those dying of heatstroke and hypothermia outweigh those of someone who is annoyed because they cannot charge their cellphone.”

Hesitantly, Sans turned around. Gaster was standing a few paces behind him, staring out at the calm landscape with tired resignation.

“Maybe I’m overreacting. Riots are probably inevitable. If they hadn’t started here, then they probably would have started in the Capitol. And It could have been so much worse if they had. Things are overbuilt and crowded. More people would have died.” He turned to Sans, then looked down at him with a small smile. “You aren’t supposed to be here, you know.”

Sans stared at him, sweat beginning to bead on his forehead as heat crept up the back of his neck. It felt like he was missing something important, but he couldn’t remember...

“I need you to behave, Sans. My work needs to progress. The Underground needs my work to progress.”

Sans took a half-step back, feeling a dull ache somewhere behind his sternum as Gaster’s expression darkened and several hand constructs began to flicker into existence around him.
“W-what work?” Sans finally managed, voice shaking badly.

“You are not supposed to be HERE.”

Sans jerked backward as the last word hit him like a physical force-

“Dhhk?!  Hhh…hhh...HHH,” Sans gasped, fighting to take a breath. His chest immediately seized up, locking in place and refusing to move despite his rapidly growing panic. Stars began to flicker across the backs of his eyelids as he instinctively groped at his ribs, fingers shaking as they slipped over the sheet covering his chest.

“Brother?!  Sans, what’s wrong?”

“Hhhh,” Sans choked, beginning to feel dizzy. He felt someone lift his hands away and tug the sheet down, baring his chest and hesitantly touching something attached to one of his ribs. They muttered darkly to themselves, then gave something a sharp yank. A loud series of clear, popping sounds reverberated through Sans’ ribs, and his chest instantly relaxed.

“HHHHHHHH,” Sans gasped deeply, then started coughing, eyesockets watering as the movement stung his sore ribs.

“Sans, are you ok?”

Something firmly cupped the back of his head and pulled him into a sitting position. A large hand began to rub his scapula and thoracic vertebrae, supporting and trying to soothe him until the coughing fit had subsided.

“You scared me to death,” the voice whispered, pulling him into a hug. Sans melted into the embrace with a woozy smile. He didn’t have to open his eyes to know who’s arms these were, who’s voice this was. Ha. He’d known Papryus wasn’t dead. Not HIS brother.

“Paapsss?”  Sans croaked, blearily opening his eyes.

“I’m here,” Papyrus murmured, pulling back with a soft chuckle. He was smiling, but a heavy, orange-stained bandage was pressed tightly over his left eyesocket and tears were running down his cheekbones. Sans made a small, concerned sound and tried to reach up to wipe them away. His arm flopped weakly against his side and ended up somewhere near his own lap, so he tiredly gave up on the attempt and settled for letting his head fall forward into his brother’s chest instead.

“Looffe you…” he mumbled, letting his eyesockets drift closed.

“I love you too,” Papyrus said, pulling him close with a quiet sniffle. Sans wished he could say more than that, but everything felt so heavy and he was unbelievably exhausted. It was a struggle just to keep his eyes open and smile so Papyrus wouldn’t worry…wouldn’t worry about…

===

Papyrus didn’t ‘hate’ people.

He’d decided a long time ago that the act of ‘hating’ someone was unworthy of his energy, and he’d never had a reason to think otherwise. Why would he? Living in the capitol with his brother, going to school, taking the occasional job more out of curiosity than any real need to supplement Sans’ frankly inexplicable income…it had been easy. Easy to trust people. Easy to believe that everyone
had a good reason for doing the things that they did. That if he could just talk to them and spend a little time listening, he would be able to understand. To help them be the best person they could be.

He didn’t want to try to understand Gaster. He didn’t want to talk, or bargain, or make any effort to be his friend. Even the thought of simply avoiding him forever made an ugly lump of resentment rise in his throat.

But he didn’t ‘hate’ people, so he didn’t ‘hate’ Gaster.

Papyrus stared blankly at the wall across the room, then gingerly pressed one hand over his smothered soul. There was something bizarrely soothing about the constant, heavy pressure, even though he still got flashes of claustrophobia whenever he thought about it too much. A part of him wanted to try to get the plastic off, but the wrapping was so tight that he didn’t think he could do it without…without really hurting himself and he couldn’t stop thinking about his hand slipping by accident and…

Papyrus shivered weakly, then leaned back against the wall and pulled Sans a little closer. It wasn’t worth the risk. Not when the overall feeling wasn’t much worse than getting an overly tight hug from someone you didn’t know all that well. A little uncomfortable, but bearable.

The door handle turned and Papyrus started, arms automatically tightening around Sans’ body. Gaster stepped inside, then paused, looking from Sans, to the floor, then back to Sans again. A hand construct flitted out from behind his back, then dipped down and scooped up one of the thin, black wires that Papyrus had pulled out of the boxes taped to Sans’ ribs.

"Why did you remove these?" Gaster asked, voice dangerously calm.

"Because he woke up and he couldn’t breathe," Papyrus snapped, pulling Sans a little closer. Gaster stared at him for a moment in open surprise, then looked down at Sans again with an incredulous expression.

"He woke up? He was conscious?"

A small flock of hand constructs melted into existence and flew forward, fingers outstretched. Papyrus flinched and threw up a hand to ward them off, but the protective wall of bones he’d intended to summon flickered weakly, then fell apart.

"Stop that, I just need him to be lying flat," Gaster said distractedly with a small gesture. A pair of hand constructs broke away from the others, grabbed Papyrus’ shoulders, and shoved him back against the wall.

"OW!" Papyrus cried out as the back of his head thunked against the wall and jolted his half-healed skull fractures. "No! Don’t take him, he’s still hurt, he needs more time! Please don’t, please don’t please-" he crammed his fist into his mouth, holding back a horrified whimper as Sans was pulled out of his arms.

"Calm down, I’m well aware of his fragility," Gaster said with an exasperated tone, directing his constructs to lay Sans flat on the mattress below Papyrus’ feet. "Stop interfering, or I will chain you to the wall."

Papyrus couldn’t help the small, frustrated sound that escaped his throat as Gaster ran two fingers along Sans’ cheek, then began removing the small, white boxes from his ribs. The bone underneath them was red and raw-looking, laced with tiny craze-lines that were seeping crimson magic. Gaster frowned down at them, then clinically ran his fingers down the length of Sans’ spine, pushing lightly
on each vertebra. He got to the last one, then pushed Sans’ legs apart and-

Papyrus looked away, feeling disgusted, faintly nauseous, and very, very angry.

“‘You said he was conscious?’ Gaster mused, not really directing the question at him. ‘That is… surprising.’

Papyrus forced himself to look back. Gaster was staring down at Sans’ chest with a conflicted expression. After a moment, he peeled one of his gloves away and slowly ran two fingers down the front of Sans’ sternum. Sans inhaled sharply, arched into the contact, then relaxed with a tight moan. Light flared inside his rib cage, painting the underside of his chin and his intercostal spaces with a glimmering, and deeply salacious light. Papyrus stared at it in shocked disbelief, feeling his own exposed soul respond to the muddled desperation and raw need pouring off of his brother with a sympathetic throb. Gaster had done far more than break Sans’ legs. Papyrus wasn’t sure what part of his brother had been broken for him to be able to do this. It was… unthinkable, he’d thought...

For some reason, he’d thought that even Gaster wouldn't go this far.

“How interesting.”

Gaster’s hand constructs were gently holding Sans in place so that the scientist could examine his soul. Papyrus stared at them, hating how helpless he felt, hating Gaster with every fiber of his being. Distantly, he felt tears pouring down his face, felt himself shaking under the hands still holding him back against the wall but he couldn’t move, couldn’t speak, couldn’t do anything. It felt like forever before Gaster finally reached some conclusion, then casually reached into Sans’ rib cage. Papyrus looked away again, unable to block out the small, choked gasps, the soft, wet noises, and then the relieved gasp that came from just below his feet.

“The next time I place medical equipment on him, leave it in place,” Gaster said calmly. Papyrus looked up, eyes unconsciously drawn to Gaster’s right hand. His glove was dripping with pale, shimmering fluid. “I will return in a few hours. If he starts to crash, or if his condition changes for any reason, press the button.” Papyrus started as a hand construct dropped the silver, emergency button into his lap. “I don’t need to remind you what the consequences for disobeying me are, do you?”

Gaster flicked his wrist and the constructs holding his shoulders disappeared. Papyrus wordlessly pressed his arms tightly to his sternum, not trusting himself to respond as Gaster walked out of the room.

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“Good stars old friend, what have you done to yourself?!”

Gaster gingerly pressed a fingertip to the hairline fracture over his right eye. “Accident at the core,” he grimaced. “It will heal.”

“At least allow me…?”

Asgore was already reaching forward and Gaster was too tired to argue with him as he laid a massive hand against the side of his face and a warm, green glow filled his field of vision. Soothing warmth and pressure began to seep into his skull, then abruptly changed course and spread across his chest instead. Gaster inhaled with surprise. He’d forgotten that his ribs had been burned.

The glow faded out, and Asgore pulled back with a concerned look.
“Are you certain this happened because of an accident? You didn’t run into the rioters, did you?”

“Quite certain,” Gaster grimaced, running his fingers lightly over his right eye. Sure enough, that damn fracture was still there. Killing intent wasn’t the only thing that left scars, but it certainly made them more permanent. “And no, I was in Hotland when the riots started. Speaking of which, did the rioters make any demands or have a clear motive?”

“Many demands,” Asgore sighed heavily, stooping to pick up his watering can. “Better roads through Waterfall, a power grid, a more intensive drainage project. Someone who was brought in also mentioned local access to education, but I am fairly certain that schools are of secondary concern.”

Gaster listened silently to the list, feeling each item like a physical blow. He’d gathered this information already himself, but hearing it from Asgore gave it a weight that his contacts at the University and the Capitol Traders’ Guild couldn’t. There was no possible way to fund any of those projects. Not when the core needed such extensive repairs. The rioters might as well have been asking for the barrier to be broken and all of monsterkind to be set free.

“Just how badly was the core damaged?” Asgore asked, setting the watering can on a low shelf.

“Not as badly as it could have been,” Gaster replied, holding out a folder. “But we need to start retro-fitting the old system before it gives out and leaves us with a much more expensive problem. I’ve begun negotiations for the necessary contracts. The foundry who made our custom pieces the first time is willing to take on the entire job, but there are several smaller businesses that could help reduce the price.”

Asgore nodded, then began walking along his flowerbeds with one hand extended. The lush, golden blossoms brushed over his fingers, bobbing lightly on their sturdy, emerald-green stems. Gaster sighed, then quietly tucked the folder underneath Asgore’s watering can. For all his strengths as a king, Asgore tended to become overly emotional when his people acted out. It hadn’t been a problem before Queen Toriel had abdicated, but without her stabilizing presence, Asgore occasionally made…less than optimal decisions.

“How much?” Asgore finally asked without turning around.

Gaster named a figure. Asgore’s shoulders hitched with a long sigh, and he turned back around. “Don’t take it from any of the projects,” he said, expression grim.

“Your majesty…” Gaster began warningly. Asgore immediately waved him off.

“I know the risks. I will be careful to present them as gently as possible—“

“Your majesty, someone died in those riots. Steeper taxes are only going to incite the population—“

“Waterfall will be exempt from the increase until we begin work on extending the power grid.”

Gaster pressed his teeth together, badly wanting to mention that he had already found a project that he was more than willing to pull funding from. Waterfall’s sanitation network – a massive undertaking to place drainage ducts and supply clean running water to the citizens along Waterfall’s main caverns. Delaying it for just two months would free up enough resources to fund the core repairs. Better still, it would remind Waterfall and warn the Capitol that their king did not respond kindly to casual murder.

“I am not worried about more riots in Waterfall,” Gaster finally said as tactfully as possible. “I’m worried about the Capitol. My sources have told me that people are growing discontented. It’s been
fifty-two years since the last human fell, and our infrastructure is still so fragile—“

“Let me handle the capitol,” Asgore interrupted him. “You’ve already taken on so much. If anything, I worry about YOU, old friend, not my people.” Gaster’s discontent must have shown on his face because Asgore smiled sadly, and placed a hand on his shoulder. “Go home and get some sleep. I’ll gather my heads of state and we can have a more comprehensive meeting tomorrow.”

‘Comprehensive meeting.’ How delightful. They would argue, take up all of his time, and eventually come up with some ineffective solution that no one would ever implement. There was a reason Gaster had taken on so much. Somebody had to get things done.

“If that’s what you want, my king,” he said impassively. Asgore tensed a little, then pulled his hand back with a heavy sigh.

"Yes. It is,” he replied tiredly.

===

The first thing he noticed was someone breathing underneath him, and a set of arms curled snugly around his chest. Sans sighed quietly without opening his eyes, luxuriating in the simple pleasure of being held. He didn’t have any memories of his parents, and his foster parents had been far more likely to ignore him than throw any affection his way. The only person who’d ever held him like this had been…*that* person. And then it was usually to calm him down after some particularly intense, or painful bit of abuse. Even his useless foster parents would have noticed if he’d limped into the house covered in tears and cum.

Maybe. Suddenly, it didn’t feel all that good to be held anymore.

Sans squirmed a little, trying to get out of whoever’s arms these were without waking up all the way. They stirred underneath him, and the arms suddenly tightened.

“Mmnn…Sans? Are you awake?”

“Leggo, lemme go…” he mumbled, alarm beginning to cut through his sleepy daze when the arms shifted and pinned his arms to his sides.

“Sans? Sans it’s me! It’s me…”

Too tight too tight too tight

tootighttootight-

Sans found himself in a corner with no memory of how he’d gotten there. His right forearm stung, and his eyesockets felt hot and sore, like he’d been crying. Bewildered and uncomfortable, he shifted on the floor, running a hand over the blanket that had been draped over his shoulders.

“Sans…”

Sans flinched and snatched at the blanket, pulling it closed over his chest. Papyrus was sitting nearby, expression cautious and concerned.

“Sans, can you breathe ok?”

Sans suddenly realized that he was hyperventilating. He nodded sharply, then pressed a hand over his mouth and closed his eyes. It was easier to control the exhale, so he focused on that, trying to count to three before letting himself inhale again.
“Are…are you ok?”

Sans shook his head with a choked whimper. He was SO far from being ok right now. Oh god, what was wrong with him? Papyrus shouldn’t have to worry about him. It was Sans’ job to make sure he was ok, and…and…

And he couldn’t even fucking do that.

“Oh…” Papyrus trailed off as Sans began to sob quietly, pressing a hand over his mouth to muffle the sound. A hand pressed tentatively against his shoulder and he flinched again, squeezing his eyes shut and tensing his shoulders. He wouldn’t freak out if Papyrus wanted to hug him. It was his brother, and if Papyrus wanted to, then Sans needed…

The hand pulled away. Sans felt immensely relieved, and then guilt pressed down against his soul and midsection like an impossibly heavy weight. He couldn’t even stand to be touched by his own brother. He couldn’t...

Sans heard a soft rustle nearby, and forced himself looked up. Papyrus was leaning against the wall just out of arm’s reach, eyesockets closed and legs crossed underneath him. Even relaxed, his expression had a worn, brittle quality to it that made him look much older, and extremely tired. The sight fed right into Sans' growing guilt, making him feel nauseous and...the word wasn’t ‘sad.’ Sad was when your pet goldfish died and you held a little funeral for it and buried it in the backyard. This was so much deeper, like a heavy, crushing weight that left him unable to move and unwilling to do anything. Even trying to sleep sounded fucking exhausting.

“I-huh-I’m-muh-sorry,” he hiccupped, hands trembling as he palmed the tears away from his face. Papyrus opened his eyes and gave him a small, confused smile.

“For what?”

Sans didn’t know how to answer that. Where did he even begin…

“Ev-hhh-ry th-thing,” he finally whispered.

“Everything is not your fault.”

Sans laughed a little at that. “Doesn’t ma-haa-ter.”.

“Why not?”

“Y-you don’t d-huh-deserve…”

“Neither do you.”

Didn’t matter. So many things had happened. Maybe Sans hadn’t deserved any of them, but they’d still happened. And then they’d happened again, and again, and again. At this point, he was just a worthless piece of shit that one too many people had spit on and tossed aside. To worn out and used up to be any good to anyone. The only thing he did that mattered was taking care of his brother, making sure NOBODY ever treated him the same way. And if he couldn’t do that…

Sans curled into himself, weeping so hard that his throat hurt and his eyesockets stung with the need to produce tears that he no longer had the reserves to make. If he couldn’t do that, then what was the fucking point?

It didn’t take long before the sobs had been reduced to exhausted sniffles, sinuses so swollen and
stopped up that he had to breathe through his mouth. His face was an absolute mess, but he’d already scrubbed at his eyesockets and nasal aperture so many times that both were stinging and chafed.

“Did I scare you? I didn’t mean to,” Papyrus said softly after he’d been quiet for a while.

Sans wanted to sink into the floor and never come out again. It must have been Papyrus holding him earlier, but it was all a blur. “I…n-no, it’s f-fine.”

“It is not fine. You hit me and spent fifteen minutes screaming at me not to touch you.”

“I-I…”

“You don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want, but don’t you dare lie to me,” Papyrus whispered, expression slipping a little to show raw fear underneath his exhaustion. “Please Sans. We’re not at home, I’m not a little kid, and this…this place…” Papyrus shuddered and swallowed hard. “I can’t…not if you lie to me too. I can’t…”

Papyrus went silent, staring at him pleadingly. Sans wrapped his arms tightly around himself, staring at the ground. He’d spent so long protecting Papyrus from their past. Maybe it was habit, but his throat felt like it was trying to close off every time he thought about actually talking about what had just happened. About what had happened back then.

But Papyrus had asked, and Sans was so, very tired of trying to look strong when he just wasn’t.

“The h-hugging,” he finally choked.

“What?”

“You w-were…” Sans swallowed hard, and continued, still staring at the floor. “You were hugging me really tight and I didn’t realize it was you. I…I’m sorry.”

Papyrus was silent for a long moment. “You thought it was him?” he finally asked.

“No,” Sans scoffed, using a corner of the blanket to gingerly dab at his dripping nasal aperture. Gaster was…many horrible things, but inappropriately affectionate luckily wasn’t one of them. “S-someone else…” Sans trailed off, then continued, very quietly. “He’s not the first one who’s hurt me.”

Papyrus frowned. “Hurt you like HE does, you mean?”

Sans made a small, choked sound and pulled the blanket so tightly around his shoulders that it began to pinch the back of his neck.

“Please don’t ask me about it,” he begged, voice tight and high-pitched, even to his own ears.

He heard Papyrus shift a little against the wall, then fall still with a long sigh.

“Ok,” he said simply. Sans waited, fully expecting him to press for more information, or demand to know more about what had happened. Instead, Papyrus stayed silent, apparently content with what little Sans had been able to give him.

“T-thank you,” Sans whispered, closing his eyes.

“Of course,” Papyrus replied softly.
Later, Sans thought to himself with a hard sniff. If Papyrus still wanted to know, he would tell him—not everything, but part of the story. Just the important parts, the ones that explained why he had gotten them out of that foster home and into an apartment that he hadn’t been able to afford.

And maybe a little more? He’d kept that secret for so long, buried it under smiles, jokes, and casual deflection. It was an ugly thing that didn’t belong anywhere near his brother, or anyone else for that matter. But the thought of letting someone else know was oddly relieving, and he wasn’t sure why.

Tiredly, Sans let his head drop onto his knees and closed his sore, swollen eyesockets. Later though. Not here and not now. He needed to stay strong for just a little bit longer.

The thought was so exhausting...

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Everything was strangely quiet, especially for this time of night. The Capitol supported a full population of nocturnal monsters who treated the small hours of the morning like Sans treated mid-afternoon— as a time to work and do business. This street in particular should have been crowded with market sellers sitting on colourful rugs with their wares spread in front of them, haggling and cheerfully calling out their prices to passerby. Instead it was completely empty.

“I never was able to find out much about you. But then again, my contacts are all legitimate merchants.”

Sans whirled around, entire body tense as he looked up and down the street. He saw nothing but electric lamps and multi-storey shops and buildings lining the main road, all fading into a hazy, yellow-orange glow off in the distance. There wasn’t even a loose newspaper blowing by in the faint, warm breeze...

“It’s strange. All of my contacts know your name, but they aren’t able to tell me if you had a job, where you lived, or even whether you have any family other than your brother.”

Sans backed up a step, eyelights still darting all around the empty street. Gaster’s voice echoed off the bare, brick walls, giving Sans no indication of which way to run.

“But I suppose that makes sense for someone who’s main source of income is the black market. What was your specialty? Stolen goods? Drugs?”

Fuck it. Sans picked a direction and started running. About halfway down the street, he ducked into an alley, trying to get out of sight...

“So much mystery for someone who was almost certainly nothing more than a common thief.”

“AH!” Sans yelped, stumbling backward as a hand swooped down and tried to grab his shoulder. Another flew at his face and he dodged to one side, then cried out in alarm as something seized the back of his jacket and hauled him into the air. Twisting hard, he slipped out of the garment, flailed a little to right himself, then grunted when something slammed into the space between his scapula hard enough to send him skidding across the cobblestones.

“And yet I have to wonder why…”

Hands clamped down over his wrists and shoulders, fingers pressing into his bones so tightly that it hurt to struggle. Sans panted, twisting his upper body as the disembodied constructs wrenched his arms behind his back and pushed him firmly against the alley’s cool, brick wall.
“Someone with your skill and incredible magic reserves? Do you know how valuable you could be to the crown?”

“FUCK OFF,” Sans screamed into the alley, cringing as a hand ran gently, almost tenderly down the side of his face.

“It’s inevitable that you have fallen into my hands…”

Sans cursed, writhing against the wall as a set of the aforementioned hands began to trace his iliac crests, moving inward toward his spine with light, tingling pressure.

“Someone as valuable as you cannot be allowed to go to waste.”

The hands gently pushed underneath the hem of his shirt, brushed along his lowest ribs, then traced the joints where they met his vertebra. Sans jerked back with a cry of protest, then choked when three fingers shoved their way past his teeth and began to caress his tongue.

“You will help the Underground, one way, or another.”

Sans trembled, sweat beginning to run down the back of his head as a pair of hands gripped his ankles and slowly spread them apart. The others continued their gentle touches over his face, ribs and spine, pace teasingly slow as they narrowed in on his sensitive joints, collarbones, and cervical vertebrae.

“You will help…me.”

Sans inhaled sharply and tensed as a much larger and warmer body pressed into his back, and a faint, ultramarine glow appeared on the bricks near his head.

“What an interesting coincidence that I would find you here, of all places,” the voice purred, close enough that he could feel warm breath against his temporal bone. “Is this something you think about? Being seen while you’re…compromised?”

Sans gasped wetly around the fingers in his mouth as a hand roughly shoved itself down the front of his shorts and cupped the space between his legs, lifting hard enough that it pulled him onto his toes.

“Dripping onto the paving stones…”

Sans bucked involuntarily as a finger brushed along the back of his pubic symphysis. The move pressed his sacrum and tailbone into the hips behind him, earning him a soft laugh, then a slow, grinding pressure that forced his own hips back against the wall. Hands, much hotter than the ones still groping and restraining the rest of him, slipped past his waistband and ran down the backs of his ilium, pushing down his shorts as they went. The fabric stretched over his spread femurs, forcing his knees inward and sending a shiver through his body as cool air brushed over the newly-bared bones.

“Do you imagine them watching, or joining in?”

“MNNGH!” Sans groaned as the warm hands began to curl over his tailbone and ischium, stroking the areas with generous pressure and friction. His magic formed with a sudden, dull pinch that bloomed outward through his femurs and lumbar vertebrae in a ripple of aching warmth. Without missing a beat, the hands began exploring the new flesh filling his pelvic girdle, lightly parting the folds so they could rub shallowly along the length of the slit.

“Who showed you how to make this?” Gaster murmured, fingers tracing the outside of his clitorous without touching it. “Your parents died shortly after your brother was born. You would have been
“Hnnn,” Sans whimpered as two, startlingly hot fingers slowly pushed inside his passage and began curling experimentally against his inner walls.

“And you always make it so…basic.”

The other fingers flicked gently at his clit, making his knees buckle and pelvis jerk against the body behind him.

“Let’s see if someone is willing to give you some pointers.”

Sans yelped with alarm as he was pulled away from the wall, then forced to face the outlet of the alley. The hands pushed his shorts further down, then returned to his clit, rubbing slow, firm circles over the tiny bud of nerves. Another began pumping two fingers in and out of his cunt, pushing insistently at a small, sensitive spot on his inner walls. Sans tensed, legs trembling as he stared out at the empty street. His cheekbones burned with mortified panic as he moaned into the fingers still pushing in and out of his mouth, terrified that someone was about to walk past the alley and see…

“Mmnggh…” Sans groaned as a particularly rough thrust sent scarlet fluid rushing down his legs, splattering his shorts with glistening streamers of slick. Gaster laughed softly near his ear and began rubbing more quickly, timing each stroke with Sans’ own, hitched breaths...

“hnNGH-“ Sans finally gasped, falling heavily into the hands as he came. Gaster immediately pulled back, letting the orgasm fizzle out almost as soon as it had started. Sans panted resentfully around the fingers still violating his mouth, labia and clit feeling so hot, swollen and unsatisfied that they ached. He wasn’t completely sure he cared about anyone coming into the alley now. At least they would fuck him properly without making snide comments about his body.

“No one? Very well, I suppose I’ll just show you myself,” Gaster sighed, running a thumb over his now painfully oversensitive clit. “It’s probably for the best, anyway…”

Sans staggered a little as Gaster took a brief shortcut, landing them in a small, scrupulously clean kitchen with an empty table in the center. Sans didn’t have time to see anything else before the hand constructs roughly stripped the rest of his clothing away and dumped him face-first onto the table.

“This…is your place?” Sans asked hoarsely, closing his eyes as the constructs began wrapping his wrists with what felt like rope.  “Because you’ve got shitty taste in furni-TURE?!”

An overly-warm hand ran down the back of his sacrum and Sans flinched, unable to speak as the rope pulled over his bones and pinned them in place with snug, even pressure.

“Curious,” Gaster mused, slipping a hand under his jaw and pulling his head back. The hand constructs began to weave a loose collar around his neck, pulling the coarse rope slowly over his cervical vertebrae. “Every time I put you in a stressful situation, you either shut down, or attempt to insult me. Why do you think that is?”

“H-hate to break it to you, but you’re pretty easy to insult,” Sans spat, taking a shaky breath.

“It’s obviously a coping mechanism, but I don’t see how it could have benefited you in the past,” Gaster continued, releasing his head, then stepping back while the constructs flipped him onto his back. “Antagonizing your enemies seems a very poor choice for someone so fragile.”

The hands threaded a length of rope through the collar, then tugged him forward, splitting the ends and tying each to a second set of loops just above each of his knees. The final position left him...
balanced on his back with his knees curled toward his chest, arms pinned against his spine, and head tucked forward. The ropes also naturally pulled his knees apart, granting him a completely unobstructed view of his own, scarlet-splattered femurs and crotch.

“Give me my magic back and I’ll show you fucking fragile,” Sans snarled, voice breaking on the final word.

“You could try asking me politely.”

Sans stared at him, and Gaster continued with a small smile. “Go on. What would you like me to do? Untie you? Give you your clothes back? All you have to do is ask.”

“Go fuck off and die,” Sans spat venomously, not believing for one second that Gaster would follow through even if he completely broke down and begged. Fucker probably just got off on it-

A hand construct rammed a red, silicone ball between his teeth, then cinched the buckle down around the back of his skull with a rough jerk.

“Red suits you,” Gaster murmured, as Sans spluttered around the new obstruction stretching his jaw, running a single finger down the front of the gag. “Determination is a much more…useful trait than patience. It will serve you well.”

Sans took a slow, shuddering breath and closed his eyes, arms and neck already aching from the effort of keeping his body balanced on the hard surface. He wondered what would happen if he slipped and fell off the table. It wasn’t very high, but it would still hurt, and he doubted Gaster would bother to catch him.

“You don’t just make this basic, you make it poorly,” Gaster was saying, pushing his labia apart with a critical expression. “Overly wide, no internal structures, nonoptimal clitoral placement and excessive obstruction.” Sans flinched as he firmly inserted two fingers and scissored him open. “Useful, perhaps, for a much larger monster in a non-consensual setting? Your foster parents, perhaps?”

Sans didn’t answer. He was too busy pretending he was stabbing Gaster over and over with a rusty piece of angle-iron.

“You always shut down so quickly,” Gaster sighed, and Sans felt him press lightly against the top of his entrance, pulling back his clitoral hood. “What do you think you’re accomplishing with that?”

Sans flinched, then screamed into the gag as an unexpectedly sharp sting shot through his pussy. Eyes flying open, he looked down. Gaster was slowly pulling a long, silver needle attached to an empty syringe out of his ecto-flesh. A knot of dark blue fluid was visible inside of him just behind his clitorous, slowly diffusing and mixing with his own, scarlet magic. Sans grunted with pain as Gaster rubbed the spot to speed the absorption, then thrust two fingers back into his entrance.

“Try to relax,” he said, knuckles glowing dark blue. Sans’ eyesockets watered as the flesh between his legs throbbed, fluttering uneasily around Gaster’s fingers. It took him a second to realize it wasn’t just moving, it was changing.

“Nnng!” he protested, trying to press his legs together, kick out, pull away, maybe even fall off the goddamn table. Gaster rolled his eyes and directed a pair of hand constructs to wrench his ankles apart, spreading his legs unbearably wide and holding him there until he stopped struggling with a broken whimper.

"Pay attention, this is how it will form from now on," Gaster said warningly.
Sans shuddered, watching as his clit slowly doubled in size, then moved deeper into his folds until it was positioned just inside the rim of his pelvic inlet. His entrance itself shrank, passage narrowing until his inner walls pulled snug around Gaster's fingers. A series of inner ridges began to form, three of which coalesced around his clit, forming a series of arrows opening outward toward his labia. Like a goddamn welcome sign saying 'fuck me here.'

"There we are," Gaster purred, rubbing his fingers gently along either side of his enlarged clit. Sans sucked in a breath, eyelights dilating as heat spread through his pussy and fluid began to drip indecently down the back of his sacrum. Holy fuck, that was sensitive...

"I may have overdone the size change though."

"Mmngh-" Sans gasped pleadingly as he inserted a third finger, then slowly pumped them in and out of him. The intrusion stung in the best possible way, leaving him feeling painfully aroused, dirty, and deeply uncomfortable. Sans had…very mixed feelings about sex, but that didn’t make it ok for Gaster to just change the shape of his fucking pussy. Especially not into something that it was so obviously targeted toward someone else’s pleasure. He’d said this was permanent? Was that just a lie to fuck with him, or had he really meant it?

"Well, no matter," Gaster mused, withdrawing his fingers and leaving Sans' pussy twitching impotently and glistening wetly. "You'll stretch."

Sans’ eyesockets widened as he saw Gaster casually unzip his pants, then press the rounded tip of his cock against his entrance. Before Sans could fully process what was going on, he was being dragged across the table, and onto Gaster’s dick.

"AAAMMPH!" he wailed, legs quivering as his newly-rebuilt pussy was stretched well past the point of comfort. He wasn’t sure which was worse, the constant, aching pressure or the fact that part of the change was actually working for him. The new position of his clit meant that his most responsive nerve-endings were all pressed snugly against Gaster’s shaft, and that any motion would stimulate them all pretty damn effectively.

"Yes…" Gaster sighed, then slowly pulled back and thrust forward. Sans moaned, unable to look away as he watched the dark, blue shaft push past his entrance again and again, catching on the new inner ridges and rubbing against his clitorous with shockingly gratifying friction. The sensations almost became overwhelming when a hand construct began to brush along the inner curve of his ribs, getting him closer and closer-

"MMNGHHH!" Sans wailed as he came, breath overly loud in his own ears as Gaster continued to thrust through his pussy’s contractions. After a breathlessly long time, the feeling finally tapered off, and Sans mewed uncomfortably as Gaster continued to fuck his painfully sensitive body.

"Oh?" He smiled into Sans’ dismayed, tear-stained face. "What made you think that any of this was about your pleasure?"

Sans gave an overstimulated screech as Gaster began thrusting into him more quickly, and his newly-tightened pussy began to burn. Finally, when the sensations had started to blunt a little under renewed arousal, Gaster hilted himself with a quiet exhale and came. His cum was startlingly hot against Sans inner walls, then his labia as it dribbled out of him and onto the table. Sans shivered, saliva beginning to seep down his chin as he stared numbly at the scientist’s hands. His knuckles were glowing a vivid, dark blue, but Sans had thought that was just from arousal. Gaster hadn’t acted like…

Gaster paused only for a few moments before he was moving again, so quickly and roughly that
each thrust made lewd, wet slapping sounds and rapidly coated the table under Sans’ back with cum and slick. Sans gave a horrified sob, struggling weakly against the rope pinning his wrists behind his back. It was obvious now that Gaster was in heat, and he’d decided to use him to work it off. No, no, no-

“As I said,” Gaster panted near his ear, breath hot against the side of his head. “You will help me, one way or another.”

Sans cried out around the gag, entire body jolting in the ropes and vertebrae digging into the table as his body was used. He could feel himself winding up again, and he tried to hold it back, not wanting to drop into that awful, overstimulated state again so soon…

Sans sobbed as he came, body wringing out a hazy orgasm before his pain tolerance bottomed out. The ropes burned where they’d chafed his neck, wrists, and ribs. His entire pussy burned and stung where the needle had pierced his flesh. His body was starting to ache from being forced to stay in such a tightly curled position, and every thrust made it even worse...

But Gaster wasn’t stopping.

Sans lost track of time, lost track of the number of times he’d come, how many times Gaster had come. He barely felt conscious when hot cum dribbled out of his pussy for the millionth time, and Gaster slowly pulled out. A few seconds later, something cold pressed against his cervical vertebrae, and the rope fell away with a quiet snip.

“Determination does indeed suit you,” the scientist mused as Sans feebly turned away and buried his head beneath his arms.

Chapter End Notes

Final chapter for Caitie’s commission with the part she actually commissioned XD Hey Caitie, I remember reading once that your ideal smut ending was ‘and then they came forever and ever, the end.’ This close enough? :9
The Show Must Go On

Chapter Summary

Everyone is tired and Gaster makes sure nobody but him is happy about anything ever.

Content includes non-con, needles, Papyrus getting molested by Gaster, bondage, non-consensual soul sex, non-consensual medical procedures, soul/sexual torture, non-consensual touching, and non-conventional ecto-genitalia

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP-

Gaster started awake, shut off his alarm, then groaned and pressed his palms over eyesockets. Had he gotten any sleep at all? He couldn’t remember waking up during the night, but the pseudo-sunlight had that hazy, overbright quality that was usually reserved for the morning after an especially grueling all-nighter. Good god, did he really have to meet with Asgore’s heads of state in a few hours? His patience already felt dangerously thin. Damned political nonsense wasting his time-

Gaster cut off that train of thought with a sigh. Bemoaning those responsibilities, nonsense aside, was also a waste of time. No matter, he could compensate. Caffeine? Caffeine was usually the right answer for mornings like this. He couldn’t afford to lose a day simply because…

Gaster paused halfway through sitting up, then gingerly peeled back the blanket and peered underneath.

“Ah,” he noted calmly, unsticking his left leg from the mattress. A film of ultramarine slick came with it, forming a shimmering membrane between his body and the bed that split wetly when he pulled away. That explained a few things. Good god, how had he managed to have a wet dream this intense without waking up?

Grimacing, Gaster half pulled, half peeled his lower half off of the bed, then called up a set of hand constructs. They flitted off and came back with a towel, which they laid on the floor beside the bed. He staggered onto it, clumsily wiped off his feet, then tottered into the bathroom on legs that were startlingly weak. How embarrassing. Hopefully a solid meal would sort out his dexterity. Asgore would have all manner of questions for him if he appeared at the meeting like…this.

He started the shower and immediately stepped in, unhooking the sprayer from the wall to hose off his legs and pelvis. There was some lingering soreness around his joints and nerve centers, but that wasn’t unexpected. Heat cycles could result in mild burns if the monster in question put off the inevitable for too long. He was lucky that the suppressants had curbed the worst of his symptoms, and that his body had conveniently dealt with the remainder last night. With any luck, that would be the end of it, and it wouldn’t be necessary to induce his subjects again. Not when the tests showed that it was much cleaner to make them…cooperate.

The water swirling down the drain took several minutes to run clear, giving him enough time to
mentally lay out a schedule for the day. Papyrus needed to be dealt with soon, ideally before Asgore’s meeting. With any luck, the soul wrap would have finished its work, and reinserting the blocker would go very smoothly. Sans also needed to be tended to, but that wouldn’t take long. He doubted that the little skeleton was lucid yet, and as much as correcting Sans’ frame of mind was rewarding, the power struggle became tiresome when Gaster was under a time constraint.

Yes, today could be quite productive indeed.

Already feeling stronger and more alert, Gaster stepped out of the shower and instructed his constructs to fetch his clothes.

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Alphys stumbled into the hospital, regretfully dumped the last of her coffee into a sink, and washed her hands.

“Late night?” one of the other interns yawned, grabbing their clipboard out of the stack. Alphys nodded, then grabbed her own clipboard and shuffled through the pages.

“Late m-morning,” she mumbled, stepping out of the way so the other interns could also grab their assignments. It wasn’t an exaggeration. She hadn’t gone home yesterday until 4 AM, and every muscle in her shoulders and forearms was pointedly reminding her that her favourite form of exercise was sitting behind a keyboard, not fixing generators.

“Sounds about right,” someone else groaned. Alphys silently nodded back, then began walking out to the recovery wing. Time to be helpful and happy so she could earn her tuition payments…

“G-good morning!” she chirped, summoning up what she hoped was a smile when she saw that the room’s occupants were awake. “H-how is everyone today?”

“Cold, cold, cold, cold…” a Pyrope shivered, eyes just peeking out from under a blanket.

“I’m fine, but APPARENTLY, he’s cold,” a demon monster with bright orange skin groused, shifting restlessly on their bed. A fire elemental pulled a pillow over their head, and a second Pyrope groaned and shifted under their blankets. Alphys cringed sympathetically, trying not to let her smile slip. There was barely enough room to walk between their beds, definitely not enough space to get any privacy or alone-time. Goodness, she hadn’t thought they were this overcrowded.

“I-I-I’ll see if I can bring you something…” Alphys said, scribbling a note on her clipboard. “I-is anyone else in pain or n-need anything? Just breakfast?”

“Cold,” the first pyrope whimpered.

“No more than yesterday,” the horned monster groaned, then glared over at the elemental when they made a rude crackling noise. “If I could stand up and walk over there, I swear…”

Alphys squeezed out of the room as the elemental made a grumbled, apologetic noise, then made her way down the hall to the kitchen. Halfway there, she was greeted by a wave of hot, humid air, a tightly-packed crowd, and the dull roar of monsters shouting over each other to be heard. Alphys grimaced, then edged forward, trying not to bump into anyone. Catrina had opened up the kitchen and nearby outpatient wing a few days ago for their mobile patients, and the result was a constant swarm of mildly injured monsters and their families crowding out the halls, making a lot of noise, and generally slowing things down. Alphys silently believed that it was one of Catrina's most stupid ideas, but nobody had asked her.
“Seven fire types!” Alphys yelled to the servers once she’d managed to elbow her way to the front. One of them nodded and jogged into the back, shouting orders as they went. While they were gone, Alphys ducked inside the serving area, slipped a heating pad out of the stack used for keeping meals warm, and popped it into a microwave. Technically, she was supposed to talk to the doctor before bringing a patient anything, but it would be hours before she could find someone with any available time. It was just a heating pad, and Alphys knew what it felt like to be cold and not be able to do anything about it.

“Cart for seven fire types…oh, taking a heating pad?” the server asked behind her. Alphys jumped, jerked open the microwave and snatched out the newly-warmed pad with a stammered explanation that the older monster waved away. “Tuck it underneath. Gotta keep the food warm on the way,” they said with a wink, then rushed off. Alphys grinned weakly, then stashed the pad and wheeled the cart out through the crowd and back to the recovery wing.

Alphys could almost feel the room's tension easing as she handed out the trays of coal and paper scraps. Even the grouchy demon monster looked...well, less grouchy.

“Thank the stars. Now, what I wouldn’t give for a shot of kerosene,” they sighed with a hopeful glance at Alphys as she began changing out everyone’s bedding.

“S-sorry, they don’t have intoxicants in the kitchen,” Alphys said apologetically, then held out the heating pad and a new blanket to the pyrope. “H-here. This will help”

The rope monster shakily uncoiled a loop of his body and wrapped it around the pad. “Warm…” he keened, then dragged it under the blanket and buried himself with a shaky sigh.

“Thank god, I was going to go insane,” the demon monster growled as Alphys smiled to herself and pushed the cart back out of the room.

One room down, four to go.

Alphys repeated the routine for the last time, then returned the kitchen’s cart and pulled Papyrus’ file out of the stack. She read it, then frowned down at the room assignment. He was still by himself? When they were packing seven monsters into rooms built to only handle three? That was strange. Maybe it had something to do with finding him in the river. His file DID say suspected suicide, and someone was supposed to check on him every couple of hours. It still seemed kind of lonely and unnecessary to her…

She pushed open the door to Papyrus' room, turned on the light, took two steps inside, then froze. The room was empty.

“What…?” she blinked into the room, then looked down at the room assignment and up at the plaque on the wall. ICU 109, just like the paperwork said. Had there been a room change?

She tentatively walked inside, looking down at the rumpled bedding on the cot and the leads hanging limply off the monitor. The air smelled faintly of... bones? Bones and something sweet and musky that she couldn’t quite place. So Papyrus had definitely been here, but maybe the doctors had moved him in a hurry? That would make sense, but darn it, she wished they would TELL her these things-

Alphys’ foot tapped against something hard and she looked down.

“Shit!” she started, jumping back. It was a syringe. A heavy, glass one with a thick needle. Oh god, that was DISGUSTING, they must have REALLY been in a hurry. Making a face, she pulled on a latex glove and picked it up, grateful that she hadn’t accidentally stuck herself and more than a
little peeved at whoever had just left it LYING on the floor. That was REALLY dangerous, especially…

Alphys blinked, then squinted at the milliliter or so of fluid still inside the syringe. It was a virulent yellow-green and glowing slightly, unlike any medicine she’d ever seen before. It looked dangerous though. Glowing indicators were only used for restricted substances, like soul elicitors and heavy barbituates. That was definitely a little concerning. She hoped Papyrus was ok.

Gingerly, Alphys wrapped some gauze around the needle, pushed it into a box, and dropped it into her pocket. The syringe would have to be washed later, but she needed to figure out what kind of drug was in it so that she could dispose of it properly. But before that, she should find out where Papyrus had been moved and check in on him. Her classes didn’t start for another two hours, and he was the last assignment on her list. She had a little time.

The sweet, musky smell followed her out. For some reason, it made her feel distinctly uncomfortable.

===

Papyrus leaned heavily against the wall, somewhere between being asleep and awake. The only thing keeping him from actually drifting off was the plastic wrapped around his soul. A few (hours?) ago, it had started aching, sending mild, shooting pains down the length of his spine whenever he moved. It reminded him of the way overly-tight shoes felt when he’d been wearing them for too long...and the answer to that was simply to remove the shoes, but...

Woozily, Papyrus ran his fingertips over the plastic again, trying to feel for a seam or a loose corner he could pull away to make a hole. He didn’t feel anything. The pouch was so tight that he couldn’t even pinch the surface away without also pinching his soul, and his fingers felt so clumsy and weak. After a second, he dropped his hand with a sigh, and relaxed back into the wall. Oh well. Aches aside, the pressure was undeniably soothing, especially now that he was used to it. Somewhere between getting his entire body hugged, and being tightly swaddled in a warm, soft blanket…

He heard some people talking over him. Arguing? Strange. He couldn’t quite make out what they were arguing about.

“Mmmeh?” Papyrus mumbled as something grasped his upper arm. Dreamily, he let himself be tugged upward, and then found himself lying in a heap on the floor a second later. Something clattered to the ground in front of him, and he blearily opened his eyes. A skeleton’s forearm and hand was lying on the floor, twitching unnaturally against the tiles like a puppet with invisible strings. Goodness, that didn’t look good. Who’s arm…?

A floating hand gently scooped up the fallen arm, and then Papyrus felt himself being lifted into the air. This time, his head, limbs, and upper body were all being carefully supported. Also, someone was screaming, and it wasn’t him. Sans? Oh dear, he hoped Sans was all right. He sounded really upset…but Papyrus was supposed to remember not to hug him, because the hugging made him scared. Papyrus wasn’t sure if hugs were a bad thing all the time, or just sometimes? He hadn’t thought to ask at the time. Maybe it was a stupid question…

Papyrus felt someone strip his clothes off, then set him back-first on a hard, cold surface. He shifted weakly, struggling a little against the daze for the first time. What was going on? Why couldn’t he...he wanted to wake up now. Something was wrong and he had to watch Sans...had to make sure he was ok…

A loud, metallic snip came from just below his sternum.
“GHAAAAA?!?” Papyrus gasped, jerking upright as he gulped in air. A heavy strap across his shoulders snapped tight and forced him back down, keeping him pinned in place as his chest heaved and magic surged back through his body.

“Nnghh-“ he groaned as a hand grabbed his chin, tipped his face upward, and probed invasively at the underside of his jaw. Grimacing, he tugged at his wrists and ankles, instinctively trying to brush the irritating fingers away. Cold, sickening fear settled in the pit of his midsection when padded restraints pulled him short, keeping his arms at his sides and legs slightly parted.

“Be still, or you'll dislocate your arm again.”

“AHH-“ Papyrus flinched, eyesockets watering as Gaster shone a searingly bright light into one of his eyes, then let him go. Angrily, Papyrus jerked his head away, keeping his eyes tightly closed as purple afterimages flickered over the backs of his eyelids. Dislocate his...oh. Now that he'd mentioned it, Papyrus' right shoulder and elbow did ache, and the joints felt oddly loose and tender. That’s right…the arm on the floor. Had he really been so magic starved that his ARM had fallen off?!

“You're photosensitive? That’s unusual,” Gaster mused. "Can you feel your fingers and toes?"

“Ow!” Papyrus yelped as something pinched the third toe on his left foot and irritably jerked his foot away.

“I’d say that’s a yes,” Gaster smirked as Papyrus trembled, anger and fear sending magic pounding across his temples and through his chest. Stupid…stupid FUCKING Gaster toying with him, and… and HURTING him-

“Ah ah ah. Watch your temper,” Gaster said softly, bringing a hand down over his sternum. “This doesn’t need to be painful immediately. If you behave.”

Papyrus cringed back as the scientist’s hand came down around his soul. The construct was resting heavily on top of his sternum, out in the open and terrifyingly vulnerable. It was still mostly wrapped in plastic, but Gaster had cut a narrow slit in the base, right between where the lobes of the heart met. Papyrus could see it glowing faintly through Gaster’s fingers.

“You…you knew…that it was going to starve me…kill me. Didn’t you?” Papyrus spat, unable to soften his tone, unwilling to make it sound like anything less than the accusation it rightfully was.

Gaster gave him a bemused look, hand still cupped loosely over his soul. “The latex? It certainly would have killed you if I’d left it for another day, but that was not my intent. Despite your apparent convictions, I would have been very disappointed if you had died. Now be still.”

Gaster carefully pressed a bare thumb against the slit in the plastic and Papyrus jerked backward with a sharp inhale, trembling as his anger wavered under the touch. It was light and gentle, but the desire to calm, submit, relax poured through him, brutally compelling and as loud as if Gaster were shouting in his ear.

“Nhh…s-stop, too much-“ Papyrus choked, pulling his knees inward. Magic surged into his pelvic girdle, and his face burned as the memory of the last time Gaster had touched him bare-handed, had forced him to come, played over in his mind. Overwhelming, scary, painful-

“Oh my,” Gaster chuckled.

“Ah!” Papyrus yelped as something brushed lightly over his pelvic inlet and the red-orange construct that had solidified over it.
“What on earth is this supposed to be?” Gaster asked with bemusement, pressing his fingers experimentally into the smooth, simply-shaped mound of pseudo flesh. “No features at all? For god's sake, did you get all of your sexuality lessons from children’s dolls? Is it even sensitive?”

“S-stop touching… please,” Papyrus squirmed, desperately trying to press his knees together. He hadn’t experimented much with body constructs, finding most of them to be messy and unpredictable. This one had come naturally to him though, and it worked nicely when he wanted something cleaner and less intense than his soul. Not that he wanted Gaster to do anything with it.

“So primitive. Didn’t anyone show you how to form yourself properly?” Gaster muttered, fingers quickly finding the broad ring of sensitive nodes that always formed just under his pubic symphysis. “My goodness, you’re worse than your brother.”

“STOP TOUCHING ME!” Papyrus sobbed, trying to jerk away as a thumb brushed over the nodes again. Light tingles rippled outward from the touch, and the construct throbbed as his magic rushed into it, making the surface swell and tighten.

Gaster chuckled and pulled away. “Very well, but you may not like the alternative.”

Papyrus panted and cringed as Gaster picked up a slender syringe with a broad-headed needle. “I did consider leaving you wrapped for this,” he said conversationally as he slipped a tiny, glass bead into the tip. “You would have been less responsive.”

“N-no…” Papyrus whispered, pulling the restraints tight as he half-consciously tried to pull away. “No, no nonono NOOOOOO!” He jerked, then screamed as Gaster pushed the needle against his soul. It was cold and rigid, and he could feel the tiny pop as the needle pierced the surface and slowly plunged inside. It ached, it felt fundamentally wrong. He wanted it out, god, please, take it out...

A hand construct stroked at the sensitive nodes between his legs, and Papyrus shuddered with a broken whimper, feeling disgust and raw heat throb needily through his pelvic girdle and make pale fluid moisten the surface of his soul.

“It would have been much less stressful with the wrap as well,” Gaster added dispassionately, slowly re-positioning the needle. Papyrus cried out, elbows and knees reflexively jerking inward as the steel rod moved against the inside of his soul. “Oh well. Remember this the next time you consider removing my blocker.”

Gaster depressed the plunger.

A tiny point of hardness shot inside of him, and white-hot agony slammed through his body. Papyrus drowned in the sensation, screaming and bucking against the restraints as everything but the need to GET AWAY GET IT OUT GETITOUTGETITOUT dissolved into mindless pain. Underneath it all, a small, terrified part of himself felt the ties to his magic flicker, and then just… disappear.

And then he blacked out.

Chapter End Notes

I spent some time thinking about what kind of parts Papyrus would have experimented
with and/or preferred on the rare occasions when he did masturbate, and honestly? I don't think he'd like typical male/female parts. Mostly because they're messy, but also because for, say, rubbing yourself off or humping a pillow or something, they kind of suck. Much easier if you can manipulate things so that the right nerves get stimulated by the activity you're doing, and with skeleton magic you could literally have anything you wanted going on between your legs.

Also, I toyed around a bit with the idea of Alphys being more clueless about the syringe and Papyrus' room and whatnot, but I think I like this better...
Denial

Chapter Summary

Everyone wishes something hadn't happened.

Warnings for non-con, aftermath of rape/non con, unhealthy coping mechanisms, drugging, and non-consensual photographing.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sans stared at the floor. He was breathing too fast and his hands were shaking, but it was a calm, disconnected part of his mind that noticed that. It was the same part of him that observed that his head was ringing, even though the awful, sickening clatter that Papyrus’ arm had made as it fell in pieces to the floor still echoed through his skull. Even though he could still see the partially disconnected bones moving on their own, bending and twitching in a way that was chillingly wrong. Even though he could still feel his crippled legs stinging from when he’d unthinkingly tried to lunge forward and almost dislocated his own knees, helpless to do anything but scream.

It was almost too terrible to have happened. He didn’t want it to have happened, and it would be so much better if it just…hadn’t happened? And maybe if he repeated that to himself enough times, it would become true.

Before that could happen, the distant part of him noted that Gaster had returned, even though the rest of him didn’t react to the sound of the door opening, or the quiet footsteps as they approached the corner where he was still sitting hunched beneath a blanket.

“Nothing to say now?” Gaster asked, crouching in front of him with an inquisitive look. “I thought you would want to know how your brother was doing.”

Sans continued staring at the floor, mind too full of the thing that had not happened for any of Gaster’s words to register.

“Still so silent, Sans? That’s not like you at all. Well, no matter. Papyrus will make a full recovery from the soul wrap. His arm will be rather tender for the next few days, and there will probably be some complication to how well his existing injuries will heal. Otherwise, there should be no lasting physical effects.”

As Gaster was speaking, a hand construct appeared beside Sans’ shoulder and began to pull the blanket away from his chest.

“You, on the other hand, should be dead. Or at the very least, still comatose…”

Gaster trailed off, then made a small, uncertain gesture. Five or six other constructs appeared around Sans and began pulling away the part of the blanket that was stuck to his pelvis, lower spine, and legs. The damp, sticky fabric peeled away, trailing shimmering strands of red and blue slick that split wetly when pulled thin. Sans looked down at himself numbly, and the distant part of his mind wondered why he didn’t feel uncomfortable or embarrassed by this. It seemed odd that he couldn’t
dredge up any emotions as Gaster stared at his used, thoroughly violated body. But he didn’t even feel anger, or even the exhausted apathy that always seemed to be lurking underneath. He didn’t feel anything at all.

Heh. Maybe this is what it felt like to truly have no fucks left to give.

Gaster made a strange, choked noise, and the constructs gently nudged his knees apart. Sans dimly registered that the action made everything between his legs burn, and felt his lower half start shaking from the pain.

“This… this is…”

Gaster pressed a finger underneath his chin, then tentatively brushed a thumb over the sore, reddened bone at the corners of his mouth. Sans stared back at him, noting calmly that Gaster looked more incredulous and hesitant than he’d ever seen him before. The expression on his face almost looked like fear. The sight roused the part of Sans’ mind that had broken off from the rest of his tortured psyche, and he grinned darkly.

“’Sa matter doc? Wasn’t it good for you?” he rasped.

Gaster visibly started at that, and his expression immediately changed to one of calm, detached interest.

“Your comments, as always, are unwanted and not useful,” Gaster said shortly, then stood and made a lifting gesture with his right hand. The constructs re-wrapped him in the blanket, pinning his arms tightly to his sides and binding his legs together before gently lifting him into the air. “Fortunately for you, I have some extra time this morning, otherwise I would let you sit in this mess and reconsider your position.”

Sans laughed weakly, breaking off into a harsh cough as the motion made his entire body hurt. The detached part of his mind wondered why Gaster was denying that last night had happened when it had been so obvious at the time that he was finally getting exactly what he wanted. When Sans still had rope-marks on his neck, wrists and legs, and the pussy that he couldn’t dispel was still sopping wet and bruised purple from whatever drug Gaster had used to change it.

Whatever the reason, Gaster didn’t show any more hesitancy as the constructs scrubbed him clean, dressed him in a hospital smock, and took him back to a cell. Sans didn’t resist, even when the fingers carefully spread his misaligned legs and invasively pushed his abused labia apart, inspecting the construct with painful and clinical efficiency. After a moment, another construct flitted into the room with a digital camera and began taking pictures as the others held him open and gently manipulated his legs, head, and arms. Gaster’s expression remained unreadable throughout the entire inspection, face partially concealed behind a clipboard as he jotted down notes.

Finally, the constructs pulled his legs straight, then firmly lifted his head and shoulders.

“Drink this, it will help with the bruising.” Gaster said, handing a glass beaker to one of his constructs.

Sans numbly opened his mouth as the construct tipped the contents onto his tongue. He tasted the sweetness of magic concentrate and something bitter and astringent underneath, but swallowed obediently until the beaker was empty. As he finished, a soothing lightheadedness stole over him, palliating his aching body and quieting the other part of his mind that was still screaming insconsolably over seeing his baby brother so weak and helpless that his arm had fallen off, at being so fucking helpless and unable to keep him safe-
Sans blinked, holding a shaking hand to his cheek as confused tears began to pour down his face. Bastard. This was a fucking sedative, not a drug to help with bruising.

Sans tiredly let his arm flop down into his lap and slumped into the hands still holding him upright. He was only just aware as they carefully rolled him onto his side and tucked a blanket around his body, still crying weakly as the tension bled from his bones.

===

Impossible shouldn’t have been a word in Gaster’s vocabulary. Science dictated that no observed phenomena was impossible. Rather, it stated that the current model through which the phenomena was being explained was incorrect, or that it was being applied incorrectly.

The problem, of course was that he had a personal stake in this particular phenomenon. Which meant that his model was not incorrect. Just the way that he, personally, was applying it.

Gaster stared at the pictures laid neatly across his desk. They’d been arranged so that the abrasions and inflamed pressure marks at the knees, wrists, neck, and the corners of the mouth were on the left, and detail images of the genitalia were on the right. The marks and construct were overwhelmingly scarlet in colour, but the walls of the vagina, clitorous, and labia were all deep, mottled purple, deepening to ultramarine blue where they were most changed from the subject’s natural configuration. It would have looked like bruising, if the colour hadn’t been so distinctive.

His blue.

And dimly, he could remember what Sans looked like beneath him, bound and gagged on a kitchen table that had been broken and thrown away more than three years ago. Overwhelmed and deliciously compromised. But that had only been a dream?

Red does indeed suit you.

Gaster carefully swept the photographs into a manilla envelope and neatly marked the date, time, and a brief summary of his findings on the back. He had never heard of dream sharing between monsters, not even among the psychic subspecies that had been largely wiped out in the war. Of course, he’d never seen anyone survive a soul fracture as serious as Sans’ before either. The little skeleton shouldn’t have regained consciousness, even with Gaster’s rapid intervention.

And it would have been easier for the project if he hadn’t.

Gaster’s phone buzzed and he jumped, then sighed irritably when he looked at the screen. ‘Meeting, Asgore, Bring Work,’ the reminder said. This would have to wait. And honestly, it was probably a waste of time. The important thing was that Sans was still viable, and that Papyrus had been retrieved. If Gaster was correct about how important Papyrus really was to Sans, (and after seeing how Sans’ soul had accepted the stitches, Gaster was quite certain he was correct), then everything was in place to move forward.

And besides, he didn’t think he would like what an investigation into this might find.

Resolved strengthened, Gaster returned Sans’ file to its place in the cabinet, and began his double-hop to the Capitol.

===

Undyne leaned back in her chair, bored right out of her skull. Asgore’s big meeting had been kinda cool for the first five minutes or so. Asgore’s attendees included Muffet, the leader of the Spider
Clans, Snowdin’s Mayor, Waterfall’s governor, a silent, green fire elemental who seemed to be representing Hotland, and half a dozen other officials responsible for running everything from the hospitals to the Core. Undyne had never seen any of them in person before, only on TV. They had listened attentively while Asgore explained what was going on – that the Crown needed more money to fix the Core, or else the rolling blackouts would keep going for a couple years instead of a couple weeks. And then the arguing had started…

“The riots will only get worse if Waterfall is not improved,” Waterfall’s governor declared, crossing their slender, purple arms implacably. “And I don’t blame them! How can I? The people have waited years for their quality of life to be addressed, and—”

“The spiders have no part in your dirty little squabbles,” Muffet interrupted dismissively. “And you dare to presume that we will offer payment so that a few, sniveling Woshua can have plush little homes? You overstep yourself.”

Waterfall’s govenor gasped in outrage. “The rest of the Underground has received funding for basic needs and your clan is the best equipped to help with the current problem! Even Snowdin has received more aid—”

“Snowdin would be a wasteland without power! People are barely making do as it is,” Snowdin’s mayor protested with a sharp, sweeping gesture. “All I ask is that we have enough power to keep our little ones and elderly from freezing.”

“And exactly how much power is that? Do you know how much electricity is lost in the lines between the core and Snowdin? We could keep the Capitol powered full time with the amount of leakage!”

Undyne sighed to herself and tuned out Snowdin’s outraged retort, shifting uncomfortably in her chair. She was still bruised, burned, and cut up from the beating she’d taken in the riot a week ago, and sitting on her ass was NOT helping. Gerson gently elbowed her in the side.

“You paying attention, Missy?” he chuckled perceptively.

Undyne groaned and balefully settled back down. She couldn’t argue with her Captain in front of a crowd, but later she would definitely let Gerson know just how much of a waste of time this stupid meeting was.

Asgore made a soft comment that everyone paused to listen to before bursting into protestations and pleas again. Beside him, the Royal Scientist continued passively tapping away at his phone and flipping through a gigantic stack of paperwork. He had shadows under his eyesockets, just like the six or so monsters sitting around him. Who were they again? Head of the hospital was the cat monster, senior plant manager was the guy covered in cactus spines, and the others were heads of trade, food production, and something to do with the University. They all looked like they were ready to drop dead from exhaustion. Undyne felt more than a little pissed at that. It seemed like everyone who did any work around here was sitting on the opposite side of the table, and all these stupid politicians were just bitching and moaning about getting something that they hadn’t even worked for.

Maybe if they got off their asses and actually DID something, they wouldn’t have as much to complain about.

FINALLY, Asgore called for a break. Undyne all but bolted from the room, taking several deep breaths of fresh air once she was out on the balcony outside the conference room. GOD she hated meetings. She wouldn’t even have to BE here if Asgore hadn’t asked for her specifically, and she
wasn’t sure why he’d even bothered. She didn’t have anything to say about all this. She’d be more useful OUT THERE, doing her JOB and keeping people from doing stupid things, like she was supposed to.

“You looked exceptionally bored, even for you,” Asgore noted behind her. Undyne scowled and dug her claws into the handrail around the balcony.

“They’re all just…” Undyne made a grabbing gesture, like she was squeezing someone’s throat. “Ugh, I don’t even know why you want me to be here. They’re just talking.”

Asgore laughed quietly and joined her at the balcony, looking out over the Capitol with a weary sigh. Undyne frowned up at him for a moment, then turned to look out at the city as well. As she watched, a neat, rectangular block of streets went dark, and another section lit up. It happened silently and completely, leaving most of the city bathed in dull, red emergency lights while the newly-lit section glittered with its temporary supply of power. Damn…it looked so much more ominous from up here.

“It is good for you to learn diplomacy and negotiation,” Asgore told her without looking up. “Even more so with these recent events. How would you like to be promoted?”

Undyne looked up at him, startled. “Promoted? Uh…wow, I wasn’t expecting that at all? Sure, I guess, but I wasn’t expecting to make field sergeant for another year.”

Asgore lightly tapped his fingertips on the balcony. “Not field sergeant. I’d like to make you the new Captain of the Royal Guard.”

The hell?

“Me?” Undyne finally spluttered. “I mean, I’m honoured, but, like…” she made a vague gesture. “Is Gerson stepping down? I know he’s getting old, but… Captain?”

“I’m afraid that the move is as much a political one as a well-deserved promotion,” Asgore sighed. “Yes, Gerson has been asking me to find him a replacement, and even though there are many elite guards in the Capitol that could fill his shoes, I need someone who knows Waterfall, and whom the people will be sympathetic to. You are a Waterfall native, and more importantly, you are a very good Royal Guard. Your work with that riot alone would qualify you for the position, nobody is denying that. The fact that it may appease Waterfall that my Captain is one of theirs is merely an additional bonus. Does that make sense?”

Undyne stared at the narrow island of lights in the city, feeling simultaneously elated and overwhelmed. Sure, she’d helped Gerson in the past and wasn’t completely clueless about what it took to be the Captain of the Royal Guard, but when it came down to it, there were dozens of monsters who were more qualified than her. The ones who were good at discussions, for example. Diplomacy and all the patient, talking crap that Asgore would be expecting her to learn. And besides, she knew NOTHING about the Capitol, other than that it was completely different from what she dealt with in Waterfall.

“Think on it,” Asgore said kindly before the silence could become awkward. “And remember, I would not have offered the position if I did not truly think that you were the best fit for the job.”

Undyne bit her lip, and nodded thoughtfully as Asgore turned to rejoin the meeting.

Chapter End Notes
I proofread things this time by reading aloud into a voice recorder, then playing the recording back to pick out awkward parts and mistakes. I feel like it worked, but it's also friggin late at night and everything is slightly funny for no reason. Hence my judgement is probably not the best...

Anyway, we're back to Everything Being Horrible, and now Gaster is going to be pushing his agenda even harder than before. I'm sure that could only mean happy fun times for Sans and Papyrus...
Chapter Summary

Gaster gets sick of everybody's bullshit.

Warnings include non-con, mentions of pedophilia, referenced sexual abuse of a minor, panic attack, force-feeding, non-consensual bondage, drugging, electro-stim, ecto-parts, emotional/psychological manipulation and emotional abuse.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Captain of the Royal Guard. It had a nice ring to it, even if she still wasn’t sure about accepting the promotion. Even though it SHOULD have been a no-brainer. Being the youngest Captain in written history would be totally badass. She loved whipping newbies into shape and organizing assignments and shit. Sure, she’d be in charge of a literal mountain of reports, doomed to spend hours sitting ass-deep in paperwork while she sent out freshly whipped newbies to have all the fun, but it would still be badass. Mostly. Though maybe that was why she was hesitating. She’d seen enough of Gerson's workload that she wasn’t thrilled by the idea of jumping into his shoes.

But thrilled or not, she couldn’t really say no, right? Not if Gerson was stepping down. Not if it was going to help Waterfall not explode.

Undyne sighed, then scooped up a rock and whipped it out over a still pond. It bounced rapidly across the surface before pinging against the far wall of the cave and skittering off out of sight on the far shore. This was such crap. Why couldn’t she just make a decision and run with it? She already knew what she was supposed to do.

She just wished there wasn’t so much about it that sucked.

Her phone meowed, and Undyne absently pulled it out of her pocket and glanced at the screen.

ALPHYS: Hey! Got a second to talk about something really weird?

Grinning a little and more than happy to be distracted for a minute, Undyne flopped down on the pebble beach, crossed her legs, and tapped in a response.

ME: Sure! Lay it on me.

ALPHYS: No, can’t over the phone. Better to say in person, just in case? Lol…probably just being paranoid.

ME: Paranoid? Sounds interesting :) Meet at your place, or mine?
There was a long pause. Eventually, Undyne rolled her eyes and tapped in another message.

**ME:** *Meet @ my place and I'll make dinner. I've got something weird to tell you too.*

The response came almost immediately.

**ALPHYS:** *That sounds great!*

**ALPHYS:** *About dinner and meeting at your place, I mean.*

**ALPHYS:** *Not about something weird you want to tell me, lol*

**ALPHYS:** *Is it a good weird or a bad weird? Is everything all right? Sorry, I should have asked sooner : (*

Undyne quickly typed a response, hitting send halfway through to interrupt Alphys' impending spiral into self-deprecation.

**ME:** *Jeez, don’t worry so much!*

*Me:* *Everything's great, guess it’s kind of a good weird? Whatev. See you in a couple hours?*

**ALPHYS:** *Sure! See you =^_^=*

Undyne stuffed the phone away and stretched her arms. Awesome. Maybe Alphys would know something about being Captain that would help clear up this decision. She was smart and analytical and good at finding angles when Undyne could only see straight lines. Plus, she was perfect for bouncing ideas off of, mostly ‘cause she sucked at catching. This was going to be great.

Setting her worries aside, Undyne got to her feet, brushed the sand off her pants, and began jogging back home.

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Gaster silently handed off a set of project proposals over to his staff, then returned to his office and stood with his hands braced on the desk. He wasn’t sure why he’d even bothered to look at them. They wouldn’t get funded. Not when Asgore had awarded him a mere quarter of the gold that was needed to repair the Core, then given the remainder of the Crown's income to charity projects in
Waterfall, Snowdin, and Hotland. It would take over a year to make repairs. A year of rolling blackouts, powered by a barely functional grid and the constant threat that the limping system would collapse and leave them all in permanent darkness. A year of uncertainty and stagnation.

Methodically, Gaster swept the remaining proposals into a neat stack, then placed a set of budget requests and a progress report from the core on top. Without changing his expression, he dropped the entire stack into the garbage can, and walked out of the office. None of it mattered now. There was only one thing that could save the Underground, and he was done with the delicate balancing act of maintaining a double life. The project would remain a secret, as it had to. But these draining and useless infrastructure distractions would not be given priority. Not when the idiots who benefited from them would rather starve to death than see their situation for what it truly was.

He wouldn’t let them drag everyone else down with their stupidity.

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Warmth seeped into Sans’ chest. As it spread, a sense of peace and well-being permeated his mind, like his entire body was being immersed in soothing bathwater. He felt energized. Ready to clear off a workbench and start fixing old junk into something useful enough to sell. Confident in himself and in his ability to provide for his little brother. Maybe a little dissatisfied with their crappy apartment? And definitely peeved at how much work it took to get rent, tuition, and food money together, but that was just annoying, not unmanageable. Things always managed to work out, and deep inside his soul, he knew that for a fact.

He felt…normal. And it scared him a little, because there was a reason he didn’t feel that way now. A reason why he shouldn’t feel that way.

A hand curled around the back of his head. Cold fingers pried his mouth open and rubbed against the floor of his jaw until his tongue sparked into existence, then pressed downward on his lower jaw and slipped a tube down his throat.

Now it was scaring him more than a little.

“I know that you’re conscious.”

Sans held back a whimper. The strange, nostalgic feeling was still with him, but it felt fragile and dishonest, like wallpaper paste holding the shattered remnants of a broken mirror into its frame.

“And I know that you can hear me.”

Sans curled his arms tightly to his chest and tried to turn himself away from the voice. Hard fingers immediately closed around his wrists and ankles, keeping him supine and spread out against the mattress. He froze in place and a small, terrified sound squeezed out of his throat. It might have been a plea for mercy, but panic had rendered it incomprehensible. He could hear Gaster speaking, but he couldn’t make out the words over the shrieking voices in his head, shattering the brittle illusion that he had ever been safe. That he would ever be safe.

Oh god, no more. Please. He just wanted this to be over.
“I need you and your brother for a very specific procedure. And despite your behavior and physical condition, I believe that you are still equipped to survive it,” Gaster said, ignoring Sans’ weak mewls of distress while his constructs strapped his wrists and ankles to the mattress. “Perhaps even more so than before.”

He glanced down. Sans was shivering with his eyes screwed shut, chest fluttering erratically with short, uneven breaths. Gaster sighed, then reached down and smoothed down the tape holding the feeding tube to his cheek. Sans flinched away, eyesockets glistening with tears and body tense with fear. Gaster pulled his hand away, setting aside the odd feeling that seeing Sans so mindlessly terrified was eliciting from him. What had he expected? He already knew that he was the villain of this story. That his actions were as irredeemable as they were necessary. In Sans’ place, he would likely react the same way.

And that excused what he was about to do?

“I am not doing this for my own benefit,” he said, looking down at the large, plastic bin where he kept his electrostimulation equipment. “I’ve spent my entire life trying to find another way.”

Who was he trying to convince?

He flicked his wrist, and a few of his constructs delicately lifted a piece of heavy canvas out of the bin. A second set retrieved a tube of conductive lube and began squeezing the clear, slippery substance over Sans’ sternum. Sans flinched and his eyes flew open, flicking rapidly between Gaster and his own chest. As the construct began to work the lube into the gaps where his ribs met his sternum, he took a deep breath, and let it out slowly.

“What... are... you... doing?” he rasped haltingly.

“Your body is unusually prone to burn damage. I’m hoping that increasing conductivity and contact area will mitigate that,” Gaster replied absently.

“...what?”

Gaster sighed. “Conductivity,” he said as one of his constructs tapped the center of Sans’ lube-covered chest. “Surface area.”

The constructs unfolded the piece of canvas, showing a series of large, metallic electrodes on the back. Sans stared at it uncomprehendingly, then recoiled when they pressed it against his sternum, folded it over, and began lacing it in place with a thick, leather thong.

“It may have to stay in place for an extended period of time, so now would be a good time to let me know if it’s too tight,” Gaster said, making a small gesture.

“Hnngh~” Sans grunted as the laces were pulled snug, elbows jerking inward against the restraints keeping his wrists pinned at his sides.

“Well?”

Sans clenched his jaw and looked over at the wall, chest rising and falling a little too quickly as the constructs tied off the ends of the thong, then threaded a black ziptie through the lowest set of holes.
“Last chance,” Gaster said drily.

The construct tugged the zip tie tight, then snipped off the end with a pair of flush-cutters. Sans closed his eyes and took a deep breath, then opened them again and stared emptily at the wall.

“Your lack of communication is hurting no one but yourself,” Gaster said, watching dispassionately as his constructs unfolded a second sheet of canvas. This one had a thick, black plug stitched into it at a strategic angle, with two strips of steel running along the length of the ribbed surface. “Though I do find it somewhat refreshing.”

“Fffffff-‐” Sans hissed, legs jerking inward. The construct that had started spreading conductive lube over his vulva paused for a moment, then continued, working generous amounts of the substance around his labia and clit.

“What do you want me to say?” Sans finally choked, voice thin and distant. “You get all bashful about raping me, but you’re fine with this bullshit. You always kidnap everyone you see in the hospital? Or maybe just the monsters you want to fuck? Must be easy when you’re the Royal, Fucking Scientist.”

Gaster smiled thinly, noting that some colour had returned to Sans’ face and his breathing had deepened and evened out. Better. Evidently, combative was a more useful state of mind than catatonic. Even if it was also unfortunately irritating and inane.

Though perhaps...

“Actually, I had several subjects for this project before yourself and your brother. At first, I was careful to select monsters who were completely brain dead. Usually those who had fallen down. In fact, one of the potential candidates I selected might interest you. They were a victim of a magical attack, with clear evidence of malicious intent causing heavy trauma to the soul. Unfortunately, they died quickly and were of no use to me. The royal guard never did find the murderer.”

Sans yelped as the hand construct shoved its fingers into his pussy, then spread him open for a second construct to squirt a syringe-full of lube into his passage.

“An intriguing mystery, wouldn’t you concur?”

“Burn in hell, you fucking psychopath.”

“Early role models are so important in our lives. What did yours teach you, Sans? How to groom a child for sexual pleasure?”

Sans made an ugly, wordless noise and lurched upright in a single, fluid motion. The constructs immediately shoved him back down and covered his mouth, holding him still as he tried to bite and claw at their restrictive grip. Gaster leaned in close, watching Sans with emotionless curiosity. Of course, there had been no such monster. Before Sans and Papyrus, his test subjects had only been those who had fallen down. None had been aware of his tests, or his failures. But Sans’ reaction to this little lie was most intriguing.

“And how old was Papyrus when they first touched him?” Gaster murmured, further testing his theory. “Seven? Younger?”

Sans was trembling, face a rictus of impotent fury and eyelight blaring an angry blood-red. He writhed against the straps when the constructs roughly shoved the plug into his pussy, muffled shriek tapering off into a broken, frustrated whine as they began lacing it tightly over his pelvis.
“And you must have felt so powerful when you finally took matters into your own hands. When you finally made. Them. Stop.”

Sans jerked his face away and screwed his eyes shut. The gesture did nothing to hide the tears streaming down his face.

Theory confirmed.

Gaster straightened, handing a zip-tie off to his hand constructs so they could lock the pelvic lacing in place.

“Regardless of your motivations, this has little bearing on the present. Your primary concern for the next twenty-four hours will be replenishing your magic reserves. This will have to be done much more quickly than your body could normally handle, so you’ll be getting a little help.”

Gaster retrieved the wires trailing from the chest and pelvic harnesses, plugged them into a control box, and twisted the dial. Sans’ hips jerked upward, mouth open in a soundless cry and spine twisting as his body tried and failed to pull his sensitive sternum and pussy away from the overwhelming stimulation.

"Too much?"

Gaster turned the power back down and Sans collapsed, spluttering fragments of swear words as he gasped for breath.

"As I said before, you should let me know now whether this is too intense. Otherwise the next twenty-four hours are going to be extremely uncomfortable for you,” Gaster sighed, turning the power back up.

“Nnngh-“ Sans gasped, pussy visibly contracting and relaxing around the plug. “W-what? H-how long? You fucking idiot, you already tried to kill me this way onCE!”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Gaster said, turning the power back down again. "Unlike last time, I’m not stimulating your soul, and the voltage is much lower. You will be very sore and rather desperate for sexual release after this is over, but that will be the extent of your inconvenience."

"Inconvenience?!” Sans seethed, watching Gaster set the power box on a nearby table, then open a valve on the feeding tube. Above his head, an eight-liter reservoir of magic concentrate began oozing into the line.

"Shiiiiit!” Sans yelped, arching backward as raw magic dripped down his throat and the e-stim kicked up at the same time. His joints and pussy flashed a pure, brilliant crimson, and then he collapsed onto the bed, chest heaving and eyelights dilated and unfocused.

“Good boy. Eight more liters, and you’ll be finished,” Gaster said cheerfully. "I'll see you in a few hours."

"F-fuck...you," Sans groaned, twisting weakly against the restraints as Gaster left the room.

Chapter End Notes

For once, I think I'm being slightly transparent with where the story is going in regards
to Alphys and Undyne, and I'm actually ok with it XD The last detour took about 5 chapters to sort out and this monstrosity needs an ending, good god, how did this get as long as a standard novel at 72000 friggin words??
Emotional Hell'o'coaster

Chapter Summary

Alternate chapter title, All the Evil Doctor Cliches

Warnings include noncon/rape, emotional manipulation, emotional and physical abuse, sexual abuse, drugging, needles, panic attacks and depictions of anxiety and acute depression, ectoparts, ectogenitals, and extremely unhealthy Sanster.

He was being manipulated. He knew it, and he hated it. He hated feeling trapped, with every available option a textbook study in ‘worst case scenario.’ He hated the numb, empty feeling that would come after this moment of irrational, impotent anger had inevitably faded. He hated that he was stuck in this fucked-up scenario again, but that this time, there wasn’t a damn thing he could do about it. Gaster was going to hurt his little brother and…

Sans’ breath hitched and fresh tears rolled down his face, throat so tight that even the sob pushing its way out of his mouth just cracked into silence. Even thinking about that was like trying to scoop up a handful of broken glass with his bare hands. No matter how he held it, he got cut.

“Ahhhh—” Sans groaned, tensing as the e-stim rolled over his chest and across his pelvic girdle in a slow, tingling squeeze. It dissipated as slowly as it had come, leaving his labia feeling swollen and pussy stretched achingly tight around the electrode. Ignoring his body’s increasing needy twinges, he glared up at the ceiling and took several short, sharp breaths as he mentally threw Gaster skull-first through a window. And then into a concrete wall. And then into a razor-wire fence, just for variety.

“UghHHHHH!” Sans moaned through the next wave, twisting in the restraints as the stimulation forced his internal muscles to suck the electrode inward. The electricity peaked, lingered, then released him with a gentle precision that almost hid its cold lack of intent, leaving him panting and so fucking horny that he was about to explode. Gaster must have finally gotten it right, because the e-stim felt better this time. A LOT better. Last time, it had been like having his chest cramp up while wasps stung him over and over on the ribs. And the first time… Well, he’d almost died the first time, so there was that. This time, the slow, buzzing squeezes were just on the bearable side of intense, painless, massaging, and impossible to ignore.

He hated it.

But mostly, he hated that despite everything Gaster had done, despite the torture, immoral experiments and emotional abuse, the sick bastard knew exactly how to rile him up. He might as well have button on his forehead with the words ‘Push Me,’ written under it in blinking, neon letters. To be fair, nobody was supposed to know about that fuckwad from his past, and as far as Sans was concerned, they hadn’t existed. But that didn’t change the fact that bringing them up specifically to piss him off was a class A, killable offense.

“FuuuUUUCK!” he wailed, losing the battle to not scream as the next wave peaked. The Velcro creaked, slipping loosely around his sweaty wrists. Mindlessly, he jerked on his left hand, twisting it violently inside the cuff until it had slipped out enough that he could wrench it free. He immediately shoved it down the front of the stupid, canvas chastity belt thing and clamped it over his slick, engorged labia. The warmth of his own touch flooded through him in blissfully drawn-out orgasm,
blurring out everything but the mental image of Gaster’s face smashing repeatedly into a rock.

And then the electricity released him.

“Haahhh…hhhh…hhhh…” he gasped, coming down from the high. The sheets were clinging damply to his sweat-drenched body and his legs were quivering, but somehow his body was STILL crying out for more. Normally, he’d be ready to tap out. Probably two minutes and an unhealthy snack away from several hours of blissful unconsciousness, if he was being honest. And the weird endurance wasn’t exactly unwelcome, since he was going to be here a while, but fucking hell…

“Are we feeling better?” Gaster asked drily.

“Oh, fuck you,” Sans groaned, trying not to squirm as the electricity began to ramp up again.

“Helpful comments Sans, unless you’d like to spend the next few hours with an electrode down your throat,” Gaster said mildly, checking the bag of magic concentrate. “You’re absorbing this faster than I thought possible. I wonder…”

“I don’t,” Sans muttered waspishly.

“And I wouldn’t expect you to,” Gaster murmured, almost to himself. “Though it makes sense.”

He turned to face Sans, expression alarmingly inquisitive. “Are you feeling any exhaustion? Tiredness?”

“Tiredness? Yeah,” Sans growled through his teeth, shaking and wishing that his voice didn’t sound so damn scared. “I’m pretty fucking tired of being raped by a psychopath.”

“Bring out your soul.”

Sans convulsed with a strangled cry, pulling so hard on his misaligned knees that the joints popped and pain shot up his legs. Agonizing pressure surged through his chest, then released so abruptly that jagged, flickering stars danced across his vision. Fuck fuck fuck-

“Very good.”

“Hnnnn…” Sans whimpered, painfully aware of every passing second as Gaster reached into his chest, caged his soul behind his long, thin fingers, and slowly drew it out into the open. His bare fingers, oh god, he wasn’t wearing gloves and it was going to hurt more because he wasn’t wearing-

“I’m going to ask you again. Are you tired?” Gaster asked, voice slow and deadly calm.

“N-n-n-n…” Sans stammered, shaking his head and trembling hard enough to make the bed underneath him shake.

“How many times did you achieve climax before I came in? More than once?”

“N-no,” Sans choked, closing his eyes tightly and focusing on his breathing, on the way the electricity was still pulling at his terrifyingly empty chest, forcing it into a deep and even pattern, in-out-in-out-in-

The sound of tearing Velcro almost punched through his semi-panicked thoughts, but he was only distantly aware of the sudden lack of pressure around his wrists and ankles, of the low rumble that might have been Gaster saying something else. He just needed to breathe. That was all, just breathe.
Just breathe, just breathe, just breathe just breathe just breathe just breathe just breathe just breathe-

Hard fingers caught his chin.

“Open your eyes,” Gaster said, voice quiet and eerily calm. Sans cringed, throat too tight to make a sound as he forced his eyes open. The first thing he saw was his soul. Gaster’s fingers were interlocked over it, giving the construct plenty of room to float between them without touching. They remained motionless for a long moment, then began to drag his soul away again. Sans inhaled sharply, braced for pain as they moved to the tip of his sternum, then dipped inside his chest and opened. The construct shot back to its proper place and immediately vanished, soothing that horrible feeling of exposed vulnerability and emptiness like a cool glass of water on a hot day. Sans released a breath he hadn’t been aware of holding, then took a single, ragged inhale as tears poured silently over his cheekbones.

“So much fuss over a simple command,” Gaster complained with an irritated sigh. “This would go so much faster if we could use your soul, Sans.”

Sans sobbed once, unable to control the hyperventilations and hiccups that quickly followed.

“I see. On your knees then.”

Sans couldn’t have disobeyed if he’d wanted to, and Gaster’s hand constructs were already nudging him into the requested position. Head down, legs spread, and elbows pressed into the mattress. Somehow, he was still crying, even though he felt completely wrung out and viciously exhausted.

“Oh for god’s sake,” Gaster muttered. “Have you let yourself develop some sort of hysteria? Why...” he sighed with exasperation, then placed a hand firmly on Sans’ shoulder, as though trying to make him stop shaking through sheer pressure. “I’m going to administer something to calm you down, but I’d suggest that you not get used to this. I won’t be able to keep you drugged constantly.”

“F-fucker,” Sans croaked, closing his eyes as he spitefully reached for the anger that had been so easy to find just a few minutes ago.

“How you managed to survive on the street for a decade with that mouth and a retarded child in tow, I will never understand.”

It was probably the implication that Papyrus was stupid, but the stinging jab to his left shoulder joint certainly didn’t dampen the rage that exploded inside him like he’d been injected with gasoline. Sans lunged upward with a shriek, hands outstretched and teeth bared. Gaster took half a step backward, eyesockets wide as he made a sharp gesture toward Sans’ face. A swarm of hand constructs immediately slammed into his arms, head, and chest, forcing him back down onto the bed.

“NGHAAAAAA!” Sans screamed, flailing mindlessly as he struggled against the mental barriers keeping his magic blocked, straining so hard that magic rushed to his face and made his skull throb from the pressure.

“Recorder,” Gaster panted above him, followed by a metallic click. “Timestamp 210X, 324 and 1100 hours. Primary subject exhibiting extreme mood swings and aggression following partial replenishment of magic reservoirs and light handling of soul. Still responds crisply to trigger phrase, though arousal was evident and may have aided summoning. Sans, would you like to state how you’re feeling right now?”

“I’M GOING TO FUCKING KILL YOU! YOU Fucker, I’M MMMNGHHHHH!”

“Administered 30cc’s of a benzodiazepine-based cocktail one...one and a half minutes ago
intrasynovially. Continuing to monitor.”

Sans scraped his face on the mattress, dislodging the hand construct that was clamped over his mouth. Angrily, he snapped his head to one side and gave it a savage bite. A loud crunch reverberated through his skull, and then the pressure between his teeth vanished and dry dust filled his mouth like a puff of rancid flour. He retched, spitting out the acrid substance with instinctive revulsion.

“Are you finished?”

Sans’ next round of screaming was rudely cut short when a rubber gag was forced into his mouth and his head was pinned down under a new set of hand constructs.

“Subject bit a semi-independent construct with sufficient ill-intent to dispel it. Gagged to prevent further incidents and limit noise. Subject has also been physically restrained...”

The dust had coated his tongue, and now that his mouth was plugged, there was nothing he could do to get rid of the taste. His salivary glands kicked into overdrive, quickly filling up what little space was left behind the gag and seeping down his chin. He sobbed feverishly into the mattress, shaking his head and doing his best to spit it out.

“Subject appears to have calmed a little. Attempting to verify original query by manually aiding climax. Hoping that this will significantly speed absorption of the magic concentrate dose.”

“NnnNNNGH!” Sans wailed in protest as latex-covered fingers began to probe experimentally at the sensitive ecto-flesh between his legs.

“No burns or abrasions evident from e-stim.”

Sans pressed his face into the mattress until his nasal aperture started to hurt, blinding and smothering himself in the foam padding. This wasn’t happening, it wasn’t happening, not happening, not happening, not happening...

“Much better,” Gaster said above him. “Now come.”

“GHKKK!” Sans choked, unprepared for his body’s immediate response to the command. It was a short, almost disappointing high, leaving him feeling slightly warmed, desperately horny, and hellishly pissed off.

“Orgasm confirmed to aid absorption, hopefully removing several hours of wait time to full reservoir replenishment.”

Sans gave a pained whine that quickly transformed into a mortifyingly needy keen, keeping his face pressed into the mattress as gloved fingers pressed into his pussy alongside the electrode, slipped inside the canvas holding it in place and thumbed his clit in a quick, rousing pattern. Like last time, he didn’t feel tired or anywhere close to satiated, even though the dull, dirty feeling of being violated was creeping through his body like a poison underneath the blistering arousal.

“Come.”

Sans arched upward, toes curling and breath catching as a much stronger orgasm rolled through him. When it finally passed, he fell limp against the mattress, lightheaded and so floaty that it felt like his body was gently bobbing up and down in warm, bubbly water. Oh god… oh god, why did it feel so good?
“Much better,” Gaster said, voice echoing as though he were standing down a long hallway. “In fact…”

Sans blinked woozily as the hand constructs pulled him into a sitting position. Gaster’s face swam in and out of focus, alternating between impossibly huge and incredibly far away as the scientist leaned forward and pulled his right eyelid up.

“Eyelight dilation showing benzodiazepine cocktail taking effect. Subject has calmed enough to attempt a second soul manipulation. Sans-”

Sans groaned, arching into the fingertip running down his sternum.

“Bring out your soul.”

“Plllllllllhhhh-“ he tried to plead, hanging limply between the hand constructs as his soul blossomed into being. Woozily, he stared down at it and chuckled faintly, even as tears began to run down his face again.

“Overriding the blocker to form base body structure for the next phase. Sans, just relax.”

Sans couldn’t do anything else as Gaster reached through the gaps between his ribs and placed two fingers on his soul. There was a full-body tingle and a wonderful sense of completion as Gaster’s fingers flashed dark blue, and then Sans’ magic rushed downward in a torrent of heat and pressure, solidifying over his femurs, spine, and the space below his ribs in the gentle curves of a scarlet tummy and thighs. The e-stim continued to gently pull at the sensitive surfaces inside his pussy and the back of his sternum, overloading his mind with information as the new constructs pulled exotically at joints that he’d never given any attention to before.

“Mmmnghh,” Sans groaned, coming for a fourth time. His soul tightened, releasing a clear, slippery fluid over Gaster’s fingers that dripped down his ribs and oozed over his newly formed ectobody.

“Perfect,” Gaster breathed, pressing his slickened fingertips into Sans’ abdomen. Sans groaned and bucked his hips forward, aching for the friction and pressure to return. The new constructs were tender and noticeably heavy, making him feel full, touch-starved, and strangely protected all at the same time.

“Yes, this will work perfectly. Now we just need Papyrus.”

Sans was almost too far gone for that sentence to elicit any dread, but what little he felt was quickly drowned out as the drugs replaced it with a blissful, happy oblivion.
Chapter Summary

Alphys and Undyne find something they're not supposed to, while Gaster moves forward even when his overall plan requires an unexpected step.

Warnings include non-con, forced sibling incest, forced sibling soul play, mentions of past abuse, implied sexual abuse of a child, forced breeding, unexpected pregnancy, and traumatic abortion.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“T-this is the first one I found…” Alphys stammered.

“Is that… what the hell?” Undyne muttered. The grainy, low-quality video continued to play, sounds tinny through the laptop speakers and images strangely foreshortened by the awkwardly high angle of the camera. It showed a very familiar skeleton standing alone in the center of a small room, looking around himself in bewilderment. After a moment, his eyes refocused on something offscreen.

“Hello?”

He waited a moment, then took a step forward.

“Um…excuse me? Where am I?” he asked, taking another step forward.

“That is not important,” dismissed a voice from offscreen. The skeleton quickly took half a step back.

“W-what are you doing? Who ARE you?”

“Sit down.”

“Agh!” The skeleton yelped as a pair of disembodied hands flew forward and shoved him onto a bare mattress. “Unhand me!”

“If you continue being uncooperative, Papyrus, you will be restrained.”

“WHAT ARE YOU DONG?! STOP! LET ME GO! LET ME GO, PLEASE-”

Undyne looked away, feeling as dizzy and lightheaded as if someone had punched her in the face.

“Turn that shit off,” she said quietly. Alphys rapidly hit the space bar and the video went silent, but that last, unsettling image was seared into her memory. Papyrus, that poor skeleton that she’d dragged out of the river, being held down against a mattress as his clothes were stripped off. Being held down by disembodied hands that had a distinctive, round hole in the palm.

“There’s more. A lot more. I-it gets worse and I-I-I didn’t know who to tell, I couldn’t j-just-”
Alphys whimpered.

“You. Said you found this. In the hospital’s computer database?” Undyne interrupted. This had to be a hoax. Or maybe an attempt at blackmail? But what kind of sick bastard would try to blackmail Dr. Gaster, the Royal Scientist? Nobody would believe that this shit was real. She didn’t believe this shit was real. “It was definitely in the hospital?”

“N-n-not exactly,” Alphys stammered, wringing her hands. “B-because the archives are technically…well, I accessed it through the undernet from the hospital, b-b-but the file itself was stored offline…”

“But you found it in the hospital, RIGHT?”

Alphys stammered something unintelligible, swallowed hard, and shook her head.

“I found it on Dr. Gaster’s personal computer,” she clarified, enunciating each word slowly and carefully.

There was a long, silent moment, as Undyne contemplated what the hell Papyrus' broken, barely alive body been doing in the bottom of the river.

“Fuck.” she finally stated calmly.

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Papyrus stumbled forward and almost tripped, hissing through his teeth as the sudden jar aggravated a pair of half-healed breaks in his femur and tibia. His entire body, and especially his injuries from the river, felt sore and oversensitive.

“Do you need me to carry you?”

Papyrus ground his teeth and lurched forward, using the wall for balance and keeping his eyelights fixed on the floor. He didn’t want to be touched. Not by anyone, but especially not by him. The very thought made him feel angry, revolted, and sickeningly adrenalized all at the same time.

“Through here,” Gaster said once they’d reached the end of the hall. A hand construct pushed the lab door open. Papyrus squeezed his eyes shut, took a single, short breath, and forced himself to step inside.

“Sit.”

A floating hand grabbed him by the shoulder. Papyrus immediately jerked backward and swatted it away. The construct was surprisingly easy to knock off, flying toward the floor and just skimming the tiles before recovering and lifting itself smoothly into the air. Without looking at it, Gaster, or the rest of the lab, Papyrus quickly pulled the stool forward and sat.

“You are needlessly acting like a child. You don’t need to take any of this personally, Papyrus. Petulance ill-becomes of you.” Gaster said coldly. Papyrus stared fixedly at his knees, digging his fingertips into the edges of the seat hard enough to make them sting.

“You only see what you want to see. There is nothing that I can say to change that,” he whispered as the mere act of speaking made tears spill over his eyesockets.

“And yet you are the one refusing to actually see anything. Ironic, is it not?”
Papyrus slowly lifted his head with a glare, but Gaster wasn’t even looking at him. Instead, he was standing a few feet away, gazing clinically at something around the edge of a blank, white curtain that stretched floor-to-ceiling across half of the lab.

“I must have given him a little too much,” he frowned, making several gestures as though he were controlling a group of hand constructs. “He’s always responded to your voice before.”

“My voice…” Papyrus whispered in shock. He stood, then clumsily collapsed back onto the stool when a hand construct appeared in front of him, fingers outstretched.

“Sit down, unless you’d prefer to be restrained,” Gaster said coolly without looking away from whatever was behind the curtain. “This is going to be delicate enough without subverting any disobedience from you.”

A muffled wail came from the other side of the curtain. Papyrus stared at Gaster, head ringing and body numb as a pair of hand constructs wearing latex gloves appeared, carefully clasped around something that was emitting a pale, white light.

“Hold out your hands.”

“N-no…” Papyrus sobbed, trembling uncontrollably as the constructs came closer. “No…”

The constructs gently pushed a soul, Sans’ soul, into his hands.

“Keep that close to the curtain. The closer it is to his body, the more comfortable he’ll be.”

Papyrus had already shoved his hands up against the curtain. Even without touching it, he could tell that this undeniably belonged to… that this was Sans. Its presence felt like standing in a past he’d half forgotten, listening to terrible jokes in a Hotland apartment that was impossible to keep clean. It smelled like that acrid, plasticky smoke particular to burnt wires and overheated circuit boards. It sounded like late nights playing board games and bedtime stories. It felt like the grit of cheap laundry detergent in his last, clean shirt, which Sans had improperly washed again. It was more than a dozen birthdays. Christmases. Comfort. Exasperated love. Frustration and patience. It was flawed, but it was theirs, and it always would be, no matter what happened.

Not even this.

“Touch it.”

Papyrus shook his head in wordless, numb horror at the sheer, unforgivable profanity implied in that command, trembling harder but unable to resist as a set of hand constructs gently cupped the backs of his hands and began to push them together-

“HNNGH!” Papyrus choked, mirroring an identical cry from the other side of the curtain as his fingers made contact…

STOPPLEASENOMOREPLEASESTOPPLEASE!!!

Papyrus’ eyes glazed over, voice stuttering into silence as a Sans’ presence flooded through his mind. The thoughts and emotions were hazy and blunted, like Sans was half asleep and just barely aware of what was happening. A cold feeling of exposed vulnerability was foremost among them, so strong that it made Papyrus’ body ache with grief and overwhelming empathy. He was so scared…

Sans! Sans, it’s me. I’ve got you. Shhhh it’s ok, I’ve got you, calm down…
The pleas faded into hiccupped sobs, and that aching sense of vulnerability began to ease.

*sorry... I'm so sorry...*

He could almost see Sans slumping to the floor, overcome by crushing exhaustion and guilt.

*Shhhh, it's all right. You're all right, I've got you...*

Gaster said something, and Papyrus vaguely felt his hands being lifted. He ignored it, concentrating on the fading sparks of Sans' consciousness.

*Sans? Brother?*

There was no response.

*Lazybones! Sans, I need your help. You have to stay awake. Sans?*

*...*

*...*

*...tired...*

*I know. Please, brother. I need you.*

Papyrus' hands were guided up to his mouth. Something wedged his jaw open, then firmly opened his hands. Without thinking about what he was doing, Papyrus opened his mouth a little wider, careful to let Sans' soul pass without being grazed by his teeth. There was a jarring moment where he lost contact, and the exhaustion and pain of his half-healed injuries came rushing back. And then his tongue automatically welled into his mouth-

Papyrus convulsed, pitching forward as the sudden, unexpected, and forceful demand slammed through his mind. Distantly, he felt a hand clap itself over his mouth and several more wrap themselves around his arms, shoulders, and wrists, both holding him upright and keeping him from slipping off of the stool. Sans' soul wept a hot, coppery fluid into his mouth, like the construct was bleeding.

Papyrus staggered forward, finding himself in a small, dark room with a carpeted floor and dirty, peeling wallpaper. Someone was crying nearby. The sound was muffled and choked, like the originator was covering their mouth.

Tentatively, Papyrus moved forward, stepping around the edge of a bed that had its sheets torn off and mattress knocked askew. A skeleton child was curled into a tiny, trembling ball on the floor behind it, wearing nothing but a soiled, oversized t-shirt. No stripes. It was an adult's shirt.

“Sans?” Papyrus whispered, kneeling down. The child looked up at him, eyesockets dark and stained from crying. His tiny face crumpled when he saw him, and he lunged forward, furiously
hugging Papyrus around the middle and sobbing incoherently. Papyrus immediately wrapped his arms around him, sympathetic tears springing to his own eyesockets. Distantly, he felt his own soul blossom into being as he poured out all the love, comfort, and reassurance that he could-

*I used to imagine that someone would do that for me. But nobody ever came. Heh. Weird how some things stick with you.*

The room and the skeleton child faded, leaving Papyrus back in that visionless, nostalgic space where he'd started. He could hear that third voice in the background, still pushing at him to give in to Gaster's will, but it was distant. Easy to ignore.

*I can hold him back, but he wants something and he isn't going to stop until he gets it. We're just biding time.*

Papyrus frowned, concentrating on the image of that inconsolable skeleton child. He could almost see Sans flinch at the memory.

*Something happened to you when we were little. Someone hurt you. You never told me.*

Papyrus could almost see Sans’ expression freezing into that bland, meaningless smile that he hated.

*Didn’t like thinking about it. Still don’t.*

*But you were hurting. You needed help.*

...

*This is disgusting and I hate everything about it, but I’m going to get your blocker out.*

Papyrus could almost see Sans’ eyes widen with sudden alarm.

*Please don’t.*

*Sans, we’re being given this chance on a silver platter. And I am thoroughly sick of waiting for someone to come save us.*

*No. NO! PLEASE, IT'S GOING TO HURT! PAPYRUS, NO!*  
Papyrus pulled away from the mental connection and gingerly began to manipulate the soul in his mouth, carefully feeling along the surface with his tongue. Parts of it were stippled, and the entire construct felt inflexible and stiff. A long scar nearly split the shape in half, edges palpably rough and cold against his tongue. That alone almost made him stop. The idea that Sans’ soul had been cut… oh god, a needle had been bad enough. Fresh tears rolled down his face, and he continued very slowly and cautiously. Gaster was saying something nearby. He ignored it. Increasingly desperate pleas came across the mental link. He forced himself to shut it all out as he concentrated on slowly working the soul open, mindful of Sans' lack of flexibility as he pushed toward that tiny grain of hardness in its center, and then gently drew it out…

Sans shrieked from the other side of the curtain. A surge of energy rushed through Papyrus’ mouth, making his body tingle as a ball of pure, white light coalesced in front of him, raining a shower of multi-coloured sparkles onto the floor before fading silently into darkness. His own soul pulsed once, and then disappeared. Something immediately put pressure on the back of his jaw to force his mouth open, but he was already spitting Sans’ soul back into the hand constructs’ grip, panting and trembling as his mind returned to a cold, lonely, and painful reality. His chin, hands, and entire front were filthy and defiled with soul fluid. His body felt chilled and drained.
"Where..." Gaster muttered, roughly jerking Papyrus' shirt up and running his fingers clinically over his sternum and ribs. His fingers clenched, and then he let him go with a frustrated sigh.

“No matter…” he muttered under his breath, kneading his forehead so roughly that the tips of his phalanges left tiny scratches on the bone. “No matter. This will work regardless.”

Papyrus silently bowed his head, trapping Sans' blocker under his tongue.

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Gaster forced himself to remain composed as he locked Sans and Papyrus into a recovery room, left them rations, a basin to wash up in, and a change of clothes. He gave Papyrus instructions to make sure that Sans was cleaned and fed. Only once all that was finished did he retreat to his lab.

He didn’t know what had gone wrong. Sans had done nothing more than drool insensibly throughout the procedure. He’d barely been conscious. Papyrus had been reasonably obedient once he’d gotten over that initial, childish flash of rebellion. They had both obviously been stressed, but that shouldn’t have mattered.

This should not have happened.

Gaster opened a closet door, pushing it against the wall to access the full-length mirror affixed to the back. Calmly, he pulled open his coat and unbuttoned the shirt beneath it. His soul was glowing gently behind his ribs, its presence tugging quietly and constantly at the back of his mind. He’d already known it was there. It had manifested halfway through the procedure, and there hadn't been time to leave in order to dismiss it. But the tiny, glowing sphere of magic resting just below the construct gave him chills. So vulnerable. Impressionable.

A souling.

For some reason, it had rejected Sans as the most viable vessel. It SHOULD have chosen Sans. That was going to make this...

Gaster forced those thoughts away, walking over to a workbench and laying out the tools he was going to need. A souling could survive for a few days in suspended animation, if the proper conditions were met. That would give him enough time to recover.

A hand construct raised a heavy set of crimpers up to the light for his inspection. They were spotless, but too big to fit inside his chest. Pity, he didn’t have any that were smaller, but he’d never needed smaller ones before.

Gaster carefully braced both hands against the tabletop and pushed his soul forward. The souling followed it, bobbing along underneath like a tiny balloon on a string. The hand construct raised the crimpers around the connection between the two, paused for a moment to ensure that they were positioned correctly and clamped them shut.

Gaster doubled over with an agonized cry, knocking a tray of glassware onto the floor. It shattered against the tiles, scattering broken glass across the floor in a rain of sparkling, jagged pieces. The hand construct held steady, gently lowering the crimpers with the souling still attached into a test tube. It opened them and carefully plugged top before pulling the crimpers away, keeping the souling from reforming the bond. Panting, Gaster forced his feet back underneath himself, eyesockets watering as he shakily scooped his soul back toward his body. It was a foolish, useless emotion, this sense of loss and desolate emptiness. It meant nothing.

His own hands were shaking too hard to be useful, so he summoned another hand construct. It
opened the freezer, retrieved a slim, black case, and opened it. Inside, on a bed of foam padding, were a set of vials. Gaster opened one of them and held it upright, grimacing as his constructs to drew the contents out with a glass pipette. The blob of matter was messy and formless, the exact inverse of a souling. Humans reproduced so differently from monsters that it no longer surprised him that their souls contained three times as much substance as a monsters did at this stage, but the idea was still disgusting to him on a fundamental level.

The construct forced the tip of the pipette through the top of the test tube and squeezed the bulb. The proto-soul fell heavily into the bottom, remaining motionless as the pipette was removed. Next, a syringe containing a thick, nutrient-dense fluid was injected into the tube, bathing the two proto-souls inside. As Gaster watched, they slowly migrated toward each other, forming tiny tendrils that entwined, and then fused. They pulsed with a bright, yellow light that quickly faded into a soft, nearly imperceptible glow, leaving a tiny sphere floating dead center in the container. Perfect. Exactly the same as he’d done dozens of times with his previous subjects. Even though it had never been his own souling under the knife before.

The hybrid proto-soul wouldn’t last long in this state. It would need to be implanted inside a viable host within the next few days for incubation, or it would die. The host would have to be someone who could sustain an almost unimaginable amount of magic loss, or they would also die in the attempt. And even for someone who had such unusually deep reserves, the act alone would be desperately risky and delicate. They would need constant monitoring and vital support. But if the proto-soul could be incubated long enough to mature, then Asgore would have the final, powerful soul needed to break the barrier.

_The Underground would be free._

Gaster’s constructs nestled the hybrid proto-soul into the box next to its inactive kin, and tucked everything back into the freezer. Gaster dismissed them, then took one step backward from the table. His knees buckled halfway through the motion, pitching him onto the floor and into the pile of broken glass. It cut into his clothes, and that sharp stinging probably meant that his zygomatic arch, humerus and ilia had been gouged. How annoying. He’d deal with that… in a moment...

His soul followed his body down, coming to rest just in front of his sternum. It was weeping a dark, cerulean fluid onto the floor and slowly moving back and forth, ranging a short distance from his body before returning. That was normal, after a traumatic abortion, but it was best if the affected monster could dismiss their soul as soon as possible to minimise the magic loss. Gently, he reached out and scooped it close to his chest, trying to will it to disappear. It stubbornly remained corporeal, bumping senselessly at his fingers as though demanding that he return the severed souling.

_Such a useless reflex_, Gaster thought coldly as he closed his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

I. Have been hanging onto this twist. For years.

Alternate chapter title, _There’s a Pill for That._

Also, really Gaster? Sans has been through a meat grinder, why would a souling think that HE would be the safest soul to link to, huh?
End Notes

I saw some theories a while ago about monster pregnancy that were playing around with the idea of intent - i.e. a monster couple wouldn't be able to conceive a child without consciously wanting to. And then I saw a post on Askellie's tumblr about applying the same idea to orgasm and arousal and...oops, I stayed up way too late writing porn.

And then continued this mess for some reason, and you all are encouraging me?! *Confused Ravvi is confused, but flattered anyway*

As always, comment away. : )

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