Brace for it
by Khurious, readsleepcoffee

Summary

It was the apocalypse... despite this, you found yourself really living for the first time in your life. A shame it took a perverted asshole of a skeleton to help you realize this.

A horror comedy where, you, the Reader, travel with an edgy skeleton while following a list of rules you designed for survival, on a quest to Stowe Vermont to remove your braces. Fun times... right?

Reader x UF!Sans

Notes
Inspired by a Tumblr post I found several months ago by jeremymcbitchin.

I love zombie tropes... Read at your own risk.

See the end of the work for more notes.
It all started in Michigan. A homeless man contracted a zombie virus by eating a bad hotdog. He attacked someone, they were admitted to the hospital, and there they attacked the hospital. The hospital sent people to a nearby hospital, and like a trickle down effect the world was contaminated.

And sure you’re wondering why you’re not gorging yourself on the brains of your next victim, and it’s because you’re still human.

You’ve always been a hermit. With internet, hot pockets, Dr. Pepper, and a bathroom, you have everything you need.

Not that you don’t mind going outside, but you also love staying inside.

Aside from the blood thirsty zombies, and the lack of people, the apocalypse isn’t that horrible… Well, okay, you’ll be honest, it’s awful, but you’ve always been a glass half full kind of person, so you like to see the good in the situation.

You can go outside without having to engage with people… well if you don’t count putting lead into someone’s head.

You’re still getting used to that.

Your reclusive nature made you a natural avoider, and so you find it easier to avoid zombies then confront them. You see, you created a set of rules, and it is because of these rules that you are still alive.

Like rule number 1. Cardio – It’s always the unfit that go first. If you can’t outrun your predator, you become the prey. I’m not trying to be rude, it’s just Darwinism. Humans are friggin scary. We are the only creatures that can run day and night and tire out our prey… throw in the unrelenting desire for brains, the inability to feel tired, and the coordination of a drunk toddler and you have a mindless running machine.

Cardio is why you’re still alive.

Rule number 2: The double tap… Guns are heavy and ammo is hard to find, but nothing like becoming a zombies next meal because you’re stingy. If that extra bullet means another day, shoot twice to make sure that sucker is dead.

Which brings us to where you are… at the edge of town. You haven’t slept in at least a day, but needed to find somewhere safe to sleep. You’ve debated in a tree, but the idea of waking up to a horde mindlessly gurgling was enough to strike that idea.

It took you hours to get out of that situation… thank the higher powers that zombies don’t climb… remember, they have the coordination of a three year old drunk toddler.

Your steps slowed and you shuddered, your eyes reading the sign Night Trips the silhouettes of females easy to make out on the sign.

Rule 22: Avoid strip clubs… nothing like a half naked zombie in a corset, and high heels with flesh hanging of their decrepit body to arouse the senses, ooh baby.

You started to circle the building wide when you saw a nice SUV parked in front of the building.
A really nice SUV… that car looked untouched… with a grill guard and spikes on the wheel. This car was designed for the zombie apocalypse. You carefully approached the car, everything eerily quiet.

You peaked in through the windshield since the other windows were tinted.

It was the payload.

Guns, knives… were those chips?

Oh my god, it had been how long since you had chips? Your mouth started watering, and you let out a soft wimper.

Rule 32: Enjoy the little things.

You checked the backseat… rule number 31. Things can always hide back there, and it’s always safer to make sure. That rule was practical before the zombie breakout, and more so now.

More guns and chips… where those cheddar and sour cream… oh sweet baby sloths.

You wiggled the door handle, but it was locked. You slid to your knees and let out a low whine. Surely the previous owner of the car had put a spare under the bumper or in the gas tank?

You quickly inspected both areas and came up empty.

Your eyes travelled to the building but you shook your head. Chips were not worth the danger.

Your eyes travelled to the building again

No.

You can’t.

It’s against your rules.

But… chips...

Okay, you were just going to take a quick look inside. If there was any sign of zombies you were going disappear faster than a toupee in a hurricane.

You pulled out your Weatherby PA-08 compact. In and out. That was all this was going to be.

You slipped in quietly, sultry popular mixes playing in the background. You grimaced, knowing that the sound made it harder to tell if there was any undead shambling about. You crouched low, and couldn’t see anything in the darkness.

The things you do for chips…

You peaked up over the counter, but couldn’t see anything.

Your eyes drifted to the stage, and you let out an audible gasp.

The zombies were spinning around polls as if they were alive. How was that even possible? And the sight made you want to retch as the smell of their rotting flesh assaulted your nose. You turned on heel and gasped as you hit a hard solid chest.
“where ya goin, sugar tits?”

A skeleton stood in front of you, barely shorter than you, his red pupils staring right into your soul. The blood drained from your face and you strangled, biting back a blood curdling scream.

He was too close to unload your shotgun, and you had no practical fighting skills.

His smile stretched into an eerie and predator smile, revealing a row of sharp fang like teeth, and one gold tooth.

Running on panic and adrenaline you slammed the butt of your gun into his face, smashing your fingers in the process, and shoved past him, your feet barely touching the pavement before leaving again.

You barely got out the door when you felt a weight immobilize you and tangle up your feet, causing you to slam into the pavement.

Pain exploded in your palms and in your lip as your gun stock hit your face. Tears pricked your eyes, and you turned your head to see the skeleton standing there, his smile now a evil frown.

“the hell sugar tits! first human i see in months and ya hit me?”

“If you’re going to kill me, just do it!” You choke out, the iron taste in your mouth reminding you that you split your lip.

“woah… what’s that in yer mouth?” The skeleton approached you, crouching down and peering at your mouth.

You spit out blood and looked at him, “What?” You furrowed your brows, heart hammering in your chest.

“that metal shiny wire in yer mouth, what’s that?.

“My braces?” You replied confused. “They’re to straighten out my teeth.”

“yer teeth look straight to me.”

You blushed and looked away, still trapped by whatever he was doing to you. “Uh, yeah, well my dad is an orthodontist so I’m trying to head home because he could take these off…” You were certain they were alive. They were weird like you about rules and stuff... and resilient, you learned it from them.

“where yer from?”

“Stowe, Vermont.”

“ah, i heard that zombies over run that town…”

“Oh… well I still want to see it myself.” You liked to believe that your family was still alive. That your father would be able to free your teeth from this metal contraption… no one thinks about things like braces in the zombie apocalypse.

“welp, i’m heading that way metal mouth, so maybe ya’d like to come with me until we part ways.”

You cocked your gun and his eyes widened in surprise but too late to react as you pulled the trigger, firing twice.
“Yeah... sounds good...” You nodded, watching the lifeless body of the one of the zombies from the strip club lay in a heap on the ground. He looked over his shoulder then back at you, licking his teeth. “By the way, call me metal mouth again, and next time, I’ll make sure I unload my slugs into you.”

He guffawed and you felt the restraints on your body lift, feeling lighter all of a sudden. He straightened himself and pulled out a key fob, his car beeping to indicate that it was unlocked.

You scrambled up, and brushed yourself off, when more stripper zombies shambled out of the building. You aimed your shotgun when he put his hand on the barrel, pointing it down.

“watch this, dollface.” He winked at you and raising his hand, then bones appeared out of thin air, one end your typical bone, but the other half sharpened into a very pointy assault weapon of calcium. They shot forward, decapitating each of the zombies.

He straightened his posture and puffed out his chest in pride. Really looking at him, you noticed his attire was a black jacket with faux fur, a red t-shirt, and black shorts with a yellow stripe and black sneakers. For a skeleton, he seemed... fluffy?

You both made your way to his SUV, and you slid into your side, buckling up.

“sugar tits, it’s the apocalypse, ya don’t hafta buckle up.”

You looked at him and smiled a tight lipped smile. “Uh huh, sure. Rule number four; always wear seatbelts. It’s why I’m alive right now. I have a whole list of rules actually.”

He rolled his eyes, and put his hand on your thigh, “whateva works for ya sugar tits.”

You grabbed his wrist and threw it back at him and glowered. “Can you call me something else beside that? It’s offensive.”

“don’t call me this, don’t call me that.” His voice was a falsetto, obviously mocking you. “shit ya complain so much. ruin my entertainment and now bossin’ me around maybe ya should get out.”

You swallowed. No matter how abrasive this guy is, it would be better for you to be paired up with him, at least for now. He had weapons and chips, and easily took out those zombies... With a fucking bone!

“Okay, how about this... wait... entertainment?” You raised a brow.

“yeah, making those strippers dance. it’s one of my talents.”

You stared at him speechless, repulsed and awed at the same time. He could manipulate zombies? He enjoyed watching decaying undead dance erotically... Your lip curled in disgust.

“mmm, but the idea of getting ya to dance for me is...” He trailed off, and you felt extremely uncomfortable as his eyes settled on your obviously more feminine features; it was your boobs, he was making eye contact with your boobs.

If you were going to be traveling with this pervert you might as well as reap the fruits of your labor

“Can I eat some chips?”

He blinked, completely taken out of the moment.

“uh, yeah. sure thing sugar tits.”
You sighed… “Just call me Stowe. The less we know about each other the better we’re off.” Rule number 5: No attachments. The less you know about each other, the easier it’ll be to part ways when the time comes.

“right, sure thing sugar tits. ya can call me edge.”

“Okay, Edge.”

You flexed your injured fingers, a small frown on your lips. The price of Lays Cheddar and Sour cream chips was a high price to pay…
You munched on the salty cheesey goodness of the chips, satisfied with your most recent life choice… mostly.

Dealing with a degenerate skeleton with a fetish for rotting corpses that shambled about in stripper clothes hopefully wouldn’t prove to be too much of an issue. Right?

“i was only in there because I was bored. It wasn’t like I was into those broads or anythin’.” It was like he could read your thoughts… your very judgey thoughts… why would be even care?

“Uh huh, sure. We’re in the apocalypse Edge, you can have all the freaky fetishes you want. Only got me to judge you, and I’ll do it quietly.”

He growled, his hands gripping the steering wheel tighter. “i was bored… and it was funny. gotta find ways to keep myself sane with the world all fucked up.”

“Oh yeah, manipulating undead strippers into pole dancing screams ‘I’m totally sane’.” You snickered. He snarled, and looked away. “How did you control them? I mean… I didn’t think monsters could do that.”

His eyelight slid over to you, and he smirked oozing pride. “I used a blue attack.” He could easily read your confusion. “since they lack the ability to think, all it takes is a little suggestion with the blue attack and they move the way i want them too. they’re not into eating monsters like they do humans… we’re total boneheads. no brains.” He snickered.

You turned to face him, mouth hanging open in awe. “That’s absolutely amazing! So, you could control hordes, you could… oh man, I can’t even think about all the potential possibilities.” You had to admit, pervert or no, if he was skilled as he let on (which you totally believed because of his earlier performance), you actually had a fighting chance of survival.

“nah sugar tits,” You glowered, the name starting to rub you raw. “so far i can only control up to four, and it takes a lot of magic. that’s why i got this,” His hand waved to the guns behind him. “in this world, it’s kill or be killed… not much different than from where i come from.”
“Yeah…” You said softly.

“hey, watch this.” He smiled sinisterly, and swerved the SUV, throwing open his door, as a zombie was gorging itself on the body of a corpse, knocking over the zombie, the front driver’s side tire running over the dead body on the ground.

The car bounced and jumped and the loud crack of bones and the thud of the body made your stomach turn sour and you looked at the bag of chips, appetite effectively destroyed. Looking behind you, you saw the body tumbling and rolling from the aftershock of getting hit with the door, before they slowly got up lifeless eyes watching your retreating car.

“That was sick.”

Edge roared with laughter.

You had put away the bag of chips, unsure of what to do, the silence was suffocating. Would Edge want to talk with you? Did you really want to talk to him? He seemed pretty abrasive so far, and a disgusting pig so…”So… where are you going?” Yeah, that was a safe question.

He shrugged, “east coast... and if i get to kill a few of things on the way i'm happy.” He looked toward you, eyes glinting sinisterly.

“So… going to Vermont wasn’t in your plans?”

He chuckled, “nah, but it’s near the east coast so... whateva.”

Hm, so he was trying to help you out, that was actually kind of sweet. “Got any family?”

His smile fell, and his expression turned dark. “maybe you should shut up.”

You nodded quickly, the sudden hostility scaring you, the suffocating silence returning full force. Why did you have to be so nosy? Now the atmosphere was smothering and tense.

After several minutes of sitting in silence you spared a glance over. You noticed the weathered look of his white skull, the small scars and divots that adorned his face, and your eyes travelled to his teeth. They were wide and sharp, intimidating but fascinating. Unconsciously you ran your tongue over your teeth, the wire familiar reminder of your permanent annoyance.

Edge POV:

He glanced over at you. The annoyance that flashed across your face every time he called you sugar tits kept egging him on.

Of all the places to run into another person, and a human at that, it just had to be at the strip club…

He growled, grinding his teeth together.

Edge looked flatly at the zombies in front of him, feeling like scum of the earth. “hey, ya broads gotta keep a monster entertained!” He flicked his finger, his magic nudging them to walk around the pole. The three zombies shambled toward the pole, and began walking around it, anything but sexy.

He sighed, his hand scraping against his skull. This seemed a lot more amusing in thought then in reality. He stared vacantly, wondering how he got to this point... who knew the surface would turn into such a shithole.

The door creaking drew is attention, and the zombies on stage jerk against his magic. He exerted
more magic toward then, then blipped to the door.

Crouched, and moving cautiously was you. His eyes swept over your body hungrily, that form, that ass, that rack. He knew you’d be a screamer, and oh he already had to hold himself back. It had been so long since he had seen a human, and an attractive female at that.

Holding that shot gun, hair threw up sloppily to keep it out of the way only made you sexier.

He watched with amusement as you peaked over the counter, and gasped. Your speed surprised him, but at the same time, made sense why you were still alive as you whipped around, ready to flee. You bumped into him.

“where ya goin, sugar tits?”

Your eyes grew wide, and he could see your every thought; fight or flight, what to do? He couldn’t help but grin, you were too damn cute.

Pain exploded in his face, and you were already out the door. Rage flooded his marrow as his brain processed the fact that you slammed the butt of your gun into his face, and he teleported outside, reaching out with his magic, resolved to stop you.

You tripped and hit the ground harder than he intended. He remembered the first time you spoke, how determined you sounded, and then seeing those braces…

Your POV:

“so… if yer dad is an orthodontist, why ya get braces now as an adult?”

You jumped and shifted your attention to out the window. “To piss him off. Teeth are everything to him, and he was such a freak about it so I did it to spite him. Typical teenager stuff. As an adult I realized how stupid I was being.” Hindsight was 20/20. If you knew the apocalypse was going to happen you would’ve gotten braces much sooner… you also would have done a few things differently. Would have taken a few more risks in life, kissed a few more boys, gamed a lot more games. A lot more games.

Oh how you missed playing video games, and fanfiction… and television. You sighed.

“is it weird kissin’ people with them?”

You did a double take. “I don’t know… I mean… do you lick teeth when you kiss? I mean, I don’t and um… I don’t think so but… why would you even ask that?”

He chuckled darkly, giving you that predatory grin. Your heart started pounding in your chest and you couldn’t help cross your arms over your chest, while trying to keep the fear out of your expression.

“c’mon sweetheart,” you preferred ‘sugar tits’ right now, his sickly sweet tone putting you on edge. “ya seriously didn’ think I wasn’t thinkin’ about that? i’m not doin’ this for free, and I expect ya to compensate me.” His eyes swept across your body, and a red translucent tongue slid along his teeth. “ass, grass, or gas. no ride is free.”

You smiled sarcastically and bit back, “I thought you preferred decaying strippers.”

His sexual presence evaporated like puddle in the middle of the Sahara desert, and he let out a frustrated snarl. “the hell wrong with ya, bitch? i said i ain’t into that shit!”
You bit your lip, trying so hard to not laugh, unattractive snorts escaping every few breaths. He was never going to live that down. “Okay… okay… I totally believe you.” You didn’t. He gave you an annoyed glare, but the conversation turn did pique an interest.

He seemed like an overtly sexual person, and it did make you wonder, how a skeleton could… well… You wanted to ask him but you had a pretty good feeling that he would love to demonstrate his, um, abilities… oh man… You wanted to tease him so bad now, but you didn’t want to get stranded in Texas, especially with more than 2,000 miles to go.

“is that what I think that is?” Sans slowed his SUV, pulling into the parking lot of a small building.

“A smoke shop?” You glanced toward him, noting the pleased grin that stretched his face. “Oh… you don’t smoke, do you?”

“aw, sugar tits, you don’t know what you’re missing.”

You wrinkled your nose in disgust. Actually you did, you gave smoking a shot… and it just wasn’t for you, but did enjoy the scent of someone burning a flavored cigar.

He started to open the door and you sat up straight. “Seriously?”

His red eyelights focused on you, and he seemed to be sizing you up. “my car, my rules.”

You grumbled and muttered under your breath how disgusting that was, but the smell of the car made more sense. You picked up old cigarette smoke, and a sour smell, not a spoiled smell, just… tart.

You unbuckled your seat, and slipped out of the car, following behind him, gun held in position. He was rummaging through the trunk, pulling out a shovel.

“why you followin’ me?”

“We gotta stick together, buddy system and all… also, I gotta pee.” You did a little pee dance. Rule 29: buddy system.

He rolled his eyes, and preceded to ignore you, which was fine. He pushed through the door with no reservations, the little bell chime ringing through the store. You shoved his shoulder, and held your finger up to your mouth.

“heh, ya know i ain’t afraid of these fuckers.” He held up his shovel, his eyes gleaming with a sadistic joy, then turning his head to look into the store. “come at me bitches!”

Oh man… what were you going to do if he drew the entire zombie population to your location? He seemed hell bent on destroying as many as he could, it was almost like he had a vendetta against them.

Motion sensors picked up on your movement and lights flickered on. You closed your eyes, not sensing any movement except the scuffle of Edge’s feet, and the gentle humming as he perused the plethora of options of cancer sticks.
You opened your eyes, and cautiously made your way to the bathroom. You held your gun ready, finger hovering over the trigger, and kicked open the door.

Empty.

You let out a sigh, and proceeded forward, locking the door.

**Rule 3: Beware of Bathrooms**

Zombies knew when you were at your most vulnerable, and let’s be honest, being caught with your pants down is just about as vulnerable as you can get.

You quickly took care of business, and was washing your hands. The paper towel dispenser was empty. With a frown you wiped your hands on your shirt, grimacing, knowing that maybe that was a bad idea. When you looked down, your hands were muddy.

Maybe you should get new clothes… and new socks. Thinking about that, a small smile tugged at your lips, your eyes drifting to your dirty reflection. You bared your teeth, and sighed the metal contraption obvious. You fished out a toothbrush, and toothpaste. Braces were so much work.

Halfway into brushing your teeth you heard a loud crash. Spitting out the toothpaste and dropping it in the sink, you flung yourself out of the bathroom, shotgun cocked and ready, once turning the corner your gun went flying, and you were pinned to the shelf, pain exploding in your shoulder, bone hovering right in front of your face, point an inch from your throat.

“shit, sugar tits! the hell you doin’?”

You growled. “I heard crashing, I thought you were attacked!”

His eyesockets narrowed, and he snorted, and started laughing raucously. The bone disappeared and you were released, your shoulder throbbing. That was going to bruise.

“nah, i just had to get to liquor.” He waved his hand to the broken glass indicating the liquor cabinet.

You huffed out angrily, and grabbed the nearest thing you could reach, hurling it at him. It was can of lighter fluid that smashed into his head.

His pinpricks of lights disappeared and you saw his hands clench. You swallowed, realizing the mistake you made. You didn’t know him, and just assaulting him. You stared at him eyes wide, and sweat beading your forehead.

His mouth stretched jarringly wide, and he appeared in front of you, his phalanges digging into your jacket, slamming you into the shelf, a cry of pain escaping as the corner of the shelf dug into your shoulder for the second time.

“watch yourself, sugar tits.”

You clawed as his hand, eyes frantic. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!”

He chuckled darkly, the hand holding your jacket releasing you. “i like ya, i really do, but ya can’t go throwin’ temper tantrums if ya wanna stay with me.

You nodded your head, tears pricking your eyes. He was right. You didn’t even know who he was, what would set him off, or if he would take advantage of you. He was a monster after all… you couldn’t understand why you wanted to stay near him, even though he was a disgusting pervert who
could easily kill you.

That was a lie. You knew why; deep down you knew being by his side would ensure your survival. You were doing okay on your own, but with him, you would do well.

His thumb brushed the tear off of your cheek, “aw sweetheart, I didn’ mean to make ya cry. i just don’ like ya attackin’ me.” He pulled you into a hug and you got a strong whiff of cigarette smoke and… mustard?

You hesitated before letting your hands wrap around him. The turn of events was… interesting… And for an animated skeleton, he wasn’t too uncomfortable to be pressed up against. His hand slid lower, lightly squeezing your butt. “damn, that ass.” He breathed out, his tone pleased.

You shoved him off of you, and started throwing everything that was within arms reach. He laughed sardonically, easily dodging each of your assaults; the angrier you became the worse your aim was. Finally out of throwable objects, your shoulders sagged in defeat.

You looked up at him, noticing his eye glowing red as he lunged for you, yanking you toward him. As you fell back with him, you were able to turn your head, to see a bloody arm swipe right where your head was.

Sweat beaded his head, and bones appeared before the zombie, easily dealing the killing blow.

He was muttering soft apologies and rubbing small circles in your back, his voice tired. It was then you realized that you were clinging to him; face pale as a ghost, lip trembling.

Since when did you become so careless to miss a zombie sneaking up on you? Why was he apologizing? Why was he so exhausted all of a sudden?

“i’ve got ya sweetheart.” His eyes were soft, and his smile was gentle. “you have yet to compenstae me.” You huffed out a breath of air and shoved off of him, and picked yourself up, turning your nose up at him.

"Pervert."

He snorted, still sitting on the floor, and grinned wide. "ya know yer curious." He glanced down at his crotch then meeting your gaze, his insinuation obvious.

"Ha, what're gonna do. Break a femur off and fuck me with it?” You smirked back at him.

He blinked, face shocked. You still stood over him, wishing you had your gun for extra protection, although he had already shown himself capable of disabling you. He let out a low chuckle, "let's go sugar tits."

Phew, crisis adverted. You retrieved your gun and toothbrush from the bathroom, and he grabbed his cigarettes and whisky, and you made your way to the car. Once in the car he handed you the bottle of whisky, one of the prizes of his conquest.

“ya look like ya need a drink.” He was so cheeky right now. It was probably because he got to act like your friggin knight in shining armor… You didn’t need a knight in shining armor.

You shook your head, “Oh, um, no… I don’t think so.” He doesn’t need to get you drunk and take advantage of you.

He raised one brow bone, his look saying ‘oh really?’ You could feel the mounting peer pressure,
and you tried to stare him down. “It’s just one drink.” Finally you looked down shyly, caving under the pressure, and took one swig.

It burned and you had to fight your gag reflex just to swallow it. You coughed and wiped tears from your eyes. “That’s awful.”

“heh, it’ll help. trust me.” He started to guzzle the bottle. After his fifth swallow, because you’re kind of weird and count stuff like that, he screwed the cap on, and threw it counsel. He started up the SUV and you started off again. After a few minutes you broke the silence.

“Can we listen to music?” You could really go for some jams right now.

He shrugged indifferently. You fished out your old player, and plugged it into his USB charger and the auxillary cord into the car stereo.

Paramore, _That’s What you Get_ started playing. You started singing and bobbing your head, when the edgy skeleton yanked the aux cord out.

“hell no!”

You stared, “Fine, then what would you suggest?”

“real music.” He reached forward, hitting the play button for the CD. Hardcore metal started playing, threatening to blow out your ear drums. You listened with eyes wide, before you started lost it wheezing.

Edge glared at you, and you wheezed. He hit the pause button.

“what the hell’s wrong with ya?”

“Do you even know what they’re saying?”

He snarled, “’course i know what they’re sayin’. ya think i’m stupid or somethin’?”

You shook your head, “I don’t… I just… turn it back on and I’ll sing what I hear okay?”

The track started over. You started screaming in time with the music, “I will drown a hamster, in mashed potatoes. That hamster is FUCKED… Mashed Potatoes…”

Edge face palmed, shoulders shaking with laughter.

“the hell? ya sound crazy sugar tits.”

“Edge…” You whined, “call me Stowe, or something else. Sugar tits is so yuck…” You could already feel the heat in your face from the alcohol.

He was amused and looked you over, “aw, but it fits ya with a rack as nice as that.”

“Ha! Jokes on you! I stuff!” Why did you say that? You don’t stuff, hell, you can’t stand push up bras because your boobs fall out of those.

“ya do?” He seemed mildly horrified.

You couldn’t keep a straight face and started laughing, “Hell no! You think I have time to stuff while struggling for survival?” Laughter filled the SUV and you had to admit, even though you were an optimistic person, it had been a long time since you had laughed this much.
So... I have a very very basic plot in mind (basically have the barebones imagined), but if you guys want the duo to visit a certain place, I'm totes up suggestions! I'll also throw in polls every so many chapters.

Okay, so I need to know... do you like the Edge POV or should I never ever do that again ;p

I very much enjoy your guys input!

EDIT: Crap, forgot to mention, Song is Reptar, King of the Ozone by Devil Wears Prada. Don't believe me, go listen... bruh.
Nothing nice can last…

You were enjoying your interpretation of hardcore metal music then Edge decided to light up.

“Ugh,” You put your hand over your mouth and looked away.

“you don’t know what yer missin’ sugar tits.” He stated taking a long drag for emphasis. You looked over when you realized that he didn’t have smoke seeping out of his shirt or skull. How was that even possible? He was a freaking skeleton.

You had the strongest urge to reach over and lift up his shirt. You so desperately wanted to know where the smoke was going, but you knew that would be a bad idea. You had only met him today, and trying to take off his clothes, even in the pursuit of science, would probably make him think you wanted to bone him…

You busted up laughing. Bone him. Oh man, that was such an awesome pun.

“what’s so funny sugar tits.”

You pressed your lips together and shook your head, “Just thinking about jokes and stuff.”

He let out a humored chuckle, “oh, i didn’t know ya liked jokes.”

Oh no… you knew this was going to go somewhere you did not want it to go. Edge could see the panic on your face, and he seemed to relish in it, relish in your worry and misery.

“ya gonna like it. what’s the mafia and a pussy have in common.”

“No.” You shook your head.

He let out a low chuckle, his chest rumbling. “one slip of the tongue and yer in deep shit.” He
grinned his trademark shark like grin, and waggled his browbones.

You scrunched up your face, “Ugh… that was awful.”

“i got another,” He was eagerly bouncing in his seat.

“There is not enough brain soap for this…”

“what’s long and hard and full of semen.”

“Seriously, stop.”

“a submarine.” He looked at you eagerly, and you were playing the joke over in your head, silently mouthing submarine.

Got it! You covered your mouth and failed to bite back your laughter. “Okay, you got me there. Very punny Edge.”

“heh, knew ya had a funny bone.” He winked, “ya find me humerous.” You snorted with laughter, and he took this as a cue to continue.

“what do ya call a guy with a small dick.” You raised an eyebrow. “just-in.”

You snorted, and rolled your eyes. Once you gathered your bearings you sighed in defeat. “Okay, I’ll tell one dirty joke. One, and then we’re done.”

“heh, ok sugar tits.”

You rolled your eyes at the nickname. “What do you call a herd of cows masturbating?” He raised a brow bone, “Beef strokin’ off.”

He roared with laughter, slapping his hand on your knee. Your laughing stopped and you eyed his hand, eyebrow raised. He pulled his hand back muttering a quiet apology.

“can I tell one more.”

You looked at him pensively, “Fine.”

“how do ya circumcise a hillbilly?”

You looked at him curiously, “I don’t know, how?”

“heh. kick his sister in the jaw.”

Your jaw dropped and your eyes were wide as saucers. “Edge… no… that was so bad, and you’re bad for telling it.”

“heh, i’m bad to the bone.”

You let out another groan, and rolled your eyes. “Stop punishing me.”

“heh, no way sugar tits.

“Why are we here?” You looked around the parking lot of a Target.

“i ran out of mustard.”
“Mustard? You’re risking my life for mustard?”

doll, if ya understood what mustard meant to me, ya wouldn’t be askin’ these stupid questions.”

You glowered at him, your lips pressed together in a thin line.

“ya could get yerself some clean clothes, nice shoes. my treat.” He grinned wide.

“Oh how generous,” You deadpanned.

Truthfully you did want some new threads, some clean cute socks, some nice boots, maybe a jacket… and of course clean underwear and… well… You hadn’t been inside a store like this because they were filled to the brim with zombies. Yeah, so the best stuff was inside, so was death.

Ha! Ironic since you were standing next to a skeleton, the figurehead of death.

Well, you were a generally optimistic person, and since you were being forced to go in the store… okay, you weren’t being forced, but you didn’t want to be alone. Edge was freaky edgy as hell, and you knew having him around, even though he drew zombies like a moth to a flame, still meant you were safe-ish. Safe-ish because you weren’t really ever safe in these types of situations.

And if you were going to risk your life you might as well make the most of the situation. What better way to do so than to knock out some essentials.

You were already beginning a mental checklist of all the things you wanted to get when you noticed Edge was already at the entrance to the store.

With a decisive racking of your beloved Weatherby, you ran in after him, he was on a mission, and didn’t have time to babysit you, which you didn’t blame him. You were an adult and followed him in of your own volition. If you really didn’t want to come in here, you could have stayed outside. In the open… where it would be easy to spot and avoid zombies… Oh man, you were already regretting your decision to follow him in.

Upon entering the store, everything was dark, emergency lighting being the only source of light aside from the outside rays filtering in. “Edge.” You whispered, eyes scanning around you for any movement. So far nothing stirred, but you didn’t want to venture in alone, then to find yourself trapped by the shambling undead.

**Rule 22:** When in doubt, always know your way out.

You took a few cautious steps forward, when you heard a shuffle from inside the Starbucks. *Shuckshik!* You had your shotgun up and ready, and a zombie popped out.

Blood was pumping in your ears, and you stared it dead in the eye. It let out a bloody gurgle and vaulted over the counter top toward you.

You shook, and forced yourself to hold steady. Don’t think about who they were, think about surviving.

You wanted it to get closer to make sure that it got the brunt of your buckshot.

One…more… step…

A glowing red bone flew through the air, smashing the zombie in the face, knocking it over. You fired your shot gun at its head just for good measure, Rule 2 Double Tap.
You looked around but Edge was no where to be seen. “Not funny Edge.” You whispered. Why were you whispering? The gun shot would’ve drawn more of the undead to you anyway.

With a sigh you looked around hoping to see that pervy skeleton. You didn’t want to venture any further into the store without him because that was reckless and against rule 29; buddy system. “Eeeedddggggeee...” You drawled.

“moan my name sugar tits.” You heard him whisper huskily behind you. You jumped and whirled your gun around, which he easily dodged, while cackling with laughter. You glared and huffed.

“I need you to come with me if I’m going to get new clothes.”

“why, yer scared?” He mocked.

You rolled your eyes, “Duh dude. Why do you think I’ve been wearing the same disgusting threads for this long? I need socks, and underwear, and well everything. Plus, while we’re here getting toilet paper and ziplock bags would be great.”

He let out an exaggerated sigh, rolling his eyes. “yer so needy.”

“Thanks babe.” You deadpanned. If you two were a couple you’d probably be the most dysfunctional couple to exist.

He retrieved the bone he smashed the zombies face with, and followed behind you, resting the long bone on his shoulder, while you scanned for potential threats. Surprisingly there weren’t any zombies in the ladies clothes section, so you got to pick out a really cute loose fitting t-shirt, a new green jacket, some black skinny jeans, and you grabbed a extra set of clothes. In the shoe section you grabbed a nice pair of running shoes and a nice pair of combat boots. Then came socks and underwear.

“sugar tits, bet this would look great on yer ass.” He held up a black lacy thong. You grimaced. Not that you were against black or lace, but man, you used to have a pair and holy crap, they were uncomfortable. All that earned him was an eyeroll; you didn't have time to feed into his pervy ways since you wanted to get in and get out.

You settled on some sturdy and cute cotton pair because comfort means everything, then you grabbed a few more (Rule 16: always carry a change of underwear). You grabbed a few cute sports bras since it made more sense then grabbing a regular bra, and then came the socks.

Edge followed you there, and this was the most shy you had seen him. You didn’t quite understand, but at the same time didn’t care because of all the cute sock options. You grabbed a thick wooly pair with foxes on it for when it got too cold, and then a few cute lacy ones because dammit you love socks.

“uh, um, Stowe?” Edge’s voice was soft. You turned to look at him, while debating what color you wanted when you noticed him holding a pair of socks that looked like skeleton feet, his face bright red.

“Ohmygoodnesstheyresofreakingcute!” You snatched them up, and hugged them. “I will get these too!”

“uh, well, ya don’t hafta if ya don’t want ‘ta.” He sounded shy all of a sudden.

“I love socks so much, and because you’re a skeleton these are so much cooler!” You plopped yourself down and opened them immediately, putting them on. You let out a little moan, forgetting
how good clean and new clothes felt.

“oh jeez.” Why did Edge sound all hot and bothered, and he couldn’t even look at you, was he feeling okay? When you looked up at him, he was rubbing the back of his neck, his face glowing bright red.

Before you could think anymore into his actions you had the fleeting thought of changing all of your clothes right now.

“Hey, keep a look out, I’m going to change my clothes.”

“wha? now?”

“Yeah, just keep a look out so I don’t get jumped okay?”

“heh, what if i’m the one jumpin’ ya.” He turned to look at you, and you had already started peeling your shirt off scoffing. “the hell sugar tits? ya got any modesty?”

“No time. Gotta hurry.” You huffed, new shirt already on, and shimming out of your old jeans. “Dude, stop looking!” You still had to switch into a clean pair of underwear, and you were not going to let him get a look at that.

He huffed, and shoved his bony hands into his jacket. “whateva sugar tits.”

You slipped into clean panties and pants and sighed again. You had forgotten how amazing clean clothes felt, and you did a little dance to celebrate the feel goodness of your situation. Lady luck and good fortune were on your side today, and it felt amazing.

You looked down at your socks and wiggled your toes, “Thanks for the socks. They’re my favorite.”

When you glanced up you saw Edge looking at you in a stupor, face crimson. Your lip quirked into a smile and he snarled.

“shit, ya sound so stupid. ‘thanks for the socks, they’re my fav.’ “ That annoying falsetto mocking tone returned with extra amount of revulsion. You blinked, a little taken aback by the sudden aggression. “let’s just get the hell outta here.”

“Wait!” You reached forward, grabbing his coat sleeve. “We still have to get ziplock bags and toilet paper.”

“why the hell you need that shit fer?”

You snorted, knowing he missed the unintentional pun. “I need it for shit… bwahahaha!” He rolled his eyes, and you let go of him, kneeling down to stuff the newly acquired goodies into your bag. “TP is always a must and ziplock bags are useful for keeping things dry. Trust me on this.” The ziplock bag was actually rule 20 on your list.

He huffed and dragged his feet, but you were happy to at least have him on your side. The only thing was that the toilet paper and ziplock bags were in the back corner of the store, one of the furthest points away from the exit. You were beginning to wonder if this was a suicide mission when Edge’s voice drew you out of your wary thoughts.

“i’ve got yer back.”

Maybe he could sense your tension. You nodded and flashed him a thankful smile. You had to admit
the lack of zombie presence had you unnerved, because you were positive that there would have been more in here. Maybe they moved on after awhile. Even a stupid animal knew when to move on to find food.

You let out a shaky breath, finally arriving at the correct aisle, and grabbed the Ziploc when you heard an inhumane screech. You crouched defensively, dropping the box, and whipping your gun out.

“get the stuff, i got them.” The skeleton yelled, his eye glowing red, waving the large bone around. “c’mere ya fuckers.” He started smashing the bone into things, making you wince. You grabbed the box, and darted for the toilet paper. If you could get these two items, you would be golden.

You grabbed the toilet paper when feet thudding drew your attention. Your eyes widened, a huge fucking zombie standing in front of you. It looked like it ate all the other zombies in the store, then had dessert. “EDGE!” You screamed.

“i’m here doll!” You heard him a few aisles down. You bolted on heel, and started running toward his voice, the thudding of the zombie behind you, blood curdling screaming gurgling from its rotted throat, gaining on you like was super powered.

“c’mere babe.” He cooed to you, standing like a batter ready to swing.

“Don’t swing, don’t swing, don’t swing.” You chanted running straight for him, and slid on your knees right under him. “Swing!”

“sure thing, sugar tits.” He smirked, and you turned your head to see him uppercut the monstrosity with the huge bone made bat. He started wailing on it, his grin stretching. You would’ve been terrified of his expression but he was already terrifying so… it was moot.

You had encountered a few more zombies, which you and Edge had easily taken care of but then more kept coming out of the woodwork and you were out of ammo at this point. When you looked at Edge he had sweat beading on his skull, and was breathing heavily, why would he even be breathing if he was a skeleton?

“Edge?” You asked softly, knowing even he was reaching his limit, and being able to get out of here was unlikely.

“heh, looks like we’re in over our heads, huh sugar tits?”

A rueful smile tugged at your lips. “Well, at least I’m not alone. Funny, but I always was afraid of dying alone.”

He laughed obnoxiously, and grabbed you roughly, pulling you toward him, one of his legs in-between your thighs. His one arm snaked around your waist holding you tightly to him, and his other one was rubbing your thigh. You blushed, and stared at him utterly confused. “who said yer dying?”

D A R K N E S S

C O L D

N O T H I N G

You clung to Edge, burying your face into the neck of his jacket. Whatever was going on, the lack and absence around you tugged at your sanity, tugged at your very being and so you clung to the only thing that existed, the warm and real skeleton. The nothing seemed to stretch on forever, and
ever and then at the same time it was all over.

You blinked, the bright lights of outside hurting your eyes. It was like you were trapped in a dark room for hours only to have the blinds ripped away and the sun to pour in, assaulting your eyes.

You were shaking, trembling, and gasping. You could feel Edge rub small comforting circles on your back, his voice low and comforting. “ya did pretty well sugar tits.”

“Wha… what the fuck was that?” Your mind was still reeling, and you didn’t trust yourself to let go yet. You still needed to cling to him because he was real; he reminded you that you were real.

“that was a shortcut. it’s what saved yer life.”

You looked around, your mind slowly piecing together that you were outside of Target, that you were next to his SUV, that you were still alive. You looked back him and he was beaming at you, like he was proud of you or something.

“welp, let’s get the hell out of here.” He started to pull away, but your grip didn’t lessen, and he raised a browbone at you. “aw, sugar tits, I didn’t know ya liked bein’ this close ta me.” You blinked, really looking at him. His hands cupped your ass, and he squeezed “that ass though… shit, sugar tits. maybe I should call ya sweet cheeks.”

You huffed out a breath of air and shoved him as hard as you could, “As if!”

You made to grab your box of Ziploc bags and toilet paper, and glared again. “The name’s Stowe. Get it through your thick skull, bonehead.” You hissed.

He laughed and slapped your ass. Before you could process what was happening, you were already turning around, your hand making contact with a loud errraaecceceekkk.

And it hurt like a mofo! You pulled your hand back to your chest, cradling it, and trying to hard to bite back tears. Edge roared with laughter, and you glared between tear flooded eyes. You were seriously hoping that you did not break your hand, and how could you know that slapping a skeleton could cause so much pain. Oh how you regretted acting on impulse in that one moment.

“as much fun as it is ta see ya tearin’ up over me, we gotta head out. ya gonna hafta drive tho. i gotta take a nap.”

You shut the hatch door with your good hand, and opened your mouth to smart off to him when you noticed how he really looked. The bags under his eyes were more pronounced than usual, which was weird because he was a skeleton, but then you noticed that his eyelights looked kind of dim. It did worry you a little, and even though you were still pissed, seeing his exhaustion it made you pause.

He did save your life today… although it was his recklessness that brought you into the store… but… he still got you out of there… and with new clothes… and toilet paper.

Oh man, getting to wipe with toilet paper was going to be ah-mah-zing!

You let out a reluctant sigh, and held out your hand. He handed over the keys and you got in. Before you had pulled out of the parking lot he was asleep, snoring like a chainsaw.

You grimaced, this was going to be a long and interesting road trip, but at least you were going to arrive alive, right?
Okay, just gonna be honest... I have no clue what I'm doing so if this story doesn't make sense \_(ツ)_/¯ Like honestly, I want you guys to like it, but then... I'm typing and I'm like, 'What the hell am I doing?'. And one minute later i'm like 'hahaha oh my goodness that's funny... i have to add it' so... yeah...

Okay! First Poll:
Next chapter do we want car to run out of gas
or
Reader to get them lost?

It is up to you to decide, I trust you wise and noble readers!
State of Emergency

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

Edge is a sadistic bastard who loves to pull pranks, and Stowe was only trying to help :(

Chapter Notes

So, by an overwhelming vote of 17 to 3, it has been decided by the higher powers that Stowe fails to keep the gas tank filled, so we're outta gas folks, and for those who voted for getting lost... well I'll have a little bonus at the end of the chapter just for funsies. I love you guys (blow kisses)... uh... sorry, that was weird.

Also: if you comment I feel compelled to reply so that you know I am thankful for your comments. Of course with the polls, it would be kind of weird to comment so I usually won't, but if you give opinions or thoughts or what may have you, I will respond because I feel it is courteous. Thank you for the kudos and comments, I love them so much.

I'll also shoot to do another poll again soon because that was really fun :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The sun had set several hours ago, and you had just passed a sign welcoming you to the Oklahoma border. “First one to breath Oklahoma air.” You whispered, looking over at the snoring Edge. He twitched, and resumed snoring, a small dribble of red saliva pooling in the corner of his mouth.

Even asleep he was high maintenance. When you were navigating around Dallas (since the highways were blocked with car pileups and zombies galore), he started whimpering in his sleep, mumbling names. You tried so hard to understand what he was saying but it was unintelligible cries, so you tried to shake him awake. He grabbed your hand, and tried to pull you into him. You swerved dangerously, and had to throw yourself back to your side. If not for your seatbelt, you would've have been yanked out of your seat and crashed you both. Rule #4 FTW!

Eventually he settled on just holding your hand, his thumb brushing the top of your hand.

With every stroke you felt your stomach flutter.

You didn’t fully understand why such a simple gesture caused a physical reaction from you, but you reasoned it had to do with the fact that no guy had ever attempted such a sweet and intimate gesture with you. It was only a physical response. Only physical. And you were sleep deprived so your mind was processing things funny.

Edge was a pervert, and he was a monster skeleton so there was no way you could feel attracted to him. Especially because he was a pervert, and he was asleep for the whole thing so this wasn’t the
real him. This was sleeping Edge. You liked sleeping Edge.

Your eyes glanced down toward the fuel gauge. You had 1/8th of a tank left. It would definitely be wise to get more gas, and since it was dark you would have to be super guarded since the undead preferred to shamble about during the night. Something about the heat of the day, and decaying flesh made the creatures more nocturnal, or more prone to stay indoors, not that it was unheard of to see them wandering about during the day, just not as likely.

Funny how car rides give you plenty of time to mull over everything. You knew you were paranoid enough to survive the world going to pot, but in the past day you felt like you had lived more than you had lived your entire life. You had never talked to someone as much as you talked to Edge, and you naturally found yourself fitting in to his routine. Perhaps it was your lonliness that drove you to naturally fill into his life.

It did perplex you how he could make you feel like a sexual object then in the same breath make you feel so safe and secure. His sexual presence was bothersome, but were you compromising your standards for safety?

Yes.

You knew his sexual advances wouldn’t escalate beyond groping… which sounded terrible, but there were people out here who wouldn’t hesitate to rape you. If minor ass gropeage protected you from hordes of undead and rogue humans, and delivered you safely to your family, it was well worth the minor violation of your person.

You would find a way to set him straight eventually.

Perhaps you could combat his sexual advances with some of your own? So what if you had no experience and would be laughable at best since your experience was a one night stand with some guy from your dorm, and a terrible one at that… So you could combat Edge by being overtly sexual too right?

But what if he took you up on that? What if you made one joke and he took it seriously, pinning you down and started nipping at your neck with his sharp teeth, whispering your name, that red tongue trailing along your jawbone…

“Stop it, stop it, stop it.” You grimaced, and cringed. That was the sleep deprivation talking. You so were not thinking about that nor did you want to. Who knew how many woman this degenerate had been with? He was probably riddled with STI’s or whatever, if he was even capable of sex. I mean, he lacked organs as far as you knew… but he did have that tongue… oh stop it! You’re getting carried away.

He probably meant to get into your head. He figured if he kept acting like a pervert you’d start to get curious and then he could take advantage of you. Hell would freeze over before you’d fall for that.

Hell. would. freeze. over.

Asshole.

Ha! You totally told him… oh man, you’re so mean! You shook your head. He was probably just being a pervert because that was who he was. He wasn’t trying to manipulate you. He was going out of his way to protect you, and ensure your safety, and here you were thinking the worst of him. Get it together Stowe.
Oooh! A gas station! You pulled over, the lights still on. You pulled up to the gas pump, and checked your surroundings with the mirrors, before turning the car off. “Edge, I’m going to get gas.”

He mumbled, and threw his arm over his closed eyesockets. Now that you were stopped you could examine him closer, or at least you would have, but being here, in the middle of night gave you the heebie jeebies. With Edge passed out, you would be better off, getting everything you need and going forward.

You slipped out of the SUV, with gun held in position, started for the gas building. Since no one was here, you would have to mess with the gas attendant’s switches to get the gas.

You peaked into the windows, but couldn’t see anything. You quietly opened the door, and peaked over the counter; empty.

Slipping over the counter, you kept your gun ready and aimed, while fiddling with the switches one handed. Nothing happened.

You tried again.

Click. Whhhooooossshhhhh.

Bingo!

You grabbed a snickers on the way out with a water bottle, and jogged back to the vehicle, popping open the gas compartment.

Pulling the nozzle you put it in and pulled the lever. You could hear the pump pumping, but no gas.

You pulled it out and tried it on the pavement.

Bone dry.

Heh. You’d laugh at the thought, but you needed gas. You glanced down the road and back at the gas pump. You sneaked into the building again, activating all the pumps, figuring to test them all before moving the car. There wasn’t any gas left.

With a disheartened sigh, you climbed back into the SUV. Surely there would be another gas pump a few miles down the road, right?

Wrong.

So utterly wrong.

Now, normally you could get to the next gas station in time if you were travelling at highway speeds, but with cars, dead bodies, and zombies shambling about, you had to drive significantly slower, and with the added additions to the car like the heavy grill guard, the lift on the tires, mileage was even worse. You were able to drive 30 minutes longer before the car sputtered and died.

“No, no, no, no, no… You are the car that can! I believe in you, just like the little toaster. Please? Please? Oh sweet baby sloths this is not happening, oh my god, I killed us, I killed us both!”

“sugar tits, shut up.” Edge grumbled next to you. You turned to him refusing to let the tears at the corner of your eyes slip as fear settled in your chest. Oh man, when Edge found out what you just did he was going to be livid. He trusted you to transport them and what did you do? You failed him. You failed him so bad.
“wait… sugar tits, why’s the car off?”

“I ran outta gas.” Your voice was heavy with unshed tears. “It’s 3 in the morning, and I’m tired, and I gotta pee, and I ran us out of gas in zombieland. I’m going to die, and I killed you with me.”

Edge pulled the lever, bringing his seat up, rubbing his eye with the back of his palm, the soft scraping the only noise besides your restrained sniffles.

“well fuck sugar tits.”

“I’m sorry, I’m so-rry.” You hiccuped, and tears started streaming down your face. “The last gas station was em-pty, and I thought we’d run i-nto another one before I ra-n out of gas, but I didn’t and n-ow were stra-nded and the zombies are going to e-eat m-me! I doh-n’t see ah-ny trees or ho-houses, ah-and I mes-sed uh-up!” You waved into the black abyss that was the night.

“shit yer such a whiny baby.”

You balled, and wanted to start wailing at him. You royally messed up and he was being a total dick about it. You scrubbed your face, your hand was still sore, and you could feel the throb of your shoulder.

“man, ya really fucked up this time.” He let out an exasperated sigh, and your face crumpled.

“Ahm, sor-ry!”

“the fuck we gonna do now?” You were a blubbering mess. “welp, guess yer gonna hafta get out and push us to the next gas station.

“B-b-but we have no idea how far the next gas station is and with all the zombies out there it would be a suicide mission.”

“did i ask for yer opinion? ya wanna stay alive do what i say. get yer ass out there and push.”

Your tears stopped immediately and you stared at him like he had a third eye. He looked like he was enjoying himself, like he was relishing in your misery. “i didn’ get us into this mess, so ya better fix it.” He growled at you.

Like a switch that flipped your worry and angst flipped into a white hot rage barely held back by the little bit of self-restraint you had left. “You’re a fucking dick!”

“nah sugar tits, i’m not a dick, but i got one if yer curious to see what it looks like.” He winked at you and made a crotch grab.

You shrieked and jumped out of the car, angrily scrubbing the tears off of your face. It took every ounce of your self-control to not attack him and try to rip his head off. You liked sleeping Edge much better. You slammed door for extra emphasis. You could hear him roaring with laughter, and you wanted to make him hurt so bad right then.

Fine! He wants you to push, you’ll push. “If I get eaten alive by zombies know that my first goal will be to rip you to shreds!”

He laughed even harder.

You braced your hands on the back of the car, and pushed for all that you were. It was hard, so hard, but you kept trying, ignoring the pain in your hand but it was too much so you put your good
shoulder against the car, and gave it everything you had. Finally it started moving, slowly, inching along. You could hear the wailing of a zombie, and you stopped, turning around, gun aimed into the dark abyss before you.

"i'll get the fuckers, ya keep pushin' sugar tits!" Edge barked at you. You growled, and despite your better judgement, set your gun back down and shoved your whole body back into the car.

Oh yeah, you were totally going to be devoured before you could get 10 feet.

“keep goin sugar tits.” He was egging you on, and you heard him firing a pistol into the night and the screams of the undead as he made contact. Go figure that asshole was good with a gun too. You were thankful and pissed off, why did such a pervert have to be so badass. Why couldn't you be badass? The more you thought about it, the more your rage fueled you.

“I’m going to eat you, and then I’ll laugh. I’ll laugh a horrible zombie laugh, and I will enjoy it because I’ll be a zombie and I’ll turn you into a zombie and then you’ll suffer with me for eternity until we decay into puddles of goo, you skeleton bastard!”

You didn’t think he could laugh any harder but he did. You could hear him slap his bony thigh, and wheeze.

You seethed, completely consumed by rage. “Oh yeah, yuck it up you numbskull. Think it’s so funny, yeah well it’s not. It’s not funny, it’s not… it’s not… shit… Edge… it isn’t funny.” Your legs gave out and you finally started sobbing, your hands covering your face and you fell into the back of the car. “I’m just some pathetic joke to you, aren’t I?” Your voice was small, sitting on the ground, weeping. You were so tired. You couldn’t remember the last time you slept, and your body hurt, and you thought having someone around would make things easier, but Edge was for lack of a better word, putting you on edge, but you were so desperate to not be alone in this godforsaken world and you didn’t know what to do, so you just sobbed.

“aw sugar tits, yer not a joke. past couple of months been hell, and ya been givin’ me a good time. ‘course we could have a really good time if yer up ta it?” Edge as grinning a shit eating grin. You looked up, your face tear stained, and saw that he was right. Your car was at the gas pump.

"but sugar tits, we’re at the next one.” Edge as grinning a shit eating grin. You looked up, your face tear stained, and saw that he was right. Your car was at the gas pump.

“Bu-bu-bu-but how?”

“yer so angry ya didn’t know how fast you were pushin’.”

He was so full of shit.

You stared at him unblinkingly.

His eyelight darted to the side then back to you. “ok, ok, maybe i used a shortcut.”


“ow, ow, ow, hey, stop. stop! I needed ya to push the car through the short cut.”
You stopped hitting him and scrubbed your face with your sleeve. “Why didn’t you tell me that you could do that?”

He barked a laugh, “and miss the chance to fuck with yer head. hell no!”

“I hate you so much right now.”

“aw, ya love me.” He winked.

You stared at him, breathing erratic. “No Edge, I hate you so much, I hate your guts, I hate them so bad!”

“heh, sorry ta disappoint ya sugar tits, but i ain’t got guts.”

Another shriek escaped and you pushed past him, purposely bumping his shoulder and grabbing the gas pump, shoving it into the car.

“watch yerself, yer getting cocky.”

You looked over your shoulder, and you could see that dark and foreboding look on his face. Your common sense was screaming to stop, calm down, think things through but your id was screaming, raging, and ready to take control. Having not slept in over a day, id won.

“I. Dare. You.” You hissed.

Edge stared at you, his face getting steadily more red. You could see thoughts, so many thoughts, and his hands move. His eyelights raked over your body and his breathing became heavier.

You didn’t move, your eyes locked onto his; you had made your challenge, and was ready for whatever consequence he had. You couldn't help but feel like he wanted to pin you down right then... Your mind was already coming up with battle tactics to throw him off... except he lacked a groin to kick... so what would you do?

He made one step toward you, his hand raised and finger pointing at you. He opened is mouth to speak, but it was like a cat had his tongue and he stared. You wanted to smart off but you knew right now you held the upper ground and saying anything would escalate the fight, and not in your favor. You could hear the scuffle of some zombies, but you knew you couldn’t break eye contact with Edge now.

You were winning this fight.

He clenched his hand, his face glowing bright red before letting out a guttural growl and his eye started glowing red, jagged bones flying out past you. You heard the deafening wails of zombies dying and smirked. You knew he would be the first to move and kill them.

Ha! Take that Edge!

He let out another savage growl, threw open the back of the SUV and pulled out a mustard bottle ripping the cap off and drinking the thing like it was liquid manna from heaven. You watched in awe and disgust. Once he finished the bottle he crumpled it, turned to look at you, his face bright red again, slammed the back shut and stomped toward the SUV.

With that settled it was time to go to pee, then it was time for your nap. It was Edge’s turn to drive.
Bonus: If reader had gotten lost it would have been like this…

When you realized that you had drove three hours the wrong way you were quick to correct that. Edge was still sleeping so thank the heavens he would be oblivious to your mistake. You knew he was the personality type to never let you live it down. Don’t mind the fact that you had not slept in 36 hours. You would be fine, you were a survivor after all.

Edge sat up rubbing his eyes, “the hell are we?” He grumbled.

You smiled with uncertainty. “uhm, somewhere.”

You drove past a sign saying that you were a few miles from Corpus Christi Texas.

Edge let out a frustrated sigh and glared at you. “ya got lost, didn’t ya?”

You swallowed and smiled brightly, “I just took a detour.”

He gave you a flat look, bemused.

“It’s an adventure!”

“shut up.”

“Okay.” You replied bashfully.

“pull over.”

“What? Why?”

“ya suck at drivin’ an’ ‘m gonna take over.”

“Nooooo,” You whined, “I’ll do better next time, I promise! It was hard to follow the streets because of road blockages, and some signs were missing. It wasn’t really my fault so much as just bad roads.”

“pull over sugar tits. you lost caddy driving privileges.”


He shook his head.

The car made a gurgling sound sputtered and died.

"why the hell we stop?"

You looked down at the gas gauge your eyes darting back to him.

"well?"

"We, uh, we ran out of gas."
"well fuck sugar tits."

*ending inspired by UltimateGamer101 (wanted reader to get lost and run out of gas) and lonewolf41m (borrowed dialogue because it was just too good not to)

Also, next chapter will start out on Edge's POV
As soon as you climbed into the car, you reclined the seat back, kicked off your shoes, and bunched up your jacket into a makeshift pillow. Ideally it wasn’t the best bed, but in comparison to not sleeping for several hours as well as not having to watch your six or create an elaborate set up to rest without waking up to the undead feasting on your innards this was the equivalent of a 5 star hotel… okay, 3 star hotel.

As soon as your shoes came off Edge began protesting.

“fuck! do ya hafta take your shoes off?” his face was bright crimson, his eyes darting nervously to your socks.

You gave him an incredulous look, “Of course! Do you realize how uncomfortable it is to sleep with shoes on? I only did it before in case I had to wake up running. Since I’ve got you watching my back I need to do everything possible to get the best sleep… so yeah… the shoes are coming off.”

He let out an uncomfortable huff, and mumbled a whatever.

You adjusted your body, and once you were comfortable, you were out faster than a one legged man in a butt kicking contest.

Edge’s POV:

Edge glanced at your socks nervously, and rubbed the back of his neck with the hand that wasn’t holding the steering wheel. He had debated on telling you that you showing your socks made him uncomfortable, and irrationally aroused, but then you’d probably never let him live down that fetish. Granted you said he was entitled to as many freaky fetishes as possible, he didn’t need you judging or teasing him over them.

You’d also figure out why he wanted you to wear those socks in the first place.

His eyes traveled toward your feet again and he let out a grumble, his face glowing red. His eyelights slowly trailed up your legs then rested on the soft curves of your hips and ass before ascending
The soft pink lips, slightly agape as you breathed in and out deeply, the light tan and dirt smudges on your face, and his favorite feature; the light freckles that sat high on your cheekbones... so faint, but damn if that wasn't the cutest thing he'd ever seen.

His eyes lingered back to your socks and he let out a frustrated sigh. Those damned socks would end up being his undoing. He shimmied out of his jacket and threw it over your body, being extra careful to tuck his coat around your feet.

With them hidden, his urges lessened... enough.

Maybe someday he could indulge that fetish with you.

With the jacket over your body, you let out a gentle sigh, your hand clutching it closer, snuggling into it. He rolled his eyes, a small smile tugging at his teeth.

"sugar tits, ya don’t know it, but yer an angel in this hell..." He said with his deep baritone. You didn’t respond, and he preferred it that way. He didn’t need you to know how you made him feel. How much fun he had teasing you about running the car out of gas was hilarious. You were so flustered and apologetic, and to watch you go from a weeping mess into a raging banshee was the best. Your threats were by far his favorite and he knew he would have to prank you again.

Watching your emotions swing like a pendulum was entertaining. He missed human interaction and comfort... His eyes drifted toward you again, lustfully. If only you knew the lewd thoughts that circled in his mind.

If only you knew how badly you affected him maybe you’d quit acting so cocky and run for your life. He knew he was a pervert, and he loved getting his little gropes in, but the self-control it took to not go any further was maddening. When he told you he wouldn’t let anything happen to you, he meant it... but how long could he keep that promise?

Edge was irritated.

He had spent the last few months in silence and now having the chance to have a companion, they were asleep, and he was sitting in silence again. He had tried to wake you, shook you, yelled at you, everything, but you were O-U-T. If he didn’t know better he would have thought you died, but every time he got nervous about that you would shift, or mumble or something.

You sat up suddenly, looked at him smiling wide, “I think we should adopt a puppy.”

He jumped, and if he had skin he would’ve jumped out of that, “w-what?”

“Yeah, she would be so cute.” You smiled and lay back down, readjusting the coat, your one foot poking out.

His eyes fastened on the skeleton sock clad foot, heat rising in his cheekbones, and his soul throbbing, thoughts of taking in a stray mutt thrown to the wayside

“shit sugar tits, put that thing away.” He huffed, but you didn’t respond. “sugar tits, are ya listenin’ ta me?”

You let out a little moan, and stretched, your feet readjusting themselves on the dashboard as you stretched out.
His eyes were wide as saucers and his face crimson as both socks were now taunting him, and you curled your toes in the cutest and sexist way possible.

Ah shit… he was so fucking turned on right now.

By those fucking socks.

Why the hell did he have to give those to you?

Fuck those socks.

Fuck you.

Oh shit, he really wanted to.

“i’m such a fucking pervert.” He growled, covering his face with his free hand. An idea came to him, and lifting his hand up, he used magic to manipulate your body back into fetal position before forcing his jacket over your feet again.

He had to readjust you five more times.

Hell would freeze over before he told you of this.

Your POV:

Your body felt unusually stiff… like you were forced into a position, and held there. You stretched, and noticed the strong smell of cigarette smoke and mustard… and faux fur in your face.

Oh, Edge put his jacket on you.

That was… surprisingly nice actually.

“do ya hafta keep shoving yer socks in my face?” Edge’s voice was unusually gruff. You looked over, noticing his face bright red. You titled your head to the side, really looking at him. Was that a blush?

“Do my feet stink?” You felt a little self-conscious, and hurriedly put them back in your shoes. He looked like he was contemplating something then he finally nodded.

“yeah, they stink. next time keep yer shoes on.”

Your lips turned into a frown, throwing your jacket over to him, and you laced up your shoes, double knotting them (Rule 19). Granted you felt much better and a lot more sane than last night, getting chewed out over your stinky feet (were they really that bad?) was a kind of sucky way to wake up. At least some chips would help ease the sorrows of early morning tongue lashings. Hmm, what flavor were you feeling this morning…? Oooh, was that a Sea Salt and Garlic… ooh, but you didn’t want bad breath for the rest of the day.

Ah whatever, that was what gum was for!

You happily grabbed the bag, opening it and munching with much glee. So what if you’re traveling with a sadistic evil skeleton with poor taste for jokes, you had chips! What more could you ask for? That was rhetorical, there was a lot you could ask for.

You were softly humming a song as you munched away.
“damn sugar tits, ya always wake up so happy?”

You looked over bright eyed and quizzical. “I’ve got chips, Edge. How can I not wake up happy? I got at least five hours of sleep—“

“nine.” He interjected gruffly.

You blinked.

His gaze focused intently on the road as he avoided abandoned cars and “swerved” over the few brave zombies who wanted to shamble about during the daylight. He was having too much fun running them over when the opportunity presented itself.

“I slept nine hours? That explains why I feel so fantastic,” your eyes were wide, and you were all smiles. It made so much sense despite the stiffness of some of your joints, you did feel pretty good.

“So, where are we now?”

“We just passed through Joplin.”

You grimaced. You weren’t making good time, but then when you couldn’t go very fast because of road blocks it was only inevitable. At least you had a car to travel with… without a car the journey would take at least a month maybe a few. With a car it would take a few days… an idea struck you.

“So…” You did a suggestive eyebrow waggle, “Last night you were a real ass, but that teleportation crap, why don’t we just teleport to Stowe?”

He looked over and shrugged, “not that easy. I can’t travel very far with another person, and I haven’t been to Stowe so I couldn’t go there anyway.”

“Why don’t we teleport to the closest point?”

“were ya listenin’? I said I can’t travel very far with another person.”

“Oh yeah.” You nodded, pressing your lips together. “Right. So…”

“ya sick of me already?” He spoke gruffly.

You shook your head, “No, um, no not really. I was just thinking of ways to travel quicker, and um, safer.”

“yeah sure, and as soon as ya get to yer family we’re gonna part ways.”

“I thought that was assumed… I mean, I figured you got your things and I got mine… and… aw, Edge, you’re not getting attached are ya?” You winked playfully.

He looked at you eyes narrowed dangerously, his grin menacing. “hell no! I don’t get attached to anyone!”

Woah, you hit a raw nerve. You had the sudden urge to pacify him because you didn’t want to piss him off to the point that he kicked you out of the car right outside of Joplin.

Cities always meant zombies…. Always.

“So… yeah, great prank last night. You totally got me riled up, ha ha…” Getting some sleep helped the rage to dissipate. It was hard to be angry when you got more sleep in one night then you’ve had
in one week, and hadn’t been sexually assaulted!

He was still glaring, only now focusing on the road. “I know yer changing the subject cause yer scared of me.”

“Yes. The Great and Terrible Edge, your greatness has me quaking in my boots.” Your tone was laced with sarcasm and humor.

He winced, and his expression shifted to a sorrowful one. What did you say?

“Just shut up.” He said hitting the play button, the mix CD playing on the car stereo. You let out a soft sigh, confused.

Seeing Edge all angsty filled you with determination, and you determined right then that you would crack the façade he was presenting you with. You would help Edge with whatever he was dealing with.

Lunch time involved you eating some MRE foods which were kind of gross, but full of calories and nutrition which was pivotal to your survival. As delicious as chips were, they were empty calories and you could not afford that during times like these.

Edge had pounded his fourth bottle of mustard, and you were so sick of the flavor of your chicken alfredo you were about to attempt something so bold, it may piss him off or make him like you. You had to take the gamble.

“May… I have some mustard?”

He paused mid guzzle to look at you eyes wide. “Ya like mustard?”

You shrugged, smiling shyly. “I like a little bit. Can’t eat too much because it’ll make me sick.”

He raised a brow, then handed over the bottle. You reached for it when he pulled it back chuckling sinisterly. Your small smile disappeared, replaced by a frown. “What’cha gonna do to earn some?”

He was going to make you earn some? Jerk. You let out a huff and shrugged. “You don’t want this stuff, it’s bad. I mean… if you do, I’ll share… but…”

“Yeah, I want some.” His grin stretched.

You swallowed, and held out your small tray. He poured an ungodly amount of the yellow substance over it. “Now feed me.”

Your jaw slacked, mouth shaping a perfect “o”. Was he being serious? Yes, he was.

If that was what he wanted, you would accommodate him, what was the worst that could happen? He opened his maw, giving you a chance to really get to see his mouth. Beyond the rows of jagged teeth was the inner workings of a mouth, similar to yours, but all bone. Honestly, it was pretty neat, and once you put the fork in there, his teeth closed around it. You pulled the fork out, and a red translucent tongue ran across his teeth.

“Yer right, that taste like shit.” He laughed a little, his bony hand covering yours.

You felt heat rise in your cheeks, and you stared at him curiously.
“my turn.”

His turn? What did he mean?

The fork slipped out of your hand, and he shoveled a bite onto it, bringing it to your lips. “What, no, you’re not feeding me.”

He let out a deep baritone chuckle, his eyes dancing with mischief. “c’mon sugar tits. say ‘ah’.”

“I-“ he shoved the bite into your mouth.

You glared at him, and deliberately chewed the food. The mustard was an improvement… but did he have to be such an ass? He scooped another bite into his mouth. When you swallowed he held another bite up to your lips.

“Why?” And he got another bite in. “The hell?” you held your hand over your mouth as you talked.

“ah, no talking with yer mouth full.” He snickered. You rolled your eyes, and finished your bite. He had another bite ready. You held your hand over your mouth.

“I can feed myself.”

“either i feed ya, or ya don’t eat.” He grabbed your food tray, and you knew he’d dump it… you just knew. Giving him a flat look, you opened your mouth, and that was how you finished the rest of your meal; him alternating between feeding himself and feeding you. It was degrading, but it wasn’t worth the fight.

You had to admit, you didn’t understand Edge, and you really wanted to because you had a feeling that despite his perverted nature, there was something worth uncovering deeper underneath.

You wondered if a few days would be enough… if you would have enough time until you parted ways.

“I gotta find a bathroom.” You stated, standing up and brushing your pants off. He grunted and shoved his hands into his pockets, leaning back and closing his eyes. Was he really going to sleep here? He was such a weirdo.

After checking the bathroom (rule 4) you took care of your business, and brushed your teeth, doing everything possible to get the MRE “pasta” out of your teeth. Once satisfied, you exited the bathroom, gun held ready. Looking ahead, Edge was already in the car, fiddling with the car radio.

You made it two steps out of the bathroom when a zombie rounded the corner on you. You aimed and shot, but it was a chest hit, and its broken gait was still gaining on you.

You ran as fast as you could toward the black SUV, and jiggled the handle.

It was locked.

“Edge, the hell?!” You screamed. His pinpricks slid toward you, and he grinned wider.

“do something sexy and i’ll unlock the door.”

You looked over your shoulder to see two other zombies join the first one, their broken gaits terrifying and within a matter of seconds they would be at you. You turned around and fired, taking the first zombie out, and started running around the SUV. “EDGE, UNLOCK THE FUCKING DOOR!”
“dance fer me, sugar tits!” He cackled.

You unloaded your shot gun into the second zombie, but only took out it’s legs. You had one shell left.

“EDGE!”

“heh, c’mon sugar tits.” He sounded so fucking casual. Like you weren’t being chased by carnivorous meat bags.

You turned to your door, glaring and did a little shimmy.

“nah, not sexy enough.” He shrugged, and feigned a yawn.

“EDGE I FUCKING HATE YOU!” You were running around the SUV again. You could take out one zombie, or cripple the other one and give yourself more time to dance for the perverted sack of bones that was supposed to be helping you.

“gimme a show sugar tits.”

You fired and only damged the fully functioning zombie… shit.

In a moment of panic, you turned toward the SUV standing outside of Edge’s window, and did the only thing you could think of that would get him to unlock that stupid door.

You grabbed the hem of your shirt, and pulled it up, exposing your breasts.

“holy shit!” You heard him breathe, and the click of the door unlocking.

Face on fire with shame, you quickly ran to your door, knocking back a zombie with the butt of your gun and jumped in.

“I fucking hate you with everything with in me.” You hissed.

Edge looked at you sheepishly, his face glowing bright red. Was he blushing? Shit, he really liked that? You crossed your arms over your chest and looked out the window, breathing hitched.

You would get him back, that you vowed to yourself.

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Chapter End Notes

POLL TIME!
Edge and Stowe (Reader) will find a house to sleep in tonight.

At the house they’ll have a lot to talk about. Here’s where you come in:

Will Edge make a confession (about his past)
Or
Will Stowe make a pass at Edge

You get to decide how things unfold, so place your vote!
The Cabin in the Woods

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

Don't play with fire unless you want to get burned... Yeah, I'm talkin' to you Stowe.

Chapter Notes

Wowza guys! I love the audience participation! With a vote of 17 to 8 it has been decided by the masses that Stowe gets her flirt on and makes a pass at the Edgy Skeleton *winks and points finger guns*!

Also, I'm so glad that I waited until today to finish the chapter because last night while I was sick my writer brain was going 1000 miles a minute I had an wonderful writer revelation to push the story along and hopefully make you all happy (since that is my main goal)!

I love your comments inputs and suggestions! And kudos... and well, you all just being there reading this, and enjoying the folly of my mind... okay i'll shut up and get on with the story!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

You sat in silence for the longest time. There were things you wanted to say, oh so many things, but you knew it was wiser to keep your mouth shut. Bide your time, plot your revenge.

As the old saying goes, revenge is a dish best served cold.

You were mortified that the pervert next to you knew what your breasts looked like now, horrified that he actually liked it, and disconcerted that even when you were being chased by zombies, he thought it was humorous to prank you. It honestly takes someone with a demented sense of humor to play pranks like that. You never minded a joke or a prank, but there was a courtesy, a line that one does not cross and he kept crossing that line.

What kind of prank would you do? How would you make him pay? How far did you want to take this?

“i uh, i didn’ mean ta put ya out like that.”

You exhaled sharply, grinding your teeth.

“i was only pickin’ on ya. didn’ think ya go and show me yer tits.”

Your head whipped toward him, and you snarled, “What the hell did you think I was going to do Edge? I was being chased by zombies and was out of ammo.”
He looked away guiltily, and shrugged, “i was only pickin’ on ya, jeez sugar tits. heh, your tits are pretty sweet.” His cheekbones were bright red and he laughed awkwardly.

Your eyes closed and you suppressed the anger swelling within you. He would pay.

“i’m sorry… i’ll tone it down, k?”

You stayed silent.

You would still make him pay.

“ya can’t stay quiet foreva, sugar tits.”

You currently had the aura of an ice queen. If your demeanor could chill the air, it would be frigid, and if looks could kill, Edge would’ve been a pile of dust. You talked to him on the bare necessities such as ‘I got to pee’ and ‘we need to get that’ and etcetera. The longer you iced him out, the more nervous he became.

_Suffer as I have suffered._ You thought with a deep and raspy imaginary voice.

This time of quiet did give you plenty of time to think of the perfect way to mess with his head. You had thought of elaborate pranks to pretend you were bitten, but then thought against that because if he did think you were infected he might kill you before you could convince him of your jape.

The idea came to you when you were grabbing something from him and your fingers brushed his. He pulled back suddenly and seemed jumpy, his alabaster cheekbones now colored crimson, and darted away to take care of errands.

Wait.

Wait one flipping moment.

Did he just…

Act flustered?

Because your fingers brushed his?

**OH SWEET BABY SLOTHS, YOU KNEW HOW TO GET EDGE BACK!**

If that really flustered him, then what would happen if you made an advance on him? Often times in shows, movies, books, and fan fiction if a character acted overly sexual and came on pretty hard to other characters they couldn’t handle advancements themselves… was he one of them?

You snorted in mockery, this was like a bad plot. A bad plot you were going to try because why the hell not. It was the friggin apocalypse, who knew if you would survive tomorrow?

With the birth of that beautiful revelation you knew how you would exact your revenge.

It was the longest day of your life. Sitting in discontented anger really wore on your nerves, and being a natural optimist, it rubbed against your nature. You were tired and ready to get out of the vehicle and rest.

Edge had resigned himself to the stifling silence as you refused to talk, and honestly, when he finally
shut his filthy mouth it gave your nerves a chance to calm down.

He’s also lucky he never uttered the phrase “calm yer tits” because if he had, you would’ve have tried to rip his head off. You were sure he thought of it a few times though because you did see him glance toward you, down at your boobs then snicker.

The sun was beginning its descent into the horizon, the sky painted with beautiful purples, pinks, and blues that took your breath away. It was almost enough to make you forget, even if only for a moment, that the world was in chaos and you were travelling with a lecherous skeleton.

Edge had lead the SUV down the back roads, mumbling about finding a house out in the boonies and how that would be safer than a house in the city or in suburbia. You were getting anxious and the idea of sleeping in the car again seemed unpleasant so you were quick to agree.

Finally, high up on the hill, you stumbled across a quaint log cabin that looked unoccupied with some slight overgrowth in the yard. You mean, honestly, who would be living all alone in the middle of nowhere? They would have to either be insane preppers or the type of person who loved living off the grid. Speaking of off the grid… this house had solar panels set up, and their own rain catcher… so water and electric seemed to be highly probable… Yaaassss.

You got out of the car and stretched your limbs, limbering up in case you were attacked (Rule 18). Sans stared at you strangely as you worked your legs and arms, going through your routine. “Limbering up to prevent pulling a muscle.”

He raised a browbone, “k.”

He locked the car, and he jiggled the handle to the front door but it was locked. “one moment.” He disappeared. You heard him grunting from the other side of the door, before it swung open, him smiling suggestively at you, giving you lazy jazz hands.

Did he want you to praise him? Was he being serious? Fine, you’ll play his game.

You bit your lip, and looked up at him through your eyelashes, “Thank you Edge, That was amazing.” You made sure your voice was dripping with pretentious flirting.

His smile fell just a little bit and his eyes widened as his eyelights darted to the side nervously. “its, uh, no big deal.” He stepped to the side, scratching the back of his head.

Huh. You didn’t really expect that. You stepped into the house, sparing a glance back at him. His eyes were fastened to your butt, and you rolled yours. Of course he’d be looking there.

“I’m going to check for supplies and rations.” You informed him, disappearing into the other room. He grunted, and you could hear logs shifting around.

You flicked the switch and the light came on. The kitchen was a mess with dishes piled up in the sink and the trash can over flowing with junk food wrappers. You gingerly reached for the cabinet handle, and cringed upon contact with the sticky surface.

Everything felt gross and unkept. You hurriedly looked through the cabinets, grabbing what was still good with the intentions of making you and Edge something to eat. You had to wash a few dishes, and luckily the soap they had was untouched so, you went to work.

The one thought that resonated in your mind over and over again was; whomever lived here previously was kind of disgusting.
You cleaned up what you needed to access, and you whipped up something that was hardy and palatable. You were definitely not a gourmet chef, but at least you would have something besides MRE’s to eat. With a plate of food in both hands, you came back into the living room; Edge was crouched over the fireplace, gingerly fanning the flames.

The idea of getting to sit in front of a fire and relax, like genuinely relax, brought a smile to your face.

With the fire stable he sat back on his haunches, and turned to look up at you, his grin stretching.

“aw sugar tits, am i in yer good graces again?”

Alrighty girl, lets do this again. Smile shyly, yep like that, and look at him through your eyelashes, and don’t look like you’ve got something in your eye!

“I thought that it would be nice if we ate something besides emergency food… I’m sorry if it isn’t good.”

His smile faltered, and you stepped forward, offering up one of the plates. His cheek bones were dusted red, and he murmured a silent thank you. You sat next to him, letting your leg accidentally brush his.

He jerked away so fast you did a double take.

You sank your teeth into PB and J tortilla since that was the only thing that wasn’t molded, and he did the same. At least with tortillas it wouldn’t be too bad with getting trapped in your braces.

As you were eating your eyes drifted around the room. It was a quaint log cabin with a simple couch, a tube television, the rug you both were currently sitting on, a couch that looked undesirable and had cheese puff residue smeared on it, and a CD player in the corner with a stack of CD’s.

Curiosity getting the better of you, you got up and wandered over to CD player. Several of the CDs looked to be burned copies. Looking them over you let out a delighted squeal. “Ah Pentatonix!” You jumped up, holding the burned CD with the name of the band scribbled in sloppy handwriting.

“the hell’s that?”

You scoffed, “An amazing acapella group. I’ve listened to all of their songs, and they’re my fav.”

“omg, like totes?” He said with a mocking high falsetto. You glowered.

“I hate you for that.” You dead panned, and he cackled. “And because of that I’m going to make you listen to their entire CD.”

“wha? hell no! ya ain’t makin’ me do nuthin.”

“Oh shush Edgey McEdgerson.” You replied playfully, popping the CD in. The first song to play was Learn to Love Again.

“Oh my gosh, I love this song.”

Taste the pain upon my tongue,

Novocain to make me numb,
Don’t you worry ‘cause the night is young,

Dance until the morning sun,

Morning sun

Morning sun,

Morning, Morning, morning-ning, ning, ning, ning, ning…

You sat yourself beside him again, playfully bobbing to the music. His eyelights were fastened on to you, but he was trying so hard to put off an air that he didn’t care.

“Isn’t it amazing that they just use their voices? I mean, yeah they use studio effects too, but no instruments.” You grinned turning toward him. “You like them?”

He rolled his eyes, “hell no, they sound like shit.”

Your smile fell, and you bit the inside of your cheek nodding. “I knew I shouldn’t have asked,” you said softly, a little flummoxed as to Edge being a total toad. He definitely was in need of some pranking…

The next song came on and a roguish smile tugged at your lips. You stood up and started swaying your hips to the song, turning to face Edge. “Dance with me.” You stepped in time with music to him, reaching for his hands.

He pulled back, his face bright red, sitting on the floor. “wha… sugar tits, get off of me.”

You put your finger up to his teeth, your other hand locking in with his phalanges, smiling wide. “C’mon Edge. It’s just us. No one to see or to judge, and I haven’t danced in sooooo long. Please, please, please, please?” You batted your eyelashes, and he tugged at his hand to him, looking extremely uncomfortable, the pinpricks of his eyes darting around wildly. “sweetheart.”

“Tell me am I going crazy (uh huh).” You sang, knees bent, your fingers grabbing the front of his jacket. “Tell me, have I lost my mind.”

“ya, yer insane.” He said weakly, his body stiff.

You chuckled, “Don’t tell me you’re on edge because I’m flirting with you.” You whispered, smiling coquettishly. “C’mon Edge, enjoy the little things. Rule 32.”

He swat your hands away and you tugged at his coat again, “Please.” Your voice was low and pleading. He was making this too easy… flirting with him, teasing him.

He swallowed, closing his eyes for a second before looking at you defeated. “oh jeez.” He finally got off the ground, standing awkwardly before you.

“Kissin’ in the moonlight, movies on a late night. Getting’ old…”

“do ya hafta sing?” He looked down, his face practically glowing. You laughed lightly, his feet shuffling, albeit reluctantly in time. You shifted his hands to rest on your back, and you placed yours on his shoulders, eyes sparkling impishly. Perhaps you would lead him on, then when he got close, pull away and tell him you were kidding. Ah heck, you were having too much fun dancing.
His eyelights finally shifted from the floor and met your eyes; your gazes locked. *Thump thump.* His grin softened, and he relaxed, pulling you closer into him. Your heart started pounding, but you fought to keep your playful look. It was the music, yeah, that was why your heart was pounding.

“*Give me that can’t sleep love (Gimme that can’t sleep). I want that can’t sleep love (Gimme that can’t sleep).*”

“Stowe,” his voice was low like black velvet on your ears.

“The kind I dream about all day, the kind that keeps me up all night, give me that can’t sleep love. Yea-” His hand came up and gently brushed your cheek, and your stomach did a flip, your breath catching. Your eyes trained to him, that stupid grin on your face falling. You had to regain your composure, what you were feeling, it was the environment, it had nothing to do with you. He was an lecherous jerk, and you didn’t like him.

You pulled away, hips swaying, your hands guiding his to your hips.

He swallowed, his expression so serious, and you continued to move in time to the music, turning your back to him, and brushing your body up against him. His grip on your hips tightened, and he pulled you into him roughly, his tongue sliding up your neck. You shivered, heart hammering in your chest, eyes closed. “don’t tease me…”

“Because I can’t do it anymore…” This feeling, oh man you knew this feeling. Why now? Why him? Was it because there’s no one here to judge? You opened your eyes, turning your head to look at him. You knew this had gone too far… and you let it. This was supposed to be a prank, but these feelings inside of you were spurring you on, pushing you forward. Edge closed his eyes and started to lean in, and you found yourself doing the same.

“Awkwarrd.” An annoying and nasally voice interrupted. It was as if your world was in a bubble and that voice was like a pinprick, popping it and hurling you and Edge back to reality.

You both pushed away from each other, and you grabbed the nearest thing, which was the poker from the fire place. Edge stood there, posture defensive, glaring.

“Jerry…” He hissed.

“Jerry?”

“Ugh, guys do you have to do that in my home? KA-sigh.”

Chapter End Notes

Last chapter one of you guys mentioned that this fic kinda inspires you to want to make fan art... Now I just want to say if you feel like you *must* do that, then please please please share that stuff with me because I want to see how you interpret this story! I have a tumblr http://readsleepcoffee.tumblr.com/

**I will also aim to have a poll next chapter since I didn't really have one in mind at the end of this one :3 I'm also open to poll suggestions.**

Let me know what you guys think :3
Tormented

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

Night of the Jerry... It's Edge and Stowe against the Jerry... So not a Jerrylicious time...

Chapter Notes

So… last chapter was a hit, amirite??? *crickets chirping* Uh… so yeah, I purposely didn’t tag Jerry as a character because I wanted to surprise you all *throws confetti and watches it flitter to the floor with disappointment* Surprise…?

Okay… maybe the Jerry bit was a bit too much… *pinches the bridge of nose* I’m too far invested so I’ll find a way to fix it this chapter… but I’ll be honest, I cackled with a good amount of your responses… okay, I cackled with all of them. I honestly did. I’m terrible and horrible and your pain was my amusement.

Poll at end should fix it, right?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“jerry…” He hissed.

“Jerry?”

“Ugh, guys do you have to do that in my home? KA-sigh.”

Your nose wrinkled at the strange monstrosity before you. His body was shaped like a UFO with weird shifty eyes, lips that he kept licking and, the hell? Is he seriously scratching his butt right in front of you? You wrinkled your nose in disgust unable to tear your eyes from the weird monstrosity before you… you knew how rude it was to stare but you just couldn’t stop.

Jerry’s eyes shifted from Edge to you, and a weird smile stretched his lips. “So, like, what were you even doing?”

Your eyes darted to Edge who looked at you; and you were speechless. What were you supposed to say? That you were about to lock lips… lock teeth… um… smooch a skeleton? How does one smooch a skeleton… crap Stowe, focus!

“doesn’t matter what we were doin, the hell you doin’ here?” Edge snapped back, full of composure. For once you were so thankful that he could rebound so quickly.

“Ugh, you guys are like, in my house.” Right… he said that earlier didn’t he?

“Technically it’s a cabin.” You interjected shamelessly. As soon as you said that you regretted it because his creepoid gaze focused on you, and you couldn’t explain why, but him looking at you
made you feel awkward. “I’m sorry…” You looked down abashed.

“I guess I could, like, let you stay,” He sounded as if what he said was a huge freaking favor.

“nah, we’re good. let’s go sugar tits.” Edge grabbed your arm, and you let him drag you to the door. You were kind of sad to go, but then not. You wanted to sleep in a house, and in front of a fire! But this “Jerry” guy was just… ugh.

“Could you guys give me a ride to town?” Jerry’s voice made Edge stop as he grabbed your hand, and Edge’s eye sockets went dark.

“hell no.”

You started tugging on your arm and leaning your body into Edge, feeling awkward and not sure what to say. Jerry was so clingy.

“The wifi sucks here!”

“get yer hands off of her.” The skeleton’s voice was low, and Jerry let go, and stepped closer.

“C’mon, you guys can give me a ride. Your car is big enough.” His gaze was suspicious and accusatory; like you guys didn’t want to be around him… and he would be right.

You don’t know why, but you didn’t like talking because then it drew attention to you, and Jerry just creeped you out. His eyes darted to you again, and you turned your attention to Edge. Watching him made you feel a little less uncomfortable, and he was sort of acting like a protector.

“no.” Edge’s voice was firm.

“You guys can’t ditch me.” He said flatly. “I’ve been stuck out here too long, and the wifi sucks. I’m coming.”

Oh my lanta! This guy was freaking pretentious and annoying. Could he not take the hint that you both didn’t want him around.

“i guess i’ll just hafta dusta ya.” The grin on the skeleton’s face turned sinister, and he raised a hand summoning a sharpened calcified weapon.

“No!” You threw yourself on Edge, who wasn’t suspecting it and stumbled back, you fell with him.

“You can’t kill him! yeah he’s freaking weird but, you can’t!” You pleaded, and Edge growled, letting the bone disappear.

“Ugh, you suck at dusting.” Jerry rolled his eyes and scratched his butt again.

You scrambled off of Edge, a blushing mess, and bumped into Jerry who grabbed your hand. You yanked your hand out of his, and stumbled into Edge again who held you firmly, Jerry taking a step closer.

“Dude, you gotta get out of my bubble.” You replied nervously, giving him a wary look. His eyes shifted over you again and that weird ass smile came back.

“You’re kind of cute. Like, you’re dirty, which is gross, but still cute.”

You threw up in your mouth a little bit right then.

You heard a low chuckle from the skeleton, and you lightly elbowed him. He guffawed and leaned
his face next to your ear.

“hear that sugar tits, he’s got the hotts for ya.”

Yep… tonight couldn’t get any worse.

“So… we’re going, right Edge?” You looked at him with pleading eyes. He looked back, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

“nah, jer yer cool with us stayin’ here, right?”

Jerry let out an KA-sigh, his hot breath touching your skin and making it crawl, and the odor coming out of his mouth threatening to make you spew up the contents of your dinner.

“I guess I could, like, let you stay. You only kind of annoy me, hahahaha!”

What a doucecanoe…

You looked back to Edge, visibly frowning. He totally found it worth it that Jerry was trying to flirt with you because his grin was reaching his eyes and he was biting back laughter. Yay you! You get to spend the evening being ‘flirted’ with by a douche, and hit on by an asshole!

Stowe, you know how to pick ’em.

“If I’m staying here, I’m taking a shower.” You replied defeated, shoulder’s sagging.

Jerry seemed to brighten up, “I’ve never had a cute girl use my shower.”

Why. the. hell. would. you. say. that?!

“And after tonight you never will again.” You muttered under your breath, slipping around him, and grabbing your backpack. Tonight was going to be a long night…

His bathroom wasn’t clean.

His bathroom was not clean.

He did not clean his bathroom.

You closed your eyes for a good minute standing at the doorway. Would a shower in this place be worth it?

All you wanted was to stand under a hot stream of water, relaxing, letting your cares go along with the built up dirt and grime and forget for a second that you almost made out with a skeleton and have Jerry mentally undressing you every 2 minutes.

You sniffled a little bit, then took one step in, setting your back pack down. Under the sink he had a barely touched sponge, and cleaner.

You decided once you were done cleaning the bathtub, you were going to take a long and hot shower and be sure to use up all of his hot water. This, you deserved.

You didn’t do a great job cleaning because that would’ve taken hours. You did the bare minimum to make it clean enough to shower in, and once that was done you slipped out to the living room where Jerry was droning on and on about the things that bothered him.
Edge perked up when you walked in, then looked at you confused.

“ya didn’ shower.”

“Uh yeah, um, I’m not really comfortable showering alone.” You looked down shyly. Edge’s face blushed bright red and his smile was down right carnal.

“sugar tits, i didn’t realize ya were so eager ta go ta the bonezone.”

“What? No! I mean, um, I just need you to guard me while I shower. You can’t watch!”

Rule number 3 was becoming a real pain in your ass right now. You didn’t want to risk a zombie eating you naked, and your only option was to either shower with a gun and that could potentially ruin it, and it might misfire if it got wet, and you could slip and hit your head, and well… you get the idea. There were too many liabilities, and it would be easier if Edge sat in. As long as there was a shower curtain between you, you would be fine’ish.

“welp, what kind of skeleton am i to say no to such an offer?” He stood up giving you a saucy wink.

“I should watch too, because, it’s like my house, and I’m letting you stay here.” Jerry jumped up eagerly, licking his lips again.

“Nope! Edge is like… um… my partner.” You replied nervously. “And he’s like super jealous so… Nope. Just Edge can come.”

Jerry gave you an annoyed glance and sat back down grumbling about how much you sucked, while Edge chuckled. “Why do you keep calling him Edge. His name is Sa-“

“shut da fuck up!” Edge cut him off, glaring.

Jerry rolled his eyes and pulled out powdered donuts, shoving fistfuls into his mouth.

He was the epitome of disgusting. Suppressing another gag you turned around your skeleton partner following you closely, and you could feel his eyes roaming you up and down. You stopped at the doorway and turned to face him.

“So this is what I’m going to do. I’m going to go in, and get undressed. Once I’m good, I’m going to shout for you, and you can come in.”

“aw, sugar tits, i’ve already seen the girls, why don’t ya just let me see the rest?”

You felt heat in your cheeks but ignored the blush and him and continued. “I’m only doing this because it would be my luck that a zombie attacks me while I’m in the shower. If you really don’t want to do this, you could sit with Jerry.”

He grinned wider. “or jerry could sit with ya.”

“And then a zombie breaks in and eats me. Sounds fabulous.”

He snickered, and you shook your head sighing with exasperation, heading in to begin your shower. You turned on the water to let it heat up, and faced the door, undressing, and slipped into the shower, the warm water relaxing you already. “Okay, I’m good.”

“ya know, if i wanted ta take advantage of ya, it’d be so easy. ya leave yerself wide open.” His voice was low, and humored.
“You already have.” You replied automatically, thinking of all the free gropes he already got in.

“sugar tits, ya have no idea what i’m capable of.” He growled, his tone feral. You closed your eyes, refusing to acknowledge the shiver that sent up your spine. What the hell was wrong with you?

You didn’t say anything, just letting the water run down your back. When you looked down the water was brown from all the dirt on you. You let out a soft sigh, thinking back to right before Jerry showed up. You wanted to flirt with Edge to mess with him, but got carried away dancing. His bony hands were so warm, and feeling him touch your hips sent a thrill through you, and then, when he pulled you in, his tone deep, demanding, warning you… the way your heart throbbed. It wasn’t innocent but it wasn’t dirty either… Lusty, no not quite that… unrestrained… no, it was needy. Needy, like you both needed each other…

“sweetheart?” Edge’s voice brought you back, and you jumped a little.

“I’m sorry, I, um, spaced out there…” You grabbed the soap and started washing your hair.

“are ya ok?” His tone was a little off, like he was worried about you.

“Yeah! I’m absolutely fine!” You replied a little too quickly.

Were you a little unnerved that you found yourself drawn to him out of need? That maybe he felt the same? You definitely weren’t his type, and he wasn’t yours, but then was your type still alive? What was your type? Why are you even thinking about relationships? You’ve got more important things to think about, like getting your braces off, making sure your family was fine, and… well, what were you going to do after that?

You really didn’t have a plan after that… What was there to do in Zombieland?

“Edge, what are you going to do once you get to the east coast?”

“i told ya, it’s none of yer business…” He replied gruffly. “why ya care? ya thinkin’ of stickin’ around?” His tone had a bite to it.

Were you?

Maybe.

“I don’t know… I, um, I guess I’m just being a nosy human, ha ha.” You replied your chipper tone forced.

“ya wouldn’t want ta stick around with a monster like me. i’m a real pervert. i mean, this whole time i’m looking at yer body through the curtain.”

You instinctively covered your breasts, and turned your back to him, “You can see me?” your cheeks burned with embarrassment.

“ah, just yer body shape. it’s pretty fuckin’ hot.”

You let out a squeak, and curled into yourself more, but the worst part was, part of you enjoyed hearing him say that. That he liked your body, but then part of you was royally pissed off that he was checking you out.

“Please don’t look at me.” Your voice was small.

He let out a deep snigger, and you could hear him shift on the ground, “fine, fine. i’ll quit admirin’
the sexy body ya have.”

Your cheeks flushed even more with that statement and again part of you felt elated with his comment. You hurried your shower along, and once the water ran clear and you had soaped up everything and rinsed off you turned off the shower, and starting wringing your hair out.

“Okay, I’m done. Please step out.”

“nah… i think i’m gonna stay.”

You peeked your head out from the curtain and he sat on the floor, his hands behind his head, leaning against the door. His eyes were closed, but he opened one to look at you, his smile wider.

You reached for your bag, but he hooked it with his shoe, and brought it closer to him.

“Edge,” Your voice was low, and your lips were pressed together.

“the idea of seein’ ya wet…” He let out a sigh, shaking his head, “it’d make my soul sing.”

“Oh, you won’t ever see me wet.” You replied sternly.

His chest rumbled with a deep chuckle, “i bet i will.”

For some reason you felt like he wasn’t talking about you right now, in this moment, but you weren’t quite following him.

Rolling your eyes, you reached for the towel you hung up over the shower curtain, and secured it around your frame, pulled back the curtain and stepped out of the shower. You reached down for the backpack when his bony hand secured around your forearm and he pulled you into him, his other hand cupping your face.

“yer a tease, ya know that?”

You crinkled your eyes in confusion, “You keep saying this word, I do not think it means what you think it means.”

“What?”

You slipped out of his grasp, and grabbed your bag jumping back into the tub and pulling the curtain shut, mentally snickering to yourself.

“Do you like movies?” You asked as you slipped on your clothes, feeling significantly better with clean clothes and a clean body.

“yeah, i guess.”

“Awesome. When we get to my house in Stowe, I have some ‘must see’ movies we can watch together. Like, your life will be better because of it.”

“heh, what are ya gettin’ at sugar tits?”

Now fully clothed you pulled back the curtain and stepped out of the tub. “I need to educate you on some basic fundamentals, and enrich your life. You are my friend after all, even if you are a lecherous skeleton.”

He blinked, his grin falling and red spreading on his cheeks. Before he could respond you sat on the
floor in front of him, looking at him, “Do you think we could hide away in here for the rest of the night?”

Knock knock knock

“Guys, c’mon! I’ve been waiting, for like, forever for you guys to come ouuuut!”

Speak of the Jerry.

“sounds like a no.”

“Damn.”

When you opened the door Jerry was standing right there, smell and all, his eyes looking you up and down, that creepoid smile back. You felt Edge step closer to you, and when you looked over your shoulder he was giving Jerry a look that screamed, ‘back off buddy’ and it made you feel safer?

“The next time I shower it’ll be the same place you showered, heh.” Then he sneezed all over you.

Yep. You were going to toss cookies tonight.

“OH MY FREAKING LANTA! SHUT THE HELL UP JERRY!” You screamed and started hitting him with your backpack, and you could hear Edge roaring with laughter.

“Ow, man, stop it, man what did I do?” He cried out trying to ward off your assault.

“oh man sugar tits, you’re a riot!”

“You guys suck so much!” He cried out and you let out a frustrated cry, stomping off to the living room.

You turned on your heel, pointing a finger at him, “yeah well, you blow Jerry. You blow so fucking hard!” Once the words left your mouth you turned around mortified, and hurried to your spot on the rug.

Edge was wheezing, hands gripping his knees.

“What does she mean ‘I blow’?”

Edge lost it, and crumpled onto the floor a heap of hysterical laughing skeleton. You never ceased to amuse him. Jerry gave him a disdainful look,

“What a fail.”

You sat in front of the fire, hugging your knees.

Today was the worst. You flashed your skeleton traveling partner, and now he was pretty much good on figuring out how you looked naked and honestly part of you liked that, and part of you hated the part of you that liked that, and you almost kissed him (WTF!?) and now you were getting hit on by Jerry.

Jerry…

Ugh, you just wanted to ditch him so bad.

You looked up at the crackling flames, noticing the fire was significantly smaller than from before,
and the living room was slowly getting colder. You got up and started feeding logs into the fire, using the poker to arrange them in a way for optimal fire, and started blowing air into the fireplace.

You could hear the distinctive and annoying shuffle of Jerry, and the creak of the couch as he yawned.

“Guys it’s COLD. Does ANYONE care?”

“Shut up Jerry.” You mumbled. Does he not see that you’re stoking the fire? That you do in fact care that it is cold?

“KA-sigh.”

You rolled your eyes, feeling a shudder of disgust.

Smack crunch smack crunch smack crunch… sluuuurrrrrrp. You quickly glanced over your shoulder to see him eating Cheetos, and licking his fingers, his tongue snaking around his fingers and leaving a string of saliva…

Huurrrkkkk…

“sugar tits, ya ok?” You felt a skeletal hand on your forehead. You jumped and looked at Edge, eyes wide. “ya look a little pale.”

“Uh,” your eyes darted back to Jerry and then to Edge, “I… keep seeing things I can’t unsee.” Like Jerry scratching his butt. Again.

He nodded his head, his eyes understanding, his voice a whisper. “y’know it’d be easier for us ta sleep here. get some real rest…”

You nodded, and let out a sigh. Of course if you both could sleep, you’d probably be better off, and your eyes drifted to the rug. It would also be in your best bet to sleep here, on the rug in front of the fire.

You leaned in, voice quiet, “So, what highways do we want to take, or should we keep traveling back roads.”

“SHH, guys! I’m thinking!”

You and Edge both stopped, and turned to look at him as he stared off at the wall, his mouth twitching.

Was he being serious? Yes… he was.

The rest of the night was spent trying to not draw Jerry’s attention, with his random rants, talking about his lame friends from Snowdin, and announcing when he had to pee. It was honestly the worst, but when he wasn’t paying attention, you and Edge would make little jokes, and honestly, it was kind of fun.

You and Edge against Jerry.

Did you forget to mention that Jerry was clingy? He couldn’t pick up on the fact that you and Edge obviously didn’t want him around, and when he got closer to you, you got closer to Edge, and at one point even climbed on his lap.

Edge took this opportunity to snake his arms around your waist, and then rest his one hand on your
thigh giving you a playful squeeze.

You slapped him and called him an asshole, and Jerry went in to comfort you, so you ran back into Edge’s arms.

He may be a pervert but at least he wasn’t Jerry.

Finally Jerry decided he tortured you both enough, and announced he was going off to bed.

You were a little peeved that he didn’t offer either of you blankets, but then, it was Jerry, and for him to do something like that would be a miracle and actually make him useful.

You curled up on the floor, using your backpack as a pillow, and your coat as a blanket. It wasn’t the best, but it was better than nothing, and getting to stretch out all the way was nice.

“Edge, you should lay down and get some sleep too.” You said, currently curled into a ball.

His red pinpricks slid toward you, and his smile softened, “nah i’m good, gotta keep an eyesocket out fer ya.” He reached into his pocket, pulling out a pack of cigarettes, lifting one out in-between his teeth and pulling out a lighter.

“You’re not tired?”

“heh. i’m bone tired, but someone’s gotta stay awake.” He lit the cigarette, the soft glow of the cherry matching the glow of his eyelights.

You frowned, and nodded. “Okay. If you get too tired, then wake me, okay?”

“heh, sure thing sugar tits.”

“I hate that name.”

“g’night sugar tits.”

“Goodnight Edge.”

Switch POV (EDGE):

He sat there, feeding logs into the fire when it would start to die down. His eyes drifted close, and he would nap for a little bit, but nightmares would come, nightmares of blood, and of the undead, of blue and purple, his phalanges covered in blood, and he would wake up again, before drifting off, an endless cycle of torture.

Then a soft voice; it kept saying “Edge,” over and over again, stroking his skull, so soft and sweet. He felt that warmth wrap around him, his ribcage, press into his body, and he in turn held it closer, burying his face into it, and it smelled lovely, and sweet. He clung tighter, begging the warmth to stay.

And it did.

It stayed, and he dreamed dreams of a girl, one who made him laugh, and made him angry, and made him want to tuck her hair behind her ear.

Edge startled awake, the fire now dim embers, and a heavy and comfortable weight on his chest. His eyelights traveled down, a soft smile on his face. You had wrapped yourself around him your arms hidden under his coat, snoring softly, your head buried into his collarbone.
That wasn’t a dream then. His cheekbones colored red as he remembered begging you to stay with him, and you did. You slept, holding him, and he found himself perplexed as to why he felt this way.

It was dangerous growing attached; that he knew, but the idea of going alone seemed just as dangerous, just in a different way.

His soft smile grew a little lecherous as each breath pushed your breasts into him, and he debating on allowing himself the guilty pleasure of groping you. Perhaps that would be a line too far.

With a quick glance at the clock he knew that it was a little past 6 in the morning, and if you were to leave Jerry behind, it would be now.

“time to wake up sugar tits,” His gruff voice was so low, only you would’ve been able to hear it. You shook your head and buried yourself further into his collarbone. His lecherous grin grew wider and his hand snaked down grabbing a fistful of your ass. He gave it a couple good squeezes before you jolted up slapping him.

He had to suppress laughter as you bit back cries of pain and cradled your hand.

“c’mon sugar tits, we gotta ditch jer.”

He watched you blink a few times, sleep still heavy on your eyes, and your expression a bit frazzled.

“Jer?” you said slowly, then gasped softly. “Jerry! Oh no.”

“yeah, the only way to get rid of him is to ditch him.”

You nodded, and you both grabbed your backpacks slipping out of the cabin quietly.

(Switch POV : Stowe)

You both softly tiptoed out of the house, not sparing it a glance back. Once ready, checking the back seat (rule 31), happy to report no Jerry in the car, got in buckled up (rule 4), and headed out.

You both looked at each other, and you could tell he had as much on your mind as you did on yours.

There was one question that you wanted to ask, but you knew the timing wasn’t right; who was Frisk?

Bonus:

Jerry eagerly scrambled out of his bed, and made his way to the living room, intent on getting a ride with Sans and that girl he kept calling ‘sugar tits’ which is an obnoxious and annoying name.

Ah ‘sugar tits’ Jerry thought to himself, she totally had the hots for him because she kept looking at him, and she even blushed green, which was a weird color to blush, but Jerry didn’t care.

‘sugar tits’ was pretty cute.

Except when he reached the living room ‘sugar tits’ wasn’t there. Sans wasn’t either.

His smile fell, and he rolled his eyes, opening the door.

Yep. The car was gone.

“How? They ditched me? Some friends…”
I didn't want to torture you anymore with Jerry but I was tempted to do this:

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
You both softly tiptoed out of the house, not sparing it a glance back. Once ready, and items loaded into the very back of the SUV you pulled out. You both were quiet, watching the mirrors, waiting to see the crazy UFO shaped monster to come shambling after you, waving his arms screaming, "COME BACK GUYS!"

Once you made your way back to a main road you both let out a breath of air. You were safe, you had sucessfully ditched Jerry.

Then you heard something rustle in the back seat and it sounded like a bag of chips being opened. "Ugh, do you guys have to wake up so early?" Jerry spoke up, shoving handfuls of chips into his mouth.

You and Edge both screamed bloody murder and the car swerved, hitting a tree.

Dammit Jerry...

"Wow, you really suck at driving."
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Okay... now on to the fun stuff! Poll time: (and today we have three options because I'm ambitious!

Will something happen to the vehicle so that they have to walk?

or

They stumble across a 2 person survivor team?

or

Stowe gets sick? (cold or something *open to suggestions*... will not be the z virus tho-zombie stowe makes a sad author-chan)

***May combine two polls if they get enough votes***
Bone Sickness

Chapter Summary

Stowe gets sick, Edge has to step in and come up with a plan of action.

Chapter Notes

I love how everyone had so much input and ideas and I just wanted to say thank you all so very much! Its awesome to see your ideas and I honestly wish I could incorporate them all but that would just be a disaster (but don't count me out... I may incorporate them in later chapters too). I'm still going over peoples responses and responding appropriately :)

Voting was weird and I need to be careful about multiple votes :p on the bright side, I was able to calculate 23 in favor of Stowe getting sick, 9 in favor of meeting another team of survivors, and 4 in favor of them losing the car. (Please bear in mind, these were people casting multiple votes). Let us see how this plays out *strokes stuff animal cat while sitting in a high back chair and lightning flashing in the background*

Honestly, I'm just rambling at this point… hopefully this chapter is decent *shrugs*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun began its leisurely climb into the sky, the firmament painted with breathtaking pinks, purples, oranges and blues, the morning star the only one left.

Last night took a turn of events that you had never imagined would happen.

You stirred from sleep, hearing Edge whimper in his sleep, clawing at his face. A stray leg kicked you and jumped up, rushing to him, your nurturing instincts pleading for you to aid him, to help him.

You reached for his hands, pulling them down whispering his name over and over again, his face twisted in agony, and his eyelids screwed shut. Instinctively you pinned his one hand, the freed hand stroking the side of his face, softly whispering his name, and telling him that you were there for him, that he would be okay.

He tensed, and his hands wrapped around you, your heart throbbing.

“please don’t leave me, please don’t let go, god please no.” His voice was laced with pain, ready to crack and sobs begging to escape.

Whatever he was dreaming of… it was no dream. It was a nightmare, a horrific nightmare, and even if he didn’t remember this, you knew he needed this now. He needed you.

“I won’t let go.” You whispered, readjusting yourself, your arms wrapped around him. “I won’t
leave you, Edge.” You closed your eyes and just focused on the erratic pulsing of what sounded like a heartbeat. Slowly, the pulsing slowed into a comfortable hum, and you started to drift off, his body radiating a comfortable warmth despite the nippy air of the cabin.

“’m so sorry frisk, ’m sorry.”

“sugar tits, ya okay?” Edge’s voice brought you out of your rumination, and you startled, flashing him a nervous smile. “ya lookin’ all deep ‘n stuff, don’t want ya to hurt yer brain.” He let out a sardonic chuckle.

After seeing his breakdown you understood him more. This was all just a façade, a wall he put up to protect him. He was hiding behind his perversion, behind his asshole tendency (ha! Another pun!) so that you couldn’t see the vulnerable him. You were here to help him not lose his mind, but he wasn’t looking for a pal to sit around campfire to pow wow with.

He was looking for someone to journey with, to have fun with, to forget that the world was upside down and inside out, populated by billions of undead verses thousands of living sentient beings.

You turned toward him, flashing the sauciest of smiles, “Edge, that was weak. Even for you, but then I am out of your league.”

He blinked, caught off guard before a wide and sinister grin stretched his face, slightly crinkling his eyes, “tonight i thought i’d go slumming.”

Your smile vanished, and your jaw hit the floor, “Wow, I… never heard a good… just… wow, I’m not even mad.”

“heh, welp i am a fine specimen.” He winked and flashed you an arrogant smirk.

“The finest.” You agreed readily, his smirk disappearing and his face glowing red.

“shut the hell up sugar tits!” He barked, looking nervously at the road.

He was so stinkin’ cute!

You did not just think that.

Oh, you totally did.

You looked away, feeling heat in your own cheeks. You needed to change the subject, get your mind off of the idea of any of this… “So, Jerry… he was… horrible.”

“’s the worst.”

“The absolute worst. I can’t believe the zombies haven’t killed him.”

Edge rolled his shoulders, “that’s the thing though. zombies don’t care much fer us monsters. magic and dust isn’t as good as the squishy stuff ya humans got.”

You nodded, watching Edge speak, his eyes flicking toward you every so often. “also, jerry has a high defense… even killing him is a pain in the ass.”

You snorted with laughter. “Is that guy ever not a pain in the ass?”

Your skeleton traveling companion sniggered, “nope, never. hey guess what i got?” You raised an eyebrow questioningly. “stole this, know ya like them ‘n stuff.” Edge held up the Pentatonix mix
You reached for it, your eyes lighting up. “You’re the worst, and the absolute best!” When you looked up, he was focusing on the road, that red blush on his cheeks. Dang it, why did he have to look so cute when he blushed? Subconsciously, you bit your lip, unable to tear your eyes away from him, that familiar throbbing inside of your chest quickening your breath.

He gave you a sidelong glance, his shoulders hunching. “put the damn thing in already!”

You startled, your cheeks on fire. What the hell was happening between you two? “Right!” You popped the CD in, the lull of the music helping to break the tension in the atmosphere. You shifted your gaze to the window.

What the hell happened last night? Whatever happened, it changed your and Edge’s relationship. Were you both friends? Was he actually attracted to you?

That was absurd! If anything your and his attraction was probably rooted in the fact that you both were in high stress high adrenaline situations, so naturally you felt bonded to him because you were around him while adrenaline was pumping. Studies had proven that theory; simply some time away from him would remove whatever attraction was happening. Yes. Purely scientific and not real.

So engrossed in your thoughts, you jumped when the second song on the soundtrack came on. *Can’t Sleep Love.*

You reached for the skip button when your hand touched Edge’s. You both retracted your hands, staring wide eyed at each other, your heart pounding, and your stomach doing somersaults.

“Oh, I was… you can…” “ya uh, can, er, i ‘s just…”

Oh. My. Lanta. This was your guys’ song.

You had a song… with Edge.

“I’m just going to change this.” “’m just gonna change this.”

You were flustered, and it appeared he was too. You went in to change it, your hand bumping his.

This was so freaking awkward.

“You get it.” “ya get it.”

You froze as did he, staring each other down. If you weren’t so nervous this would have been straight up comical. His gaze never broke from you, his hand deliberately reaching out, and pushing the skip button. Finally.

Never in your life had trying to skip a song been so difficult.

You released a breath you weren’t even aware of holding, and you could tell he would have too if he had lungs. That song brought up distinct memories of something that almost happened, something that wasn’t meant to happen and if it had… Anyway, you could feel the tense atmosphere and you knew you didn’t want to talk about it, and by the way Edge was acting he felt similar. In a desperate attempt to try to pull attention away from what you both were thinking you started talk.

“So… this song, um, Daft Punk, is one of their most popular songs.”
“It’s pretty neat. fer acapella i mean.”

“Yeah… it’s um, neat. They mostly do covers and what not.”

“cool.”

He wasn’t really paying attention, his tone distracted.

“They’re made of five singers. Four guys and one girl. Scotty and Mitch founded it, then Kirsten came along, then Avi, he sings the baritone, and then Kevin. He beatboxes and plays cello. You know, you with how deep your voice is you could sing like Avi if you wanted. Black velvet and all.” Why the heck did you just say that. Please don’t notice, please don’t notice…

“uh huh,” he responded. Phew, he really wasn’t listening. “…what?”

“‘what?’ What?”

“black velvet?”

Is Edge always so observant? Is there anything he doesn’t notice? “Your voice,” You started unable to meet his questioning gaze. “It’s like black velvet… like Avi.”

He was blushing like a cherry.

“sugar tits, the hell wrong with ya. ya keep sayin’ weird shit! fuck!”

“I say weird things! I can’t help it!” You cried out, flustered and face bright red. “It doesn’t help you get all weird, why can’t you act like a pervert!”

“i am actin’ like a pervert, yer actin’ like ya got a crush or somethin’”

“I’m acting like I got a crush? You’re acting like you got a crush. Blushing and staring and stuff.”

“yer the one staring!”

You let out a squeak and looked away. He was right about that, that you kept staring at him, and you didn’t realize it until it was too late. A few moments passed before he spoke up again.

“ya starin’ at me cause ya like what ya see, huh?” His tone was teasing and you could imagine him waggling his browbones.

Your cheeks were burning, and your stomach flipping intensified. You were a terrible liar so you were faced with the dilemma, to lie or remain silent; which one would be more damning?

“sugar tits, this is where you say, ‘ew, edge, you’re a skeleton! i would never!’ “ His voice a high pitched falsetto.

You looked over, your lips slightly parted, “Um… Ew… Edge…” Your tone was not convincing. His grin faltered.

You looked away, face burning, stomach churning, and heart pounding.

“oh shit.” You heard him breathe.

You buried your face in your hands, wishing so desperately that you could poof into oblivion at this
moment and not have to face the fact that you thought your perverted traveling partner was attractive.

The silence was welcomed.

After what was an hour he finally spoke.

“ya have terrible tastes in monsters.”

You pressed your lips together and sighed. “Not just monsters.”

He barked out a laugh, “bad ex-boyfriend?”

You chuckled dryly, “I wasn’t even good enough to be his girlfriend…” You folded your knees to your chest, and wrapped your arms around them, laying your head on your knees.

More silence.

“if we ever run into him, i’ll kill him, promise.”

A soft smile tugged at the corner of your lips.

It was strange.

When your stomach decided to quit somersaulting, it left a horrible nausea. You were forcing deep breaths, and shifted your position in the SUV, even tilting your seat back and cracking the windows.

You felt the beginnings of a headache, but the nausea was worse.

“sugar tits, you ok?” Edge couldn’t hide the concern in his voice.

“I think I might have to toss cookies.” You responded quickly, almost breathlessly.

“just not in the caddy. she’s my baby.”

You shook your head, lips parted as you forced deep breaths. “I won’t…. Pull over!” Your hand rested on the handle. He stopped the SUV and you scrambled out of your seat belt, knees hitting the pavement painfully as you wretched up your MRE’s and what chips you were able to eat before the nausea became too much.

With each upchuck your head threatened to split apart, and your body convulsed involuntarily.

You glanced up to see some undead shambling toward you, but you knew there was nothing you could do, spots dancing across your vision, and your limbs weak as you convulsed and threw up again, but this time nothing was left and you dry wretched.

The sharp and splitting pain in your head brought tears to your eyes.

The wry thought of ‘as long as you feel pain you know you’re alive, right?’ came and you tried to laugh at that but started retching again.

Shit! Why were you still throwing up? Nothing was left.

You tried to get up only to crumple again your stomach clenching and trying to throw up again.

Gasping desperately for air, you looked up again to see that Edge had felled the undead and he kneeled beside you, patting your back.
“you ok, bud?”

You retched again, unable to repress the gargle and sob.

Whatever was wrong with you… was really wrong.

“Something… isn’t…” You retched, “isn’t right. I’m… not… okay,” more painful retching, head throbbling and threatening to split apart and you gasping for air.

(switch POV)

“here’s yer gun. just in case.” He set your beloved Weatherby by you, patting your back.

Your hand reached out, grabbing his wrist, your eyes red, and tears streaming down your face.

“Don’t leave me.” Your tone was desperate, your grip weak.

He felt his soul throb, his gaze softening. “stowe, i’m gonna get something fer ya to do yer stuff in the car. we gotta get ya somewhere safe.”

You released him to retch again, and he felt his soul twist, your pain resonating in his soul, a desperate sob escaping in-between heaves. Edge stood up looking around. He had to find something for you to throw up in. You didn’t look good, your face pale as a ghost, sweat beading your skull.

When he touched your hand you felt clammy, and your head was on fire.

The longer you sat here, the more zombies would come. The smell of your vomit would be a homing beacon, and he didn’t look forward to having to defend you against hordes if sitting still wouldn’t solve anything.

He found a large 64 ounce recyclable mug in a car filled with soda. He dumped it out, teleporting back toward you, your gun moved and another felled zombie added to the ranks.

“here,” his gruff voice brought you out of your stupor and you reached for the cup as he eased you up and into the vehicle.

You didn’t make a move for the seat belt and instead sat doubled over, the cup braced in front of you as you continued to dry heave.

You looked absolutely miserable, your body shaking and white as a sheet. He felt a twinge of pity and helplessness, wracking his mind for solutions.

It had been two hours and you hadn’t stopped. Whatever was going on with you, he was scared. He could tell you were scared, but the pain and misery overshadowing that fear.

A while back he had an idea, but pushed it out of his mind as soon as it came in, marking it as a suicide mission. Since you still hadn’t stopped throwing up, and was obviously growing weaker, he knew it was the only option now.

“stowe,” his voice was gruff posture stiff. “we’re going to find a hospital. they should have what we need to help you.”

He watched you nod feebly, not even bothering to shift your position over the cup, your body tensing up as you heaved again.

Whatever was wrong with you, if he didn’t do something soon… He wouldn’t let it go that far.
Of course the hospital had to be littered with zombies. Of course Stowe had to be so sick that she couldn’t function. Of course he was so invested in keeping her alive that he would risk dusting himself to save her.

When he tried to get her out of the car, she fell into him, her legs giving out. If he thought she was white before, he was mistaken. Now she really was white, almost as white as him, and it chilled him to his core.

She looked at him uncomprehendingly as he lifted her up bridal style. At this point, he wasn’t even bothered by her involuntary heaves, fearing for her life.

He teleported into the hospital, easily felling the undead shambling about, speed walking down the halls looking for a supply a closet.

“where are the damn meds!” He roared, and he heard the distinct padding of feet and scuffle of the undead.

He teleported to another part of the hospital, felling anything that came close enough, fighting the distraction of the undead clamoring for his traveling partner as he searched for anything that could help him.

On the third floor he let out a growl, clutching you tighter, you retching again.

“Look for the… pharm,” you dry heaved, “pharmacy.”

Duh! Bonehead, of course the pharmacy would have all the drugs he needed.

Following the board prompts he easily found it on the first floor, and jiggled the handle. It was locked.

He teleported on the otherside, clutching you tighter too his body. On the other side you could see that it had been partially raided but there were still items here. The only question now was, what type of drugs would you need? His knowledge rested with physics and astronomy, not biology and human anatomy. He set you down next to him, his phalanges scanning through the medicine, the only sound was that of you heaving.

He started with ‘A’ drugs, scanning what they treated.

He got 10 minutes into to searching when he heard the distinctive sound of a gun racking.

His head whipped around, summoning bones. He was staring down a Remington 870 with a laser sight which indicated the jist of shells would go right through him and clip you.

Standing at the other end of the barrel was a man in his early 30’s with dirty blonde hair and stubble on his face. He was wearing simple t-shirt with jeans and a simple cotton jacket.

“I’ve never seen a skeleton zombie before, “He seemed slightly surprised.

“i ain’t a zombie. i’m a monster.”

“And you’re going through my med supply.”

Edge snarled and thought about ending the guy right here and right now, but if this was the guys med supply, then perhaps he knew about medicine… which meant… and Edge visibly grimaced with this thought, he could ask for help with Stowe.
You weakly heaved again and let out a stifled sob. The man’s eyes looked toward you, then back at him.

“i need yer help. she won’t stop.”

He could see the guy want to move forward, but he also saw the wariness in his eyes and the instinct of self preservation keep him rooted. “How long has she been doing that, and has she been bitten?”

“It’s been over two hours, and no she hasn’t. please… please help us.” His magical tongue burned with the plea, but he could barely recall the one and only other time he felt so desperate. “i’ll make sure nuthin’ happens to ya as long as ya help her.”

He could see the man think about it, he could see him debating if it was worth it. Finally he let out a breath of air and moved forward, pulling out a flash light, his hand cupping your chin, and shining the light in your eyes.

He let out a vexed noise, and met Edge’s red pinpricks. “She’s severely dehydrated. I’ve got IV’s at our hideout, but I’m going to need you to grab Zofran, it’s medical name is ondansetron. It’s over there.” He waved to another area. “But honestly, the biggest problem we’re facing is getting her out of here. This place is swarming with zeds and she’s useless like this.” Edge teleported there, easily finding it grabbing an arm full, and teleporting back to the man.

The guy stared with eyes as wide as saucers. “what, never seen a skeleton teleport before?” He snapped, annoyed by the look. The guy shook his head, blinking a few times.

“Please tell me you can teleport us too?”

He rolled his eyes, and nodded, stuffing the contents into a bag and gently lifting your body up, cradling it close to him. “follow me,” He said gruffly. The guy nodded, and Edge walked through a doorway, the guy right behind him.

He stopped though once through the doorway, looking around with wide eyes. “H-h-how?”

“tell ya after you fix my friend.”

“R-right, um, this way.”

Edge watched anxiously as you slouched over a bucket, gaze unfocused and hazy, still heaving, every so often bile coming up when your stomach chose to produce it.

John as he introduced himself kneeled by your arm, with an IV ready to go, and pricked it into the inside of the elbow of your arm. You didn’t flinch or anything, as he quickly took a blood sample in a small vile.

“Sorry, I wanna take a look to see if there’s anything there. Just to be safe.” He spared a glance at Edge, sitting with his arms crossed, who nodded with a grunt. Once he finished with that he plugged in the IV. He grabbed a small vile pricking the needle into extracting a clear liquid, and pushed that into the IV. “This will stop her vomiting.”

You heaved again.

“good.” Edge spared a glance to the side, seeing another set of eyes peaking into the room. When they made eye contact he heard a squeak and they disappeared.
“Don’t mind them. They’re shy.”

He already knew, he didn’t like these guys. He would keep his guard up, let them take care of you, and once you were better, you two would bail. John said he was going to talk to his buddy and he would be back in a bit to check on you.

It felt like forever but was probably 45 minutes, but you finally quit heaving and he saw your eyes flicker up at him, your body shivering.

(Switch POV)

Your head wanted to explode, your mouth felt dry, your body was freezing, and you still felt nauseous, but you weren’t throwing up, so plus! Edge sat next to you, arms crossed, his expression stoic and never leaving you unless he heard the others in the room moving about.

“I’m sorry.” You croaked, your face crumpling.

He rolled his eyes and growled. “if yer so sorry, don’t you ever do that to me again.”

“Oh-okay.” You sniffled, eyes unable to tear up. “Stupid Jer-ry.”

He let out a bitter chuckle, “hundreds of miles away he’s still a giant pain in our asses.”

You laughed weakly, and put the bucket on the corner of the bed, and laid down, curling into a ball, except the arm with the IV. You kept that straight since the needle was in the crook of your arm.

“Thank you.”

Edge looked away, a light red hue dusting his cheeks, “well sugar tits, ya still have to pay me back.”

You smiled softly.

“ya better be a screamer otherwise i’m gonna want a refund.” His looked at you, waggling his bonebrows. You scoffed weakly, and he let out a sinister chuckle. “yeah, i see it already. ya writhin’ under me, moanin’ my name.”

“staaaahhhhhpppp.” You hissed, your voice hoarse and vocal chords raw. He was relentless in trying to make you feel uncomfortable.

“How is my patient doing?” A man stood in the doorway, his eyes beaming. “I see you’re with us finally. Hi, I’m John. What’s you’re name?”

“Stowe,” You replied softly.

“ya don’t hafta call her that. she prefers sugar tits.”

Your face twisted into a grimace, and John gave Edge a peculiar look.

“Hi Stowe. I’m looking at your blood results and you’re obviously very dehydrated so we’re going to give you at least 3 bags of saline, and I’m running tests to see your electrolyte levels but you’re probably going to need some magnesium and potassium. So far we can’t find what caused this, but it looks like you stopped throwing up, so that’s a good thing.”

You nodded.

“So, I’ll let you get some rest, and I’ll be in with a potassium drink.”
“ya can’t give that to her in an IV?”

John shook his head, “we prefer that she ingest it. The IV would be painful for her.”

You felt exhausted and curled into a ball, closing your eyes, shivering. You heard rustling and the familiar smell of mustard and smoke as Edge’s heavy and thick jacket was laid over you.

“Thank you Edge.” You whispered.

“sure thing, sugar tits,” he replied his tone soft and comforting.

You snorted, of course he would call you that, and you wondered if he would ever stop calling you that, ‘sugar tits’.

Chapter End Notes

So, a little blurb about my life in case anyone cares (but you probably don’t lol). Guess who has two thumbs and had to go to the ER for uncontrollable vomiting? Yep, this girl! Couldn’t touch my laptop for days (screens gave me unbearable headaches). *it also inspired how Stowe got sick because dang it if I'm not going to make my misery count! FOR THE ARTS!

Honestly, if not for the ER episode I had, Stowe would've been a wheezy mess... I really liked that idea, but again, making my pain count. But alas, we have just met our survivor team, and we have yet to see how they play into everything.

*also, for those who keep mentioning a Alphys/Undyne survivor team... I mayhaps have a plan in my mind of how we would meet them :3
You woke to snarling and yelling from Edge.

“Hey man, I was just trying to wake her. She needs to drink this.” You peaked your eyes open, seeing John holding a cup of liquid, and Edge was standing defensively between you, shoulders hunched.

“Edge?” You croaked, your teeth chattering.

“sugar tits?” He turned his head to look at you, relief washing over his expression quickly replaced by annoyance. Was he annoyed with you, did you do anything wrong?

“Stowe, I’m glad to see that you’re resting, but I need you to drink this.” John held up a cup, smiling weakly. Edge snatched it away, growling.

“i’ll give it to her.”

John raised his hands defensively, giving the edgy skeleton a placating smile. “I am only looking out for her best interest. You were the one begging for help.”

“shut the hell up!”

A familiar smile tugged at your lips, watching Edge grow more flustered the longer John stuck around. Behind John you saw another man peak his head in for a moment, but when you met his eyes he squeaked and disappeared. Strange.

Edge brought the cup over to you, and you slowly eased yourself up, your muscles sore, but feeling
significantly better, only a slight throb left from the dehydration. You gently took the cup from your friend, thanking him sincerely, your hands shaking ever so slightly.

“whateva,” Edge growled, but his eyelights were trained to your shivering form. “just drink that crap so we can leave.”

You gingerly sipped the drink, your face contorting with the drink that tasted of bananas and death, “this is horrible. Are you trying to make me toss cookies?” You looked at John, lips twisted into disgust.

John laughed, scratching the back of his head. “I know it’s not great, but trust me. You would rather drink that then get a potassium drip.”

You nodded again, taking another sip.

“it can’t be that bad.” Edge snatched the cup away from you, taking a sip. His eye sockets grew wide and his eyelights disappeared, his smile grim.

“shit that’s disgusting!”

“Bone appetite!” You smirked, unable to repress the pun, and Edge laughed.

After sipping the majority of the cup you laid back down, pulling the jacket over you, and tucking your feet up, still freezing.

“If you have socks, I would recommend putting some on. In the mean time I’ll see if I can find a spare blanket.” John informed you before walking away.

You looked toward Edge expectantly, and he returned your gaze, dumbfounded.

“I h-have socks,” You began weakly, “in my b-b-backpack.” Your eyes traveled to your backpack sitting in the corner of the room.

Edge’s eyes followed yours, sweat beading his skull.

You admit you were slightly taken aback by his ability to sweat, and didn’t think that was something that was possible; skeletons sweating and as such.

“What do ya want me ta do about it?” He barked.

“Please? The th-th-thick ones?” You tried to repress the chattering of your teeth.

“hell no!” He replied vehemently, hunching his shoulder’s forward. His sudden reluctance to assist you was a little off putting.

“Okay, I’m sure John will help me.” You muttered mostly to yourself. Edge was kneeling at your backpack in the blink of an eye, his face glowing red as he dug through the rucksack. Finally he pulled out your thick cute pair with a foxes on it, and he shuffled over, his eyes adverting your gaze. Approaching your feet, his sweating intensified, and his breathing sounded labored.

He needed to breathe too?

Edge took off your old socks, his phalanges tracing the side of your foot before he shuddered, his peculiar gaze looking up into your curious one.

*Thump thump*
You felt your cheeks grow steadily warmer as he unfolded the sock, and slowly eased it over your toes working it down past your heel and up your calf, his red pinpricks never leaving your gaze, and the work of his hands tender and attentive.

It was the strangest thing but you had never thought putting on socks could be sexual and here you were, slowly getting turned on by the way Edge worked the sock over your foot.

Okay, you officially knew now you were a freak. Hey, you said it yourself; it’s the apocalypse, you were entitled to as many freaky fetishes as you wanted…

The way his eyes bore into yours as he finished the second one led you to bite your lip subconsciously, his hand now resting on your ankle, and you felt like a deer trapped in headlights, waiting for him to make his next move.

“Hey! Sorry couldn’t find any blankets.” John walked in, pausing his gaze shifting between you and the skeleton, sensing the tension in the atmosphere, but you never took your eyes off of Edge, waiting for him to make his next move, anticipating it, the curiosity of what was going through his mind teasing you.

He closed his eyes, and let out a shuddering sigh and walked out of the room.

Your brows furrowed, *What the heck just happened?*

It was amazing what a couple bags of saline, one bag of magnesium, and a potassium drink could do. Also Zofran, God bless the scientist that came up with that beautiful concoction. You felt like a million dollars… okay a thousand dollars, but still, it beat heaving every three minutes.

John informed you that you were to be on bed rest for the next day or so as you recovered your strength. Your diet was to consist of clear drinks, and broth but honestly that sounded delicious and about as much as you could handle so you had no complaints.

Edge had not left your side once with the exception of the sock episode, what ever that was about.

John had informed you that Craig, the other guy, was incredibly shy, which is why he hadn’t shown himself yet.

Several times he had tried asking Edge for assistance getting something or scavenging, and Edge scoffed at him and told him to fuck off.

If there was one thing to say about Edge, he was an eloquent skeleton.

Day 2 consisted of more bed rest, Edge sitting by your side, and sleeping. So much sleeping. How your traveling partner handled sleeping in a chair like that you would never understand, but he did. He simply folded his arms over his chest, leaned back, head tucked into his chest, legs crossed at the ankles and slept. When he was like that sometimes you would lay on your side, watching him, admiring him.

It was strange, but you had a feeling your skeleton traveling partner didn’t like John because every time he would come in, Edge would start cussing him out, and wouldn’t let you get a word in edgewise. If you weren’t sick, or if you were a more extroverted person you would have minded.

Day three you woke up feeling refreshed and ravenous. Sitting up, Edge’s jacket fell at your waist, and you stretched, back arching and a faint yawn escaping. You looked over to see Edge’s ever-observant gaze on you, and you smiled brightly.
“Good morning sunshine!”

His smile fell and his alabaster cheeks flushed that really cute crimson you had come to adore.

“the fuck wrong with ya!” he hissed, making your smile grow bigger.

“Aw, don’t tell me you’re not a morning person?” You playfully teased, handing back his jacket. He took it and shoved his arms into the sleeves, glaring you down.

“took ya long enough to get better. yer such a pain in the ass!” He got up and walked off, you tilted your head watching him go.

With an eye roll you swung your legs over the bed and stood up, only to have the room start spinning. You sat back on the bed, putting a hand to your head.

“Oh, I wouldn’t get up so fast. You’ve been in bed for over a day,” John rushed forward, kneeling beside you, his hands tilting your chin up before a flashlight was shined in both eyes, “You look much better.”

“I feel much better.” You smiled shyly. “Were you a doctor? Y’know, before,” You waved your arms around the run down room. “this happened.”

He patted your knee and sat next to you. “Nah, I was a nurse, but its been a useful skill set.”

“Oh I bet! I mean, if I had any medical knowledge besides basic first aide… well anyway, that’s really awesome, and I just wanted to say thank you so much for helping me. I know Edge isn’t the easiest person to deal with, but he’s a good guy… underneath all the disgusting layers of perversion.”

John barked out a laugh, “What’s up with him calling you ‘Sugar tits?’ “

You shook your head, “Honestly, I think he does it just to annoy me.”

John nodded thoughtfully, and that was when you finally got a chance to really look at him. He looked to be in his early thirties, and had stubble on his face, with loose dirty blond locks. Honestly, he was quite handsome to look at, and he flashed you that good guy smile, with a full set of pearly whites.

You smiled shyly in return, looking at your hands in your lap.

“Why are you traveling with someone like him?” His question sounded light and trivial, but it jarred you.

“We… we’ve been together before all this happened.” You said quickly, eyes still trained on your hands. “We’re really good friends.” Why did you feel the need to lie?

“Oh… I was wondering how a skeleton could have such a cute partner. He seemed so reckless, and I thought maybe he was forcing you to accompany him.” You looked up, feeling anger bubbling in your chest. “If that was the case, I was going to offer you a place to stay.”

Did he really think that of Edge?

“No… He’s not forcing me.” You tried to hide the anger, and disgust on your face.

John laughed easily, patting your leg, and your eyes stared at his hand. “I’m sorry, I just thought… well, doesn’t matter, right? You guys are good pals, so I don’t have to worry about you. I guess I just remembered how awful monsters were when they first came up.”
Oh yeah… they were pretty bad. You felt ashamed all of a sudden, believing the worst of John when he only had your best interest at heart. “C’mon sweetie, we’ve got breakfast.”

He got up, and offered his hand. You took it, and he helped ease you up, smiling reassuringly as a soft blush heated your cheeks.

In the next room you got a good look at your surroundings; it appeared that you were in a run down apartment that was several stories up. John explained that the fire escape was the primary means of getting in and out since the front door was barricaded in. This place was near the hospital and served him and Craig well. You saw a broken in couch, piles of trash in the corner, dim lighting, the only source being the windows, and several candles and lanterns scattered about, currently not used.

In the kitchen you all sat around an old 70’s kitchen table with metal legs and bright green upholstery, a sorry spread of food in front of you four. Your stomach was still a little weak, so toast and some applesauce in a cup was your breakfast. Edge noisily crunched through his toast and eggs, and John ate with the sophistication of a gentleman while making conversation with you, occasionally including Edge.

Craig though, was something else. He was scrawny, and tall. He sat perched on the chair, picking at his food, his eyes trained to Edge, sparing you random glances.

“Stowe? Are you listening?” John’s voice broke you out of your revere, you pulling your gaze away from Craig.

You couldn’t place it, but something about Craig just bugged you.

“I’m sorry, I was spacing out.”

“sugar tits, yer so helpless.” Edge chuckled, looking up from his plate, his shark like grin stretching bigger, eyes crinkling just a little bit. Your cheeks reddened and glared right back at him.

“I was hoping that perhaps you would be okay with me and your friend, Edge, going on a scavenging excursion. With his abilities, we could stock up on supplies I had been wanting to get, but would be too difficult to do alone.”

“why don’t ya get yer buddy here to help?”

Craig perked up, as Edge’s eyes flicked toward him, and he smiled wide. “I-I-I-I, don’t d-d-do w-w-well un-under p-p-p-p-pressure.”

John sighed and nodded sagely, “Unfortunately, you see my little brother doesn’t process high stress situations well. He’s a genius but he has to go at his own pace.”

“too fuckin’ bad. it ain’t my job to help ya out.” Edge growled, and shoved his plate away from him. “sugar tits, finish up. we’re outta here.”

Your pleading gaze met his, and you knew that it was unfair to these guys to use their resources, and have them take care of you then bail before paying them back. Perhaps Edge had no problem with that, but you did! These guys, especially John was nothing but nice, and you wanted to make sure that you paid back your debt.

“Edge?” Your tone was pleading and soft, and he growled. “Edge, please? At least let us replenish what we used. They did save my life.” You batted your eyelashes, and smiled sweetly. He crossed his arms over his chest, smile turned upside down into a frown.
“fuck! fine whatever, i’ll help yer sorry asses!”

You smiled thankfully at Edge but he looked away, that soft red glow on his cheekbones. John reached out to rest a hand on Edge’s shoulder but stopped when the latter sent a death glare his way, and he froze, hand awkwardly hanging in the air.

“Thanks man, I really appreciate your help.”

The edgy skelly growled, “’m only doin’ it cause of her. as soon as we’re done, we’re gone.”

At first John had insisted that it would be just him and Edge that head out to scavenge but the skeleton shot that down before John had finished his sentence, stating that you were coming with no matter what. With the slight change in plans, John then insisted that Craig accompany to hopefully help.

Edge shot that down too, saying he wasn’t bringing along any liabilities.

John went over the details of the place, and using scopes that were inside the apartment Edge could easily teleport him and John to the area to scavenge. Guns loaded, safety off and cocked, you both readied for teleportation.

“I-I-would like t-to g-g-g-o.” Craig approached timidly, the sight slightly humorous due to his tall and wiry frame.

“no offense kid, but i’m not in the mood to babysit.”

John shrugged, “It would be good for him, and with all of us to help we could bring back more supplies.”

“P-p-please?” Craig clutched his gun, his eyes shining.

The familiar red pinpricks of lights flicking between you and John, his smile grim and bonebrows furrowed. “nah, i don’t have a good feelin’ bout it.”

“Aw, come on! We can handle ourselves.” John reassured, his smile wide flashing that good guy smile again.

Edge growled, dragging his hand across his skull, a soft scraping sound breaking the silence. “fine, whateva. ya handlin’ him yerself then!”

Before you knew it the familiar feeling of nothing enveloped you four. Instinctively you clung to Edge, burying your face into the faux fur of his jacket. The smell of cigarettes and mustard, and the warmth coming off of the skeleton reminding you that you were alive and that you were not alone. His grip tightened on your waist, and you felt your heartbeat quicken, just a little bit.

Just as suddenly as you were void of every sensation, it all came rushing back. The sweet and pungent smell of decay assaulted your nose, threatening to send your pathetic breakfast back.

You stepped away from Edge, missing the warmth that his body provided, and aimed your gun.

Your first instinct was to know the layout. **Know your surroundings (rule 13).**

The room was run down with a door ripped off its hinges and a hole in the wall. The window had long since been broken, and in the corner of the room was a rotting decaying body, flies buzzing
around the corpse.

You held your gun up, and started forward. A firm and rough grip on your shoulder stopped you.

“sugar tits, chivalry ‘s dead,” with a dry chuckle he walked past you, summoning a bone club. You gave John a questioning look but he shrugged, and you followed after Edge, body tense.

You had pilfered the first couple rooms with no issue, when you heard inhumane squealing and loud cracks. You dropped what you were doing, gun up when you saw Edge take out a zombie with a mean uppercut.

Rule 6 was really paying off – Get a kick ass partner.

He looked over his shoulder, resting the bone on his shoulder and winked at you. “pretty sexy, huh?”

“Oh Edge,” You began with a southern belle accent, “You have me weak in the knees!” You even fanned your face for effect.

He barked out a laugh, and brought his bone club down onto the zombie’s head, effectively rendering it dead with the double tap – rule 2.

“Oh, i can’t wait to get ya on yer knees.”

You wrinkled your nose in disgust, “You’re a disgusting pervert,” Of course he had to take your playful banter and just push it too far. He laughed harder, walking off.

You all moved effortlessly through the floor of the building, traveling in teams, you with Edge and John with his brother.

Full with supplies you returned to the meeting point, and looked around, wondering where the two brothers could be. After a minute Edge spoke up, “i been thinkin’ “

“Oh? You can do that?” You snipped back, and the skeleton rolled his eyes.

“shut up! i’m bein’ serious here-“ Screaming stopped the conversation, and you exchanged glances with an uninterested Edge, and started for the noise.

Edge easily beat you there, cheating teleporting bastard. You both paused at the scene before you.

Craig was standing there, his face enraptured with the little old lazy zombie before him who was gnawing on his arm, and John was trying to pull the little old lady zombie off of Craig, who didn’t seem to mind being a zombie chewtoy.

You and Edge shared an uneasy glance, before he summoned a bone. Craig cried out, and Edge paused. “I-I-I’m going t-t-t-to k-k-k-keep her!”

Say what?

“Her n-name is Lu-lu-lucy!” Craig stated with pride.

“Don’t zombie bites infect people?” You asked warily, to which Craig pretended to not hear you, and John started sobbing.

Would it really count if they couldn’t penetrate the skin because they lacked teeth?

Your gaze drifted toward Edge who’s mouth was slightly agape, and seemed disgusted and
fascinated by the spectacle before him.

You were ready to nope right out of here, and a quick tug on his sleeve broke him out of the trance, and without having to say anything he knew what you wanted. “follow me if ya ready to get outta here.” He announced and headed for the nearest doorway.

Arriving back at their place, Craig led his new zombie friend to his corner, and she continued to gnaw at him in a disconcerting fashion. You followed Edge, surprised by the speed in which he gathered all of your items, and he shoved the bag into your arms.

“let’s go.” He grabbed the small of your waist, pulling you into him, holding you tightly.

“Wait!” John cried out desperately, “Don’t leave.”

“see ya later, pal.”

You turned your head to say something but before you could open your mouth you were met with the familiar and unfamiliar sensation of nothingness, the only comfort being the smell of Edge, and the warmth emanating off of his bones. As soon as the darkness enveloped you, the light returned, the warm sun rays hurting your eyes and warming your skin.

You blinked a few times then pushed Edge away, “You jerk! You didn’t give me a chance to say goodbye!”

“eh, ya didn’t need ta. let’s go sugar tits, we gotta get goin. lost two days with ya gettin’ sick.”

“No! Take me back! I want to say goodbye!” You stomped your foot for emphasis, but the edgy skeleton paid you no heed and climbed into the SUV starting it up. “Take me back! Now!” You raised your voice, only to hear the cries of the undead. You jumped, and started for the car. Your hand almost grasped the handle when the car moved forward.

“Edge!” You screamed.

“mmm, scream for me sugar tits,” He winked at you from the drivers side.

You let out a frustrated scream, and reached for the door when the car lurched forward again.

“C’mon dude! The zombies are coming!”

“fine, fine, get in.”

You reached for the handle to have the car lurch forward again. “Are you fucking kidding me!?”

He roared with laughter, “ok, ok, i’m good now. get in sugar tits.”

You reached for the handle, your eyes locked on to his, and your hand finally secured around the handle. You opened the door when he started forward, in your haste you grabbed the through the open window and jumped in, smacking your eyebrow on the door in the process.

A sharp, splitting pain exploded in your eyebrow.

“Gah! Dammit Edge!” You held a hand to your eyebrow, it now throbbing.

“ah, shit!” He looked over at you, eye sockets wide and laughing, the car speeding through the city streets, “avoiding” straggling zombies that dared to venture out in the early afternoon.
“What?” You flipped down the sun-visor, flipping up the mirror, and peeling back your hand. On the corner of your eyebrow was a shallow bleeding gash. “Gee, thanks Edge.”

“aw, sugar tits makes ya look more tough.” His tone was laced with affection.

“I’m sure you like tough chicks.”

“mmm, damn straight.”

You groaned, fishing out a basic first aid kit. After this, you were going to treat yourself to some chips in the backseat. You earned them.

Chapter End Notes

Count down to Alphyne T-minus 2 chapters (most likely, don't hold me to it... honestly depends on flow and all that).

Honestly I feel like we've been picking on Stowe too much so I'll aim at getting more jabs at our lovable edgy skeleton.

On that note, this isn't a poll per se, buuuutttt... I want to make a chapter with a bunch of "what if" scenarios between Edge and Stowe, so if you want to see that give your scenarios and I'll make them come to life. ex: Dialogue prompts, quick scene, etc... Edge POV scenarios welcomed too!
Die Zombiejäger

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry for the late update (past my 3/5 day allotment). I put a self imposed ban and wouldn't allow myself to play with this story until I updated my other one... On to other news...

This chapter was supposed to be a bonus chapter but... the idea for the next chapter came so I'm putting it out, so on that note, hopefully I can put out 2 chapters today *beams proudly* I am going to work on the bonus chapter as soon as I'm done posting this.

You guys gave such wonderful scenarios, and of course I'll include a few of my own because I am so generous, so please hold your applause and accolades *pauses for dramatic effect* seriously though, I'm like super grateful for your ideas and that you would trust me with them to make something you all would enjoy *eyes sparkle*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After applying some butterfly stitches to your eyebrow, you took some ibuprofen to deal with the throbbing of your head, and leaned your chair back, and closed your eyes, waiting for your medicine to take effect, mildly annoyed by the skeleton next to you.

“why do ya always put yer seatbelt on?”

“Why do you never wear yours?” You countered.

He shrugged, “think with everythin’ goin on that’s the least of my worries.”

You nodded, understanding his logic.

He pulled out his cigarette pack, lifting a cigarette out with his teeth before shoving the pack back into his coat pocket and reaching for a lighter.

You wrinkled your nose disgusted, but still slightly fascinated.

“So, do you smoke for the nicotine?”

His gaze slid toward you as he took a drag before exhaling the smoke and, lifting his browbones, “isn’t that why anyone smokes?”

You shrugged one shoulder, “not always. my cousin picked up the habit to spite her boyfriend.”

He chuckled darkly, “sounds like some thing i’d do.”

“I guess, I thought since you’re a monster, drugs and alcohol wouldn’t effect you.”

“sweetheart, just because i’m mostly magic doesn’t mean that i’m all magic… of course i’ve had a
few cunts tell me otherwise.”

“Gross.”

“aw sugar tits, i know ya thinkin’ bout that stuff.”

“Just thinking about the kind of twats you’d do makes me,” You shuddered, unable to hide the repulsed look. “Uggghhh.”

His eyes narrowed dangerously, his smile shifting into a grimace. “don’t be such a bitch about it.”

“Sorry… just…” You shuddered again. “Did you ever have sex with a zombie? Like maybe one of those zombie strippers?”

His grimace disappeared, his jaw dropping, and his eyelights dark. You watched with fascination and slight fear wondering if maybe that question was too far.

His pinpricks settled on you, and he snarled, “just shut the fuck up before i kick yer ass out of this damn car and make ya fend fer yerself!”

Yep. Too far.

You nodded, folding your hands in your lap and staring at them. Why were you fascinated with who he slept with? Why couldn’t you get off of the zombie stripper bit? Were you interested in him in that capacity? Honestly you had no idea, and you didn’t have an idea about how you felt either.

These past couple days were confusing as heck, and it was only getting weirder. You didn’t know anything about him, and he didn’t really know anything about you. And he was a monster. A pervy lecherous skeleton monster… but did that really make a decent excuse why you couldn’t allow yourself to be close to him?

As a pervert he could abandon you when someone more attractive came along. You weren’t the most beautiful girl, and the people in your life were sure to remind you of that often. There was no way you were the last human female in Zombieland.

But he was just accompanying you to Stowe. Once there, he would go on his way, and leave you to yourself.

He was only temporary, and that was why you needed to keep your distance. So what if he felt more like family then your family did? That was irrelevant because he wasn’t your family; he was some stranger you met in a strip club.

You were alone in this world, and forming attachments would only hurt you.

“anyway, what would a little girl like you know about sex. bet ya still a virgin.”

Tears pricked your eyes, and a knot formed in your throat, as you chewed on your lip, tilting your head back looking at the ceiling.

There was a pregnant pause in the air, before he spoke, “shit, sugar tits…”

“Let’s not talk about it.” You cut him off.

“c’mon, you can’t act like that then not tell me nuthin’.” He sounded frustrated.

It honestly angered you how he pushed for information when he wasn’t forthcoming himself.
Hypocrisy was his name.

“Tell me who Frisk is.”

His eye sockets grew wide and the pinpricks of lights becoming small and bright. “where did ya hear that name?”

“You were mumbling it in your sleep. You tell me who Frisk is, and I’ll tell you stuff in return.”

You knew Edge, and you knew he would never open up about himself. This way you could keep your secrets and he could keep his.

He popped open the counsel with his free hand and fished out the bottle of whisky, and unscrewed the cap, while driving with his knee. “it’s too early for this shit.” He grumbled and started chugging the bottle.

You were envious of his ability to drink whisky like it was water, and you could have used a buzz too, but too soon the bottle was empty.

“fuck, i need more.” He growled, his hands clenching the wheel desperately.

“You aren’t getting smashed.” You were holding his jacket, and he was half poised to jump out of the SUV.

“don’t fuckin’ tell me what to do!” He barked at you, ripping himself out of your grasp and storming into the liquor store.

You let out a vexed breath, grabbing your trusty Weatherby and started for the store. Reaching for the handle the inhumane squeal drew your attention as a female zombie bounded around the corner, one arm locked in place while the other arm, half attached, bounced around in a disconcerting fashion.

Your heart started pounding, and you jerked the gun up, firing, blowing off the loose arm, creature still intact.

You fired again, but it was a dry fire… “Shit!” You forgot to reload your gun. Amature mistake Stowe, so fucking stupid. You needed to make a rule for this... yep, right now. **Rule 34: Always keep your gun fully loaded.**

You ducked into the store, looking around but only empty shelves. It looked like the store had been mostly raided.

Edge was nowhere to be seen which meant you were on your own, again.

The horrible noise of screeching made a shuddering breath escape as you tried to topple shelves to deter the carnivorous corpse, but it was determined… to eat you.

All there was in here was cash registers, and shelves, but there was no way that those could help you.

Cork screw removers, nope!

You kicked an empty broken bottle with the neck still intact.

Shit, you were going to have to bar brawl this fucker.
Grabbing the bottle, you whirled around, and it stopped, tilting it head to the side, twitching as it sized you up.

“You picked the wrong day to mess with me fucker!”

“KEEEEHHHHH!” It screeched, shambling forward.

You took a swing at it, and it dodged, then it reached for you with its grubby hand.

Swing, miss, swing, miss, swing, miss.

Fed up, you charged it, attacking its head.

Blood splattered.

You screamed it and it wailed.

Finished, you dropped the broken bottle, wiping your brow, breathing heavy. Your eyes looked over the female, she had once been a redhead, and looked pretty despite the blood and decaying flesh.

Tears pricked your eyes as you thought how she had once been a sister, a daughter, a girlfriend, a friend. You really hated Zombieland… you hated this…

“damn, that was fuckin’ sexy.” Edge’s voice broke the silence, and you looked up, his arms loaded with various bottles of liquor. “i didn’ think ya had it in ya to fight like that, but shit, ya don’t need me to protect ya, yer savage.”

You reached forward plucking a bottle out of his arms, uncapping it, breaking the seal, and began chugging the drink, fighting the urge to retch, and pulled the bottle away gasping, shaking your head.

“Let’s just get the fuck out of here.”

Today was already sucking, and you didn’t want to deal either.

To say you were a light-weight would be an understatement. You were a feather-weight. Edge on the other hand was a fucking beast, and even after a bottle and a half only showed a slight buzz.

“sugar tits, just slow down, don’t want ya gettin’ sick until we’re settled for the night.”

“Imma doooo whateverrr I fuckin’ wanta!” You barked at him, cradling the bottle with the utmost care, one drink away from saying ‘my precious’ and stroking the bottle affectionately.

Your skeleton traveling partner rolled his eyes, and quickly reached over, plucking the bottle out of your grasp. You sat up whining, then promptly fell back, the world lurching almost painfully.

“i am all for gettin’ drunk off my ass, but i think it’s in yer best interest to wait until we’re safe.”

“Yooooouuu make shure nufin’ happens ta me.” You replied defiantly, proud of your awesome counter argument.

“yeah, makin’ sure you don’t piss yerself drunk while we’re vulnerable is part of that.”

“Sssshhhhhiiiiitttt Eeddggggee, jus lemme get wasted.” Yep, an infallible argument right there!

“just go ta sleep.”
“Nuuuuuu…” You sniffed, your eyelids growing heavier.

“just close your eyes,” He said softly, flashing you a warm smile, “and relax sugar tits.”

“Nuuu…” You whined, obliging, and before you knew it, you were asleep.

You woke to Edge stroking your hair, but curious as to why he was doing that you pretended to remain asleep.

“shit Stowe, ya really fuckin’ with my head.” He mumbled, and you heard the slosh of the bottle and the soft clink as the lip of the bottle met his teeth. His hand resumed stroking your hair, and his finger tucked a strand behind your ear. “why the fuck did this hafta happen with ya.” He growled, and you heard a clink and more sloshing inside of the bottle.

You opened your eyes laying there, your stomach burning a little. Edge seemed oblivious, and when you looked up at him, he was looking out the window, the color of the departing sun reflecting beautiful hues of pink and orange on his bones, and his expression thoughtful.

“do ya ever think ya might wanna stay with me?”

Heat rose to your cheeks, and your breath caught, as you sat up. “I would.” Your voice was soft, and Edge jumped his head whipping toward you.

His skull slowly changed from white to crimson as you met his gaze earnestly.

“the fuck you doin’ awake?” His tone was harsh and embarrassed.

“i dunno, maybe, I mean, shit, ya were suppose to be sleepin’.”

You reached for his bottle, and brought it to your lips taking a swig, the burn still uncomfortable as you gasped and shook your head totally killing the atmosphere between you two with that one gesture. “Where are we?”

“some house. it had a fireplace, so i started that.”

You looked around, noting a simple home, with a hardwood floors, and a rug in front of the softly cackling fireplace. On the coffee table was a deck of cards.

“You want to play a game,” You got up and held the deck, waving it.

“sure.”

You sat across from him, and taught him all the two player games you knew, which wasn’t much. Most of your games were multiplayer games, so it was a little difficult.

He didn’t let you finish your game of goldfish, and the liquor wasn’t making it easier.

“Fine, let’s play black jack. We could play with real money.”

“money is worthless… how about we bet with our clothes.” He waggled his browbones at you.

“A, not enough alcohol for that nonsense, and B, it is just you and me. If we were to do that we would basically be stripping for each other.”
“yep, and after that we could bet sexual favors.” His grin stretched, his eyes sparkling lecherously.

“No.”

You weren’t going to justify that with an actual argument, but you didn’t need to because he thought it was funny and laughed.

You survived a few rounds of poker, black jack, and speed before you both grew bored with playing; you were sitting with your legs crossed, and Edge was laying on his side, propping himself up with his elbow.

You were staring at your cards when you looked up to see him studying you, his face flushed from drinking, and his eyes unreadable.

Heat rose in your cheeks, and you meekly looked away, wondering why when he looked at you like that it made the butterflies in your stomach flutter. You shyly brought your gaze up to meet his, and his smile stretched.

“never thought i’d be the guy to enjoy playin’ cards by a fireplace. guess that’s one of the perks of zombieland, huh?”

You nodded, a smile tugging the corner of your lips, “And there is parking everywhere.” He nodded, with a soft chuckle. You both would look at each other then your cards when he finally spoke up.

“ok, ok, first zombie experience.”

“Oh? Um… ha!” You looked down, smiling uncomfortably, “In my dorm there was this guy, 408B, and he was like your typical ‘nice guy’ and I was on my second week of not going outside at all, doing stuff on the computer.” Like you were going to tell Edge that you were writing fanfiction, then reading fanfiction, playing MMORPG (Diablo 3 level 8 torment for the record) and of course Tumblr too. He would never let you live it down that you were being a typical nerd hiding away from the world.

“Anyway, he started knocking on my door, telling me it was urgent, and I let him in. He um, said that his girlfriend went crazy and was trying to bite him and shit, and he had a nasty gash on his neck, and so he needed my help with disinfecting the wound and stuff. Afterwards he apologized to me for some shit he pulled earlier, and fell asleep. When he woke up, he went psycho on me and tried to kill me. He chased me all over the apartment, and I ended up beating him to death with the chair… it was really bad.”

“chair huh, guess ya gotta use what ya have. how did ya manage that?”

You chuckled, looking at the cards. “Luck… lots of luck. Hey Edge?” You met his worried gaze with a curious one of your own. "What was life like for you before Z-day?"

“welp…”

Chapter End Notes

Poll time!
So, are we ready to get onto the feels train my dear and precious readers?
Should Edge confess his past and in turn have Stowe confess something painful?
or
We have a drunken accident of the not happy kind (like a "hold my beer and watch this")?

Vote and let me know!
Scouts Guide to the Zombie Apocalypse (Bonus Chapter Pt 1)

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

Edge get's turned on by socks? Switching POV and Stowe pisses Edge off by shooting his mustard? It's all bonus content for your enjoyment, totally not plot related!

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the suggestions, and because of some great ones I'm putting out Part 1 of bonus content! There are still some ideas in the works, and those of you who suggested something and have not yet seen it come to pass, I'm working on it, I just want to make sure I do it right.

Also, yeah, not same day posting, oops. Well anyway enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Bonus chapter:

Ideas that were suggested will be appropriately credited.

Sock it to me: Inspired by Ryvrn and Filthy Sinner

After that moment when Edge put on your socks, and got weird you couldn’t stop thinking about it. Why would he act so funny? Was he really grossed out by feet or did he really like them?

Or maybe he really really liked them.

Your eyes slid over to his sleeping form, his arms folded and seat tilted back. Every few moments a snore would escape, and a devilish grin stretched across your face. You were going to find out why he got so weird.

You wracked your brain for every scenario that would allow you to put your feet on him or near him; including the sinister plot of ‘twisting your ankle’.

Too soon Edge woke, and it was time for you to switch.

You cackled internally.

As you hopped out of the drivers side, you “twisted” your ankle. “Ow, ow! My ankle!” You feigned pain, and started limping pathetically, leaning on the SUV. You slid down, taking your shoe off, and gently prodding your foot with a hiss.

Edge looked down at you, sweat beading his skull, fidgeting nervously.
“How bad does it look?” You looked up to see him staring at your foot with the strangest expression, his face redder than a tomato.

“fuck, i ain’t dealin’ with this shit.” He grumbled, and fled, jumping into the driver’s seat, leaving you on the ground stumped.

You debating on aborting the mission, wondering if this was taking it too far, but then, your curiosity was stronger.

You hobbled to the passenger seat, pulling your foot up, and pretending to examine it. The skeleton next to you started breathing heavy, still sweating. You took off the sock to make your ruse seem more plausible, but when you did that, he seemed less nervous.

Then you remembered that time at Target: “uh, um, stowe?” Edge’s voice was soft. You turned to look at him, while debating what color you wanted when you noticed him holding a pair of socks that looked like skeleton feet, his face bright red.

It hit you like a ton bricks, and that stupid grin returned. “I think these will help…” You stated, carefully watching the skeleton out of the corner of your eye as you pulled out one of your cute lacy pair.

You heard his breath hitch.

HOLY SHIT!

You had to find a way to make this as sexy as possible… internally you scoffed at the idea of wearing socks being sexy, but meh, this was too good to not do.

Slowly you worked the sock over your toes, and inched it pass your heel and pulling it up your calf, making sure to let out a little moan and a hiss.

When you glanced over, his gaze was fixated on your foot, so you started gently massaging your ankle, breathing deeply.

You felt so stupid, but his hands tightened their grip on the wheel, his body rigid, and the deep and heavy breaths encouraged you to continue. Oh yeah, this was working, he totally had a sock fetish. You decided to make sure you were matching and slipped on the other pair.

“sugar tits,” His voice was a warning, “yer feet stink, put them away.”

You turned toward him, putting your feet on the dash. “Make me.” You challenged, curling your toes for emphasis.

He raised his hand, his magic wrapping around your legs, forcing them down. “put them away, this is yer last warnin’.” His deep baritone was husky and had a hint of neediness to it.

Your voice was low and teasing, “What are you going to do if I don’t?”

He slammed the breaks, making you thankful that you adhered to rule 4 (seatbelts!), and turned to face you, his grin stretching into that terrifying and sexy predator smirk… did you seriously just think that he’s sexy?

“i’ll,” he closed his eyes taking a breath. “i’ll teach ya what happens when ya don’t listen ta me.”

You poked his bony body with your foot.
His eyelight disappeared.

Your heart stopped, and you swallowed. *Too far! Too far! Abort! Abort! Abort!*

His hand latched onto your ankle, his other hand gently trailing along your foot, his teeth slightly agape, and his breathing soft as his alabaster cheeks glowed red. The way his hand trailed along your foot, and traveled up your calf told you exactly what he was thinking. “this is yer final warning…” He looked up, his smile strained and his eyelight finally back, bright and small. “if ya choose to not listen, welp, we’ll have a *good time*.”

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You knew you were in trouble.

You wanted to find out what a *good time* meant. The way he touched you… made you tremble and quake, but not in fear. Oh, definitely not in fear.

You had found a small abandoned house to sleep in. The house was so small, it was a one bedroom, one bathroom, and the living room and kitchen was one room. It was quaint and cute.

You had made up your mind, you were going to figure out what a *good time* meant.

You had abandoned your shoes when you were sitting on the couch, sitting with your feet tucked underneath you, and Edge sat at the other end of the couch; It was now or never. “I really need you to look at my ankle, I need to see if we have to wrap it.” You bit your lip and batted your eyelashes. The skeleton startled, and shifted nervously. “i don’ think that’s necessary.”

“If we don’t check it out, I may permanently injure my foot.”

“sugar tits, i’m tellin’ ya-“ You put your foot on his lap.

He froze, his hands hovering over your foot.

“What’s the matter Edge? You look de-feeted?” A smirk flitted on to your lips, and he met your gaze, his eyes crinkling with his smile.

“i’m toetally turned on right now.”

You snorted, and covered your mouth laughing. Before you could retort he grabbed your foot, and pulled it toward him, slipping up past your leg, forcing himself in-between them, and leaning over you, his face inches from yours, his fingers weaving themselves into your hair.

“i wasn’t kiddin’ sugar tits. ya keep insistin’ on pickin’ on me. welp. guess i’m just gonna hafta show ya a *good time*.”

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**Toetally turned on: Inspired by RandomPerson**

Edge’s POV:

“I h-have socks,” Your voice was weak, “in my b-b-backpack.” You looked toward her backpack and his gaze followed yours.

Socks… you wanted me to put socks on you? As if he already had enough problem keeping my hands off of you, you now were asking him to do that? Did you want him to jump you too?
“what do ya want me to do about it?” Yeah, he definitely wasn’t going to help you.

“Please? Th-th-thick ones?” You sounded pathetically cute with that chatter, eyes shining bright and hopeful. You were getting too comfortable, didn’t you know who he was, a terrible and degenerate monster who would easily take advantage of you. Did you think he was here to be at your beck and call?

“hell no!” He wasn’t anyone’s bitch.

You nodded, thoughtfully looking out the door. “Okay, I’m sure John will help me.” Your voice was resigned. Oh hell no, that sorry excuse for a man was going to touch your socks, her socks and her feet. Feeling an unsettling amount of arousal, he started digging through the back pack, eyes searching for- His thoughts stopped upon his bony phalanges grazing the soft and plush fabric of the foxy socks. Yes, foxy socks for a foxy girl, he thought wryly, slightly humored by his own pun.

Pulling out the socks, and feeling his face on fire, he shuffled over, willing himself to control these carnal urges rising. These urges to pin you down, sliding in-between her legs, his tongue traveling up her neck and jawline, then nibbling your lip, as she gasped and taking that moment when her lips parted to plunge his tongue into her mouth, tasting her…

He blinked, realizing that he was standing in front you already.

He slowly peeled off the skeleton socks, and set them to the side, already feeling magic pool in his pelvis.

Just keep it together shit head. He willed himself, his finger tracing your soft and small foot. Oh shit they were just as cute as the rest of you, and when he met your gaze.

His soul started thrumming. Your eyes were fastened on his own, your lips parted, a soft pink blush on your cheeks, and your breathing was a little heavy as your breasts moved with each breath.

He slowly moved the sock on your foot, unable to look away from your delicate features, the way you gripped his coat, and that expression begging you to do more. It took everything within him in that moment to not climb on top of you and make you moan his name, writhing under his practiced and tender touches.

You swallowed, and he felt you tense just a little bit, that begging to be touched kind of tense, and then you had to go and bite your lip.

Did you really want him to fuck you right here? Did you really want him to explore every inch of your body, make you writhe and scream his name as he satiated his need and yours.

He had finished, and a minute had passed with his hand resting on your ankle. He felt like a predator and you were his prey, but you were preening under his attention. He made up his mind, he was going to make a move, and if you reciprocated, he wasn’t going to stop.

“Hey! Sorry, couldn’t find any blankets.” John came in, and Edge never wanted to murder a human so fucking bad, and he had wanted to murder a lot of humans, but still you held his gaze, it begging you to continue…

He closed his eyes, and let out a shuddering sigh and walked out of the room.

Chip on his shoulder inspired by Smokey Cuddles:
You were staring at the back of the truck, tears welling in your eyes. Edge walked up huffing and crossing his arms. “What do you mean they’re all gone?”

“They're fucking gone.” He shrugged, and then started toward the driver side door.

“Then we have to get more!” You ran after him, pulling on his coat. “We have to go to the store!”

He jerked away from you, and turned his head just enough for you to see his face, “I’m not going on a suicide mission for your stupid ass chips.”

But, but, but… chips! You needed to find a way to convince Edge fast that you had to get these chips. A horrible and daring idea came to your mind. You ran to the back of the truck, dumped all of his mustard bottles and grabbed your trusty and beloved Weatherby PA-08 unloading a slug full of buck shot into the bottles of mustard.

You heard the slow and deliberate steps of your skeleton monster travelling companion, and it that moment you realized what you just did.

You shot. his. mustard. The stuff he refers to as liquid manna. The stuff he so foolishly risked your life for so many days ago. Panic surged in your chest as you stared at your impulsive decision, ready for your traveling companion to send you to an early grave.

“What the fuck!”

Yep, you were dead.

You whirled around, holding your gun up in a surrender position, the red glowing from Edge’s left eye socket terrifying you to your very core. “Let me begin my three part apology by saying that I think you are a wonderful person-“

He held up his hand, “too soon.” You bit your tongue, eyes fastened on him, and you saw his hands clench and unclench as he stared at you, so many thoughts running through his head.

Was he going to kill you or maim you?

He beckoned you with his finger, and you wanted to cross your arms and stomp your foot, telling him you weren’t a kid, or property to be beckoned, but then, you did just demolish his mustard, so, eyes meekly on the pavement, you made your way to him.

He tilted your head up with his finger under your chin, his smile wide and eyes seething with anger. “What do ya think is a fittin’ punishment for a bad little girl like yerself?”

“Making me get you more mustard?”

His grin stretched, his bony phalanges trailing along your jawline and down your neck. “Damn, i was hopin’ ya would say lettin’ me do whateva i wanted ta ya.” He leaned down, his warm breath sending tingles up your spine as his teeth grazed your neck. “guess i gotta get yer sorry ass to the store then.”

You stood in front of a Sack-n-Save, the parking lot desolate except for the few broken cars. Edge stood next to you, slapping your ass. “Get ta it sugar tits. that mustard ain’t gonna get itself.”

You whipped around ready to smart off to him, but he had that dangerous smile on his face, so with one decisive racking of your gun, you cautiously made your way into the store.
In all your time in Zombieland, there is one thing that was for certain. Going to stores was never fun because there was always zombies hiding there. With the supply of humans as food growing thin because of Darwinism, zombies had taken to eating at the local markets. Your nerves were rattling, and your hands shaking as you cautiously scanned the perimeter.

Edge said he was going to sit at the entrance and allow you to make the trek since it was your fault that he had to bring you here anyway.

You slowed down at the condiment aisle, still no undead in sight. “I’m so proud of ya, mustardin’ up the courage.” Edge appeared next to you, whispering into your ear. You jumped away from him, screaming.

“The hell! Edge, why would you… was that a pun?”

“I relish the fact that ya just asked.”

You groaned, just ready to be done with this, but unfortunately your screams did exactly what screams do in the apocalypse, sending hordes of the undead your way. Despite being in this situation of fighting undead for months now, it still rattled your bones being in combat. You weren’t the fighter type, hence the shot gun. It was more forgiving than any other type of gun due to the spread, so even in a panic you could still take out the mindless charging monsters (no offense to real monsters).

Several reloads later, you had a basket full of mustard and a bag of chips and a pile of undead rotting corpses.

Edge eagerly took the basket of mustard from you, and you looked at the bag of Onion and Sour Cream, thinking that it this was almost too much for a bag of chips… almost.

He maid me do it: by me! Just a fun little idea if Edge and Stowe met under non-apocalyptic conditions

Your dad was fed up with paying for everything. Because you chose to pursue a major that wasn’t orthodontics or join the sorority of his choice he quit sending you money. He still paid for your dorm, and college, but if you wanted food, either you were going to have to get yourself a sugar daddy or get a job, and you weren’t really wanting to put out for a sugar daddy.

That was when you saw it; an ad at the mess hall for a maid. The hours were perfect, the pay was enough and it was within walking distance of your dorm. Normally you weren’t the ambitious type, and confronting and dealing with people terrified you but they even gave the option of a text option to apply, so before your logic and nerves took over you shot a text.

Me: Hey, saw your ad, and wanted to ask if its still open?

(XXX)XXX-XXXX: u a girl?

Uh oh… text speech, and they’re asking if you’re a girl? What if this is some trap by a psychopath? Should you abort? But you were almost out of food… and you missed eating chips.

Me: yes? does that matter?

(XXX)XXX-XXXX: im sending u contact info, c u 2moro @12.

You felt your stomach drop as you looked at your phone. What did you get yourself into?
You had spent all morning fretting around your dorm room anxiously, running worst case scenario after worst case scenario through your mind. You didn’t know what type of people you were going to work for, or if they were safe people, or what if it was some big elaborate prank. You were going to skip out on the meeting/interview but your dad had sent you a reminder text that you needed to find a job now, so you put on your big girl panties and made your way to the address.

The house was huge, and old. It seemed like something you would see in a horror movie, and you could already see your demise, chopped up into a million pieces in the basement.

Why wouldn’t your feet stop, why are you walking toward the house? Stop feet, stop! Oh lord, you’re knocking now, what’s wrong with you?
You stood there, fidgeting. You could still run, they didn’t see you yet.

The door was opened swiftly and harshly and you winced stepping back. Before you stood a horrifyingly tall skeleton wearing black and red, his gaze piercing despite not having actual eyeballs, and his jagged mouth turned upside down into a frown.

He glanced at the watch on his wrist, a Fitbit Blaze, before his gaze flicked back to you. “As much as I disdain humans, at least you are punctual. Come in,” He turned on heel and started off into the dark home.

You could still run, maybe he wouldn’t remember his face. He stopped and turned his head to look at you. “Stop dawdling there, I do not have much patience, human.”

You squeaked and quickly shuffled after him, shutting the door behind you, your face flushing with embarrassment. Why were you getting worked up, you could still fail the interview. You followed him, your eyes quickly scanning the house. Much of their furniture was old medieval times decorum, with weapons proudly showcased on the walls.

The taller skeleton led you into a sitting room where you saw another much shorter skeleton sleeping on the plush black leather couch.

“Brother, the help has arrived.” He turned on his heel and left you there, standing awkwardly in the doorway.

You watched the sleeping skeleton, absolutely terrified, twiddling your fingers, eyes occasionally glancing at the sitting room. You were distracted by a really neat painting of the starry sky when you heard a low hum.

Your eyes flicked back to the skeleton, and your heart jumped seeing him sitting up, his eyes open (if you could even say that), his red eyelights roaming your body up and down. You shrank a little bit, your gaze falling to the floor.

“what, skeleton’s got yer tongue?” His deep voice caught you off guard, and he stood up making his way to you, walking around you like a shark circling in on its prey. “mhmm, ya like to clean?”

You nodded.

“speak up, i wanna hear yer voice.”

“Um, yes. I do, sir.”

“sir?” he barked out a laugh, “sweetheart ya can call me sans. or master, whatever makes ya happy.”

His deep baritone rumbled with amusement. “my bro paps has a chore list for ya, and i’ll provide
“Uniform?” You turned to look at him when you realized his eye lights were trained to your butt. He looked up, his grin stretching lecherously wide.

“wouldn’t want ya ta ruin yer clothes. i’m such a good guy like that.”

You had a feeling he wasn’t a good guy ‘like that’. You didn’t know how you felt about working for skeletons, knowing monsters had a very bad rap when coming up to the surface, but it appeared you already had the job.

The loud steps of the taller skeleton drew your and Sans’ attention. “Did this human meet your requirements?” The taller skeleton, Paps as Sans called him huffed.

“yeah bro, she’s our new maid.”

Paps huffed, rolling his eyes. “It is about time! I thought you would never choose a maid to clean up after your slovenly mess!” His piercing gaze focused on you again, “We have sent your uniform to your home. I expect you to be here on time tomorrow. Sans, give her the key!” You heard the other skeleton rummaging through his pockets.

Your head whipped to the smaller skeleton who was holding out a small house key. “You know where I live.”

“heh, sweetheart, that’s not all we know about you.” His shark like grin stretched and you felt your blood run cold. Was it too late to escape now?

“I think maybe this job isn’t a good fit for me,” You replied abashed, unable to meet either skeleton’s gaze. San’s warm and bony finger hooked under your chin, tilting your head up to him.

“its too late for that, sweet cheeks.” His chest rumbled with amusement.

“A human rejecting our employment?” The taller skeleton laughed deeply, and Sans chuckled. “Remember human,” Paps replied disdainfully, “I, the Great and Terrible Papyrus, do not put up with quitters. Now that you are our maid, there is no where you can run that I cannot find you.”

You felt Sans arm around the small of your waist, his warm breath washing down your neck, “there’s no where you can hide, that i won’t find ya.” The threat laced in his tone was easily heard.

You died a little on the inside just then.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know if this was good, or if this was so terribly bad I should never ever do it again...

And if you do like it, and want to suggest a scenario/dialogue prompt or whatever please do so in comments! and If you already suggested an idea and want to suggest more, please do so because why not :)

Also, poll from last chapter is still open, and appears to be in favor of the feels train, but voting is still open so... :p
“imma need more liquor before we start that.” He sat up, pouring you a shot, and handing it to you before finishing off the bottle

You threw your drink back, by now more accustomed to the burn.

You felt the steady warmth in your cheeks, and he was already pouring you another shot, the world a happy buzz.

You knew you needed to stop soon or you were going to have a helluva hangover, but you were having fun drinking with Edge.

“so, i got a brother. he’s a pain in the ass, but he’s so fuckin’ cool. ya got any sibs?”

You shook your head.

“mm, splains a lot.”

You snarled at him, and made a swipe to hit him but slipped falling flat on your face. He started laughing you and rolled over to glare at him, his finger brushing hair out of your face, still chuckling.

“fuck, i love it when you act savage.” He smirked, “so as i was sayin’, me an’ my bro, we were fuckin’ shit up, makin’ money. comin’ topside was the fuckin’ best! bitches to fuck, and man, gettin’ to sleep under the stars. ‘cept humans, ya guys actin’ like ya got sticks up yer asses.”

You tilted your head to the side, “Did you really fuck a lot of people?”
He paused, his eye lights fastening on you. “no, not really. it’s hard to get laid when people are scared of ya. i couldn’t even get a lap dance at a strip club.” He laughed bitterly, rubbing his hand against his head, the bone softly scraping.

You nodded, understandingly, “I’m not scared of you.”

“just ’cause we look scary don’t mean we’re bad.”

You nodded, sitting up. “Yeah! You’re like the best!” You agreed emphatically. Okay, drunk you was kind of weird. “Humans are so fucking racist!”

Edge’s grin twitched, smiling wider. “yer fuckin’ crazy when you drink.”

“I totally am!” You nodded with much emphasis,

“ya realize we were assholes when we came topside, right?”

You shook your head, “Nope. I was totally hiding away in my dorm. A bonfide hermit!”

“heh, sugar tits, yer a riot.” He nodded, opening another bottle and chugging it. Pulling the bottle away he sighed, his eyes glazing over. “with my bro and frisk, things were awesome.” You perked up, recognizing that name. “frisk… they were the one that freed us. put up with all our shit, killin’ them, and torturing them. That kid was a fuckin’ beast, and my bro loved them too, but don’t tell paps I said that. it’d piss him off if he knew…

“anyway, right before z-day happened, i was gettin’ my doctorate from the university.”

“In what?” You perked up, scooting closer to the skeleton who eyed you warily.

“quantum physics.”

“HOLY SHITBALLS! YOU’RE THAT SMART?”

He glared at you, “ya don’t think i’m smart?”

“Have you heard yourself talk? You speak like a fuckin’ sailor from the ghettos or something. You… just… are you kidding me!” You balled your fists and shook them, “I bust my ass in school and I’m just okay, and I’m just okay, and you’re a fuckin’ genius with friends and shit! You can fight, you’re smart, and your sexy! This is so not fucking fair!”

“ya had to have friends… wait, what?” His eyes went wide and his skull blushed bright red.

You nodded your head bitterly, “Yeah, the kind who ditch you for the ‘nice guy’ from 408B” You hung your head and waved your arms, “just… continue…”

You could tell he had some questions, but decided to continue, “things were pretty fuckin’ awesome.”

You were green with envy. Edge sounded like he had the perfect life before this all happened, and now, his life was in shambles and he was just living life day to day. With Z-day, not much had changed for you, so aside from constantly fearing for your life, it wasn’t like it ruined your friendships or you lost people close to you. You had lost them before z-day, but then, were they really ever close to you? You started picking up the cards.

“frisk… they happened to be my best friend.” You lowered the cards, nodding for him to continue. “they, uh, they got bit. my bro was positive that their determination would stop them from turnin’ but
uh, well anyway,” He looked away, then closed his eyes.

“T’im so sorry.” You let out a soft sigh.

“my bro and me, welp, we had a fallout, and i ditched him.”

Knowing he had a brother, it tickled your curiosity of what he looked like, and what his name was, but then, with Edge so solemn, you knew not to ask.

“so anyway, my bro is out east. guess in this hellhole its better to be around family then to be alone.”

You nodded, but you didn’t know what it was like to have a close family. You and your dad were always at ends, and your mom sat awkwardly in the middle, so to say you were estranged would probably be a good way to put it, but then, to have someone was better than nothing.

“so… since i told ya about frisk…”

You felt your stomach drop, realizing what he was getting at. It was only fair since you offered earlier in the day. You sat down the cards, taking a moment to think, then snatched up the bottle taking a swig for liquid courage. “Shit, goin’ right for my throat. Ha!” You sighed, trying to repress the bitter expression. “Um… I, uh… You said you never really got to enjoy a strip club, right?” You stood up, slightly swaying, “Well, I don’t know how to give a lap dance, but I could try.” You shrugged, looking at him shyly, “I mean, its only us, and I dunno.” You would be lying to yourself if you said you didn’t want to do things with Edge, and ever since the day at the cabin, you knew the way you viewed him was different, even if he never actually pushed. Maybe you needed to be the one to push for once.

He started sweating and looked around, his smile nervous. “sugar tits, i don’t think this is a good idea.”

You laughed, stumbling over to the kitchen table, grabbing a chair and dragging it back to the living room. “We are in living in the apocalypse, Edge. I feel good, and I want to do this.” You paused, meeting his gaze, “That is, if you want me too.”

He let out a dry chuckle, rubbing the back of his neck. “i think you’re drunk.”

You nodded emphatically, “I am, now get your ass on this chair so I can give you a proper lap dance.”

He stood, up, his hand gripping your arm. “you sure, sugar tits?”

You pushed him on to the chair, and let out a low chuckle, “Quit actin’ so scared. I’m not going to regret this.” You leaned forward, pushing his back against the back of the chair, and slightly parted his legs, and when you looked up he was watching you, completely enraptured.

Your world was spinning, and you felt heady, body thrumming with excitement, and your breathing heavy. You slid on to his lap, hooking your leg around the back of the chair, slowly grinding on him.

His breathing was heavy and his hands hovered over the small of your back.

“Am I doing good?”

He let out a guttural growl, his fingers lightly caressing your sides. “don’t stop.” His deep baritone sent a shiver of arousal to your core, and you nodded, leaning forward, allowing your lips to brush his temple.
His hands secured on your ass, and you felt a distinctive bulge in his pants, feeling that made the inside of your thighs throb, and you let out a soft moan.

You grabbed his coat desperately, your world spinning faster, and you were dizzy, but so turned on. The way he made you feel, the security, the comfort, in this world, he was more family then your own family.

His grip on your ass tightened, and he held you still, restraining you. You pulled back to look at him perplexed, and his eyes were bright, his cheekbones glowing a handsome red. His one hand let go to come up and stroke your cheek. His expression softened, his eyes now half-lidded, and he leaned forward, and you started to do the same when the burning and nausea in your stomach intensified and you threw yourself to the side, all the whisky you had consumed earlier coming up.

He sighed, “welp… guess this is shot.”

You struggled to right yourself, so he helped ease you back up, his fingers combing through your hair.

“I’m so sorry.” You wiped the corner of your mouth with your sleeve, face flushed with shame, and tears slipped out, and down your cheeks

He pulled you in to a hug, your body comfortably fitting into his bony pokey body, the warmth consoling you. “’s alright stowe. yer alright.”

Your head was buried into the faux fur of his coat, and you relaxed, occasional sniffles escaping.

“I’m so fucked up…”

“me too.”

You shook your head, “No… I mean.. I’m seriously fucked up… I guess… I was just trying to… prove that I could be attractive?”

“stowe, what are you getting at?”

“I… I’m so sorry,” You started to weep.

“stowe? the fuck?” His tone was concerned, and he pulled you back to look at your face.

“Remember how I said I had bad taste in guys? So um, there was this guy in my dorm floor, 408B. He uh,” Your voice was cracking, “he acted like he liked me. We would hang out, and each time he would push a little more. It started out innocent, kissing and stuff… then…” You hastily scrubbed at the tears, “it just… I begged him to stop, he kept pushing. He brought over drinks… and…” You softly wept into his coat, “and I kept saying how uncomfortable I was but he just wouldn’t stop… and,” You swallowed, body shaking. “Afterwards he told me, that he just didn’t see me that way, and he… he fucked me and friendzoned me. Told me I wasn’t really attractive and-“

“shit Stowe, do ya have any idea how fuckin’ pretty ya are.” Edge forced you to pull back, his bony hand cupping your face. “and yer always crackin’ me up. yer so fuckin’ sexy I can barely hold myself back, and if ya ever… let me… shit.” You smiled, his thumb brushing away a tear. “408… shit, that bastard tried to kill ya…”

You let out a dry laugh, “Karma’s a bitch, amirite?”

Edge looked like he wanted to say something, the way his thumb brushed your face, affectionately.
After a moment, he closed his eyes, letting out a warm and tingling breath.

“we should get some sleep.”

You nodded, the fatigue starting to settle in.

You had set up a huge pile of blankets and pillows, and had buried yourself in it, and Edge had settled himself next to you.

After your break down Edge hadn’t said anything, and you felt a little awkward, and didn’t know what to say, the only sounds were the crackling of the fireplace.

“here,” His gruff voice broke you out of your thoughts, and when you looked up he was holding a bottle of water. You thanked him and started to sip on the bottle. “ya didn’t have ta prove anythin’ ta me.”

You looked up, his gaze was adverted, his cheeks lightly dusted with red.

You looked down at the bottle, “I know… I guess… it’s nice to feel like I’m wanted.” You bit your lip, debating on continuing. “You make me feel… like I belong.” You could feel the warmth of a blush spread on your cheeks.

You could feel his hesitancy has he glanced over to you, “did ya at least enjoy it?”

A shy smile tugged on your lips, and your hair fell in front of your face, hiding it from him. “Yeah,” you weren’t sure if he heard you with how quietly you responded. You pushed around the blankets, and pillows, arranging them in the most comfortable way then laid down. “Goodnight.”

He grunted in response.

(Switch POV)

She enjoyed it. The thought kept circling in his mind. You enjoyed grinding yourself on him, you enjoyed him groping you, you enjoyed him. He could hear the deep breathing occasionally accompanied by soft snores, to indicate you were asleep. He leaned over, peeling back the blankets to see your relaxed expression.

His fingers traced your jawline and your lips twitched into a small smile.

Every day it became harder to restrain himself, and every day you became more comfortable with him. He had every intention of having sex with you before you threw up, then you had to drop that bombshell.

How the hell could he touch you now without looking like a fucking asshole? Fucking 408B.

He leaned down, letting his teeth graze your forehead in a pseudo skeleton kiss. You’d probably lose your shit if you knew he had been doing that since you got sick. He didn’t care, so what if he had been taking those small liberties, you didn’t have to know. He would keep acting like an asshole, and you would be none the wiser. He scooted in a little closer, laying his head next to yours, and closing his eyes, drifting off to sleep.

He woke you to sobbing, tears streaming down your face. “hey, hey, you’re okay.” You nodded, sniffing, burying yourself into his rib cage. His arms wrapped around you, and you laid like that for several minutes as your sobbing subsided, and your breathing returned to normal. The soft humming of his magic soothed you, and his chest moved in rhythmic breathing motions. In. Out. In. Out.
Feeling your emotions calm, you broke the silence, your voice slightly raw. “I had a nightmare… that I was bit.”

He grunted in response.

“I have a favor to ask.”

“mmm, don’t do favors sugar tits.”

You pulled away from him, sitting up and hugging your knees expression solemn. You glanced over to see him propped up on his elbow.

He met your gaze, his smile faltering. “If I’m bitten… please kill me. I know you can do it quick.”

You both stared at each other, the only sound was you breathing, and the crackle of the fireplace.

Finally he let out a sigh, looking away from you, “ya know that ain’t gonna happen.”

“Edge…”

He turned his back to you his tone firm. “it ain’t gonna happen.”

You felt an overwhelming sorrow. “But what if it does?”

He sat up, glaring at you. “i ain’t gonna let it happen! i won’t kill ya because ya ain’t gonna turn! stop askin’ me to kill ya!”

“I’m sorry… I shouldn’t have asked.” Your voice cracked and you blinked back tears. “I… I…”

He sidled in front of you, his phalanges brushing away your tears.

“shit, stowe. yer actin’ like yer alone in this. i’m here, and i’m gonna protect ya. we gotta get ya to yer home so your dad can take these braces off, then you can give me the best bj i’ve had.” His tone was soft, and his smile genuine.

You snorted with laughter, shoving his shoulder. “You’re such an perv.”

“ya think it’s sexy.”

Your smile fell, and glanced at his teeth then back up to his eyelights. You felt your heart pounding in your chest, and you just had to know… you couldn’t hold back anymore.

Before your courage fled, you closed your eyes, and leaned forward.

A little too eagerly because you smashed your lips into his teeth, and you felt one of the wires cut into your lip. You pulled back, face flushed with embarrassment.

“I’m sorry.” You mumbled, your hand hiding your lips.

He was rigid, eyelights gone.

“I’m sorry, I thought… I mean… dammit.” You grabbed your pillow and buried your face.

Obviously he wasn’t really into you. You were falling for him, but to him you were just some piece of ass that was fun to tease. He didn’t like who you really were, it was why his advances became less frequent, his actions toward you weren’t of genuine interest but instead fit into the typical macho
misogynist behavior.

“uh, stowe?”

“Yeah?” Your eyes peaked up from the pillow.

“g’night.”

“Right,” your voice cracked with unshed tears, “Goodnight.” You laid yourself down, your back facing away from the skeleton, oblivious to the bright red blush that graced his alabaster cheekbones.

When morning came, you quietly packed up all of your stuff, as did Edge. You had a slight throb, and felt a little queasy. Last night was a disaster of sorts, and you violated one of your big rules, rule 5: no attachments.

You had told him one of your biggest secrets and insecurities, and you made a fool of yourself trying to prove that you were something you weren’t.

He probably thought you were such a total loser. You knew nothing about stripping or lap dances, and you tried to give him one before tossing cookies. Real classy Stowe, real classy.

Edge could barely look at you before adverting his gaze. He was probably replaying your pathetic attempt at seducing him.

What the hell was wrong with you? You were trying to seduce a skeleton monster!? A weird sense of déjà vu came over you, and you felt like, maybe in another lifetime you tried to seduce him with socks…?

“That was a weird thought,” you mumbled not to entirely sure of yourself.

It was official, you were making another rule; **rule 35, don’t drink. Just… don’t.**

Ready to go, you both got into the car, the hum of the engine the only noise. Edge pulled out a cigarette, and lit up, the smell irritating and comforting. Perhaps, if you pretended nothing happened last night, he might too, and you could resume your casual, yet gross relationship.

It was worth a shot, “So, because you lack lungs, is smoking actually bad for you?”

He jumped, and looked over, sweating a little bit, his smile slightly nervous. “uh, guess not.”

“Ah,” You nodded your head. “So, um, that’s really cool. Guess I would maybe smoke if I didn’t have to worry about cancer.”

He rolled his eyes, and held his cigarette to you, “aw, there are more things to worry about then cancer. how about ya just try it.”

Your eyes went wide, and you looked at the bony fingers offering the cancer stick. “You’re a bad influence.”

“sugar tits, i’m shocked yer just realizin’ this.”

You looked at the cigarette, then at him; his smile stretching and his eyes crinkling. He waved the cigarette again.

“No, I really shouldn’t.” You waved your hand, and shook your head.
“yer sayin’ no, but your eyes say yes. make up yer mind.”

You did kind of want to try it, maybe to just understand what the big deal was… but then an idea came so suddenly, and you did snatch the cigarette away.

Edge’s eyelights were fastened onto you, biting your lip, you barely rolled down your window and tossed it outside. “Changed my mind.”

His jaw went slack, before he started chuckling, pulling out another cigarette. “i shoulda knew better than ta give ya one.”

“You should have;” You nodded matter of fact. “But, okay, seriously. I want to try one now.”

He eyed you warily before handing you this recently lit one. You rolled your window down and threw that out the window.

He snorted, and you covered your mouth laughing.

“ya got me.”

“I can’t believe you gave me another one!”

“guess i’m just a bonehead.”

You snorted unattractively and started giggling.

“yep, i’m a real numbskull.” His grin widened, but you stopped and looked at him in earnest.

“No way Edge, you can’t get a doctorate in quantum physics and say stuff like that. You are definitely one of the smartest people I know, and I think you’re absolutely amazing.” His smile vanished, his eye lights small and bright. “I’m going to be completely honest. Of all the things that could happen with the world going to shit, meeting you is definitely the best part. I am glad to have met you.”

He hunched defensively, looking away, that familiar red blush on his cheeks, but you weren’t put off, not in the least, and you smiled, chewing you lip.

“shit stowe, saying shit like that. ya sound like yer gettin’ all sentimental, fuck!”

Maybe I am…

You thought wryly.

“I may be sentimental, but you’re the flustered one. I thought because you’re a skeleton all these compliments would go right through you!”

It was the most amazing sight, watching that smile spread, splitting his skull and he threw his head back and laughed and you laughed with him.

This was the most at ease you had felt with your skeleton traveling partner, and there was nothing that could go wrong.

“Hey, what’s that?” You pointed toward a car that was abandoned on the side of the road several meters up ahead with ‘HELP’ wrote on the side, and the hood popped. Steam was coming from the engine indicating that this had happened recently. Edge slowed the car down, and looked at you.

“i’m gonna check it out, keep the doors locked, and have your gun ready.”
You nodded, your heart pounding, and fear making your nausea and headache worse, “Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

You might not believe me when I say this... 11 chapters in, but... I still have no clue what I am doing \_(ツ)_/\

With that in mind, I am having fun.

Also, if this chapter kind of sucked I may have to search for a beta run my chapters through to make sure I'm not screwing things up because...everything is solo (have you seen my horrendous grammar and lets not get into mechanics...). Whoo!!

I'm also including this at the end of every chapter as your friendly reminder:

ACCEPTING DIALOGUE PROMPTS, SCENARIOS, AND OTHER ODDITIES THAT MAY RESULTS IN BONUS CHAPTER CONTENT. PLEASE POST IN COMMENTS. THEN ADD 2 CUPS OF WATER AND BOIL FOR THREE MINUTES TO PREPARE FUTURE BONUS CONTENT.
With much trepidation, you watched Edge proceed cautiously, holding a gun. When you asked him why not use a bone, he said he didn’t want to give his edge away, and then he laughed at his pun.

(with Edge)

He slowly proceeded to the car, gun aimed and ready. Not a lot of things could rattle his bones, and this instance was not one of them. He peaked into the car to see it abandoned, then looked about his surroundings, not picking up on anything. There weren’t any other cars to hide in, the highway effectively abandoned.

He waved his gun, and motioned for you to come forward. You did, hands braced on the wheel.

He climbed in to the passenger seat, “looks like whoever it was is long gone.”

“Mhmm,” You nodded, shoulder’s tense and lips pressed into a thin line.

His smile faltered, and his eyelight focused on you. “they’re in the back seat, aren’t they?”

“It’s just me,” A stout yellow reptilian popped up, pointing a gun at Edge’s skull. “Didn’t think I’d see you so soon,” She smiled wide, revealing sharp rows of teeth that glistened menacingly, and you could already imagine her ripping you to shreds, adorned in a red and black striped shirt and black
pants. She was wearing, I kid you not, glasses with that swirl, like in those old school animes.

“alphys…” Edge breathed, the pinpricks of light glancing between you both. “I thought I told ya ta lock the door.”

“I did! She’s like a ninja of technology and stealth! She was quiet and quick, like the shinobi!” You defended, lips twisting into a panicked frown.

Alphys sat back, a twisted and amused smile twitching her mouth. “I think I like this one. Where did you pick her up Sans?”

Sans? Wait… She knew him. His name was Sans? What kind of name was that? He winced when she said his name, and turned to glare at her.

“the fuck you care? how ‘bout undyne, where’s that bitch?” He snapped, and you brought your shoulder’s up defensively. They might know each other but there was no way they were on good terms with each other, and Edge… er, Sans was going to get this lizard-monster so freaking pissed that she was going to shoot you both.

Alphys tapped your shoulder with her gun, and you jumped. “Pull forward to the car and honk your horn to the Mew Mew Kissy Cutie Pie theme song.”

Is she being serious? You let out a little snicker, but that became lodged in your throat midway after hearing her gun cock and became an awkward strangled grunt.

Reluctantly you drove the car forward, imagining this crazed lizard woman cuddled up on the couch wearing the Mew Mew Kissy Cutie shirt and kawaii kitty hat, eating ramen and screaming, “I SHIP IT, I SHIP IT!”

The juxtaposition of the whole scenario made your mind hurt… trying to imagine her being… kawaii?

With much relief that you did in fact know the theme song, proceeded to honk in time with the theme; thank goodness you knew it or she probably would have shot you dead (ha, like that redundancy?)

After a minute you saw the vehicle start to shake and it lifted off the ground, a fucking huge fish woman with fiery red hair, and biceps that would put Arnold Schwarzenegger in his prime, to shame. She lifted the car (supplexed?) and then tossed it to the side like it was no big deal.

You heard Edge snort, and lean his elbow on the armrest, resting his head in his palm, “so fuckin’ annoying.” He muttered.

Did he not see that woman-fish-monster supplex a freaking car like it was no big deal? Did he not see that madness?

You feared for your life.

Her piercing gaze settled on the SUV and she made her way over, opening the door and sticking her head in. “HA! Of all the dumbasses in this world to find us, it just had to be you!” She roared with laughter, and you shrunk down even further.

You weren’t a dumbass, you thought slightly miffed, but avoided any eye contact.

“just get yer sorry ass in the car.”
“You make it sound like you had a choice.” Undyne, that was her name right(?), slid in to the back seat, pushing the guns and chips onto the floor. “You’re lucky we don’t kick you and your friend out right now, though we probably should with all the shit you put Papyrus through.”

You heard Edge growl, and you started driving.

You’re not here.

You’re not here.

They don’t see you.

You’re invisible.

Be invisible.

“So punk, did this dirtbag hold you at gun point to make you travel with him?” She started laughing loudly and Alphys chimed in.

“Because who would willingly travel with this pervert?” She started laughing her high pitched nasally laugh and you glowered, thankful that they couldn’t see your face.

You heard Edge growl, and shift in his seat. “damn bitches.”

Undyne’s laughter cut off, and she gripped his headrest, peering over at the seemingly relaxed skeleton.

“Say that to my face.”

He opened his one eye, meeting her gaze with one of his own. “ damn bitches.” His tone was snarky and his grin was devilish.

Oh Edge, just shut up, please!

“NYYYYYGGGAAAA!” The fish woman materialized a spear out of fucking thin air and tried to stab the skeleton with it, but the SUV was too small, and it smacked you in the back of the head, and you swerved.

“FUCKING STOP THIS SHIT OR I’LL CAP ALL OF YOUR FUCKING KNEES, FUCK!” You screamed, righting the car then slamming the breaks, sending the two female monsters face first into your Edge’s seats backside, while Edge teleported himself right out of the car. You were fine because you adhered to rule 4, and had your seatbelt on.

See? Your rules were totally relevant!

Wait… Edge… oh shoot!

Your eyes scanned for him, but he was no where to be seen, and the rage and annoyance you felt moments earlier disappeared faster than a fat kid chasing an ice cream truck. Pulling shit like that, agitating two obviously homicidal monsters, then disappearing. He needed some serious ass kicking… and you just goaded them too… oh man, they were going to roast you.

“Damn, she isn’t just some push over.” Undyne leaned forward, her jagged rows of teeth glinting and she met your gaze with her own. That’s when you saw her eye patch, and you swallowed. She was a fish monster… with an eye patch… was she a pirate? A scary pirate that could bite your head off, then supplex your corpse…
You felt Alphys’ gun at the nape of your neck, and sweat broke out on your skin, your heart hammering.

Oh lord, you were going to die.

“Now, you could keep driving or…”

You put your foot on the gas, “What about Edge?”

Both girls looked at each other confused, then a small smile tugged at the lizard woman’s lips. “Ah, is that what he told you to call him? Look at that Undyne, he’s pretending to be someone else… he’s such a coward.”

“Fucking bastard, when I get my hands on him…” She growled, wringing her hands together.

“So,” Alphys nasally voice made your stomach drop. “How did you meet ‘Edge’? You don’t look like his type.” They didn’t answer your question, you grumbled mentally.

Undyne cut in crudely, “Any girl with a pulse is his type.” She roared with laughter, and you knew already you didn’t like her. She was a real bitch.

Then you realized that you drove off without Edge, and panic blossomed in your chest. You seriously weren’t going to leave the him here, right? All alone? He couldn’t leave you alone, and you couldn’t leave him alone! These girls had crazy, psychotic, homicidal auras, and Alphys clawed finger trailed along the side of your face and you flinched away.

“We met at a strip club.” You said hurriedly.

Even though silence settled in the SUV, you could tell they were digesting what you were saying. For some reason you felt the need to justify yourself. “I was traveling and I saw his car parked in front of a strip joint, and I saw chips in his car so I started looking for him.”

“So you weren’t stripping.”

You shook your head emphatically.

Alphys sat back, and when you looked into the rearview mirror she appeared to be studying you, and a quick glance to Undyne showed that she was also thinking about what you said.

“Why do you call him ‘Edge’?” Undyne’s voice was calm.

“We um, didn’t want to get close to each other so we gave each other nicknames.” They looked at each other, then back at you. “Obviously it worked because he ditched you.” The fish woman replied gruffly, and it felt like she punched you in the gut as you tried to blink back the tears in your eyes as sorrow settled in your chest. She was right because, as soon as they showed up he disappeared. “He did the same thing to his brother. When things got too hard he just took off.”

“shut the fuck up, i didn’t ditch her.” Edge’s body appeared out of thin air next to you, in the passenger seat.

Your heart jumped in your chest, and you tried to hide the smile, but failed. He looked over at you, his alabaster cheeks dusting a faint red before looking back at Undyne.

“Wow, you actually came back. Too bad your loyalties are with a human and not with your brother.” She sneered, and the edgy skeleton growled. “All he’s ever done is look out for you and
your lazy ass, and you just leave him when he needs you.”

You could sense the murderous aura leaking off of Sans, and you wanted to just hide.

“welp. it’s good to see yer keepin’ an eye out fer my brother.” He said wearing his favorite shit eating grin.

The fish woman snarled and raised her hand to summon another spear when Alphys put her hand on Undyne’s bicep and she froze, a wide smirk spreading across her face as she leaned down and began kissing the yellow dinosaur.

You were pale and shaking, afraid that they were going to have you crash the car, or straight out kill you and was debating on jumping ship, and that last revelation had you done. So apparently (hopefully) they were a thing (because if the fish woman just smooched random people you were so gone), and now they were forcing you to drive… Where were they going?

“ugh, get a fuckin’ room.” Edge muttered under his breath, but the two either didn’t hear him or elected to ignore him.

“Don’t upset them anymore, please?” You whispered, begged quietly. He looked over at you, giving you a peculiar glance.

“sugar tits, are ya ok?” He actually looked concerned, before a self confident grin stretched his lazy features. “hey, don’t forget. i got yer back.” You nodded, hearing the distinctive slurping noises of the two girls kissing. You refrained from blanching and Edge made exaggerated barfing motions.

It wasn’t long before you had to stop for lunch. The two women pilfered your MRE rations, leaving you with the worst flavor… the veggie omelet. Stupid selfish stingy brats.

“c’mere sugar tits, let me put some mustard on that.” Edge held up his bottle of condiment and both girls wrinkled their nose as you sat by Edge, holding out your ‘meal’. He doused it in an ungodly amount of mustard, which at this point was welcomed, and took the fork from your hand.

“Really Edge?” You gave him a flat look, and grinned wider, scooping up the food with a fork. You saw the girls lean in and whisper and then it hit you. You responded to his nickname without even batting an eye.

You had become his sugar tits...

You had become his sugar tits...

He fed the bite into your gaping mouth, and you bit the fork, pulling your head away glaring at him. “I’m not your ‘sugar tits’, it’s Stowe,” You replied mouth full of food you chewed quickly and swallowed.

“mhmm, whatever you say sugar tits,” he replied unfazed, easily lifting the fork out of your grasp and taking a bite for himself.

You could feel the two monster’s gazes burning into your back, and you could tell they were sizing up your relationship with Edge. He was acting like he owned you, like you were under his thumb, but you weren’t going to give him the satisfaction of thinking he had an obedient little human to follow him.

“Fine, you keep calling me that, and I’ll just start calling you Sans,” you replied flippantly.
He swallowed, dropping the fork, his eyelights gone, and that small fear bubbled in your chest, the small voice in the back of your head asking if you maybe had gone too far.

He deliberately set down your food, and reached out to grab you. You jumped up and started to run away when you smacked into something hard.

He had teleported to right in front of you, grabbing you and holding you close, leaning his mouth next to your ear.

“you listen, and listen well sugar tits.” His one hand pinned you against him by the small of your back while his other hand rubbed your thigh, “if ya start usin’ that name, ya better be ready to use it right.”

You blinked, confusion washing over you. It was like he could read your thoughts because he let out a deep chuckle that you found slightly arousing. Use it right? What could that even mean?

“heh. sometimes i love it when yer so oblivious. i’m gonna give ya some time to think on it.” You felt something slick and warm travel along your jaw line before he disappeared, reappearing where your MRE was, comfortably leaning up against, the car, taking a bite out of your food before his face twisted into a grimace and he started drinking mustard.

You put your hand up to your jawline, realizing that he had just licked you. Your gaze flitted over to the two monsters who were snickering, and you wrinkled your nose, swiftly grabbing your food and retreating into the SUV.

You heard his loud and obnoxious guffawing, and you sat, in-between bites, grinding your teeth.

Alphys slinked into the car after a moment, and you stiffened, eyeing her suspiciously.

“Don’t tell me you are one of those bigoted humans?” Her nasally voice broke through the silence, her eyes ever observant, like a computer absorbing everything and storing it somewhere, and honestly, she terrified you.

“I’m not a bigot. I’m terrified of anyone that can kill me. I believe they call that ‘self preservation’.”

You heard a low kind of maniacal chuckle, and she tilted her head fastening her gaze on you, crazy never shone so bright before. “Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be immune to a zombie’s bite?”

“Nope.” You replied flatly… well you at least tried. After taking a bite, your face twisted into disgusted expression… veggie omelet tasted like death.

She seemed to deflate a little, then shrugged. “Not even a little bit?”

“Nope.”

Honestly, you were interested, but if a crazy homicidal lizard/dinosaur (you weren’t quite sure what she was), was offering, you were definitely not interested.

“Do you like Sans?”

You choked on your bite, giving her a venomous stare. She watched you with a coolly amused expression that ever calculating gaze in place. After a minute she looked out the window. “We’re on our way to Washington D.C. It is where Sans’ brother, Papyrus is. He asked us, if we saw his sorry excuse for a brother, to send him that way. Do you think that, if he goes back to his brother, he will
Your venomous stare was replaced with a neutral one and you shrugged, “What’s it matter?”

She looked back at you, raising a brow, imploring you to continue but you didn’t say a word. “Interesting.” She stated quietly, taking another bite of the food she pilfered from you before her face contorted in disgust. “Why do you eat this revolting food?”

You spared her glance, then took a bite, regretting that decision immediately.

“Don’t get too comfortable human.” Her tone was low, and threatening. When you looked over, she was looking at the food as if it was a specimen. “You don’t know Sans.”

Those words cut you deeper than a knife, and you saw the line drawn. You were just a human, and the only reason you where here was because Edge, or Sans as his real name was, let you. Alphys had no problem making you feel unwelcomed, because to her, you were some trivial human.

You were just some trivial human…

With her sentiment shared, she climbed out of the SUV to rejoin her girlfriend. You could hear them banter with Edge, who would say something then laugh, then you would hear Undyne yell at him.

Would Edge really miss you when you left?

After lunch everyone piled into the SUV, Edge assuming the driver’s seat, and you were back in the passengers.

The banter between the three was already shifting from hostile to apathetic, which made you wonder if that’s the only way monsters knew how to communicate, and eventually silence settled in the car.

“it’s hilarious,” Sans said as he drove. “undyne, ex general of the guard, kills her car, alphys, the ex royal scientist, can’t fix it, and ya gotta call me, the big strong man to save ya.”

You heard the guttural growl of the fish woman behind you, and you shrunk into your seat.

“'s real funny ‘cause a few nights back, sugar tits ran the car out of gas.” You looked over at him hatefully, and he pretended to be oblivious. “ya guys should just leave the drivin’ and fixin’ cars to men.” He wore that infuriating shit eating grin, and you were ready to shove the butt of your gun into his jaw, when Undyne started yelling her “NGGYYYYAAA” battle cry.

“heh, ya guys can't appreciate a good joke if one pokes ya in the eye,” He turned to Undyne, wagging his bone brows. "you'd know all about that, eh fishsticks?"

Her expression blanked for a moment before her rage returned full force, and she held out her hands, magic hot and burning in the air.

Edge sat up straighter and turned his head to look at her, his right eyesocket blank and his left eyesocket glowing bright red, magic seeping out, his grin absolutely terrifying, and another magic settled in the air, this one dark, vast, and menacing, pushing against her hot magic with his dark thick one.

“bring it bitchsticks.” His voice never sounded so ominous before, and Undyne grinned.

That was how you found yourself on the side of the road, watching Edge stand before Undyne, and a tumbleweed blew between them, like some friggin western...
She began her assault, to which he teleported out of the way, then he would throw out some lame taunt, and she would roar, and launch more spears.

This continued for several minutes, and Alphys siddled closer to you, making you uncomfortable. It was like she made it her job to make you remember that you didn’t belong.

"This is the most fun my Undyne has had in a long time."

You gave her sidelong glance before climbing into the car, and pulling out your map.

Yeah, yeah, you got her message... You didn't belong with the crazy zombie slaying homicidal monsters...

You were sitting in the back, idly flipping through a worn out magazine when you felt your seat belt tighten, as the inertia of the car increased greatly as the breaks were slammed.

Edge flew into the back seat and started mumbling curses.

“LET'S KILL ZOMBIES!” Undyne yelled with much enthusiasm, and jumped out of the car, Alphys eagerly joining her.

Edge straightened himself, and looked over at you winking.

“havin’ fun yet?”

“No.”

He let out a dark chuckle, his eyes looking you over. "seriously stowe, ya doin' ok?"

"No. Not really."

He nodded, and glanced out the window watching the crazy fish lady rain down magic spears, and the crazy lizard lady fire off a strange looking gun that shot out little beams that were disintegrating the zombies.

You pointed at Alphys and turned to Edge, “how?”

He shrugged, “she used to be the royal scientist so she probably invented that? they're a crazy bunch. they live for the kill, were some of the strongest monsters in the underground.”

"Yeah... I can see that. Bein' friends with them and all."

He paused, sparing you a brief glance, "eh, not really friends. it's just easier allying yerself with strong people."

Then what am I Edge? I'm not very strong... so what am I to you?

"so, ya think we should jump in the front seat and take off?"

"I think if you try that, bitchsticks as you so lovingly called her, will rain down spears on us and turn us into shish-kabobs."

He let out a snort of laughter and leaned back closing his eyes, head tucked into his chest, shoving his hand into his jacket. Soon he started snoring, and you pulled up your magazine, rereading the same articles for the umpteenth time.
Soon enough the girls returned, climbing in, shutting the car doors, and starting up the SUV.

Alphys was driving and chatting with Undyne about some anime that you didn't care for.

You could feel your discontent, and you knew why. You were enjoying your time with Edge alone, but with these people added to the mix, things became weird, chaotic, stressful (at least for you). Edge seemed reluctant to speak to you, and his banter with them was mean spirited. It was almost as if he was withdrawing into himself, and you were stressed out.

Undyne seemed like the type to fly off at anything that could trigger her, and Alphys made you feel like an outsider.

You just wanted them to go away so you could go back to how things were... But there was no way for you to communicate that with Edge, at least not with them around. With a pensive frown you looked out the window of the car at the desolate countryside.

You still had plenty of daylight left when the car stopped. Surprised, Alphys informed you that she and Undyne had set up a house on an earlier journey. It offered a shower, light, heat, beds and food, and it just so happened that you were coming across this house.

You admit, it was kind of weird, but whatever. The idea of actually sleeping in a bed sounded like a dream, a good dream, and goodness knows you needed more of those.

It would also make up for the cray cray that was today, getting dragged by the cold blooded duo, in all their crazy... *Lets kill this, let's talk smack about you to your face, omg we totes hate you, HUMANS SUCK!!* Message receives loud and clear...

“There’s only two beds.” You said flatly, brought out of your soliloquies. You obviously knew where this was going. Her and Undyne slept together (uh duh!) so having one other bed seemed sufficient.

“guess we’ll be sleeping together.” Edge replied, his gaze settling on your other assets. You crossed your arms over your chest and glared at him.

Granted you guys have slept in the same room, and next to each other, and even on top of each other, the idea of moving this to a bed was... it was too much.

“Oh my god, you guys are so fucking awkward. Just fuck already!” Undyne roared and you glowered at her, but kept your mouth shut.

“ya heard the fish, c'mon sugar tits.” He gave you a suggestive brow waggle.

Your glare shifted from Undyne to Edge, and you huffed turning toward your backpack, rummaging. “I’m going to take a shower...” you looked over your shoulder at the ex Captain of the Guard. “You said there is no way a zombie can get in here? Like none?”

“Ha! My Alphy has set up a top of the line security system, and there is no way a zombie can get in here.” She put her hands on her hips and let out an obnoxious laugh.

You nodded, and despite your rules, you decided that perhaps, with this advanced security you would chance a shower alone. “Then I’m going to take a shower.”

Edge’s grin fell, and he watched you carefully as you made your way out of the room holding your clothes.
You got to the bathroom, which was impeccable and clean and had a huge shower and tub and paused.

Rule 3 was rearing its head, and you found yourself hesitating. They assured you that you were safe, and that there was no way a zombie could get in here but… what if…

“stowe?” Edge’s soft voice in your ear made you jump, and you whipped around stumbling. He grabbed your arm, and righted you, his brow drawn in concern. “didja want me to sit in?”

You adverted your eyes, looking at the floor, head bobbing with a faint nod.

“ok, sugar tits. i can do that.” He smiled wide, stepping back and closed the door. “just holler when you want me to come in.”

You turned on the faucet, the water quickly hitting the desired temperature, and you slipped in, giving him the go ahead to come in.

You heard the click of the door, then silence. You started to lather your hair, kind of surprised he hadn’t made a lewd remark yet.

“Edge?” You were met with silence. “Sans?”

“hm? what’s up sugar tits?”

“Are you okay?”

“‘m fine.” More silence.

You finished rinsing your hair, “You’re just not… um, as talkative as usual. I guess I was just a little worried.”

“What do ya mean?”

“Like, usually you’re makin’ passes at me, or I thought you would’ve asked to shower with me.”

You peaked your head out the curtain and he met your gaze, relaxed sitting on the floor.

“ya want me to come in there with ya?” His smile was lewd, but you felt like his heart wasn’t in it.

Your heart started pounding, and you clutched the curtain tighter, squeaking and shaking your head.

He let out a humored chuckle, “ya sure? i could wash yer back.”

Stepping back under the stream, you let out a snort of laughter and started conditioning your hair, then soaping up a washcloth and started washing your body.

You heard the door click and low whispering that sounded like Alphys, then the door click again.

Finished you turned off the water, and peaked around the curtain. “ya good?” You nodded. He stood up and exited, leaving you confused. Usually he loves giving you a hard time, but he was acting… courteous? You stepped out, grabbing your towel and dried off.

It definitely wasn’t your imagination. He was acting different, and it put you off.

You looked over to where you put your clothes to find a pile of clothes that definitely were not yours. It was a cute frilly shirt, with some really cute girly shorts and really long stockings with frills at the top. It looked like it came straight out of a shojo manga.
Brows drawn, and lips pressed together, you slipped into the clothes, which surprisingly fit well and were quite comfortable, and towed off your hair, and put it up into easy updo.

You slipped out of the steamy bathroom feeling considerably refreshed, and followed the sounds of laughing from the living room.

Edge was lounging on the couch, telling a story, and Undyne sat on the recliner, Alphys sitting at her feet.

You could see the easiness, the camaraderie and familiar atmosphere between them, and here you were, some stranger.

Alphys spotted you first, her crazy smile splitting her face and she motioned you to come over.

“We saw your clothes were dirty so were washing them. Since those fit you so well, you can keep them.” She stated easily. When you stepped forward you heard Edge make a weird grunting, choking noise, before he hid his face behind his bony hand, his cheeks bright red.

You sat next to Edge, and he shifted, pulling away from you.

You couldn’t hide the hurt expression, and instead stared at your hands.

“Ha! Look at that nerd! He never told her!” Undyne cackled, and her girlfriend smiled wide. “You’re such a pervert!”

“shut the fuck up fishface.” He growled.

“Tell me what?” You looked at him, and he shrunk further into his jacket, his eyes fixed on the wall. “What didn’t you tell me?”

The girls started roaring with laughter, Undyne doubling over, and Alphys hiding her face behind her hands… er, claws.

“It’s none of yer damn business.” He growled, and you looked back and forth between them, your chest hurting.

You felt like there was some joke, something going on, and you were the butt of it. Why couldn’t he tell you? What did they know? You couldn’t stand to be around any of them any more so you jumped up, mumbling about going to your room and rushed off, unable to see the disappointed looks of Undyne or Alphys.

In the room you had pulled out the map you had been using to navigate, and tried to route the best option but your mind kept replaying over that scene. Over and over again. You tried to stop, but it wouldn’t, and every time you thought about how Edge was treating you today, about how Undyne and Alphys knew more about him they were so eager to throw that in your face.

Of course you didn’t know Edge…

You didn’t want too… right?

The heavy feeling in your chest made your breathing tight, and unshed tears blinded your vision as you leaned over the map. You let in a shuddering breath, the slowly released it.

Then this thought came… the thought that maybe Edge was acting so distant because of what happened last night. Maybe he realized that he wasn’t that in to you, you were such a mess, throwing
yourself at him to prove you were something you weren’t. And then… You gasped, remembering that you tried to kiss him last night. How could you for get that!?

Oh, lord, he was probably looking for a fling and you were confessing feelings and all that vulnerable mushy stuff!

You buried your face into the pillow, trying to hold back tears, but you couldn’t and they started; you felt alone and rejected; Even worse than that time with the asshole from 408B because, despite everything, a part of you trusted Edge.

You trusted Edge… and you actually liked him… romantically.

(switch POV)

Edge heard you sobbing, and he never felt so helpless. He could tell today was hard on you, with Undyne and Alphys acting like bat shit crazy bitches, he was a little on off himself.

He wanted to go in there and hold you, but he was afraid he wouldn’t be able to control himself once he got in there. The idea of holding you, your body pressing into him, wearing those adorable fucking stockings… Alphys that bitch.

She knew what she was doing when she gave Stowe that outfit. They knew what they were doing to him; they were getting at him, torturing them.

He waited until he knew you were asleep, and the two bitches went to sleep before he snuck into your room.

Your face was stained with tears, and your brows were drawn. Dammit you were so beautiful, and he wondered why he didn’t tell you this. He tucked a loose strand of hair out of your face, and leaned down, his teeth grazing against your soft pink lips, and he felt his soul surge with arousal and affection.

He wanted to push further, to slip is tongue into your mouth, and taste you, hear you moan in his mouth-

He felt a presence, nay two. Eyes wide, and soul pounding he slowly turned his head, Seeing Undyne watching with her only eye, jagged predatory grin stretched eerily wide. It was like she was a shark and sensed blood in the water, her eye crazy. Below her head was the reptilian head of the mad scientist, her eyes wide, glinting sinisterly, and her lips moved, voice quiet, but he knew what she was saying… he knew it because he heard it so many times.

“I ship it.”

Chapter End Notes

Okay... so two of you suggested stockings... and I had no idea of how to make a short so it actually became a story device... And credit roll... theweakgirl, and Menou I gave you your stockings ;D

JELLYBLOB... Pretty much most of the Alphyne stuff is them. They just had so many funny ideas so I put them in.
STILL ACCEPTING DIALOGUE PROMPTS, SCENARIOS, AND OTHER ODDITIES THAT MAY RESULTS IN BONUS CHAPTER CONTENT. PLEASE POST IN COMMENTS. THEN ADD 2 CUPS OF WATER AND BOIL FOR THREE MINUTES TO PREPARE FUTURE BONUS CONTENT.

I'll also take suggestions for interactions between Alphyne and Edge and Stowe because why not?!?!
Scouts Guide to the Zombie Apocalypse (Bonus Chapter Pt 2)

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

Does Edge have skeleton's in his closet, what secrets does Stowe keep in her bag, what would happen if Stowe was bit and... a little skelemake out because we haven't got any action yet!

Chapter Notes

More writing prompts, bonus content, and random oddities because why not... it's stuff I can't fit in or choose not to fit in to the actual story line... Hopefully it's entertaining...
Idk... we'll see...

Um... also, I tweaked last chapter to try to create a better flow and progression... although i don't really know if it helped... and i'm not sure if i tweaked enough... to um... suggest re-reading it... I made Alphys more of a bitch... and... I really don't know how to write Fell Alph an Fell Undyne so... yeah...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Skeleton’s in his closet: Inspired by StarryDragon(CrystalLightingStar) and Steph

It began with something as simple as a hum. Last night you had a dream, and a good one at that. You dreamt that you were Christine in Phantom of the Opera, and having watched that musical a good number of times (81 to be exact), and owned the soundtrack at one point, you were pretty well versed in all the songs.

The current song running through your head was “Music of the Night,” and it was easy to hum.

You would be lying if said you didn’t have a thing for the Phantom… or Gerard Butler, that sexy beast, with that thick scottish accent, those strong arms, that five o’clock shadow… if he ever walked across your path… mmmmm…

After a bit you grew quiet, the hum of the tires on the pavement, and the silence was welcomed as you let your mind wander, and you softly hummed other pieces from Phantom of the Opera.

Eventually dusk drew near, and he had found a suitable home to crash in. It was boarded up, but uninhabited.

You jumped out, gun cocked, and fired at a zombie that came running towards you, wailing unintelligibly like you do when you’re drunk, your nerves steeled… Ha! Just kidding, it still scared the crap out of you, sometimes literally.
Clearing out the area, you both entered the home, dragging a heavy cabinet in front of the door for good measure. Edge could always teleport you both out if worse came to worse.

As you scavenged in the kitchen for food, which wasn’t much; some canned veggies, moldy bread, and one potato, Edge was tasked with setting up your sleeping arrangements.

With the impending threat of winter, and the drastic drop in temperatures, you had forgone “proper etiquette” and had been sleeping next to him, since he radiated warmth, and prevented hypothermia.

Dinner was going to suck, but hey, at least you weren’t eating alone! See, despite everything you were still an optimist! Curious you wandered over to the movie collection your breath stilling up on the beautiful and vast movie collection. Your mouth shifted into a wide and eager grin noticing that most of them were some of your favorite musicals. Perhaps… you could rig the house to have enough power to indulge if only for a night. You eagerly made your way into the bedroom but paused at the door.

“open up your mind, let you’re fantasy’s unwind.” Edge’s quiet voice cut through the silence.

You swallowed, eyes slowly growing wide.

He paused, his shoulder’s hunching up defensively, and a smile tugged at the corner of your lips.

“Don’t stop on an account of me.”

“i wasn’t singin’!” He denied too quickly.

“I distinctly heard you singing Music of the Night, and that was the Phantom’s line.”

“i didn’t say a damn thing.”

“Edge...”

“i told ya i wasn’t singin’.”

“Just admit it, you’re a nerd… like me.” You made your way to Edge’s side, and batted your eyelashes as Edge’s face grew steadily more red.

“just shut the fuck up!” He roared.

“I think it was sexy.” You could feel the heat in your cheeks increase.

His eye lights disappeared, “I s a i d I w a s n ‘ t s i n g- what?”

You bit your lip, and sat yourself on the bed, looking away. “You could feel the heat in your cheeks increase.

His eye lights disappeared, “I s a i d I w a s n ‘ t s i n g- what?”

You bit your lip, and sat yourself on the bed, looking away. “You heard me,” Your eyes slid over to him, your smile coy. “When I first saw the movie, I was 16. If I was Christine, I would’ve chose the Phantom.” Mmm Gerard Butler. Edge was watching you curiously and he sat next to you, his hands folded together.

“why? he was ugly.”

You let out a little chuckle, “Looks aren’t everything… His voice was nice, and his devotion, albeit a smidge creepy, was flattering. He didn’t know how to love, but he tried his best… and at the end, he did let her go. He never stopped loving her,” You looked to the side a sad smile tugging your lips.

“He did his best.”

“But he was violent… he was a monster.”
You turned your body to face the skeleton in front of you, “Yeah… he was.” His eyes were searching yours, his expression so earnest and transparent. “I still can’t believe you like Phantom of the Opera,” you chewed your lip, and Edge’s cheeks started glowing red. “You’re a theatre geek…” He opened his mouth, anger flashing across his features but you kept talking, “I like it.” His mouth snapped shut, and he looked away abashed. “I have a question for you… Have you ever seen Repo! The Genetic Rock Opera?”

He raised a browbone at you, “uh no?”

Your grin stretched and you stood up, seizing his hands. “Come on my amazing smart and intelligent skeleton, let’s rig up some power to this house. They have it, and you must see it!”

**Looks like a really crampy time: (Gonna be a weird shift between the POV with no clear distinction… #sorrynotsorry)**

You were busy pouring over the map, and Edge was bored. His eyes slid over to your backpack which you guarded with your life, his curiosity getting the better of him. How annoyed would you get if he decided to go through your bag? Mmm, yeah it’s a good minute since he annoyed you, and he needed to fix that now.

Flexing his fingers he held out his hand to you, and thrusted his gravity magic on your body, you slamming into the ground, and looking up at him, eyes wide and confused.

“The hell?”

A wide and carnal grin split his skull as he briefly thought about using his magic to hold you in place as he claimed every inch of your body for his pleasure and gratification.

Meh, too much work… He stood up, slowly walking over, his eyes still raking across your body, lingering longer on your more pleasurable assets, before he kneeled in front of you.

“mmm, you look so fucking hot like that.”

Panic over took your features as he slowly reached out, your eyes fastened on his skeletal hand… and it passed over your breast and latched on to your bag. He pulled it to him, and sat back on his haunches, and started rummaging.

You watched him, still struggling against his magic, and perplexed as to why he was using his magic to get your bag. He could have just simply asked.

He pulled out a diary, and your face colored knowing that you had wrote about your… dreams… with him…

Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit… Now he’s going to know your sex dreams with him. Phew, he got bored and quit reading.

He paused pulling out a hot pink little drawstring bag, “Edge no, stop!” You cried out, your face hotter then hell. “Seriously dude, drop that shit!”

His grin returned even bigger, and he opened the bag, pouring out the contents, which happened to be a lavender silicone cup with a little stem attached. You started laughing hysterically as he held it in the palm of his hand looking at it curiously. The pinpricks of lights shifted to you then back to the little cup, and you couldn’t stop laughing.
“what the hell’s this.”

“My,” more hysterical laughter, “cup!” If the magic wasn’t restraining you, you would’ve already got it from him, or you would be rolling around, but here you were, trapped and mortified.

“What the hell’s a cup?”

More snorts, before you could regain composure. Oh lords this was humiliating and hilarious. “It’s for periods.”

He lifted it up to his face, eyes uncomprehending.

“I put it inside of me, it catches the stuff and I dump it. It’s reusable.”

And… he lost it. He dropped it like it was a diseased chinchilla, wiping his hands on his jacket and looking at it then you then back at it.

“Does it stretch ya?”

“What?”

“Y’know, stretch ya down there?”

“No! Why the hell would that matter?”

“Gotta make sure ya stay tight.”

You tried to face palm, but you were still being held by his magic, the position starting to kind of hurt. His eyes were still fixed on the small purple cup. “How does it work… like, how do ya get it to stay?”

Oh my freaking lanta! Is he seriously asking this?

And that was how you got to demonstrate a menstrual cup to a skeleton. After your demonstration, which you did with a wine glass because there was no way you were going to let him… see the other way you put it in… He sat back, arms folded over his chest.

“Man, i’m so fuckin’ glad i’m a skeleton. That shit’s disgusting.”

“Oh, gee, thanks,” You deadpanned.

**Science Bites: inspired by Eclipse**

You got up early in the morning, and went into the living room, but Edge wasn’t there.

Actually now that you thought about it, you hadn’t heard Alphys or Undyne either. Your stomach dropped and you ran to the front door, looking into the driveway, but the SUV was there.

Okay, so either the rapture had happened, and you were alone in the world or-

The familiar and bone chilling sound of a zombie screech made your stomach twist and your heart start pounding. You whipped around, only to be plowed into the ground, as you started kicking and screaming.
Desperately reaching around your hand secured on a umbrella and you started bashing the monster before shoving the pointy end through it’s neck and it went limp. You stood up, and kicked it for good measure. It looked as if it was once a middle aged balding man, with a it of a beer gut.

Your breathing was ragged and that’s when the pain hit you. Your eyes nervously flicked to your arm and that’s when your legs gave out on you.

The zombie had bit you.

Tears welled your eyes, and that was when you heard Edge.

“the fuck is goin’ on?” His eye sockets were vast pools of darkness, and your eyes met him, vision blurry and you held up your arm, unable to stop sobbing.

He appeared in front of you kneeling, hands hovering tentatively over your arm, before his red pinpricks met yours, and his hands held your face. “stowe, sweetheart, i’m sorry, i’m sorry.” His voice was weak, and your hands latched on to his.

You stayed like that for several minutes when Alphys cleared her throat, “I may have something that could… help.” Her tone was professional and detached.

Edge’s shoulder’s stiffened, and his magic flared up.

“you bitch.” He disappeared and reappeared in front of her, his had going to seize her throat but a blue glowing spear appeared in front of him, stopping him. His head whipped toward Undyne who was leaning against the wall, arms crossed.

“YOU LAY A HAND ON MY GIRLFRIEND AND I’LL DISEMBOWEL YOU!” She roared, straightening herself and drawing a line across her throat with her thumb.

Edge roared with laughter, “i’d have ta have guts first.”

A pathetic sob broke the tension, and Edge turned his head to see you still on the floor, clutching your bleeding arm with the flesh savagely ripped away, blood and sinew visible.

“I can help her.”

Edge growled, “fine,” whispering profanities under his breath.

“Good,” Alphys adjusted her glasses, pretending to ignore the insults from Edge, “Bring her this way.”

You sat on the table, your lip trembling. Your arm felt raw, and your blood felt like it was on fire, pulsating painfully. Edge sat by you the whole time, his hand holding yours, his eyelights meeting yours every so often, his smile turned into a frown.

“The chances of survival are .4285714%.” The lizard monster calmly stated, looking over her notes, before putting them down and grabbing a vial of disgusting green ooze. She pulled out a needle filling it with the vial substance before turning toward you, her smile stretched into a maniacal grin.

Edge’s grip on your hand tightened. “42% isn’t a very good chance. ya let that zombie in here, so she would get bit.”

Alphys didn’t even try to feign hurt or ignorance, but instead smiled.
You had come to terms with the fact that you hated Alphys… and Undyne. That they would allow you to get bit for the sake of science… those bitches. It wasn’t even a guarantee that you would survive.

Unfortunately they had forced your hand, and now you really didn’t have a choice if you wanted to maybe live.

Edge growled as the mad scientist approached you, and she rolled her eyes, roughly took your arm and injected the needle into your veins.

She slowly pushed the liquid in, and you tried to jerk away but she held you firm, your breathing erratic, ice spreading across your limbs.

“This will hurt.”

No shit Sherlock.

She pulled out the needle and you started scratching at your arm. She batted your hand away, bandaging it.

“yer a fuckin’ sadistic bitch.” Edge wrapped his arm around you, and you leaned into him, breaking out into a sweat.

“You should probably go lay down. The next 12 hours is going to be excruciating. We’ll see if you change or not.”

Edge sat by you, as you tried to repress sobs, between your emotions, and the growing pain in your body threatened to over take you.

“would ya like me ta hold ya?” He asked tentatively, and you nodded. He sidled up behind you, spooning you, his body warmth welcomed to the chills that had over taken your body, and the ice stabbing you in your veins.

You both laid like that for a long while, you trying your best to repress the uncontrollable shivering.

“I’m so sorry Edge.”

“mmm, me too stowe.”

“Sybil.”

“What?”

“That’s my name.”

“why are ya tellin’ me this?”

“I figured… you deserved to know.”

“sybil… that’s a weird name.”

“Gee, thanks… from the guy called Sans.”

He snorted, burying his face into the back of your neck, his warm breath washing down your neck.

“any chance i’m gonna get laid tonight?” His voice whispered huskily in your ear, sending tingles up your spine.
“I’m on the verge of turning into a carnivorous creature of death, and you’re concerned about getting laid?” You rolled over to look at him, feeling weak, and a small headache starting to build.

“thought ya would like ta feel good.”

“Kinda like a last meal, but instead a last ‘getting laid’? You’re ridiculous.” You laughed, and he smiled wider.

“ya like it,” His finger traced your jawline, and you nodded.

“I do…”

“ya look like shit.” His tone was affectionate, and soft.

You nodded, smiling wryly. “Funny cause that’s how I feel.”

He pressed his teeth against your forehead, and your stomach fluttered, your heart pounding. “go ta sleep sybil. i’ll see ya in the mornin’.”

You wanted to protest, but a sudden wave of exhaustion overtook you and your eyes fluttered closed.

Your dreams were filled with pain, and darkness. Horrific and painful, but no matter how bad they got you just couldn’t wake up. You thrashed, you kicked, you screamed, but nobody came.

Edge sat on the edge of the bed, watching you twist and turn, face contorted in pain. Alphys walked in, clipboard in hand, eyes observing the scene with detached demeanor.

“Why are you so put off? It’s not like you actually like humans.”

“the fuck you know?” There was pause before he continued calmly, “if she turns… i’m going to dust ya and yer bitch girlfriend.”

She looked up from her clipboard, her brows raised in surprise, but he was looking at you as you twisted and writhed in pain.

There was a cool wash cloth on your head, and soft snoring next to you. You turned your head to see Edge next to you, snoring, and you looked at your bandaged arm. Sun was peaking through the blinds, and you tried to sit up but became dizzy, and fell back down.

Edge jumped up, his eyes wide and darting about the room when they fell on you, and you grinned up at him. His frown shifted into the biggest grin, crinkling his eyes as he grabbed you pulling you into him, burying his face into your neck.

“god i was so scared i was gonna lose ya.” You wrapped your arms around him, nestling your face into his jacket, taking in smoky mustard smell.

“Did you stay with me the whole night?”

“’course sweetheart, ’course.”

The sounds of your stomach grumbling made you jump and he chuckled pulling back.

“Braaaaiiiinnnnssss…” You said with your best zombie voice, and his smile fell, his eyelights
disappearing. “I’m just kidding,” You started to laugh, and he shoved you down on the bed, then jumped off the bed heading for the door. “Where are you going?”

“to kick a lizard bitch’s ass.” He paused turning around to wink at you, “and get ya some grub.”

Truth, Dare, or Zombie: inspired by Trashy Fandom Girl

“There is no sleeping at 10 pm NYGGGAAAAA!” Undyne kicked open the door to the room you were currently staying in, and grabbed you by your arm dragging you out.

You were hitting her hands, but she was unfazed and threw you into the living room.

Bottles of alcohol were strewn everywhere, and Edge was sitting back, hands shoved into his jacket pocket, face flushed.

Alphys was giggling, and Undyne started supplexing random furniture, before kneeling down in front of your face, her breath heavy with whisky.

“TRUTH, DARE, OR ZOMBIE NERD!?”

“What?” You pulled back slightly, nervous and scared.

Edge opened his eyes to small slits before a savage growl escaped his throat, “damn those stockings.” He grumbled, and reached for a pillow, holding it to his stomach.

Was everyone wasted? Oh sweet baby sloths, this was a disaster in the making?

“PICK OR WE’LL PICK FOR YOU, AND IT’LL BE ZOMBIES!”

“Zombies!” Alphys squealed, bouncing in her seat.

“Truth?” You answered hesitantly, and Undyne face palmed really loud making you jump.

“Gah! You’re so FUCKING laaaammmmeee!” She slammed her fists on to the coffee table. “Fine! Dirtiest thought about Sans!” She pointed to Edge, who sat up abruptly, his eyes wide and pin pricks of light bright and small.

“Like… what do you mean?” You started to sweat.

“You know what I mean punk, spill!”

You shrugged uncomfortably, “Um…” You looked down at your hands, “Can I switch to dare?”

Both girls let out a giggle, looking between you and Edge, who was giving you a peculiar look.

“Okay, as your dare, you have to make out with Sans, in the closet, for 30 seconds.” Alphys clapped her hands. Your head whipped toward Edge who was blushing bright crimson.

“Edge?” He wasn’t going to consent to this, right? They were forcing you to do stuff… it was weird, and totally juvenile.

“Or… if he doesn’t comply, we could share some of his darkest secrets.” Alphys said, her smile creepy and insane.

“welp, let’s get started sugar tits!” He grabbed your hand, and dragged you into the closet… the
really small closet, where you were pressed up against him.

_Slam. Thunk._

And Undyne just locked you in here, and probably put the boudoir in the way, effectively trapping you… not Edge, just you. He could teleport out if he wanted too.

“i uh… i’m sorry about them. they get carried away, ya don’t have ta if ya don’t want ta.”

“It’s not that I don’t want too, it’s just weird that they’re… forcing us. I mean…” You looked away, your face flush with embarrassment, “I feel like they’re trying to hook us up, which I would rather happen on its own.”

“I DON’T HEAR ANY KISSING! SWAP SPIT! GET ON WITH THE TONSIL HOCKEY! C’MON!!!” Undyne yelled rather painfully.

Shifting and adjusting your body against Edge, you looked into his glowing eyes, mesmerized, a shy smile tugging on your lips. “Guess we should at least… try, right?”

“heh, yeah.” Your left hand came up tracing his jawline, your other hand gripped into his t-shirt, seeking purchase as your head inched forward, tentatively meeting his teeth. It felt so sweet, and so innocent, then his hands snaked around you, pressing you into him, as he deepened the kiss, his tongue sliding across your bottom lip, seeking entry. You slightly parted your lips and he plunged his warm tingling tongue into your mouth, exploring yours with a much enthusiasm, his teeth playfully nipping your lips.

You let out a soft moan, and he became more aggressive, your head swirling and your world growing dizzy as he swept you away with his kiss. For someone without lips, he was incredibly skilled, and before you knew it, the familiar unfamiliarness of the void enveloped you before you reappeared on the bed of the room you were currently occupying, and he was on top of you, dominating, growling, and his hands exploring every inch of your body, and you were gasping and writhing in pleasure, little cries and moans escaping.

You were both getting hot and heavy when you heard yelling, “WHAT THE HELL?! WHERE DID THEY GO?”

You broke the kiss snickering, and he buried his face in your neck, softly nibbling on the skin.

“She’s annoying as hell, but she’s useful.”

“Oh yeah?”

“mmm, yeah.”

The door burst open, and Undyne froze, standing with an aggressive posture, heavily breathing. Alphys peaked her head in, slowly reaching for the doorknob and closed it.

“GET IT!” Undyne roared, before you heard their retreating footsteps…

“Get what?” You asked, tilting your head, and Edge laughed, face still buried in your neck.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry if it's not good, it's just random stuff... Hopefully you all enjoy it though. I'll actually have a journal with all the prompts suggested, and I'm slowly writing them up so if you suggested one, be patient, it should come out eventually :)

FYI... Name mentioned in this chapter isn't concrete, I just like the way it sounds... also... i can't stand seeing Y/N so hey, change it to your name if you like that more :)

Chapter Summary

Alphys observations on our duo... and Stowe learns of her ship...

Chapter Notes

Forgive me, those of you who read Boyfriend Material… I kind of hit a writers block with that one... also, ideas flow for this story like how milk and honey flowed in the lands of Israel during Biblical times.

Also, trying out some new methods of writing because... SCIENCE!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

(Alphys’ POV…)

It has been an interesting day today… it started when our car overheated. I was unable to locate any cars within a 50 mile radius that had the items we would need to repair our vehicle when my computer picked up a two life forms heading toward us.

In an act of desperation, my wonderful, strong, and beautiful girlfriend carved “HELP” in the side of the vehicle with one of her spears, then hid underneath. She sent me back several yards in hopes to ambush whomever would be foolish enough to stop.

Oh, the surprise I felt when it was none other than Sans, the skeleton we were looking for, that was the one to stop… but then what surprised me even more was when I saw his companion.

She was fairly attractive, but had an air of modesty about her. Definitely not Sans type… at first I theorized that he had forced her to travel with him, and was using her to satiate his lust, but it only took me a few minutes to ascertain that, she was in fact, a willing companion.

I had then made it my mission to understand the nature of their relationship.

It would be easiest if I came across as hostile. It would allow me to determine the nature of Sans relationship to her, and vice versa. I could see how far would Sans would go to protect her, and how committed she was to staying near him.

Were they romantically involved? Were they friends? Were they mere acquaintances?

*I, Alphys the former scientist of the Underground, would find this out for the sake of science!*

At lunch, I observed the ease that Sans and the human had with each other. She even responded to the disdainful nickname of ‘Sugar Tits’, and it was only after Undyne snickered did she realize this. Sans was showing a fondness toward this girl, but it was obvious he was trying to hide this from
Undyne and myself, and then she called him by his actual name, and his demeanor changed.

It became aggressive, but not in a hostile way. The way he touched her… he had yet to be intimate with her, but it was obvious that he wanted her.

*Why was he restraining himself?*

Her body language spoke so much more than his; when she turned around her expression was perplexed. She did not think much of his advances…

*Or, perhaps she did not realize his intent behind his advances…*

Flustered, she brought her meal into the SUV to eat. Now would be a good time to get a feel on where she stood in their relationship.

She easily rebuffed my mild inquiries…

She was harder to read then Sans, and seemed intent on keeping me in the dark. If she wasn’t much to Sans, perhaps she could be useful for some experiments I had been conducting. I saw her eyes flicker with interest, then just as quickly dim. She was guarded, and watched me warily.

Of course it is to be expected that she is wary, we monsters now easily outnumber humans.

*Sans is suspicious.*

Undyne was sporadic as usual, which kept Sans and the human on edge. Perhaps once we reached our destination we could find a way to create a baseline. At this point, it would be in my best interest to appear hostile toward the human, and non-chalant with Sans. That way I could gauge his reaction toward the human while not raising suspicion.

Undyne stopped the car to kill zombies… it is not my favorite activity but I did just invent a disintegrating ray, and would like to test it. It would appear that Sans and the human do not want to leave the vehicle, so I will leave behind a voice activated recording system.

My ray was a success. I am a genius.

I have to be discreet; several times I have glanced in the back using the mirrors, and when the human isn’t paying attention, Sans it watching her. His expression has an softness to it.

*He is obviously attracted to the human… but I cannot tell if it is mutual.*

Once at our base, which his disguised as a house, the human started up a shower. When I asked Undyne where Sans was, she informed me that he was guarding the human in case of a potential zombie breech.

The idea was preposterous, but I do commend the human for her instinct of self-preservation. Even though she was safe, the fact that she took measures to leave no opening explains why she has survived up until now.

*I am curious… could I use the human to get a reaction out of Sans?*

The pursuit of science, it is what I live for. I had some kawaii clothes from a cosplay that had some stockings. Knowing Sans weakness, and wanting to see how far I could push him before he cracked, I used the excuse of needing to launder her clothes to switch them out. He is unaware of my plot. Mwahahah…
Seeing the human step out into the living room entrance, I knew I had done well. She was very attractive, and I even had to admit, I felt a slight pull myself. Now that we were in a familiar setting I had decided to change my attitude. I knew how Sans reacted with my cold demeanor toward his female companion, so I wanted to see how he would react if I became friendly.

Perhaps I could cause him to react jealously… especially if she was wearing stockings.

Sans immediately responded to the human, going so far as to advert his gaze and put distance between them.

Wait…

The human was not aware of his fetish, but not only that, he was doing everything within his power to keep his hands and eyes to himself. He was… acting different.

Undyne thought it was hilarious, and I, intriguing.

*Does Sans actually care for the human? Is he in love?*

She didn’t respond well to the laughing or Sans avoidance… she avoided everyone’s gaze, and when she spoke, she thought we were laughing at her. I had done an excellent job at making her feel as if she was an outsider, but perhaps it was time to switch that. I have observed enough from this standpoint.

She mumbled about going to your room and left.

Perhaps I had taken things too far?

Sans stood up, his red gaze staring me and Undyne down. “ya bitches better lay off stowe, fuck!” and he was gone.

I couldn’t help the grin that stretched across my face, and Undyne was still laughing, wiped away a tear.

“He sounds like he’s in love with her or something.” My girlfriend chuckled, and I nodded.

“It would seem that way, wouldn’t it.”

I had told my girlfriend that we should head to bed early, and keep an eye out for when Sans came back. If my observations were correct, he would eventually approach Stowe to comfort her. I had even set up sensors around her room so when he appeared I would receive a notification.

I was immersed in my research when my phone alerted me to the alarm being tripped. Undyne eagerly rushed out before me, but was stealthy and quiet.

Stowe’s door was wide open, and when we peeked in, we saw him, sitting on the edge of the bed.

His eyes were half-lidded, and he gently tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. His eyes flicked up to her forehead, but he shook his head, and leaned down, his teeth brushing against her lips.

The gesture, the simple sweetness with underlying tones of desire and want… it was...

He froze, his head turning toward us, his cheeks glowing bright red, and his eyesockets wide and the pinpricks of lights small and bright.

I had decided then and there… *screw science because*… “I ship it.”
(Stowe POV)

You woke up shivering, and reached for the blankets but they were missing. By your feet was Edge’s jacket, which you admitted was kind of weird.

Wait… did he come in here while you were sleeping? That weirdo.

You grabbed the jacket, and slipped it on, the smell of smoke and mustard calming you, even if only a little. Rolling around, you tried to go back to sleep…

Nope. You were definitely awake.

After awhile you let out a throaty sigh and sat up, rubbing your eyes. It was still dark outside, but sleep wasn’t going to happen. Not without a blanket at least.

You walked out into the living room, and Edge was sprawled out on the couch with all the blankets, his shirt pulled up exposing his bottom ribs, and his arms splayed.

You had never seen so much bone before… and you didn’t give a damn.


Eye twitching, and growling like a bear forced out of hibernation, you walked over, and grabbed the blankets as tightly as you could, your fists balled up in it, and pulled.

It didn’t budge.

You tried again.

Nothing.

Letting out an exasperated sigh, you grabbed the sleeping skeleton by his arm and shook him.

“Dude… give me my blanket back. I’m freezing my arse off, and you don’t even need a blanket. “shuddup paps.” He mumbled, swatting you away.

You grabbed his arm and shook him rougher. “Give me my blankets back or I’ll feed you to the dogs.” You growled, and he pushed you away.

Stumbling you righted yourself and marched back to the couch, reaching down to grab him my his shirt, and tried to lift him up, but fell on top of him, your face inches from his.

Of course that was when he opened his eyes.

“What the hell?” His voice was gruff.

“Give me my blankets back or I’ll…”

“kiss me?” He taunted.

You could feel heat rise in your cheeks, and you wanted to jump off of him, and defend yourself but then, that was so cliché…
“Yeah. Sure. That.” You feigned confidence, and his cheekbones started to glow red, and his eyes started to dart around wildly.

“uh… yeah, ya can have ‘em.” His bony hands secured around your hips, gently lifting you off of him.

Did he really not want you to kiss him? You felt kind of relieved, but then a little disappointed?

Straightening yourself, he froze, his eyesockets becoming bottomless voids of darkness, and his hand covered his face which was now glowing so bright the room was illuminated with red.

“What the hell ya wearin?” His voice cracked and went up an octave. You looked down at his jacket and the long stockings you fell asleep in and shrugged.

“Found your coat on my bed, I thought you left it in my room?”

“shit… dammit… fuck…” He hastily grabbed the blankets, throwing them over his lap, more lewd and disgusting words escaping his teeth.

“The blankets?” You pointed to his lap and he clutched it tighter. “You said I could have them?”

“hell no.” He growled, shifting on the couch. His tongue came out, sliding along his teeth, and you gave him a weirded out stare.

“What the hell? Edge are you ok?”

“yeah, ‘m fine… ‘m just…”

“Your face is super red… like, I’ve never seen it that red before.” You reached to touch the top of his skull to see if he had a fever, but he dodged you, backing further up on the couch, the blankets slipping but he caught them and held them even tighter.

“Dude, if you’re fine give me the blankets… I will fight you over them.”

He started panting and sweating.

What the hell? Panting and sweating??

Your jaw set you lunged for him, but he disappeared, and reappeared behind the couch, still clutching the blankets. You made for another lunge, but he did the same thing, this time on the other side of the couch.

Obviously this wasn’t going to work…

>>Stowe used seduce<<

“Please… Sans?” You dropped your voice, looking up through your eyelashes, biting your lip.

More profanities escaped his teeth, and he started trembling.

>>Stowe used seduce… again<<

“We could share,” You thought about winking, but decided against it.

He disappeared, and at your feet were the blankets. You looked around the living room, and sure enough in the corner was Undyne and Alphys, snickering, and holding a camera?
The hell?

“You are like, my new best friend!” Undyne came up, slapping you on the back. You stumbled forward a few steps, turning around to stare at her.

“Do you like Sans?” Alphys asked, eyes beaming.

Why the hell would you tell her?

“What kind of question is that?” Good deflection!

“Well you nerd, you did just try to seduce him.”

Shoot, they totally saw that. You picked up the blankets and held them close to you. “Kind of… but it wasn’t really that sexy…” True. You just batted your eyelashes and teased about sharing the blankets… hm… maybe that was a bit too far.

“Says the girl wearing his jacket and in stockings.”

“Stockings?” You looked down at the clothing item in question, the back at her. “What does that have to do with anything?”

“It has to do with everything!” Undyne roared with laughter.

Everything… stockings have to do with everything?

“Undyne!” Alphys hissed, lightly smacking Undyne on the arm.

Undyne looked down at her girlfriend, and her eyes went wide, like she realized something.

“Ha ha, just kidding nerd!” Another painful slap to the back had you stumbling, and you dropped the blankets, pinwheeling your arms to regain balance. “Let’s make some breakfast!”

HOLY SWISS CHEESE ON RYE! Undyne was insane… She pummeled everything with such gusto, and almost caught the kitchen on fire… twice! You figured out, if you beat her to everything then she couldn’t cook, and that left you to do everything.

Which was fine because you didn’t feel like eating charcoal.

Pancakes, eggs, and fruit cups was on the menu, and it was delicious. Sometimes, you forgot that the world was a shitpot of horribleness because of mornings like today.

“When is Edge, er, I mean Sans, when is he coming back?”

“Probably after he’s done flogging the dolphin.” Undyne snickered.

“What?”

“Y’know, having a practice session.”

“I’m not following you.”

She tilted her head to the side, brows drawn, and then turned to Alphys.

“He had to take care of some business.”
Since when did Edge have business to take care of? He kept getting stranger, but he was entitled to that. You had your weird quirks too, and perhaps maybe someday he would be comfortable enough to confide in you what was going on.

And of course, these girls had to be so weird about it. Were all monsters so vague? Seemed like it, but then did you really want them to tell you things? Start forming a friendship with you? Hell to the no, they were cray cray, and not in the fun way…

Alphys had completely 180’d on you, and was smiling at you, and acting like you were buds, which was so freakin’ weird, because yesterday she couldn’t ice you out fast enough.

Undyne was crazy and loud, and random.

And then there was you… you were awkward and not sure how to interact.

If only Edge would come back.

“the hell ya still wearin’ that?” His voice was high pitched again. You turned around, to see him staring at you from the doorway.

“I’m sorry, um,” You slipped out of his jacket, and handed it to him. He hesitated in taking it, but when he did, your hand brushed his and he recoiled like you bit him, the jacket falling to the floor.

Dude was obviously tripping… but it didn’t stop your feelings from hurting, even if it was only a little bit.

“I’m gonna change, ok?” Head down, you meekly made your way into your room only to remember all your clothes were laundered yesterday and were probably in the dryer.

Quietly slipping into the hallway you made your way past the kitchen, stopping at the entrance.

“They’re so kawaii~” Alphys clapped her hand, and you made a face. “They’re my OTP.”

Are you kidding me?

“I can’t believe he hasn’t fucked her yet… I mean, he totally wants too.”

Wait… what?

“Taking the blankets and leaving his jacket was a brilliant idea.”

…

“How much longer do you think it’ll take?”

Are they trying to set up you and Edge? Does Edge know this? You needed to tell him.

“If we keep bating him, we might wear down his self-control, and it could be over by tonight. She just has to keep wearing stockings.”

Stockings? You looked down, and it dawned on you… the blushing, his incoherency, THE WEIRDNESS!

Those bitches!

Poor Edge, and then… You repressed a gasp.
You were totally bating him this morning, wearing stockings and his jacket. No wonder he was flipping out, and then you teased him about sharing blankets…

Your face was on fire, and you covered your mouth, feeling embarrassed and ashamed.

And poor Edge…

You had to change, and now. Going back to your doorway, you started toward the laundry room, this time making sure your steps were loud enough. Their voices were quieter this time, and you looked in through the doorway. They both waved, smiling brightly, and you returned the wave.

Bitches… They're not as clever as you two think you are.

In the laundry room you slipped into your jeans, shirt, and of course you couldn’t help yourself. You did love your skeleton socks so much.

Folding the borrowed clothes, you put them on the dryer, and gathered up the rest of your clothes.

Passing through the living room, you noticed Edge sitting on the couch. You quietly approached, and leaned over. He glanced up, giving you a perplexed stare.

“I need your help.”

“eh, not feelin’ it.”

“You’re the only one who can help me.”

“nah, find one of the bitches to help ya.”

Pressing your lips together, you leaned down, your lips right where his ears would be, if he were human. “I know what Undyne and Alphys were doing… I want to get back at them.”

He sat forward, and turned to look at you, his face in shock before a terrifying grin stretched across his skull. “yeah, i guess i could help ya out.”

He followed you into your room, closing the door behind you.

A random thought of you pushing him up against the door and kissing his teeth while wrapping your legs around him popped up into your head, but you pushed that down aggressively.

The hell brain, get it together!

“I overheard them talking in the kitchen.”

“yeah…?” Why did he look nervous?

“So, I wanted to say sorry about this morning. I didn’t know that they were setting you up.”

“ya know then?”

Your face was warming up, and you hesitantly met his gaze, “You like girls wearing stockings, right?”

Dammit Edge, why did you have to look so sexy when you were bashful. “ya got a problem with it?”
You couldn’t meet his gaze, picking at the dirt underneath your fingernails. “No, no problem.” Kinda cute actually, not that you would ever tell him.

“’s fine, everyone who knows about it thinks i’m a freak because of it.”

That did make you look up at him, your expression earnest, and his gaze was adverted, his cheekbones dusted a light red.

“I don’t.” You replied almost instantly, and he met your gaze. “I mean… Well, I don’t think you’re a freak, or weird, or whatever. I think you’re really cool, and I don’t know, I would hope that you become comfortable enough with me that you feel like you could share anything, and know that I wouldn’t judge you or think less of you or whatever, I mean, those two are bitches for trying to mess with you, and-”

A bony finger on your lips silenced you, you locking gazes with him.

“thanks.”

You nodded.

“want to know how to get back at them bitches?”

“Yes!” You clenched your fist for extra emphasis.

“a’right, here’s what we’re gonna do…”

Chapter End Notes

POLL TIME ~ Reader friends, didja miss my polls??? I’m also feeling ambitious again so we may have a combination of polls, therefore multiple poll options folks!In lieu of typical anime tropes and what not (and in favor of a prompt inspired by Abomination.

Should Edge get sick next chapter

or

Should Alphys and Undyne steal the SUV – thus effectively abandoning Stowe and Edge?

or

Alphyne find out about Edge and Stowe’s plot!!

**may combine two of the three options**

STILL ACCEPTING DIALOGUE PROMPTS, SCENARIOS, AND OTHER ODDITIES THAT MAY RESULTS IN BONUS CHAPTER CONTENT. PLEASE POST IN COMMENTS. THEN ADD 2 CUPS OF DELICIOUSNESS AND BAKE FOR THIRTY MINUTES TO PREPARE FUTURE BONUS CONTENT.
Chapter Summary

How does a skeleton get sick?

Chapter Notes

I really am humbled that so many of you like this story, and honestly, that is the biggest compliment a author (even a “unpublished” author like myself could ever hope for), especially since I don’t plan each chapter until I write it.

Also, dubious consent tag because sometimes pranks go a little too far…

Hopefully this chapter isn't too all over the place... Also, although I didn't respond to many of your comments last chapter (due to them being about voting, I absolutely loved your theories, ideas, and input!!)

Voting follows: Sick was voted most popular choice with plotting pulling ahead of car theft by one. Second choices follow with plotting in the lead with car and sick edge tying. How will I make this count?

You'll see...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You chewed your lip, not confident in Edge’s plan. It honestly seemed asinine, but at this point, you had nothing better.

“we’re going ta make them bitches cry.” He chuckled darkly after laying out the plan, and that was when you realized you were in over your head, and regret telling Sans.

It would have been a better idea to just pretend you never heard the girls gossiping in the kitchen, and then just not play into their hands, but Edge had made it mission to sink their ship like the Titanic… which mean someone was going to die.

And odds showed that it would probably be you.

After establishing the plan, and rehashing it with you to make sure you understood what you were to do, he teleported out of there, leaving you sitting on the floor.

You looked about the modest room, wondering how your life had spiraled to this point. A week ago you were struggling for survival, musing about the living dead, and dodging them on a consistent basis, and now you were in some weird dark humored romance comedy with a skeleton, being shipped by a fish and a lizard.
If not for the apocalypse you would have been hard pressed to believe this was possible, but hey, beggars and choosers and all that nonsense.

“Well girlie, give them the old razzle dazzle.” You whispered to yourself giving muted jazz hands.

With the feeble amount of courage you had left, you exited the safe confines of your room, ready to brace the insanity of Alphys and Undyne.

“Hey punk!” Undyne eagerly jumped up running over to you, locking you in a headlock and giving you a painful noogie, your head burning as you flailed.

“Better save her Sans!” She laughed raucously, and you bit her arm.

She dropped you and scrambled away, eyes wide, waving your finger at her. “Get away from me you psycho-fish.” Your voice cracked, and she stared at her arm, rage flashing in her eyes.

You didn’t mean to bite her, but panicked, and was cowering, back up against the wall. Her slitted glare shifted to Sans who looked over and shrugged. “the hell ya expect? lucky she didn’t try to shoot ya.”

“Oh! You’re going to shoot me?” Her voice dropped, her smile dangerous.

“What? I would never!!” You forced a nervous smile, your voice cracking.

She cracked her knuckles and started to make her way to you, you jumped up and ran back into your room, locking the door, scrambling for your gun, and pulling out your swiss army knife.

*Bang bang bang*

“Get you’re ass out of there or I’ll break down this door, NYYYYGGGAAAA!”

Your eyes darted to the window, and you jumped up, fiddling with the latches, your breath catching.

It was screwed shut… you were trapped.

Shit Edge! This wasn’t supposed to happen!

“That’s it! I’M COMING IN!”

*Bang bang bang*

The wood started to splinter.

Oh sweet baby sloths… You could see your life flashing before your eyes. This was the last time you listened to Edge.

Stupid skeleton.

You hugged the gun to your chest, trying to repress the shaking that was over taking your body, your legs feeling like jelly.

“Undyne…” You heard the timid voice of Alphys, then some whispering. *Click.* Alphys unlocked your door, and it swung wide open, Undyne taking up the doorway, shoulder’s hunched, sardonic grin stretching her face.

She swaggered in, within two steps in front of you, ripping the gun out of your arms, easily
disarming you. Alphys stepped in behind her, closing the door, then standing in front of it, smiling that creepy ass smile.

“Punk.” Undyne’s threatening tone was not lost on you, and your legs finally gave out.

She sat in front of you cross legged, and Alphys sidled up beside you both, the large and terrifying fish woman sucking in a deep breath of air. You screwed your eyes shut, ready to for to unleash whatever she was going to unleash on you.

“We have to talk.”

You opened your eyes, giving her a quizzical look. Talk?

“We’ve noticed how Sans reacts to you.” Oh gee, really? You had no clue… “And, we know he’s a total bone head.” Yeah, so? “We were wondering… do you like him?”

You could immediately feel the heat in your cheeks rise, and you looked away.

“Why would I like that disgusting pervert?”

Two large calloused hands gripped your shoulders, forcing you to meet gazes with Undyne, “Answer me honestly.”

You opened and closed your mouth, searching for a reply, your face growing more red with each second that passed. Finally you closed your eyes, the defeated reply coming, “Yes. I like him.”

A little squeal escaped Alphys as she bounced, and Undyne let go, sitting back, studying you. “Never thought he’d go for the good girl type… but, I can see the appeal.”

“We knew Sans was going to find out that we shipped you two, and he was going to exact a plan of revenge, but how about we turn the tables. Join up with us, and we’ll drive him up the walls.”

You looked nervously at the two, “Won’t Edge get mad?”

Undyne let out a low chuckle, “Nah, he likes you too much. If anything, it’ll just make him pissed off at us.”

“But… isn’t this… wrong? I mean, he thinks that we’re going to ‘dunk’ on you two, as he put it.”

Both girls laughed, Alphys covering her mouth, and Undyne throwing her head back. “He’s such an idiot. He could never gain the upper hand!” Despite the loud nature of Undyne she said that fairly quietly.

“Okay, here is what we’re going to do…” Alphys leaned in, Undyne leaning in too, both wearing inane smiles as she rattled off how you three were going to get at Edge.

This was happening just how Edge had planned it

You were not a deceitful person. It was part of why you didn’t really like people before the whole world going to shit thing, and yet here you were being a dirty double crosser.

It wasn’t ideal. The girls had tried putting you up to wearing stockings again, but you refused, saying, that now you knew Edge had a fetish, it made you uncomfortable to prance around like that, and you’d be better off prancing around naked.
They suggested you do that too…

You refused their entreaty.

In all actuality, part of Sans plan was to simply refuse so many of their suggestions, thus frustrating them, and thwarting them. It was a simple plan really… and that was where his genius lie. The only problem is; if you upset them enough, they could kill you out of frustration, so he did say to give in for little requests. It was a delicate and annoying balance. Eyes lingering here, smiling and looking away there. Each step was carefully directed, along with little giggles and you were sick to your stomach.

And that is how you found yourself sitting next to Sans with a blanket over both your laps, and bowl of popcorn watching Spirited Away.

“Don’t forget to bump hands with him,” Alphys giggled. For an insane scientist, she was quiet the little romantic. Perhaps it was because she watched too much shojo anime… which you admit, you did have a soft spot for before you lost access to internet, and your manga apps, and your crunchyroll account…

But hey, you got to meet new people, learn how to survive all on your own, and learn how to use a shotgun (not that it took much work to aim a shotgun. They were very forgiving).

Edge started to reach for the popcorn, so you halfheartedly bumped his hand, then recoiled. “I’m so sorry.” Might as well go with the whole over reacting flirting shebang while you’re at it, and you looked at him shyly.

It took everything within you to not snort with laughter.

“stowe, the fuck?” He looked over, and you looked away, putting a hand to your mouth to hide your smile.

He lifted the popcorn bowl off your lap, setting it on the floor, then his hand reached out securing around your wrist. “mmm, sugar tits, are ya tryin’ to flirt with me?” His voice was low and dangerous.

You could feel Alphys and Undyne’s eyes on you, even though you couldn’t see them, Edge’s face taking up your vision. “mmm, let me show ya how ta flirt.” He pushed you down, and you did feel a blush rise this time.

What the hell? This was not part of the plan! You tried to push against him, but he easily pinned your free arm with his hand, holding them above your head with his one arm, while the other one freely explored your midriff.

“don’t think i didn’ notice ya doin’ all those little things…” He ground his pelvis into yours a very distinctive bulge capturing your attention as he easily slid in-between your legs.

Yeah, this was going to far.

“W-what are you doing?” Did you seriously just stutter?

“If ya wanted me so bad, ya should’ve just asked. i’m always willin’ ta oblige.” His free hand travelled up, finger tip barely dipping into the bottom edge of your bra, and your breath hitched. You were mortified and fascinated, but like this? No… not like this.

“S-stop it Edge…” Your voice was weak and eyes hot with unshed tears, body rigid.
“i’d be willing ta go further…” His fingers gently stroking the underside of your breast, sending waves of desire mixed with disgust through your body, as soft pleading protests escaped your lips, and he closed his eyes for a moment shuddering, “but ya know how i don’t like double crossers,” he whispered, his voice carried to the two, and you heard Undyne mutter, “oh shit.”

His tongue trailed your jawline before he playfully nipped your neck, then released you, getting up and sneering at you laying on the couch, “if yer workin’ with these two… then i want nothin’ ta do with ya,” and he teleported away.

Your eyes were blinded with unshed tears, and you sat up, tugging your shirt down and hugging yourself. “I… I’m done.” You said, your voice cracking.

Both girls looked at each other, expressions unreadable, before they got up and left.

What they didn’t know was that what he said was part of the plan… but everything else… wasn’t.

You sat on the couch for the longest time, before finally gaining enough energy to drag yourself into your room. As soon as you shut the door, you heard a distinctive, deep chuckle.

“oh shit, sugar tits! that right there, that was beautiful! the look on yer face… oh man, if i didn’t know better i’d think-“

You whirled around, finally hot tears streaming down your face, and you pointed a finger at him, your voice deep and harsh.

“What do you think you get off touching me like that!”

His smile vanished, and his eyes went wide, the lights in his eyes small and bright, “wha?”

“The FUCK do you get off thinking you could touch ME?” You stepped toward him, your finger still pointed at him, and your other fist balled.

“sugar tits?” His tone was uncertain.

“I HATE that fucking name. Get the hell out of here!” You pointed at the door. He stood up, reaching for you, and you jerked away.

He teleported behind you, his arms wrapping around you, “hey, hey it’s ok.”

You tried to jerk out of his hold, fists pounding against him in a futile manner. “You’re just like that asshole! I begged you to stop, I begged you, but you just did whatever you wanted!”

His grip on you tightened, “hey, it didn’ mean anythin’. we were just actin for those two.”

“The fuck you mean it didn’t mean anything!?”

“shit stowe, i mean ‘o course it meant somethin’ just. i didn’t mean it didn’t mean anythin’ i meant fuck, i mean,” He started stumbling over his words, his face buried into your neck.

Your body was shaking, your hands clenched into fists.

“ya drive me crazy, and yeah, i got a little carried away. i knew yer flirtin’ cause the girls put ya up to it, but ya don’t know how hard it is fer me ta stop myself. i just want ta make ya feel so good, ta know every inch of ya. god i just want ya… i want all of ya fer myself.”

Your lips trembled, and you stood there, sniffling.
“’m sorry, stowe.” He buried his face into your neck, “i didn’t mean ta… i thought that…”

“Just… leave me alone.” You whispered, tears flowing down your face.

“’m sorry… shit… ’m sorry.” He said softly, releasing you. You felt the buzzing in the air, then nothing, and you knew you were alone.

(Alphys POV)

He found out! How could he find out? We were careful, right? Stowe wasn’t left alone with him to confess her betrayal, so how did Sans know that we had her working with us?

My ship was sinking, and fast. I looked to Undyne who’s expression was troubled.

“Maybe we shouldn’t have meddled. They were doing fine without us…” She said softly.

“Nonsense,” I easily dismissed her. “Of course they needed us to meddle, they still do. If they were going to get together, they would have done it by now.”

Undyne looked up and I thought in that moment how absolutely breath taking my girlfriend was, with her piercing gaze, her blue scales that shimmered, and that firey red hair that defined and captured her personality.

“Maybe we should just leave them be, and let them work it out.”

I scoffed, “Or,” I held up a little vial, “We could let them work things out while our little human takes care of a sick skeleton.”

The reserved look shifted immediately, a sharp and carnal grin over taking Undyne’s face with so much passion, butterflies fluttered in my stomach. I loved this woman so much.

The plan was simple, we put some in mustard, and give it to Sans as a peace offering. He would never suspect us to poison his condiment.

fine,” He snatched the condiment, guzzling it. It was easy to repress the smile that tugged on my lips, as I relished the fact that he had played into my hands. ‘you bitches gotta quit shippin’ us. we’re not some lame ass characters in one of yer animes or whateva.” He threw back his head, guzzling more.

“Of course,” I nodded, voice detached, “Sometimes Undyne and I forget that people aren’t meant to be toyed with. Lines have blurred and I forget who is off-limits.”

He paused mid drink, to eye me warily. I smiled and turned around. In less than 10 minutes he would start to feel the effects, and then we could enact our plan.

Knock knock

You were staring at the wall, laying on the bed hugging the pillow.

“Go away Edge.”

You weren’t really in a sociable mood at this point.

“I-its me.” Alphys voice called through the door.

“Go away Alphys.”
You heard her sigh, and a soft thud against the door. You suspected she was leaning her head up against the door, “I’m sorry.” Her voice was quiet and resigned.

You scowled, you may not know her, but you had a feeling that she wasn’t really sorry. She didn’t strike you as the emotional type.

“U-um, Sans isn’t feeling well.”

“Sucks to be him.”

Hm, who knew you could be so heartless.

“No… I mean, he’s come down with something.” The lights flickered, then went out. “Oh no,” You heard her groan.

Sitting up, you looked at the door, and she came in, playing with her fingers. “What happened to the electricity?”

“Um,” She smiled nervously, “It would appear that the flux compassitor may have broke.”

“The what?”

“Um…” She looked away nervously, “Sans isn’t in any condition to leave right now, and moving him around may make his condition worse. Undyne and I will have to go scavenge for parts, you should stay here with him.”

“Ugh, do I have to?” You crossed your arms, giving her a flat look, she shifted from foot to foot nervously.

“You could go and help me fight zombies while I leave Undyne here to take care of Sans.”

Hm… The scenario of Undyne force feeding Edge soup, then swaddling him in a cocoon of blankets brought forth a sinister smile, in your mind theatre you could hear him screaming for mercy while she told him to let her heal him, the tough way!

Snapping out of your revere, you jumped off the bed, and headed out into the living room. “Fine. I’ll stay, but hurry up.”

You swore, as soon as the words left your lips, a devilish smile flitted onto her lips but was gone just as quickly as it came, replaced by a friendly smile.

Bitch be cray cray.

“How do you take care of a sick monster?” You didn’t really know monsters could get sick, and it was a new concept, leaving you a little intrigued.

“I have prepared some fluids for him to drink, and have some magic clear broth soup. It’ll aid in his recovery.”

Oh, ok. Sounds just like what your mom did for you when you were sick as a child. Your steps slowed as your eyes fell upon the skeleton, his face was flushed, and he was sweating, tossing and turning.

“Have fun you two~” Undyne winked at you, jacket slung over her shoulder as she stood at the doorway.
Alphys waddled up behind her, clasping her hands together, “Yes, do make the most of your time~”

What the hell is up with the “~” at the end of their sentences… It was peculiar, and made you wonder if this was something they had plotted… but… you think they would learn by now to just lay off.

The door shut and you heard the SUV start up. You knew it would be easier to take care of Edge if he was in your room, laying in a bed, so you gently shook his shoulder. “Hey, c’mon. Let’s get you into bed.”

He opened his eyes, the pinpricks of lights hazy, “stowe? shit, i’m sorry… those bitches…”

“Shh, it’s okay. Come on, I’ll get you something to drink, and make you some soup.” You gently pulled on his arm, and he complied, his body surprisingly light.

He leaned heavily on you, and laid him on the bed, taking off his coat, and his shoes, tucking him under the blankets.

“’s not ok… those bitches…” He writhed under the blankets looking absolutely miserable. It was funny, but seeing him so vulnerable made you forget how angry you were at him hours ago.

You hushed him, and walked into the kitchen. A sigh of relief escaped your lips when you saw that their stove was in fact gas, and they even had the foresight to leave out matches.

Grabbing a pot, you poured the soup contents inside, adding a couple vegetables and spices for flavor, and turning the knob, lit a match, watching the burner alight.

With that warming up, you grabbed the drink, a bottle with sea tea inside, and headed toward your room.

You stood in the doorway, watching Edge writhe, and your heart felt heavy. You wondered briefly, if this was how Edge felt when you were sick so many days ago.

“Hey, I brought you something to drink.” You sat on the edge of the bed, and helped ease him into a sitting position, and eased the lip of the drink to his teeth, watching him take sips gingerly.

His face twisted, but he continued to drink. When you pulled it back, he laid back down, his breathing labored.

It still weirded you out, watching him do things like breathe, and sweat. Being a skeleton and all, you thought these would be functions that he wouldn’t need or do.

“such a pervert,” he snorted before grimacing.

“What?”

“ya such a perv. checkin’ me out when i’m vulnerable.”

You floundered, your face flushing bright red. “I am not!”

“ya eyes can’t lie ta me.”

You made inaudible noises, words escaping you. He let out a labored laugh, before his expression falling into a serious one, his smile turned into a frown. “i gotta tell ya somethin’.”

“Hey, if it’s about earlier, just let it go. It’s over with, we can just pretend that never happened.” You
didn’t have it in you to go through that again, not right now. With the two gone, you could let down your guard, and hopefully he could too.

He shook his head, his eyes half lidded, and a yawn escaping. “shit…” He blinked a few times, “i can’t seem to…” He started snoring.

Your hand rested on his smooth skull, noting the feverish warmth emanating off of the bone. Easing yourself off the bed, you went back into the kitchen, stirring the soup. With Edge as sleep, you would have to find ways to entertain yourself, not that the concept was foreign to you, it’s just, it had been some time since you were on your own.

It had been over an hour, and the girls still hadn’t returned. Edge would slip in and out, mumbling things before passing back out. You were reading a book, laying on the floor in the bedroom, buried in blankets as chill settled in the air. You had pilfered one of the books Alphys had in her bedroom, it was about monster anatomy, when Edge started groaning.

You jumped up, and rushed to his side, your hand stroking his brow whispering reassurances, when his hand reached out wrapping around your wrist.

“don’t leave me,” he was pleading, his voice breaking, “don’t leave.”

Your free hand came up, cupping the side of his face, “I’m right here, Edge, er, Sans. I’m right here, and I promise I won’t go anywhere.”

His eyes opened, his expression confused, eyelights darting around wildly, before recognition flashed across them. His browbones were still drawn, and he let out a shuddering breath, his cheeks still flushed from his sickness.

“stowe,” His deep voice was so quiet, and unsure. “why’d ya stick around with a monster like me?”

“Cause I like ya.” Your lips tugged into a fond smile, mimicking his accent.

The look on his face, the way it shifted, was something you had never seen before. The way his eyelights looked over your face, then settled on your eyes, his expression was so earnest.

His hand came up, cupping your cheek, “how do ya know when ya love someone?”

You could hear the audible pumping of your heart in your ears, and your stomach doing olympic grade gymnastics, as your breath caught. It was his fever talking… it had to be his fever talking.

“I, um, don’t know. I’ve never been in love.” You replied uncertain. He closed his eyes, another wave of pain washing over him.

Once it passed, he let out a sigh, “not that bad this time… i think i’m gettin’ betta.” You gave him a half smile, “why yer fingers so cold?”

“Huh?”

Oh… probably because, without power there wasn’t any heat.

He scooted back, holding open the blankets. “c’mon. i’m too hot, and yer too cold. we can balance each other out.”

You hesitated, and he smiled softly. “don’t deny a sick skeleton his wish, sugar tits.”
You rolled your eyes, and slipped in, wrapping your body around him. He let out a contented sigh both eyes closed, his arms wrapping around you. “yer so squishy,” his hands playfully pinched around your stomach, and you writhed a little, gasping. “mmm, and ticklish?” He opened one eye, his grin stretching wide.

“No.” You replied firmly. Oh you were very ticklish, but you didn’t feel like getting into a tickle fight… and anyway how would one tickle a skeleton to begin with?

“mmm, next time then.” He placed his chin on top of your head, the purring resuming.

Purring Edge… he acted like a cat too, being temperamental, and particular. His fingers lightly traced your arms, and you relaxed further into him. “i like it when ya call me ‘edge’.”

“Hm?”

“but only you can call me that.”

You let out a soft giggle, “You’re being silly.”

“ya make me silly.” Your heart was pounding furiously in your chest, and his whole body curled around you, the purring louder. “ya make me happy… ma make me…” He snored softly, burying his face into your neck.

“Edge?” You whispered softly, his snoring continued. “Edge… what? I make you what?” You tried to wiggle out, but he held you even tighter, his hands sliding under your shirt, gripping your waist.

You squirmed and tried to work your way out again, but to no avail and gave up, laying in his skeleton embrace, your eyelids drifting shut.

You stirred, realizing you had fell asleep, and Edge still held you close. You wiggled around, now facing him. The way his smile was fixed into a relaxed frown, and his ivory eyelids fascinated you, your finger brushing the side of his face. His warm breath fanned over your face, the magic causing your lips to tingle.

“Hey, are you awake?”

He continued to breathe deeply, his bones expanding and retracting with each breath, akin to that of a human. “Eddggegee?” You teased, smiling up at him, and his breathing resumed.

He was conked out.

Your smile faltered, and hesitantly you brushed your lips over his teeth, his magic causing your heart to quicken, and the tingling in your lips to spread. “I’m so glad I met you,” and you buried your face into his rib cage, sighing. Although the turn of events wasn’t what you thought it would be, it wasn’t something you abhorred either. Confusing, most definitely, but at the end of the day, you weren’t alone.

Your stomach grumbled… and you had a hankering for chips. Yes! You had determined to drown your thoughts in salty, fried potato-y goodness.

What flavor were you jonesing for this time?

Skillfully slipping out of his hold, your body shivered from the lack of warmth and the chilling embrace of the latter fall air.
You grabbed your gun, and started for the kitchen. You snagged a bag of regular wavy potato chips, when the thought crossed your mind that maybe the girls had chip dip in the fridge, and even with the power out, the food would still be good for awhile.

You were perusing your options when you heard a familiar lazy shuffle. “Hey, you’re not supposed to be up.” You looked over your shoulder to give the skeleton a firm look.

That was not a skeleton.

“GruuuuEEEEAAAAHHHHHH!” It lunged toward you, and you ducked under its grasp, fumbling with wiping your gun around. Your hip clipped the edge of the counter, sending shockwaves of pain up and down your leg, and you lost your footing, slamming into the ground. You blindly whipped the gun around, and fired.

BANG

You heard it gargle, blood splattering the wall behind you, and it clawed its way toward you.

You racked your gun, and fired again, double tap #2.

“Mother fucker,” You let out a sigh, and eased yourself up, limping toward the bedroom.

Edge had kicked off the blankets, one arm threw up haphazardly over his face, and the other one hung limply by his side, a loud chainsaw of a snore breaking the silence.

You were alone this time.

Another inhumane screech sent shivers down your spine, and you ducked into the room, slamming the door shut. Grabbing the dresser, you dragged it against the door as the undead thrashed and threw themselves into the already structurally unsound door, thanks Undyne...

You slid in front of your bag, reloading your shot gun, before pulling out a Glock 17. You knew shooting a 9mm wasn’t your best bet, but even you could hit a target 7 feet in front of you… you hoped.

Locked and loaded, you sat in on the bed, in front of a snoring Edge, body tense, heart pounding, adrenaline racing, and hip throbbing.

The hinges screamed in protest, and the door cracked, at the relentless pounding, the screeching of the undead deafening your ears.

“If you decide to wake up any time now, that’d be great.” You yell, shooting Sans a pointed glare.

He snored in response.

Crrrrrrraaaaacccckkkkk

Wood splintered, and an undead arm wedged through the crack.

You could feel your blood pumping through your body, deafening your ears. You held your gun up. Five shots… that’s all you had with your beloved Weatherby, five shots, and then you were resigned to your Glock, which had two extra 10 round magazines. That was a total of 35 rounds. That gave you 17 and a half zombies if the double tap rule applied… and if all your shots hit.

Best case scenario, you could handle 17 and a half zombies…
You were an optimist, so there was no way 17 and a half zombies were trying to break in, right?

Whatever was wrong with Edge, it was some serious stuff because he slept through the entire firefight. You held your ground on the bed, body tense for several minutes, waiting for another zombie to shambling through the broken entryway, but all was silent through the house.

Blood splattered the far wall along with bullet holes; it wasn’t pretty but then you didn’t really care.

You had a mere 6 rounds left out of your 9mm, and with the reprieve from fighting, took the time to restock your Weatherby. Four rounds of buckshot in the gun, and one in the chamber, you cautiously made your way over the pile of dead bodies (9 not that you were counting), and made rounds through the house.

All the doors were tightly secured, but the basement door was wide open. You ran back to the bedroom, grabbing the tactical flashlight that would secure on the bottom of your gun, and quickly attached it.

Your heart was pounding, and your brain was screaming to stop, just throw some furniture in front of the door and call it good, but you knew it would be irresponsible and unsafe for both you and Edge if you didn’t investigate and figure out how they breeched the security of the house. Filled with trepidation, you cautiously descended the stairs.

Those bitches, Edge thought blearily. They poisoned him that he was sure of. He couldn’t remember much after drinking their ‘peace offering mustard’ just little snippets.

Like Stowe taking care of him, her brow knitted with concern as she as fed him some soup, and gave him sea tea. He could remember her reassuring words… He brought his hands to his teeth, oh yeah. He was totally awake for her confession… wait, why did he smell gun powder and decay?

He bolted up, his world shifting and spinning. A pile of dead bodies lay in a heap over a toppled dresser and door, and Stowe was missing.

“stowe?” He scrambled out of bed, his legs feeling weak, and everything shifting in a disconcerting fashion. “S t o w e?” His seriousness masked the terror that he forced down.

He had to find her, he had to make sure she was okay.

You tried to fight the tremors that threatened your aim, and the steady hold of the flashlight. Your gun felt like it weighed 50 pounds, and your legs felt like jelly. Each sound made you jump, and the creak of the house settling put you on high alert.

You were violating so many rules just to ensure Edge’s safety… there was only one exit, and to get there, you would have to back track from this labyrinth of a basement. The equipment down here was high-tech and way beyond you.

10 glass cells sat down here, empty. 10 glass cells that you had a feeling housed the zombies that attempted to devour you minutes ago.

The power outage must have compromised the systems that locked them…

Wait… Alphys was purposely hording zombies? She had them trapped, and, as you looked around you realized she was experimenting on them.
“Fuck!” You gasped, and bolted for the stairs, running into a solid mass. Running on pure instinct you slammed the butt of your gun into whatever was in front of you, smashing your fingers.

“fu-uck sugar tits!” Edge growled, stumbling away, holding his jaw.

Relief flooded you and you dropped your gun, throwing your whole body onto him, wrapping your arms around him.

“You’re okay! I was so scared!” Your tone was a mix of joy, fear, relief, and anxiety. “I’m so glad you’re okay!”

“’m not anymore. i think ya knocked out a tooth.” He growled. With the poor lighting here, and the total creep basement factor, you grabbed his hand, and your gun, and pulled him up the stairs, eager to be where light was, even if it’s just light from the window. Once at the top, you set down your gun, taking his face in your hands, turning his head to examine it better, ignoring the throbbing in your fingers.

His face seemed fine aside from the flushed color on his cheeks, his fever still lingering a little.

“You’re just being dramatic.” You gave him an exasperated sigh, unable to hide your smile.

He pulled your hand away, looking at your throbbing fingers. “what about ya, are ya ok?”

You nodded, pulling your hand to your chest, and holding it with your other hand, your whole body shaking. Now that the danger had passed, you were coming down hard and fast. “hey, sugar tits?”

His hand reached out and you leaned into him.

“I’m so sorry… I’m just… today was…”

He hushed you, guiding you to the couch. “yer ok sugar tits, yer ok.” He wrapped an arm around you, and you leaned against him.

“I was so scared… and…”

He hushed you again, “ya took care of all the zombies?”

You nodded.

“damn, yer so amazin’,” his voice was filled with awe, and your cheeks grew hot under his praise.

Today may have been horrific, and you were completely spent, so you knew you would sleep well tonight…

Just kidding, you’d probably have nightmares for weeks after this ordeal.

“I feel like I’m forgetting something.” Alphys tapped her chin. Undyne looked over, her hands braced on the wheel.

“We locked up the house, and diverted the emergency power to the systems to keep zombies traps set up. There shouldn’t be any breeches. Left the detox for poison, what else was there to remember?”

Alphys continued to tap her chin, “I am not certain, I just feel like I forgot something important.”
“Whatever, I’m sure it’s not important. As long as you routed power to the video cameras, we’ll be good.”

Alphys rolled her eyes, “Of course I remembered to do that! Once the poison takes full effect, Sans will of course confess his true feelings, and then Stowe will confess hers, and it’ll be just like that episode on Kissy Cutie Mew Mew, where the protagonist has to take care of her love interest, but of course she doesn’t realize that while under the influence of the toxin the love interest can’t remember anything and then they’re attacked…”

Alphys sucked in a breath of air, her eyes going wide, “THE BASEMENT!”

“We have to go back now!”

Chapter End Notes

So, turns out running errands isn't a good idea with zombies trapped in the basement...
hm... Hopefully this chapter was enjoyable :)

Also, next chapter, we'll move forward with plot :)

ALWAYS ACCEPTING DIALOGUE PROMPTS, SCENARIOS, AND OTHER ODDITIES THAT MAY RESULTS IN BONUS CHAPTER CONTENT. PLEASE POST IN COMMENTS. THEN ADD 2 CUPS OF DELICIOUSNESS AND BAKE FOR THIRTY MINUTES TO PREPARE FUTURE BONUS CONTENT.
Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

9 dead zombies, 10 cells empty...

Chapter Notes

Last chapter I expressed how humbled I was that you all enjoy this so much, but words just cannot convey my appreciation, so I sat, pondering what could show my appreciation, I mulled over the idea of a drawing of Edge showing my appreciation, but that was a rubbish thought.

Surprise is at the end of the chapter :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When you imagined being comforted by the person of your affections, you always assumed it would be something out of a Nicholas Sparks story, filled with romance, sweet nothings, in an intimate setting, him gingerly wiping away the tears on your cheek with his kisses while reassuring you that you were the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

“sugar tits,” Edge breathed, his arm wrapped around you, his hand moving up and down in a comforting motion, “i thought ya were hot before, but damn.” He made a sound of approval. “just imagin’ ya killin’ themfuckers with yer guns…”

The only thing romantic about this scene was the fact that Edge had yet to cop a feel of your more feminine attributes.

This was no Nicholas Sparks movie…

It did make you wonder how he would write a novel about a zombie apocalypse, but then that would probably turn into a beautiful romance novel making zombies out to be creatures that needed love too.

You shuddered, and Edge squeezed you, in an aide to comfort you. “yer gonna be a’right. i’m here with ya.” You wondered briefly what Edge would think if he knew what you were currently musing… sugar tits, yer fuckin’ crazy. thinkin’ of romance and shit right after killin’ those fuckers… heh, but I guess i like a little crazy. they’re willin’ to try the shit no one else wants too >>suggestive eyebrow waggle<<, i bet yer kinky, yeah?

Gross… even your imaginary Edge was a pervert who made less than flattering requests about having sex with him.

Silence settled, and you looked down at your hands, playing with your fingers. “How long are we
going to be travelling with, um, Undyne and Alphys. It’s not that I don’t like them but… Um, I don’t really like them.” True, but that wasn’t the biggest reason you were asking. You really wanted to be alone with Edge again, and go back to your old dynamic.

With him, you were comfortable, and was starting to have fun… well at least as much fun as one could have given the circumstances, and these girls really messed up whatever flow you had with him. Either they were trying to chase you off, or get you with him. There was absolutely no chill with them.

They were psychotic.

“mmm, i was thinkin’ bout ditchin’ them tonight. problem is, alphys is pretty smart, and undyne is a stubborn bitch, and they both are probably gonna try ta drag my sorry ass back to paps.”

You nodded, sorrow sitting heavy in your chest, “Yeah…”

He hooked a bony finger under your chin, tilting your head to meet his red pinpricks. “you know i’m not leavin’ ya, right?”

A small smile tugged at your lips, and you looked away, your cheeks growing warm. “Yeah.”

“the debt yer rackin’ up, yer gonna be stuck with me fer a long time ta pay back all the shit i hafta ta go through.”

“What?”

“yeah, the debt yer gonna pay back with yer body.” He grinned lecherously wide, a red translucent tongue slipping out and gliding along his teeth before retreating back into his mouth.

Between the leer, suggestive eyebrow waggle, and hand that so “innocently” snaked to your ass that he started squeezing, you shoved him as hard as you could.

He started wheezing and laughing, and you glowered. You were having a nice moment despite everything then he had to go and say that.

“Edge, you fucking pervert!”

“mmm, just fer ya, sugar tits.”

You stood up to storm away when you felt his familiar warm bony hand grab another fistful of ass, “damn, i could grab yer ass all day.”

Reflex kicked in and you whirled around, hand colliding with his skull, your already damaged fingers reverberating with pain.

“Fucking asshole,” You squeaked out, cradling your hand crumpling to the floor.

The only sound in whole house was his uproar of laughter, and you glared at him through teary eyes.

Oh, you were so going to make him pay.

Past Edge’s head you thought something caught your eye, but when you looked closer, you didn’t see anything… you were going to chalk that up to paranoia… Ha! Just kidding, it was that paranoia that has kept you alive thus far, and to go casting that to the side would be foolish.

“sugar tits, ya ok?” Edge’s voice sounded concerned, his brows drawn.
“I think I saw something.” You replied, slowly getting up, the throbbing in your thigh a reminder of the first encounter today, quickly retrieving your gun. Your companion shoved his hands into his coat jacket, and looked over his shoulder seeming bored.

“sugar tits, there’s no one here.”

“Hey!” You were braced over your gun, it pointed and you didn’t even spare him a glance. “I saw something, I’m sure of it. I might be paranoid, but that’s kept me alive so far.” Your tone carried an underlying edge of anxiety.

“fine, fine.” He rolled his eyes, walking in front of your line of fire.

“Are you crazy!?” You jerked your gun away, glaring at him. “You never walk in front of a loaded gun! I don’t want to be responsible for killing you!”

He let out a hearty chuckle, “ya couldn’t hit the broadside of a barn, let alone me.”

“I’ve never wanted to unload buckshot in to a skeleton so bad.” You glowered at him, and he snickered.

“ya don’t have it in ya.” He replied flippantly, and you rolled your eyes.

“Obviously…” Doesn’t mean you won’t try to kick your ass later though, or at least make him miserable.

“lemme check around, you just rest yer pretty little head.” He dismissively waved you toward the couch, and you shook your head. “eh? too scared ta be alone?”

“I was just attacked by nine fucking zombies? What the hell do you think?” You snapped back, your voice jumping up an octave.

“a’right, chill out sugar tits.” You were glaring at his back, fingers gripping the barrel and stock of your gun with a white knuckled grip. You briefly contemplated possibly butting your gun into the back of his skull, but you had a strong feeling that he would attack you right back.

The idea did make you smile though.

Following closely behind him, you canvased the entirety of the house, sans the basement, with no results.

“sugar tits, are ya comin’?” Edge was already a few steps down, and turned to look at you. You swallowed, and hesitated for a moment before shuffling after him.

“can’t believe yer so scared of a basement.” He snickered, and you rolled your eyes.

“Weren’t you ever scared of um… things in the basement?” Nice save. He totally didn’t suspect that you were about to use the terms monsters derogatorily.

“heh. sugar tits, i was the monster in my basement.” He laughed, completely unfazed, and you laughed along nervously.

The basement was dark, and ominous with no lighting, and after making a quick round, you found yourself back in the living room, your hand throbbing, thigh sore, and body just worn out. A heavy sigh escaped and you plopped yourself onto the couch, your muscles screaming in relief.

You couldn’t shake the feeling that something was here, but you looked and didn’t find anything…
maybe you were just paranoid, and over tired.

“yeesh, are ya doin ok?” Edge stood over you, his brows drawn in concern. You shrugged, expression drained. “maybe we should get ya in bed?”

“What about the, um, dead zombies in the door way?” Well wasn’t that redundant? Dead zombies… guess not, since they were more undead… the animated dead… the living dead…

He paused, looking thoughtful. “shit, i didn’t realize how bad you fucked up everything.”

“You’re alive aren’t you?” You bit back, glowering.

He let out a dry chuckle raising his arms in a surrendering motion, “yo, chill sweetheart. i was just statin’ fact. heh. guess we could just relax on the couch.”

You wrinkled your nose, and stretched out your legs. He sat next to you, and pulled you toward him, your body leaning against his ribcage, stiff. Well, this was awkward.

It even felt like an awkward date… sitting on the couch, waiting for the other person to break the silence.

“How badly do you want to get away from those bitches?”

That would do it.

You chewed the inside of your cheek, shifting against him to get more comfortable, and reached for the blanket, throwing it over your lap. For a bag of bones he wasn’t too bad to lean against, the thick padding of his jacket buffering against the pokeyness of his bones. “I won’t kill them if that’s what you’re getting at.” His magic was so warm, it felt great; like a heating pad. You could snuggle up to him all day… if you were confident that he wouldn’t molest you.

But he totally would.

“heh, ya wouldn’t stand five minutes against them sugar tits. i’d never send ya ta yer death.”

“Love the vote of confidence,” You deadpanned.

“’s what ‘m good fer.” He cheesed right back at you with that shit-eating grin.

You sighed rolling your eyes. If he wasn’t so comfortable and warm, you would’ve shoved him away, but with no heat in the house, this was the best way to stay warm. Lucky bastard.

“knowin’ alphys, she’s probably put a magic device in the caddy that’ll shut down if we try to leave. if we were to ditch them, we’d have to ditch the car.”

You tilted your head to look up at him, “Noooo,” You whined, “I love the caddy.”

He nodded, his eyes flashing with nostalgia. “i know sugar tits, i know…”

You lapsed into silence, both staring off at the far wall, your eyelids growing heavier with each blink. You stifled a yawn, “Edge,” Your voice even sounded sleepy. You weren’t going to last much longer as you were.

“hm?”

“I’ll go along with whatever you choose to do. I’ll follow you… no matter what.” You buried your
face into his side, the steady thrum of his soul comforting and lulling you to sleep. You brought up your legs, and curled your toes, content. Within a matter of moments you were asleep.

(Edge POV)

He looked down at you, his face a red hot mess. “I’ll follow you, no matter what,” kept repeating in his head, and he would be a bold face liar if he didn’t admit that six words made his soul sing.

He grin softened, and his free hand came up, his finger brushing your cheek. You twitched, and rubbed the spot, and he chuckled softly. Everything about you was so pleasantly squishy, and now, with it just being him and you, he could relax and not worry about being manipulated by the two demon spawn of the Underground.

He loved watching you get worked up, and he knew it helped get your mind off of what was scaring you.

And he liked groping you, with those squishy bits, and the flush on your cheeks. It was interesting to see how you reacted so violently, but he couldn’t help but think that maybe you did like it. You stuck around despite that he copped a feel pretty regularly, and now you were sleeping on him.

His eyes drifted down to the supple mounds on your chest, watching them rise and fall with each breath… mmm he could taste how sweet your skin would be, the hardness of your nipples as his tongue swirled around the little pink nubs…

He sucked in a breath of air, clenching his fist as he felt his magic coalesce in his pelvis, a distinctive bulge manifesting.

“shit,” He breathed, his eyes glancing at you nervously. Normally thinking about you like this wasn’t a big deal but with you sleeping on him, it wouldn’t take you rocket science to figure out what was going through his head.

He tentatively reached for the blanket, and pulled it over his lap, hoping that you wouldn’t notice his boner. Heh… boner. He laughed at the over used, but completely humorous pun, ha, he did another one. Heh, be bet he could rattle off another one, ha!

He let out a raspy chuckle.

Would you like his puns? He never really tried to tell you a pun before, but he could give it a shot. Maybe you would throw him a bone, heh.

His eyes swept over your features again, a carnal and savage grin splitting his face. Oh how he was going to enjoy pushing the boundaries between you and him until they collapsed. If there was one thing to be said about Edge, or more accurately, Sans the Skeleton; he was damn good at getting what he wanted when he actually tried, and he was going to try… for once.

Of course this would be after he dealt with the Undyne and Alphys situation, because those girls were the worst cock blockers he had ever met.

Which made sense because they were lesbians, so they obviously weren’t into dudes-

You nuzzled into his side, and his soul fluttered.

What the hell was that?

You let out a soft whimper, your hand seeking purchase in his shirt, gripping it tighter, and this urge
to want to protect you and soothe your fears surfaced.

What the hell were you doing to him?

His arm around you pulled you in tighter, “yer okay stowe. i’ve got ya.” He tilted his head down, his teeth by your ears, his tone soft and voice quiet, and you relaxed, and he felt his soul flutter again. He closed his eyes, content. He had never felt his soul flutter, and it was kind of weird, but a good weird.

You were a good weird.

A good, comfortable, squishy… weird…

And before Edge knew it, he had fallen asleep too.

Something felt wrong. Warm and rotted breath washed over your senses, and your body tensed as the sensations of the aches and pains came on full force. Inhumane clicking, and you cracked your eyes open, heart pounding.

Your eyes flicked up, and met with the cold lifeless eyes of the zombie in front of you. Its grin stretched inhumanly wide, as it opened in maw, and lunged for you.

You brought your knees up, its teeth snapping at your throat, its fingers digging into the flesh and muscles in your arms.

“Edge! Edge help!” You barely screamed out, as the monster slapped you, dazing you, and tossing you over the couch. You tumbled, arms flailing as you strove to get your bearings.

Whole body throbbing you scrambled up, to see Edge, throwing a flurry of bones at the zombie, and it maneuvered to take hits on its body, but avoid head blows. “fuck this shit!” Edge hissed, raising his hand, and red magic surrounded the zombie, and it started howling before thrashing free and lunging for the skeleton.

You screamed, but Edge was gone, and appeared behind the zombie. “the fuck? my magic didn’t work!”

The rotting walking corpse stumbled, staring around blankly, before its gaze settled on you, the frustrated expression flitting into a savage psychopathic grin, splitting its face, eyes flashing red, and with inhumane speed charged you, effortlessly climbing over and tossing the furniture in its way.

“FUCK!” You scramble backwards, tripping over your gun, but as soon as you hit you were already scrambling up.

A death grip secured on the back of your neck, slamming your face into the carpet, the full weight of the monster immobilizing you.

It was strange, but as all this happened, you tripping, being seized, and now held face down in the carpet, you could think clearly, perhaps the most clearly in your life.

Fighting this super zombie was pretty damn awful, and you officially hated Alphys. But despite all these feelings, the one that struck you the most was how bad you felt for Edge. He had to witness this whole ordeal, and he was helpless. You guessed that Alphys probably made this zombie immune to magic, and so Edge’s edge, ha, good one Stowe, was lost. Poor Edge, he was going to have to live on knowing that he was helpless to prevent your death, and knowing the poor bastard, he would
probably blame himself for it…

The sound of a gunshot started ringing in your ears, followed by another one **rule 2: double tap,** and the grip on your neck slacked immediately. Before you could move, you were already being pulled up, Edge mumbling, his skeletal hands running over your arms, and ghosting along your neck.

Your head slowly turned to stare at the zombie, as it twitched, head completely blown off, blood and sinew everywhere along with rotted brain.

Your attention was drawn to Edge, who grabbed your face with his hands and forced you to look at him.

“where did he hurt you?”

“Uh,” You blinked, slightly shaking your head, your mind scrambling all of a sudden to recall everything that happened. “He grabbed me, no bites.”

“thank god,” he pulled you in to him, giving you a bone crushing hug, and you wrapped your arms around him, burying your face into the faux fur of his jacket, his familiar smells bringing so much relief to your already fried emotions.

You stayed like that for the longest time before Edge finally pulled away, and disappeared. Within moments he was in front of you again, holding your backpack, and gun.

“if i see those bitches right now, imma dust them, and i think you’ve seen enough shit today.”

“We’re walking?”

“unless ya can fly?” He sneered, and you wrinkled your nose, taking your backpack and slinging it on, then grabbing your gun.

He grabbed a few things, shoving them into a bag, and you both started for the door. He paused at a plush, pointing to it. “fuck you bitches. if i see ya anytime soon, i’ll dust the shit out of ya.”

You looked at the poster, then back at Edge. “there’s a camera in that.” You mouthed an ‘oh’ then looked at the plush.

“Well… I just wanted to confess… I think Mew Mew Kissy Cutie is the worst and a rip off of Tokyo Mew Mew. Suck it!” And you flashed the only gangster sign you ever saw, which probably meant something really stupid, but you didn’t care. You felt cool.

Edge eyed you, and laughed, pulling you into him. His one hand held the small of your back, while the other one started rubbing your thigh, and he closed his eyes humming.

“What are you doing?” You whispered into the side of his skull, where his ears would be if he had some.

“gonna teleport, just give me a second.” His tone sounded rather content, before he playfully nipped your neck.

“EDGE!” You gasped, his grip tightening on you and the familiar unfamiliar sensation of his teleportation magic taking over all your senses, amplifying your pain, since there wasn’t much else to feel beside the skeleton who was holding you intimately. Just as suddenly, the cold nothingness of the void was replaced by the bitter cold of air.
You glanced up at Edge, and he was looking off into the distance, his expression contemplative.

“You think we’ll see them again?”

He glanced at you, his smile a grimace, “heh… probably.”

Alphys and Undyne rushed out of the car, easily navigating through the puzzles they set up to create a safeguard for those they trapped in the house as well as keeping unwelcomed intruders out, but froze upon entering the house.

The carnage that laid before them made Undyne pause, but Alphys scurried forward, her eyes calculating the extent of the havoc that was wreaked upon the house.

After checking all the rooms, she paused before the headless zombie in the living room.

“Man, they really fucked this place up.” Undyne sauntered to where her girlfriend stood.

Alphys’ expression was one of annoyance, “They killed my most successful experiment,” She sighed, “I suppose I could always make more.”

Undyne shrugged, not really intrigued with the whole science aspect of zombies. “How far do you think they got?”

The scientist snorted, “Doesn’t matter, I left a tracking device in Stowe’s backpack.”

“Damn, I don’t want to have to chase down that lazy good for nothing brother ditching fucker.” She skulked, and punched her fist into her hand, scowling and bearing her fangs.

The little lizard monster smiled, “C’mon my Undie, you know you love the chase.” Alphys cooed, and Undyne shrugged, still looking annoyed.

“I suppose we could give them a few hour head start… but what are we supposed to do while we wait?”

Alphys perked up, a manical grin spreading across her lips, “The videos!” And with much enthusiasm, they scampered off to see what they had obtained while out running errands.

Chapter End Notes
Surprise! Edge riding a unicorn! Hope it’s good, I mean, I dun have them fancied equipermenters to make the fancy good lookin’ art, but hopefully paper and colored pencils is ok? Idk, yeah it’s rubbish, but it’s the thought that counts right?

*Thanks to the wonderful lacewing who helped me get the actual image posted!

And if you enjoyed this artistic mess please bebop your way to my tumblr (link posted below) and give this little piece a like <3 （¬_¬）b

http://readsleeppcoffee.tumblr.com/post/157936149405/to-all-my-lovely-readers-for-
ALWAYS ACCEPTING DIALOGUE PROMPTS, SCENARIOS, AND OTHER ODDITIES THAT MAY RESULTS IN BONUS CHAPTER CONTENT. PLEASE POST IN COMMENTS. THEN ADD 2 CUPS OF DELICIOUSNESS AND BAKE FOR THIRTY MINUTES TO PREPARE FUTURE BONUS CONTENT.
They Walk

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

Seriously... they walk...

Chapter Notes

Hee~ I am so stoked that so many of you enjoyed my token of appreciation, and if inspiration hits again, I may post another :3 *maybe Edge with Twinkies in honor of Tallahassee, idk…*

Life tip: Don’t play Last of Us before bed unless you want nightmares of escaping infected and rogue humans… just sayin’

Also, season three of Z Nation is out on Netflix, so I know what I’ll be upto for the next couple of days…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn’t even five minutes into your journey on foot and you already were regretting the decision to ditch the caddy.

Every sound made you jump and on your already fried nerves, you were irritable, sore, and exhausted. Each step was a painful reminder of your zombie encounter, as your thigh throbbed and burned, your fingers ached, your neck throbbed, and you were pretty sure when that last zombie attacked you, he may have given you rug burn on your face.

The cold chill in the air didn’t invigorate you, but instead made your already throbbing fingers ache, and the rest of you shiver.

When you looked over to your traveling companion he didn’t seem much better than you, with more pronounced dark circles under his eyes, and a slight slouch in his posture (that normal). He still must have been recovering with whatever had hit him earlier… and that made sense given the fact that he had only come down with his fever merely a few hours ago, then expended magic to try to save you, then teleport you both out of there.

In hindsight, ditching the car was a foolish idea, but you could tell he wasn’t in the mood to hear that right now.

Ah heck, you weren’t in the mood to hear that right now from your own damn mouth.

A not so subtle sigh escaped through your nose, and he glanced over, grimacing.

“i know this sucks balls, sugar tits, but trust me. ‘s better we get outta there before they got back.”

“I didn’t say a word.” You replied coolly, and that was the truth. You had not said one word, and
you weren’t going too, because once you did, that one word would become a bunch of words, and you would piss him off, then you’d get pissed off, and it was not the time to go there… walking in the cold, with nighttime approaching.

You were trying your best not to limp as the throbbing sent sharp pains up and down your leg.

It was only a matter of minutes before Edge started calling you gimpy.

Oi, which nickname would you hate more? Sugar tits, or Gimpy?

The grey sky only amplified the creepy factor, with deserted broken cars as far as the eye could see, and abandoned buildings with a plethora of broken glass. In the distance you could hear the moans and wails of the undead.

“I am so sick of zombies.” You whined, throwing your head back, rolling your eyes. The skeleton grunted in affirmation. “I just want a warm bubble bath with a soft comfy bed with a big thick blanket, and a bag of chips, and movies. So many movies.”

“and sex.” Edge nodded in affirmation.

Your head fell forward and you snorted with laughter, “and sex, because Edge said so.”

“damn straight, sugar tits.”

“You’re such a pervert.”

“damn straight!”

You let out a wry chuckle, only to have the sounds of the wailing dead vault over some cars toward you.

Your heart started pounding as you whipped your gun up, and aimed. Your hands were shaking like crazy, and your heart was pounding in your chest, as you pulled the trigger, the butt of the gun slamming into your shoulder. Shit, you forgot to properly brace, and that was going to leave a bruise. You racked your gun, seeing another zombie climb over another abandoned car, crawling like the possessed girl from the ring, and you pulled the trigger again, the gun kicking back, and that zombie tumbling lifelessly to the ground.

A quick glance around you, showed that Edge and felled three more zombies that approached on your six.

“We need to find shelter before more come out.”

He snarled and rolled his eyes, “i can handle more of these fuckers.”

“Really because you look like you’re about to drop.”

His red eyelights fastened on you, and he clenched his fists, before shoving his hands into his pockets. “fine!” He snapped, and you sidled up beside him, your eyes scanning your surroundings, now on high alert.

With dusk fast approaching, more of the undead dared to venture outside but your ammo was limited, and you had a strong feeling so was Edge’s magic.

After a few more minutes, as you quietly slipped along cars, taking cover to avoid the line of sight of a few zombies, Edge growled, and picked you up bridal style.
“What the hell are you doing?” You yelled in a hushed whisper.

“yer limpin’ is only slowin’ us down.”

He took a deep breath, and the cold nothingness of the void surrounded you, before you blipped back to reality. He glanced around, growled, and everything went dark again, you clinging desperately to him, before light came flooding back along with the cold bite of the chilly air.

“What are you doing?!”

“’m gettin’ us ta somewhere safe. jus shut the hell up, yer gonna attract them.” He growled.

Three more times he dragged you into the void, before stopping in front of a little patch of houses right outside the city.

He practically dropped you, and fell to his knees. “Edge?” You whispered, kneeling next to him, tilting his face to meet yours.

The dark circles under his eyes, and the sweat beading on his skull made your chest tight with worry.

“heh, sorry sugar tits. i’m still not quite feelin’ like my old self.” He let out a raspy chuckle.

Man, you both were in bad shape, and you honestly hoped that you didn’t get ambushed right now because if you did... well, you felt like you had already pushed your luck.

“c’mon, sweetheart. i bet one of these houses ought ta be good.”

Sheesh, he just called you sweetheart. He really must be feeling awful.

You looked up, your eyes glancing at the houses, assessing which one would be the safest to hide away in. At the end of the little patch of houses was one that was tucked away in trees and bushes with junk piled up all around it. The windows appeared to have been boarded up.

“Can you walk?” Your brows were furrowed with concern. Edge scoffed, and stood up, wobbled and fell to his knees.

“heh, guess i outdid myself this time.”

“I can give you a piggy back ride.”

“hell no.”

“It’s that or the fireman lift, which I honestly think would be more humiliating. Take your pick.” You gave him a hard long stare, and you could see him weighing his options.

“nah.”

“We have to.”

“no.”

“Let me repeat: We HAVE to.”

“’m not doin’ it.”

“Alright then. I’ll just leave you here then.”
After a moment he rolled his eyes, defeated, “fine, lemme on.” You crouched low, and you felt him slide his arms around your shoulders, and nestle his skeletal body flush to yours.

Hm, poky but warm. You nodded, thin lipped. This was incredibly awkward, and you were sure he felt the same, but at this point you were out of options.

As soon as you stood, you regretted your offer to carry him, your leg screaming at you that it was injured. Oh well, it wasn’t like you had too far to walk.

“stowe.”
“Edge.”

“would you say this is a uplifting experience?”

“Well… I don’t know. I mean, it’s nice to know we can depend on each other, but I wouldn’t go so far as to say—” You froze, “did you just make a pun?”

He snorted, his body shaking with quiet laughter.

“jus’ don’ let me down, ok?”

You rolled your eyes in disbelief, a small grin tugging at your lips. “seriously, of all the times to do this,” You started forward, trying your best to hide your limp, “I’m barely holding on here.”

“heh, holdin’ on?”

You thinned your lips, “That was an accident. I wasn’t trying to do that.”

“heh, i know. you should try though. it may uplift your spirits.”

“Har har, you did it again.”

He shrugged, and you could feel him grinning, and he leaned forward, his chin resting on your shoulder.

Hm, could you think of a pun? They weren’t really your strong suit, but maybe to humor him… “I wouldn’t want to piggyback off of what you’ve done.”

He hummed, “there ya go. was that so hard?”

“Don’t patronize me,” You muttered, and you could feel his grin back in full force. “I don’t even like puns that much.”

He gasped, feigning offense. “i don’t know if i could travel with ya if ya can’t appreciate my good humor.”

“Your bad humor,” You corrected, rolling your eyes, amused. “Your awful humor.”

“ya love my humor as much as ya love me.”

“Nah, not really.”

“aw, gotta cut me down?”

“Nah, I just can’t carry on any more.” You threw your head back for dramatic effect.
He froze, before burying his face into your shoulder, chuckling, “damn, yer so fuckin’ cute.”

Your steps faltered, heart pounding, and your face on fire. You quickly, shook your head and started forward. Surely you heard him wrong, he was mumbling into your shoulder, so you could’ve misheard him.

He could have said something else, um, what rhymes with cute; shoot, loot, mute, c’mom girl, think. He couldn’t have called you cute?

Right?

“y’know it’s true.” His tone was laced with mischief.

“What’s true?”

“yer cute.”

Oh lordy, he said it again.

A dismissive laugh bubbled out, and you rolled your eyes. “I’m as cute as… a moldsmal” You said that correct, right? That was its name, right?

“stowe,” his warm breath washed over the side of your face and down your neck, a hand tracing the side of your face. “are ya gettin’ embarrassed?”

“No!” You replied quickly, and mentally started kicking yourself.

“heh, that’s cute. mmm,“ You felt something warm and wet travel up the side of your jawline. Heart jumping, you let go of Sans to hear him oomph and thud on the ground.

Your hand went to the wet spot on your neck, as you turned to face him, cheeks blushing with a vengeance.

“What are YOU doing?” Your voice raised an octave, and your eyes darted around nervously.

“fuck, did ya hafta drop me?” He slowly eased himself up, swaying where he stood.

“Did ya hafta lick me? Like, what? Why? I don’t understand?” You tensed up, your shoulders rising defensively.

He started to slump forward; instinctively you reached for him, steadying him. His grin stretched, his tongue dancing across his teeth before slipping back into his mouth. “just markin’ what’s mine.”

“Fuck Edge, quit sounding like a creeper!” You hissed, and started dragging him to the boarded up house.

He let out a low and maniacal laughter, allowing you to drag him. Pulling out your gun, you set him at the entrance and ran recon around the perimeter of the house. No zombies nearby, which was a wonderful sign.

Chest tight, and gun aimed and loaded, you approached the front door. It was locked. Running to the back proved to be the same, as was all the windows being boarded up.

You headed back to your skeleton partner, chewing your lip. “We’re locked out. Looks like no one is home, but I don’t know how to get in.” Your eyes traveled to a garage adjacent to the house, the side door wide open. It didn’t look nearly as secure, but it was better than sleeping in the open… or
in a tree.

You definitely did not want to sleep in a tree again.

“i got this,” He eased himself, up, swaying. Before you could protest, he disappeared.

You could hear rattling, and cussing.

Looking around you didn’t see any zombies, but could hear them in the distance. Eventually they would stumble upon where you were, so hopefully Edge could hurry his lazy ass up, and get you inside before you became a zombie chew toy, that would be great.

You drummed your fingers on your gun, anxiously looking over your shoulder several times before the door swung open.

“ta-da! that ought ta be worth one blow job.”

You pushed in past him, slamming the door, and reengaging all the locks. “Dude, me saving your ass today is worth 20 blow jobs, but you don’t see me askin’ for one.”

He rolled his eyes, “that’s because you’re a woman, but if you want me ta take care of ya, i would.” His tongue slipped out again, and he brought up his fingers, letting his tongue lap between them, dipping in and out before retreating back into his mouth. You felt a tight pulsing throb in-between your thighs, your breath hitching.

“Uh, what, no.” You shook your head, turning around, thankful for the poor lighting so he couldn’t see your blush.

His deep baritone chuckle sent shivers up your spine, “mmm, i saw that look. ya thinkin’ about it.”

“Puh-leese,” He reached out and grabbed you, pulling you into him. You were quite a bit surprised by the sudden display of strength, and his one hand rested on the small of your back, while his other hand played with a strand hair that escaped your updo.

“sweetheart,” His baritone was like honey on your ears. “think about it, k?” And with that, He released you flashing you a smirk and wink, and retreated into another room.

You swallowed, and lightly slapping your cheeks, mentally chided yourself for getting worked up and searched the house for rations.

Oh boy did you hit the payload!

Whomever lived here, lived a life legacy worthy of getting onto the show Doomsday Preppers, and how did you know this house was abandoned? Unlike Jerry’s cabin, which was unsanitary but lived in, dust was everywhere, showing that nothing had been touched in months.

They had food that would easily last up to 3 years, and supplies galore. Ziploc bags, paper towels, water, and anything you could think to need if the world was suddenly thrown into tribulations. They had medicine, which you gladly took for your aches and pains, and they had a small portable gas burner that you were able to cook on, and eat actual food. You made brinner, and happily educated Edge about having breakfast for dinner.

You ate like royalty… that loved brinner. Bacon, eggs, pancakes, milk, which was made from powder milk, but beggars choosers and all that!
It was an excellent meal, and after that you started prepping for bed.

There was one problem though… There was no heat for the house, and the generator was out of gas (since the cap to the generator was left off and it all evaporated), and even if you were to get electricity up, it would draw the zombie populace, and with the impending cold, you couldn’t maintain sleeping alone so you made a proposal, filled to the brim with rules and boundaries.

“Edge?”

He was slowly dozing off on the couch.

“Would you sleep with me tonight?”

He blinked a few times, his eyes half lidded before growing wide like saucers, his red pinpricks bright and small.

You bit your lips, looking away embarrassed.

“about fuckin’ time. i thought ya would never ask, and i was gettin’ tired of takin’ care of myself.”

You stepped back, giving him a confused stare. “Wait, what? What? No! I mean, share the bed, not have sex!”

He blinked again, then rolled his eyes. “damnit, ya fuckin’ cock tease.” He settled himself further into the couch, closing his eyes.

“Eddgggggggeeeeee,” You drawled, “I can’t sleep alone. I’ll get hypothermia and die.”

He sat there eyes closed, and you stood at the doorway, fidgeting. After what felt like forever but was probably five minutes he opened one eye socket.

“ya seriously gonna die?”

You shrugged, “Possibly. If we share body heat we’ll be better off, or at least I will.”

“fuckin’ tease,” He growled, and slid off the couch, shoving his hands into his pockets, and sauntered up to you, exuding exhaustion. “lead the way sugar tits.”

The bedroom was decent, with a comfortable queen sized bed, lots of pillows, and two thick blankets. You slipped out of your more uncomfortable clothes, leaving you in a shirt, pants, and your favorite skeleton socks. Edge shucked his jacket and shoes.

You closed the door, and slipped under the covers.

He stared at the bed, grimacing. “do I hafta. ya ain’t puttin’ out.”

“You don’t hafta, but you’ll find out in the morning if I survive.”

He grumbled and slipped in the covers, keeping away from you as much as possible. “Well, sleeping over there defeats the whole purpose,” and you reached over, tugging him toward you. With much reluctance he scooted over to you, and your cold appendages eagerly wrapped around him, eager to suck the warmth that his magic exuded.

“s-stowe,” He sounded breathless.

“You’re so warm.”
“d-don’t touch me there.”

Where were you touching, you kinda wrapped up all over him, legs flush against his, hands intertwined in his ribs, what did he mean?"

His hands latched on to your wrists, removing them from his ribs, “t-that spot,” His face was glowing red, and his eye sockets were closed as he swallowed, “is only if ya mean ta finish the job.”

Wait a second… his ribs were… his sweet spot??

The idea of knowing where his trigger was, made you want to touch him again, push a little further, see what would happen when you made him snap, but you still were on the fence about going that far.

You had just started getting back to your comfortable dynamic, and sex would definitely upset that.

“I’m sorry, I’ll be more careful.”

He nodded, and nestled his face into the crook of your neck, wrapping his arm around you.

You smiled softly, feeling your eyes grow heavier with each blink, and before you knew it, between the sound of his soul humming and the warmth of his bones wrapped around you, led you into a peaceful slumber.

You felt stiff, and turned on your side, and as soon as you moved, warm hard arms wrapped around you, pulling you into them, and started snoring softly. You wriggled slightly to get more comfortable, and slipped back to sleep.

Daylight peaked through the boards, shining in your eyes. You winced, your neck feeling sore. You reached for your neck, only to notice it was covered in drool. You tried to roll away, only to realize you were trapped by bony arms. Trying to pry them up was useless.

“Edge, wake up,” You whined, but nothing happened. You squirmed more, and he moaned bucking into you.

You trailed your fingers along his phalanges, and up and down his radius and ulna, and he let out a throaty moan, his hand slipping under your shirt, rubbing your nipple.

You gasped, and tried to jerk away, confused and irrationally aroused. “E-EDGE! WAKE THE FUCK UP!”

His hand retreated a few inches, only to slip in lightly pinch your nipple. You grabbed his phalanges, squeezing them. “STOP!”

His chest heaved with a deep breath, “stop yellin’ sugar tits. it’s ruinin’ my good mornin’.” His voice sounded heavy with sleep.

“You molesting me, is ruining mine!” You bit back.

“What the hell are ya talkin’ about?”

“You’re touching me,” You growled, and you felt the hand you were holding twitch.

There was a moment of silence, then you could feel him grinning, “ah, that explains why i was
havin’ such a good dream.”

You elbowed him, shockwaves of pain radiating up your arm, and he roared with laughter. “just admit it sugar tits, ya like me touching you.”

“No!” You tried to get out of bed, but he held you tightly, nipping your ear, and you shrieked, turning your head to face him, and licked him.

His grin fell, and his grip slackened. You took this opportunity to slip out, grabbing your clothes, and ran into another room to re-dress and layer up.

He sat up, expression baffled, and smile humored. “sugar tits, yer a riot.”

You could hear him roaring with laughter, your face a blushing mess. You were wrong, things were not getting back to normal, it was just getting weirder… and your relationship with Edge was escalating and you didn’t know how you felt about that…

Chapter End Notes

Had to rewrite the chapter… hopefully you all like it :3

Been thinking about doing a poll, but it’s harder to brain-storm a poll than you would think… ah well

Poll time:
Should Edge and Stowe find the tracking device that Alphys planted, and “take care of it”
or
Stowe has an issue come up with her braces >.<

Vote and determine the fate of our precious duo, I put their fate and happiness (or lack thereof) in your trusting hands

Next chapter will most likely be a bonus content chapter.

Also, a dialogue prompt is in here from Jelloriver
Chapter Summary

How did the zombie apocalypse start? What if Stowe turned? Amusement park fun with fluff, and a pet kitty??

Chapter Notes

So… should I move the bonus content to it’s own little bit, or keep posting it within the main fic? Lemme know *muwah* yeah, I blew you all kisses, what’cha gonna do about it?

*please don’t leave… anything but that…

also… I’m running out of puns… so witty titles instead!

And hey, kinda sorry but not sorry about slow updates. Life has been a bit busier (not sorry for that yo), but deciding to juggle 3 stories when I said I wouldn’t… (yeah, I am sorry about that…) Three stories, author- you said you wouldn’t do that?? Heh… yeah, shameless other story plug <<< Underfell x Reader Love Triangle – No fontcest – and clichés to high heaven, yeah baby *insert saucy wink*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Let’s be frank…. it all started with a hotdog: Inspired by Lacewing with many contributing ideas!

Sans was sitting at a stool in Alphys above ground lab, talking over theories about quantum physics for their latest project. They had just graduated college, and were hired by a really nice firm to study theories of space and time, as well as bringing energy efficient power to the United States, much like what was in the Core. With all the shut down factories that was in the north (Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio) there was a lot of developed space in need of being used; Michigan won. (whoo~ Go Blue!)

Sans was eating a hot dog when his phone pinged. “mmm, it’s paps.” He set down his hot dog, and teleported out of there.

Alphys didn’t spare him a glance, busy scribbling on her paper. She sniffed tentatively, reaching over to grab his hot dog to throw it in the trash can when her sleeve tipped over a vial of some concoction, spilling onto the hot dog.

“Shit.” She hissed, pushing the hotdog into the open wastebasket, a funny smell filling the lab. With a disdainful sniff, she set it outside her office.
The janitor paused at the trashcan, eyes watering. There was no way they could carry the smell of whatever was in that waste basket in their bigger trash can, and it was stinking up the hall, so they quickly ran the waste basket out side the building, resolved to dump it’s contents in the final moment, then toss it into the garbage dump.

But… a homeless man passing by the building caught wiff of this hotdog, of course at this point; the chemical reaction had changed the smell from pungent to aromatic. He eagerly dug through the wastebasket, wasting no time in finding the food item in question, and quickly devoured the half eaten hotdog.

It satiated his hunger, and brought relief to the grumbling of his stomach. He was thankful, because it had been some time since he ate…

**Best Buddies : Inspired by Technical_Turquois**

*This story is the “what if” Stowe turned when Alphys let her get attacked… it’s based off of Shaun of the Dead, so if you haven’t see that, why are you reading this garbage. Go! Go watch that! Now!*  

Edge watched in abject horror as you tossed and turned, the color of your skin turning pale, your eye sockets becoming hollow. He knew the medicine Alphys gave you wasn’t working… because if it was you still wouldn’t be turning.

His soul felt heavy, and he felt a lump in his non-existent throat. The one thing that was good about being in this hellhole was ripped away from him, and now he watched it slowly slip away into the madness of a carnivorous mindless brain eating *monster*.

He laughed wryly… you could both be monsters together… albeit of different calibers, but still together.

When you first opened your eyes, they were glossed over and foggy. You sat up, looking at him, twitching slightly.

“stowe?”

You tilted your head at him, snapping your jaw, but making no move to eat him.

Heh. He forgot, zombies liked humans because of their squishy stuff, and being a skeleton, he definitely didn’t have squishy stuff.

Out of curiosity, he held his finger in front of your mouth. You snapped at it, but he jerked it away in time.

He patted your knee while you stared at him curiously and uncomprehendingly… like a dumb dog.

“i’m gonna go dust some bitches. i’ll be right back and we can get outta this hellhole.” His voice sounded broken, and slowly he stood up, looking at the door, his shoulders slumping. He turned his head toward you, winking before he teleported away, your head twitched in an unnerving fashion as you looked about the room.

Seeing nothing of interest or nothing to eat you got up, body swaying awkwardly, and you shambled toward the door with the coordination of a drunk toddler.

You could hear screaming, lots of screaming, and your mind perked with the thought *food?*
You were so hungry… but for what? You fumbled with the door… why couldn’t you remember how this worked? Maybe if you walked into it… maybe if you tried again… maybe if you tried again… Food had to be on the other side. You clawed at the door, oh… you stumbled through the door way, looking around.

Everything was charred, and Edge stood in the middle of the living room, covered in dust.

His eyelights flicked over to you, and his browbones drew in concern as he rushed over to you. “sugar tits, i told ya to wait.” You tilted your head at him… would he be yummy?

“no, don’t bite me ya dumb bitch,” he raised a hand to hit you, but hesitated. Rolling his eyes, he raised a finger up to you, and red magic surrounded you as you felt immobilized.

He jerked a finger, and you shambled forward, some force compelling you to walk this way.

Maybe food would be this way.

Edge ducked into a room, and came out a moment later holding a collar and a leash, quickly fastening it to your neck. “c’mon sugar tits.”

He pulled on the leash and you followed.

“i didn’t know you were into the BDSM scene,” he chuckled humorlessly, and you stared at him.

“this is where you’d say, ‘Edge why are you such a pervert!’ and then i’d laugh, then you’d make a joke about me and those stripper zombies…” he sighed, a rueful smile on his skull.

“Per…vert…” You said slowly, tilting your head.

He froze, looking over at you, before breaking out into a loud and raucous laugh, “course the one word you remember! sugar tits, yer a riot.”

**How Amusing : By pretty much anyone who suggested couples stuff…**

_Shameless rip off of Zombieland *smiles unabashed*_

You looked around the deserted amusement park, pangs of bittersweet memories weighing heavily on your chest. You remembered years ago when you did come here with your parents.

Your hand reached for his, your fingers interlacing with his, “C’mon, let me show you my favorite rides.”

“What the hell?” He laughed, as you dragged him through the park.

You got in the seat, pulling down the safety bars, and looked at your skeleton companion grinning, “I used to come here with my family. It was probably the only time we actually acted like a family.”

He looked at the bar across his lap nervously before glancing at you, opening his mouth slightly to protest before the rollercoaster jettisoned forward.

Your stomach lurches, and your heart stilled as your breath was caught in your throat.

Edge’s bony phalanges sought yours out, painfully squeezing them, as screams of terror escaped him, and you laughed.
The rollercoaster started to slow, going around the turn, aaaaaaaaaaaaahh yep it sped up again, Edge screaming again.

At one point he flopped in to you and when you looked over you realized he passed out.

You lost it laughing when you were screaming in excited terror.

As soon as the ride was over, Edge teleported out of there, calling you a crazy bitch for enjoying torturing yourself, and verbally refusing to get on any other roller coasters.

Maybe taking him on the Top Thrill Dragster was too much for a first timer.

“Okay, okay, we can explore some more chill rides.”

After the fifth ride, you could hear the hordes of zombies coming for you. “So, what do we do?” You pulled up your shotgun, blowing off the head of some Rambo zombie. Must've been some dude who thought he could tough it out with a bowie knife and a bandana. Too bad.

Running around and fighting random hordes, eventually you found yourself at the Ferris wheel. You climbed in, and he hurled a bone at the controller, sending it up. You took a seat, setting your gun across your lap, and Edge sat across from you.

“i’mma be honest with ya, sugar tits. this park is lame.”

You looked out the window, smiling crookedly, “Nah, it was pretty fuckin’ awesome. You’re just a big ass baby.”

“shut the hell up!” He clenched his fist, and you threw your head back laughing.

“Oh man, for someone so tough, I never would have pegged you to be afraid of rollercoasters.”

“i don’t need those fuckin’ roller coasters. i got the void.”

You shivered, remembering.

“ya wanna see somethin’ cool?” Edge waggled his browbones, and shrugged.

“Sure.”

“heh, watch this.” He raised his hands, his right eyelight disappearing, and red magic flaring out of his left eyesocket.

All around your moving carriage, floating skulls, resembling goat… or dog skulls appeared, shooting red beams out of their mouth, incinerating the zombies around the ride attraction.

Your heart pounded in your chest, and your mouth hung slack at the raw display of power, before your head whipped toward the skeleton, who was watching you with an intense expression.

You opened your mouth to speak, but the words would come, your mind still reeling from what you just witnessed.

He let out a low chuckle, sitting back, shoving his hands in his pockets, but you noticed the small beads of sweat on his skull. “those are my gaster blasters. i only use them when i get serious.”

“That’s amazing,” You breathed, and his cheekbones flushed red, his eyelights darting away.
“heh, its nothing.”

“Nothing,” You moved across the small carriage to sit next to him. “That was awesome. Edge, you are just... so cool.” Your adulation flustered the skeleton, and he shrunk further into his coat. “Every time I learn something new about you, I’m just amazed.”

“heh, stop it, yer makin’ me blush.” He replied gruffly, and you nudged him with your shoulder.

“Y’know, you’re kind of cute when you blush.”

“What?” His eye sockets went wide, and his eyelights small and bright.

Finally reaching the top of the ferris wheel, it paused and you turned toward him. “I have a surprise for you, but you have to close your eyes.” You turned your body towards him, holding your finger up.

He gave you a wary look, “i think yer up to no good. first ya bring me to this boring zombie infested park, and now ya trapped me in here, tellin’ me ta close my eyes. what are ya up to?”

“It’s a surprise,” You smiled coyly, and he sighed in defeat closing his eyes.

You leaned forward, your lips brushing against his teeth.

He jerked back, his bony hand covering his mouth, his face glowing a bright red. “what the hell stowe?”

You snorted laughing, covering your mouth, “Aw my kiss wasn’t that bad, was it?”

“ya can’t just... the fuck!”

He disappeared, and you looked around.

“You can’t do that to me! Edge? Edge, come back! Don’t leave me up here, I’ll be eaten alive!” You screamed, peeking your head out the bars, looking for where the edgy skeleton could have retreated too. You were filled with dread, terror and regret, wondering if maybe you had read the signals between you both wrong. Oh man, and now you messed up your guys dynamic...

“Stupid, stupid, stupid.” You buried your face in your hands, refusing to let the hot tears blinding your eyes fall.

Edge stood in front of a bathroom mirror, hands braced on the sink, sweat covering his skull, breathing heavy.

“holy shit, she likes me,” he tilted his head back, closing his eye sockets. “she actually likes me...”

He could feel the softness of your lips against his teeth, the warmth of your soul reaching for him and his body shook with tremors.

The sweetness, the innocence... He covered his mouth, staring at his reflection...

He heard screaming and remembered he left you stranded in the Ferris wheel, and teleported to where you were.

You hit a zombie with the but of your gun, and it flew backwards, splattering into a bloody and gory mess with a sickening thud.

“The hell, Edge? If you didn’t like me you could have just said so instead of leaving me trapped
here!” You screamed, your eyes red, a few angry tears slipping down your cheeks. You scrubbed them with the sleeve of your jacket before aiming your gun out the bars and underneath you, blowing off a random assortment of limbs off three zombies, which tumbled down the mechanism, knocking a few more down along the way, smashing the mindless dead standing below, mumbling incoherent gargles.

If you weren’t so mad at Edge for ditching you, you probably would have made a joke about it raining zombie men… Kind of like that song ’It’s raining men.’

Edge looked away, his smile crooked, “it’s uh… well…”

“Dude, I thought… the fuck, it doesn’t matter what I think. Let’s just get the hell out of here.” You stood up, body rocking from the motion in the small carriage.

“i do like ya!”

You slowly turned your head, to look at him, and he grabbed you pulling you into him, his hand cradling the back of your head. “’m fuckin’ crazy ‘bout ya,” and his teeth crashed onto your lips.

**Cat got yer tongue? Inspired by StarryDragonPaws**

“Did you see that?” Your head caught the movement of a small animal.

“the hell ya talkin’ bout?”

*Mew.*

“Kitty!” Your voice went up five octaves and you dropped to your knees, eyes searching for the furry cuteness that was crying for your cuddles. “Here kitty, kitty, kitty.” You clicked your tongue a few times, and out came a small, starved little cat gray tabby with one white paw.

“get the hell away from that thing. it could be diseased ridden.” Edge growled, and you rolled your eyes, holding out your hand. The cat carefully walked up, and tentatively rubbed his head on your hand. You maneuvered your fingers to scratch under it’s chin, and it purred, chancing a few steps closer.

You cooed, “It’s so cute.”

Edge scoffed, and you ignored him. He was probably jealous anyway, this cat was getting more action in five minutes then he’s had his entire lifetime.

“Hey, give me some of the jerky we found.”

“wha? hell no, i ain’t wastin’ our food on that nasty piece of shit.”

At this point the cat was rubbing along any area he could touch, purring like he was given a fresh set of lithium ion batteries, putting the energizer bunny to shame.

“Quit being such an asshole, and give me some fucking jerky.”

“fine, whatever. starve yer sorry ass for this cat,” he fished out a pack of jerky flinging it at you. The cat jumped away but stayed within a seven foot radius, warily keeping it’s green gaze on you. You
opened the pack, and it was already rubbing it’s head on your hands.

You fished out a piece, and it took it, retreating several feet, and attacked the jerky like it was it’s last meal. You threw a few more pieces out to it, ignoring Edge’s protests before straitening yourself, resealing the pack, and putting it away.

“Alright, let’s go.”

“why the hell is that furball followin’ us?” He turned his head to glare at the cat.

You looked over your shoulder, grinning. “He knows he can get food from us.”

The skeleton grunted, and glared at you, “no, it can get food from you. how the fuck do ya know it’s a he?”

“He’s got fuzzy cat balls. How else would I be able to tell?”

“He’s got what? i gotta see this shit,” He turned to look at the cat, which in turn froze, then arched it’s back hissing, tail going super poofy.

“the hell’s it doin’ now?”

“George thinks you’re a threat?”

“who the fuck ‘s george?”

“I named him!” You replied grinning.

“when!”

“Just now.”

“leave that fuckin’ furball alone!” Edge tried to snatch away the food you were getting ready to feed George, but you expertly dodged, and without breaking eye contact fed the cat, watching the skeleton seeth.

Suck it Edge.

“that thing has to go.”

“No, he’s my buddy,” Your eyes were fixated on the little furball, stroking under his chin as he purred, eyes closed, content.

“He’s a fuckin’ stray,” The skeleton was tapping his fingers anxiously against the table

“You’re a fucking stray,” Your voice was gentle, and you didn’t bother to look up from George.

“real mature sugar tits,” He deadpanned.

“Thank you.” You smiled brightly, meeting his annoyed gaze with your happy one.

He let out a sigh, crossing his arms, and leaning back in his seat.
You were sound asleep, the cat nestled on your chest. Edge was staring at the feline, his anger boiling. When he tried to get close to you, the cat would hiss, so he had kept his distance.

He had thought about killing it, but you already seemed so damn attached…

Slowly his eyelids drifted closed, and he fell asleep.

When he woke up, he felt a warm and heavy weight on his chest that was vibrating. When he opened his eyes, George was curled up on him, sleeping soundly.

He pushed the cat off, it yelped in surprise, and he sat up, looking for you. “stowe?”

You walked in the room, pulling your hair into a messy updo, jacket slung over your arm, and backpack already on.

“Hey Edgey McEdgerson, ready to go.”

“hell yes,” He jumped up, and grabbed your hand, pulling you into him. Before you could protest, you blipped out of the room and appeared on the outskirts of the town.

You turned to look back at the town, before violently shoving Edge’s shoulder, “What about George?”

“fuck him.”

“Fuck him? He’s a cat.”

“he’s a pain in my ass.” He skulked forward, and you stood there, confused, watching the retreating skeleton, when it clicked.

“Ha! You’re jealous of George, oh man that’s too good.”

“shut the hell up!” The edgy skeleton roared, and you laughed.

After a few minutes of you two walking you spoke up, "Seriously though, can we please go back and get him?"

"no."

Chapter End Notes

Yo, sorry readers, I have a lot to say, some important, some not important…
So… the 2nd story, dudes, just gonna be real with you, Edge’s line “no, don’t bite me, ya dumb bitch.” makes me laugh every time I read it (9 times so far). Insight into my humor…

So, last chapter’s comments made me realize that my writing may have led some of you on, and you think that there’s going to be smut even though I have not tagged this work as such, and now I have to be a wet blanket… I wrote smut once, and it just… wasn’t for me. I don’t read smut, but will read work with smut, I just skip it. If ya’l wondering why I write such saucy, teasing things, that is what I enjoy, but the full on execution is just not my cup of tea…
That being said, here comes a compromise, if there are enough people gunning for it:

EDIT: 3/22/17 I have had a few people step forward and offer their services to write for me, so now I have to consider how and if I will choose to incorporate smut... Thanks to the brave souls that want to out up with me, haha v.v

***POLL FROM CHAPTER 18 IS STILL OPEN – STILL TAKING VOTES! ***
I have mentioned this before, I have a tumblr, this tumblr now has an ask, so if you have specific questions about this story, or specific questions about the characters or for the characters click this way too cool link, and ask away…
The Stink of Flesh

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

Everyone needs a rest day, but a rest day doesn't mean an unproductive day!

Chapter Notes

I’m fair if anything. Despite me wanting to go the direction of braces, when I poll, I take your votes (popular majority) and allow you to dictate the flow of the story. 24 in favor of finding a tracking device, 8 in favor of braces breaking, and 5 in favor of both… Braces will have to break another day…

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Edge threw himself back on the bed, his bony arm half hazardly thrown over his face. He could still feel the poison leeching on his magic, making him feel weak and dizzy.

The blush on his alabaster cheekbones wasn’t from the residual poison, oh no, it was from the warmth lingering in his arms, and along his finger tips.

The way your nipple hardened when he brushed his bony phalanges over them, how soft and full your breasts were, the way your breathing hitched, and you squirmed.

All night you ground your ass into his pelvis and it drove him absolutely mad. You were lucky he didn’t pull off your pants and give you good time right then, and groped you instead.

He contemplated exploring more of your body, but he knew he had to take it slow, and guide you to him. If he went too fast, or came on too strong you would get scared and flee.

And the idea of you running away… it hurt too much to even think about it. Edge looked at his fingers, his expression thoughtful. “sugar tits, the fuck did ya do ta me?”

You stared at the food staples in front of you, heart hammering in your chest. Why were you still so aroused?

“He just touched your breasts, he wasn’t even awake.” You patted your face, willing the blush to go away. That little part of your mind started wandering, wondering what his fingers would feel like if they decided to roam lower, dipping into the hem of your pants, lightly tracing…

“Eggs! We are eating eggs this morning, with uh,” Your eyes darted about nervously, “rice. Okay, Eggs and rice.” You were getting too worked up over this. Clenching your fists, and you nodded
Your head once and decisively, and went to work to prepare breakfast.

“Rule number one, cardio… Rule two, the double tap… rule 3, beware of bathrooms…” As you rattled off your list, your nerves started to settle. These rules would ensure your survival, so you did what you could to commit them to memory. “Rule 5, no attachments…” Your voice trailed off, your cheeks flushing with heat.

You definitely fucked up on that one… You were very attached to Edge, so attached you didn’t want your relationship to change in any way. As it was right now, he would never leave you. Right now, as you two were, things were stable.

“sugar tiiiiittss,” Edge whined from the room.

Couldn’t that lazy ass get up? the sun was well into the sky by now. Did he really think you would serve him breakfast in bed? What were you? His maid?

“sugar tiiiiiiitsssss,” Dear lord he sounded even more obnoxious this time.

“Edddddggggggeeeeee?” You drawled back equally obnoxious.

“come heeeerrrrreeee.”

You rolled your eyes, and flipped the egg you were cooking.

“stoooowwwe, i think i’m dyin’,” followed by an obvious and very fake cough.

If you rolled your eyes any harder they would fall out of your head, so to preserve your sight, you sighed, shoveling the eggs onto a plate, and walked over to the room, your thigh protesting with each step. Your whole body hurt, especially walking. Looking in the room, the sun streamed in through the wooden planks, and Edge lay, tangled in the blankets, face flush, and arm over his eye sockets.

You crossed your arms, and leaned against the threshold, raising a brow. “Yes Edge?”

“call me master,” He replied weakly.

You blinked once, and shook your head, heading back to the camper stove, thinking its too early for this shit. His laugh followed you with insincere apologies.

Food plated, you hollered for him to get his lazy ass out of bed, but he started giving excuses. You got a few bites in before his whining and calling for you finally got on your nerves, and you went to the door way to glower at him. “Seriously, what is your problem? Are you still sick or something?”

His red eyelights danced mischievously, and he slowly sat up, the blanket falling to his waist, his black t-shirt tight on his bones. “ya really don’t know much about us monsters, do ya?” You quirked a brow at him, and his smile widened, eyes half lidded.

Your heart skipped a beat, and your breath caught, and quickly you averted your gaze, holy mother of all that’s good and holy he’s sexy af! “Uhm, not really… I mean…”

He let out a deep chuckle, “’m still recoverin’. monsters don’t do well with poison.”
“Poison?”

“ya really think monsters get sick? we ain’t got the squishy stuff ya humans got, and magic can’t be corrupted… it’s pure energy… the only way a monster can get sick is if they ingest poison. how d’ya think that bitchlizard got me sick?”

You looked up, clearing the space between you, your hand resting against his skull, his cheekbones coloring faintly. “I’m so sorry, I thought you were being a lecherous obnoxious pervert. What can I do to help you?”

“welp,” His hand reached out, securing on yours weaving in-between your fingers, “I just need ta rest… just keep me company.”

It was strange seeing Edge so vulnerable and weak, and you nodded, and he patted the area next to him. You adjusted to sit where he patted and he laid his head on your lap.

His head was about as heavy as yours would be, and his body relaxed. “’s gonna prank ya, but i just don’t have it in me.”

“Aw, you really aren’t feeling well.” Edge would never pass up an opportunity to mess with you. Poor skeleton. Your eyes swept over his features, memorizing the little divots in his skull, the weathered bone. His brows were furrowed, and his face colored. It struck a chord of sympathy within you, you bringing your hand up to lightly trace soothing lines on the top of his skull.

His breathing deepened, and he let out a little hum, "'s nice. i like that."

A shy smile tugs at your lips, your cheeks warming slightly. Despite the pain in your body; your sore neck, throbbing thigh, and the general fatigue that was ever present... you feel relaxed. You leaned your head against the headboard, closing your eyes.

Within a few minutes he had slipped into a light sleep, and you felt yourself starting to drift off too, but you knew you didn't have the time to waste, and your mind was itching to explore the houses around you to see if there was anything you could use.

You were low on ammo for your gun, and with your stash of guns abandoned with the crazy duo, you needed to find new weapons.

You couldn’t rely on Edge forever. Yesterday taught you that. If something were to happen to him and you became too comfortable with him carrying the slack, well that would be the end of your journey.

When you were sure that he was asleep you slipped out, laying his head on one of the pillows. You cautiously made your way over to the adjacent door, slung on your jacket, and racked your gun. Peaking out, you saw no signs of life, and could only hear the sounds of birds chirping. Stepping out of the house with a limp in your gate, you remembered to close the door behind you lest a zombie sneak in and catch you unaware.

Turning around to face the road, the cold brisk air slapped you across the face, alerting your senses and making your body more aware of how tired and hurt it really was.

You cautiously made your way over to the adjacent garage, the door ajar.
That wasn’t a good sign. Kicking the door open, you stepped back, gun aimed, but nothing came. You slowly peaked in, the windowless fixture deathly still.

The feeling of adrenaline pumped through your veins, as the sound of your heart pounding in your ears deafened you.

No scuffle of undead, just the rotten stench of decay assaulting your nose.

Your eyes settled on a really nice looking blue FJ Cruiser, and part of you hoped that it was fully functional. Opening the door, the pungent odor of death rolled out, churning your stomach and your eyes readjusted to the darkness; it looked like several adults turned into bombs, their insides strewn all over the inside of the vehicle.

Your body heaved, and you made a dash for the exit, tripping over a large bag, the sounds of metal clinking catching your attention, along with the pain that blossomed in your toes as you stubbed it painfully with whatever was in the dufflebag.

Body weak, retching, you stumbled out, dragging the bag with you.

The contents of your stomach spewed, you stared forlornly at the lost breakfast and murdered appetite.

There wasn’t enough Lysol in the world for that vehicle…

Opening up the black duffle bag, a relief a sigh slipped through your lips. Guns, so many guns and ammo was in the duffle bag.

It looks like, whoever lived here was prepared for the apocalypse and had attempted to escape this place only to get ambushed at their vehicle. As much as you felt sorry for them, you were thankful to find the stuff they left behind.

One phrase: Thank God for rednecks!

So, obviously this house didn’t have a functional car, but what if another house did?

---

Sans rolled over, his eyelight focusing on your backpack. Despite still recovering, he couldn’t will himself back to sleep, and you were out there, and he was a worried, but was in no shape to go outside.

He let out a frustrated growl, sitting up and scrubbing his face roughly. Pulling his hands down, his eyelight fell on your backpack again.

Well, if you were going to take so long, he was going to go through your stuff. That would teach you to go out without him. Retrieving the backpack, his shark like grin stretched wide, and he let out a gravelly chuckle.

His fingers brushed against your socks, his cheeks growing warm. Smile quirking at the corner of his mouth, he shoved a pair into his pants pocket, intent on using them later when you were asleep.

Digging through yielded standard items, and he was about to put it down when he saw a small worn
Curiosity teasing him, he pulled it out, quickly glancing over entries.

This journal started back to the start of the apocalypse…

XX-XX-201X

_I FUCKING HATE ZOMBIES_

--

XX-XX-201X

_I want chips... also, I hate zombies... also, sleeping in trees is a bad idea. I have ants in my pants... haha, I hate my life._

--

XX-XX-201X

Well, things took an interesting turn. I met a pervy skeleton who gets off on stripper zombies. I thought I have seen it all, but now, I can say I have seen it all. He’s a pervert, but he has a car, and chips... I’ve already had three chipgasms today. I don’t think we’ll travel together for very long, but we’ll see…

--

XX-XX-201X

_I am going to kill him... He is such a fucking asshole. So, remember how three entries ago I was whining about not sleeping in 2 days... so this asshole (I don’t even know why I’m calling him that, he’d need an ass to have an asshole... ha!) convinces me to go into Target, and after narrowly escaping death, he takes a nap. I accidentally run the car out of gas and he starts ripping me up one
side and down the other about it, then he goes as shows how fuckin’ superior he is to me, kicking ass in the dark. Sometimes, I imagine myself handcuffing him and leaving him to rot…. Do monsters rot?

--

XX-XX-201X

I was wrong… I have met the biggest asshole ever, but this guy actually has an asshole, and I can see it… Jerry… he walks around in the fucking nude, his ass cheeks hanging out for everyone to see.

He kept making awkward advances at me, and couldn’t take a hint that I wasn’t interested. I feel kind of bad, but I used Edge to keep Jerry away.

Also… I, um, think I might have feelings for Edge…? I wanted to get back at him, so I thought I would flirt with him, but as I started to dance with him I felt… well anyway, I’m just overthinking things… right?

--

XX-XX-201X

I got sick… really sick. Jerry is such an asshole. I blame him. Anyway, Edge totally owned the situation, and I owe him my life. Also, something weird totally happened… So when I asked Edge to get me socks, and he put them on my feet… I… well… got really turned on.

Like honestly, he could’ve fucked me right then, and I would have let him…

But how would a skeleton monster even have sex?? Amirite? Oh jeez… Thinking about the idea of it again has me turned um… on…

Also… watching Edge get all protective over me and chase John away is nice. Again, sort of a turn on too. Jeez, now I can’t stop thinking about it, but… how would he even? How would we…? I just
Edge blinked, and looked up then back down at the entry, his eye lights scanning over the sentence following getting turned on. As much as you pretended you weren’t interested, you obviously were. You even said so.

He flipped through a few more entries, eyes scanning, looking for key phrases.

XX-XX-201X

I’m such a little shit… I keep having sex dreams with Edge, but they’re getting more vivid… So last night I dreamed that we were back at Jerry’s (yuck) place again in front of the fire. I totally miss it. The warmth. The comfort. It was so nice. I remember looking away from the fire and seeing Edge next to me. He was chilling against the couch, legs all stretched out and shit. I think he was reading, which is weird… to see him reading and stuff. Anyway I rolled onto my back and kicked up at him, trying to get his attention for some reason.

In my mind I thought I was being cute.

Anyway so I had these super cute thigh high socks on. They were black, white lace at the top with the cutest bow! Reminded me of maid actually. Like, I wore them before? For a job… ha, that’d be a riot, I would never work as a maid.

Okay, gotta write this down before Edge gets out of the shower. Focus.

I guess I felt a bit jealous that he was ignoring me. I said something, but it didn’t grab his attention. I nudged him on the arm with my pointed, cloth covered toes, this seemed to grab his attention. I saw his eyelights flicker between the booklet in front of him, down to my legs, then back to his book.

I could see his fingers trembling.

He’s so damn cute, not that I’d ever tell him that. He has a big enough ego already, pervert.

I rested my legs on his lap, this definitely got his attention. I sat up and for a second I got a weird third person point of view of myself. I was in nothing but my underwear, his jacket, and those lovely socks… How I got his jacket? Dream magic. I’m not going to think to hard into it.
I started stroking the outside of his femurs, starting at the knee and slowly cascading towards his shorts. He wasn’t moving, but I remember his breathing. Deep, yet haggard. I remember hearing the way his hands clawed at the carpet. The sound of his jaw trembling. The flash of his golden tooth which reflected the flames behind me. The way he looked so…

Hungry.

The way I smiled and yet leered at him. I was the one to make him make those sounds. It’s me, me who was turning him on… and I was really into it.

I placed both of my feet above his thighs, hovering them as I spread myself before him, my lower region hidden by the thin cloth of my undergarment. His breath hitched and I heard him snarl. It was guttural. I noticed he does this sometimes when he snaps at someone.

I think it’s the hottest thing ever. Again, not telling him this shit, because he’d use it against me.

I didn’t let him move though, I placed more weight on his legs. I remember taunting him. Teasing him. He started panting, jaw open, that ruby tongue of his falling out. That tongue of his. I wonder… I wonder what it would be like if he went… He grabbed me, his clawed fingers digging into my thighs, and I remember him pushing me down, pressing into me, grinding against me.

Face to face.

“ya wanna have a great time?”

“Maybe,” I replied, my tongue languidly glides along the corner of his grin.

“cause ya keep doin’ what yer doin’, i’m gonna hafta show ya.”

--

His breathing was growing heavier, his eyes scanning over the entry. Were you seriously going to end it like that? These were the kind of dreams that you were having? You acted so innocent and sweet, but holy fuck, you wanted to get really kinky. He could feel his face flood with magic, as well as it pooling in his pelvis.

He could already see himself, sitting in-between your legs, your hands tied to the headboard. Your breasts rising and falling with each breath, eyes begging him to make you scream. Lacy thigh highs rubbing against his bones, sending chills up his spine.

“Edge,”

Oh yes, you’d say his name, breathy and desperate.

“Edge?”

He blinked, snapping out of his fantasy. He realized he was holding your precious journal, filled with your fantasies of him.

Your footsteps neared, and filled with panic he flung the journal into the backpack, sending it toppling over the side of the bed, contents spilling. “I found…” You trailed off, Edge muttering profanities, butt in the air, one hand braced on the bed and the other hand swooping up the bag and its contents.

Heh, his butt is so bony… ha ha he’s a bony butt!
You snorted with giggles as he straightened himself, skull glowing red. You sat on the bed, eyes shining, “I have good news… what’s that?” You tilted your head, eyes focusing on the small little device in-between his fingers. His shark like grin was turned into a frown, his eye lights focusing on the small device held between his fingers.

“alphys, you bitch.” He snarled, moving to clench the device smashing it, but you put your hand over his, and he froze.

“Don’t smash it!”

“the fuck not?”

“Because… if we do, then she’ll know we found it?” You half shrugged, “What is it?”

“’s a fuckin’ trackin’ bug.”

You gave him an incredulous stare, “Fuck Alphys…” Your eyes darted around the room, your mind going a thousand miles a minute. “Edge, what if we were to, I don’t know, plant it on someone… have them follow that?”

His smile fell, his expression contemplative, slowly nodding. “heh, sugar tits, yer a girl after my own heart.”

You put a hand to your chest, and batted your eyelashes, “I’m flattered.”

“here’s what we’re gonna do. we’re gonna plant this on a zombie that looks a lot like ya, and teleport that mother fucker away from us, and when the girls decide to go find us, they’ll find her, and it’ll fuck with their heads.” He roared with laughter, and you smiled with amusement.

You sat back and watched Edge, who was swaying, utilize his magic to immobilize a zombie, then dress her in your clothes, throwing a backpack on her, and just like that, her and Edge disappeared. It was fascinating to watch Edge use his magic to manipulate zombies, and you were envious of his ability. You had asked if you could watch closer, but he informed you that when a zombie could smell your squishy bits, it made it harder to manipulate them, hence why he didn’t really do that while you were around.

Apparently their hunger could fight against his “suggestion” magic ability.

“hm, kinda wish i could see their sorry faces when they find themselves at jerry’s cabin.”

You gasped, laughing, “You so did not!”

“heh, ‘course i did.” He laughed out loud, leaning into you, body weak.

“Oh Edge, you didn’t use up all your magic to do that, did you?”

He looked down, but you could catch a glimpse of his magic flooded blush. You yawned, and stood up, offering your hand. He stared at it like it was venomous, and you snickered, reaching down and pulling him up. “C’mon, I’m wiped. Let’s just go eat some lunch, and relax.”

Lunch consisted of leftover rice, eggs, and some dried fruit. You were too hungry to try to scavenge
up something more complex, and Edge used up what little working magic he had to jape the girls.

You were curled up on the couch, tucked into the blanket, Edge sitting at the opposite end. “I found guns and ammo.”

“yeah?”

“Yeah, but I’m still looking for a decent vehicle.”

“mmm, nuthin’ round here?”

“Nope. Closest thing I found was some oldie… a Rolls Royce or something…”

The skeleton perked up, his eyes shining.

“No Edge. We’re not driving a freaking classic car around! We don’t even know if it’s reliable.”

“sugar tits, you auto know that i can fix any car. ya shouldn’t get so revved up, it’ll just drive ya crazy.”

You snorted before catching yourself then forced a groan. “Fine, do whatever, see if I care.”

Once you both had regained enough stamina, you led him to the house down the street where you found the car, tucked lovingly into the garage. By now, your limp was barely noticeable, the walking working out the bruised knot… or maybe you were just growing accustomed to the pain, either way, you didn’t really care. He walked behind you, silent. A few times when you glanced over your shoulder, his eyes seemed transfixed on your back or the back of your head, and he was snarling to himself.

"You okay?"

"’m fine.” He snapped, and you turned around, pretending that he was indeed fine, when he so obviously wasn’t.

You pulled back the sheet, revealing a shiny black 1938 Rolls Royce, with white walled tires, in pristine condition.

Edge stood in front of the car, his eye lights big and bright, his mouth watering. “’s perfect. abso-fuckin’lutely beautiful.” He wiped away an imaginary tear.

“Great.” You deadpanned.

“aw sugar tits, i knew ya’d like it.” He grinned wide, wagging his brow bones. “how about ya do me a favor?”

Your pervert senses were tingling.

“hey, don’t give me that look sweetheart.” Yep, he’s using sweetheart, he’s up to no good. “’s just a small favor. i just want ya ta sit on my car and look pretty.”

“Really, that’s it?” You replied skeptically.

He shrugged, “’n maybe take off yer clothes.”
Ah, there’s the truth.

“Why would I do that?”

“‘s always been a dream of mine.”

“And that’s where it’ll stay.” You replied thin lipped, giving him a flat glare.

Chapter End Notes

Huge shout out to Khurious who helped me with the teasing almost but not quite smutty scene, and work through a bunch of grammar errors as well as writing errors and other nonsense my brain spews. The drawings were done by her :)

Not all heroes wear capes ;p

Also, shout out to Irukaj, for planting the idea of dropping the tracker off at Jerry's :)
“Do we really have to use this car? I know there are better ones around here.” Perhaps a more durable vehicle, that would be comfortable and an up to date audio system (or at least a basic one that could play CD’s). “You’re going to have to change a whole lot to make this suitable for the apocalypse.”

“are ya kiddin’ me sugar tits? this is a fuckin’ beast. ‘specially after i mod it.”

You let out a groan, and crossed your arms, “Why can’t you just pick a car that doesn’t have to be fixed up?”

“got a problem, sugar tits?”

“Yeah, I actually do.”

“too damn bad,” he laughed heartily, eyes roving over the mechanical beauty in front of him. Well… that was pretty much the attitude you expected from him… Watching him, you could see the gears in his mind turning, working out how to deck out the car to his liking. “ya gonna hang out while i work on my baby, or ya gonna scavenge?”

You shrugged your shoulders, nose wrinkled with displeasure. “I don’t know yet. Guess I’ll chill until I get bored.”

“heh, that won’t take long.”

“Oh shove it, Edgey McMyChemicalRomance .” You rolled your eyes, and sighed, leaning up against the wall, watching Edge look through the garage, gathering up tools and setting them next to the car.
You regretted showing him this thing. Too bad you didn’t have a reset button for life; you could go back before telling him of the car, then you could find a better car, or SUV, or truck.

Oh well, *que sera sera*.

Five minutes later, you were itching to explore again, but because he made a snide comment about you getting bored so quickly, you stayed put, counting the nails in the wall. Stupid Edge, acting all cocky and like a dick, so now you were sticking around to prove a point. He was underneath the car, and probably didn’t even care that you were sitting here stubbornly, trying to prove a point...

“hey sugar tits. what’s the difference between a car and a woman?”

This sounded like the start of a bad joke. Did you want to humor him, or just ignore him. “I don’t know what?” Humor him it is!

“the car doesn’t complain when ya go fast,” He snickered, and you tried to act offended, but a snort escaped, quickly masked by an aggravated sigh. Easing yourself down, completely, you relaxed on the cool concrete floor.

“You’re so funny,” you deadpanned.

“aw sugar tits, don’t get sour on me. how ‘bout ya throw one back my way.”

You rolled your eyes, trying to think of a joke. With a nod, you started, “Um, ok. Here’s one. What does a car do for a one night stand?”

“heh, what?”

“It nuts and bolts. ”

He snorted and banged his head into the frame of the car, a trail of curses following.

A smile tugged at your lips, and you turned your head away, “You asked for it.” Once his curses subsided you looked back over to see him tinkering with the undercarriage of the car again, “So, I’m probably going to regret asking, but what kind of mods were you thinking?”

As you looked at him you couldn’t help but notice his arms exposed, the black shirt clinging tightly to his bones. Unconsciously you bit your lip, thinking how sexy he looked wearing a tight black shirt. You started to imagine straddling him... running your hands along his ribs... digging your nails into the bone... seeking purchase in-between his bones... grinding against hips as you trailed kisses along his grin…

You closed your eyes, counting to five, letting out a deep breath, before opening them. When you opened them, your eyes locked with his red pinpricks, his bone brows drawn in concern.

“you ok?”

You nodded slowly, your face on fire. If only he knew the fantasies that wracked your imagination, and how they were becoming more frequent. Ugh, you totally had a skeleton kink now... And *that* was of course one of your *much* more mild fantasies, but sometimes there was a comfort in the simple sweet ones.

“welp, i was thinkin’ about weldin’ a metal sheet underneath, and then add spikes to the wheel wells. ’course a grill guard, add a lift kit, and ’course basic tune up, oil change, and modify the suspension.”
You nodded, eyes glazing over. You weren’t much of a car person so this was all foreign. You knew how to turn on a car, and how to fill gas, and that was enough. He kept talking, his eyes lighting up with excitement, and you watched with endearment, not paying a lick of attention to his words. Obviously cars were a passion for him, and you thought it was sweet, even if you didn’t know anything about them. “It’s amazing you know so much.” You said softly, and he froze, his alabaster cheeks glowing bright red, and he looked away.

“Well, paps was the real car enthusiast.”

Oh.

Here you were thinking about jumping his bones, and he’s remembering his brother… You’re a real piece of work. “That’s really sweet.”

He let out a wry chuckle, focusing back on the car, the sounds of him working with the tools breaking the silence. He seemed shy, small beads of magic sweat popping up on his skull.

“So… um, how long do you think the mods are going to take?”

“Prolly a day or so.”

“So, you’re going to be here for awhile?”

“Yep,” you sat up, stretching, and popping your back. “Ya don’t hafta stay here the whole time.”

“Um, yeah, right. Well, if it’s going to take so long, I could,” You shrugged, “I dunno, get materials and stuff, and we could, um, camp here I guess.”

“Sounds good sugar tits.”

It didn’t take much effort to gather the supplies; the past couple months honing your stealth, and rigid rule following ensures your survival. Following rule 13 and knowing your surroundings made it easier to navigate around the zombies, since zombies were brain dead shambling corpses, and were relatively easy to outsmart. Also, the zombie population here wasn’t bad; yeah, so last night you could hear them wandering around, groaning and moaning like miserable cows, but during the day there were only a few stragglers, and they were easy to get around. Moving everything from the safe house to your new base was busy work, which wasn’t bad in itself.

You kept in mind that as you transported things, that this was a marathon and not a sprint… well until they saw you, then it was a sprint (rule 30), but again, between rule 13 and 30, outsmarting and out running them, yay cardio (rule 1), you were solid.

With everything successfully transported to your new base, you tried to relax… but at this point in your life, sitting around felt strange, and you didn’t know what to do with yourself. You were always doing something, or preparing, or… something…

With Edge preoccupied with his new girlfriend… wait… new girlfriend? That would imply he had a girlfriend in the first place, ha!

Aw, that was a kind of mean thought… especially since part of you had a thing for him… traitorous feelings. Relationships were dangerous, and as things stood with him, it was safe; sustainable. Yeah, sustainable is good, sustainable means survival.
Speaking of survival, you looked around the house, noting the open windows. Throw some blankets over them, or cardboard, tin foil to block the undead prying eyes would be a smart move. If they couldn’t see you, and as long as you stayed quiet, you would be safe. After that, the next objective was to reinforce doors, and set up basic necessities.

The living room was decent sized with smaller windows so it wouldn’t take much effort to cover the windows, and the living room lead to the kitchen, which lead to the garage.

By the time you finished, the sun was setting, and you had set up a small lamp in the living room. You had also dragged the full sized mattress in there, with a plethora of blankets, ensuring comfort, safety, and warmth.

Sans was focused on his work, and aside from brief answers, was engrossed in his task of moding his “baby” as he so lovingly put it.

Rice, spam, and dried fruit was dinner tonight. You would complain, but this far superior to MRE’s, ugh, disgusting… The prepper house did have a crap ton of MREs but, you and Sans had agreed to save those for when you moved on.

You entered the dark garage, the only lighting being one of the LED lamps, and the welder that he was currently working with. You danced around the scattered scraps of metal and kneeled beside the skeleton, whose skull was covered in red sweat droplets, his smile fixed into a concentrated frown.

“Dinner,” You sat beside the skeleton who was currently welding a spike onto the wheel wells, plate in your hands.

“yer a real doll, thanks sugar tits.” He winked at you, and sat back on his haunches, rubbing his hand against his skull, smearing soot.

You giggled, and brought your free hand to his face, trying to wipe the soot spot, only to smudge it further.

“Ah, oops, I made it worse,” You smiled helplessly, and set the plate down, getting on your knees, and bracing your one hand on his shoulder, while using the side of your thumb on your other hand, to remove the smudge.

“stowe?” His tone was gentle, and you looked into his red gaze that glowed like embers, his cheeks coloring. His hand came up to cup your face, and with his other finger, he booped your nose, black soot drawing your eyes to your nose. You pushed away, scrubbing your nose with your shirt sleeve, and he roared with laughter.

“Way to be an asshole. I was just tryin’ to do you a favor.” You pushed yourself up, and stomped away, tripping over a piece of scrap metal. “Hurry the fuck up, I’m ready to just get the hell out of here.”

Huffing you threw yourself onto the mattress in the living room, kicking your shoes off, and rolled over onto your side, grabbing all the blankets you could find, and bundling up. Tonight you would be fine without sharing a bed with him, and good for you. He was such a punk.

After a couple of deep breaths, sleep claimed you.

Exhausted, and satisfied with the progress made today, Sans headed into the house, and to the
bathroom. Gazing upon his smudgy black face and hands, his shark like grin stretched, remembering how mad you got over him dirtying your nose. Getting you worked up was easy, and you were cute when you were mad. Heh, actually you were cute all the time.

Wiping off the soot and grease, he walked out, his steps slowed in front of the mattress that you sprawled out on, kicking the blanket off. Your brows were drawn and your lips in a pout as you hugged the pillow.

He eased himself onto the mattress, the springs creaking with his weight, and his bone groaning in relief. He slid out of his jacket and dropped it next to the lamp. You rolled over, your leg stretching across his lap. His grin quirked into an amused smile, and he rested his hand on your leg, his eye lights following down to your feet, the skeleton socks looking adorably sexy on your feet.

His breathing was haggard, his soul throbbing as his hands ghosted along your legs, phalanges brushing along your calves, and hesitating at your feet. His eyes darted to your face, your expression now relaxed.

He let out a guttural, yet quiet, throaty moan, his hands gently touching your feet, his eyes never leaving your face.

“heh, I really am a fuckin’ pervert. gettin’ off on touchin’ yer feet while yer sleepin’,” he let out a self deprecating chuckle. His bony phalanges traced along the arch of your foot, followed by his thumb rubbing small circles on the padding, as his breathing grew heavier. He had imagined touching your feet, had entertained the idea of pleasuring you and himself. He had spent several nights, eyeing your sock clad foot, lacking the courage to make a move, and now as a coward gratifying himself while you slept, defenseless.

You pulled your foot away and sighing, and his soul pounded erratically, fingers tensing. He let out a disheveled breath, and rubbed his hand across his skull, the sounds of his hand raking across his skull softly scraping, and he shook his head. Shakily, he fished around in his jacket, pulling out a cigarette, and a lighter, putting the butt of the cigarette in between his teeth, and flicked the lighter flame licking the tip of his cigarette as he inhaled. Once the cherry’s bright glow lit the room, he slowly exhaled the smoke before taking another long drag, and closed his eyes.

“i don’t know how much longer i can restrain m’self,”

He opened his eyes to slits, watching you as you slept, your expression shifting. Your brows would furrow, and your lips purse, before relaxing, all the while he would wonder what you dreamed about.

He knew your journey together was almost over, it would only take a day to reach Stowe as long as you didn’t get sick again, or as long as you didn’t run into any persons.

He knew he threw out the offer, asking if you would like to be his companion, but once you saw your family, would you still feel the same? What if seeing them again brought up old feelings, and you decided to want to stay with them?

Not that he would fault you since he understood the bond between families. Despite the unresolved conflict between him and Papyrus, Paps was still his brother.

After a few more drags, he put out his cigarette, and snuggled up behind you, pulling you into his embrace. His eyelights staring at the purple and yellowish bruise on the back of your neck.

“’m sorry i couldn’t protect ya. i promised ya and i couldn’t keep ya safe…” He buried his face into
You woke up, feeling relaxed and fairly well rested. Glancing around yielded no sign of your skeleton compadre, but you could hear the sounds coming from the garage. Rubbing your face, you sat up, and slipped your boots on, then your jacket, and trudged your way to the garage, eyes still bleary.

Sitting on his haunches was Edge, working on his second spiked hubcap.

“Please tell me you weren’t at this all night?” Hopefully he wasn’t pushing himself too hard. You wanted to get to Stowe as badly as he probably wanted to get on the road again, but pushing himself beyond his limits was not the way to do it.

“Aw, yer worried ’bout me?”

“Of course,” you rolled your eyes. “Why wouldn’t I care about you? You mean a lot to me.”

His shoulders’ hunched and his face tilted down, obscuring the faint red blush. He was peculiar to say the least, and it was obvious that he didn’t know how to handle others caring about him.

“I’ll make us some breakfast, kay?”

“k.”

You were sitting in the garage on a pile of blankets, occasionally watching Edge work, while pouring over your map. “So, it would appear we have 700 miles or so to go given that the freeway between here and Stowe is open.” You traced your finger along the route, stopping at the Stowe, Vermont. “I can’t believe we’re so close. It feels like just met yesterday we met.”

He grunted in response.

“Yep, you and your zombie strippers,” his shoulders stiffened at your not so subtle jab. “Heh, who knew we’d get so close?”

“what, just coz imma monster?” His snarky reply didn’t even phase you, and you let out a chuckle.

“Because I’m a goody two shoes, who compulsively follows rules and you’re a edgy violent pervert.”

“mmm, good point.”

“So, when do you think you’ll be finished with the car?”

“eh, if everything goes as right, prolly t’night.”

“Rad dude.”

“ya seriously did not just say ‘rad dude’?”

“Fo shizzle.”

“stop.”
“Okie dokie.”

He stopped welding to turn his head to look at you, giving you the flattest glare he could muster. You couldn’t stop the wide grin, and even clicked your tongue and fired finger guns. His grin fell, and he swallowed, turning away from you. “stop tryin’ ta be so damn funny. it ain’t cute.”

Well… that wasn’t what you thought would happen, and you would be a liar if you said his reaction didn’t hurt your feelings. You sighed, and stood up. Hanging out here while he was being volatile was masochistic and not up your alley of favorite pastimes.

“You don’t have to be such an ass,” you bit back before making your way into the living room. You couldn’t see his sigh, or the frustrated look as he listened to your retreating footsteps.

“ta-da!” Edge stepped back, waving his hands in lazy jazz hands. “’s finished. ain’t it beautiful?”

You stared bemused at the vehicle, arms crossed, and lip turned up in disgust. “Did you seriously replace the hood ornament with one of your bones?” You walked up to the piece, then turned to look at Edge who was beaming proudly.

“ya betch’ya sugar tits! markin’ what’s mine.”

Marking…? If he ever chose to claim you, would he mark you too? Did monster’s do that? Were they territorial? Girl get your mind out of the gutter! It is NOT the time to be doing that.

"i was thinkin' we could call it the boner "

"What?"

"y'know, the boner, so i can ask if ya wanna ride my 'boner.'" He started to laugh raucously, and you cringed.

"Uh, no. I will not ride this thing if you call it a boner. I would rather a zombie chew my arm off.”

“heh. suit yerself.”

“Fine, I will.” You crossed your arms, determined to not let him win this one fight. “Anyway, that’s a stupid ass name. If you're going to call it that you might as well call it the Bone Daddy or some dumb shit like-."

His laughing cut off abruptly, stars shining in his eyes. "aw sugar tits, yer a genius!"

“Why?”

“bone daddy, it’s perfect! never would've thought of it myself!”

“Wait? What? No! NO! I was kidding, I was totally kidding!"

"bone daddy, has a nice ring. good job sugar tits."  

“Ugh, don’t thank me… just... “ Your shoulder’s slumped in defeat, and you shuffled off. “Let’s just get it ready to leave tomorrow. I don’t think I could spend another day in this house.”

“course. we’re gonna hafta go shoppin’ too.”

You quirked a brow, turning around to face him. “coz we’re outta mustard. left my stash with the psychobitches.”
You let out a little gasp, “My CD!” You had abandoned your Pentatonix CD… because it was in the car, and there was no way you were going to chance an encounter with those two to get it back. The thought of Jerry’s stolen CD now lost to the clutches of those two filled you with a despair that was only paralleled by knowing that Pentatonix would never release another song.

Oh… that thought was actually even worse.

You just made yourself really sad. Like, really really sad. You couldn’t help the dejected sigh, and you tried to blink back tears. Stupid zombieland.

“why ya gettin’ so worked up. bone daddy ain’t got a cd player so it’s useless anyway.”

Way to be a gentlemen there Edge. You really knew how to pick the winners.

“What if I came across a CD player, or what if we installed a CD player in the car?”

“hell no! we ain’t messin’ with my baby unless we hafta.”

You let out a groan, shaking your head, and going inside the house. This is why you held so much disdain for men and their cars…

Chapter End Notes

OKAY BEAUTIES AND GENTLEBEAUTIES... WE HAVE A POLL BUUUUTTTTT... SAID POLL WILL NOT BE ENACTED UNTIL TWO CHAPTERS FROM NOW. THAT BEING SAID...

OUR DUO WILL ENCOUNTER RAIDERS... will they be...

Monsters

or

Human

VOTE, THE FATE OF OUR BELOVED PROTAGONIST RELIES ON YOU! *are we human or are we dancers...*

Also, as an appreciation for keeping up with me so far Edgy Sans eating a Twinkie with Mustard!!! I drew it m'self *puffs out chest in pride*
**Flick**

Chapter by [readsleepcoffee](https://www.ficarchive.com/authors/readsleepcoffee)

**Chapter Summary**

Sleep walking? Heh, you wish. Also, on the road again (finally)!

**Chapter Notes**

Guess who's back, back again, yeah, I'm back so tell your friends ;p

I just wanted to thank you all for your patience while I and my beta Khurious dealt with some personal things, which delayed this chapter (but also made it oh so much more better). m ( __ __ ) m

Hopefully updates can be fairly regular, but I offer no promises as we lead busy lives. I am determined to finish this story. It would be the first fanfiction series that I have actually finished. Ever. In my life.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Edge laid around or fiddled with his car more than anything. Were you jealous? Puh-leese, you would have to have a thing for Edge to begin with, and you…

You...

Had a thing for Edge.

So you were totally jealous, but you were above showing it; or acting out, instead acted aloof; with a cool, calm, and collected demeanor.

“Pack these,” You dropped MRE’s at his feet, as he laid on the ground, reading the manual to his precious “Bone Daddy” before turning away to prep for your departure in the early morning.

“the fuck? i ain’t yer errand boy.” Edge snapped, lazily flipping a page. You narrowed your eyes at him, lip turned up in a snarl.

Somehow he thought because he fixed up this lame ass car (okay, honestly it was pretty sweet ride but he made such a huge freaking deal, that it kinda pissed you off), that he was entitled to lay about.

“Dude, why do I get the vibe that you don’t want to leave. It’s almost like you don’t want us to get to my hometown?”

“why the fuck ya think i’d care about that? shut the hell up!” He snapped, slamming his manual closed, giving you a heated glare. “ya think it’s all ‘bout ya, it’s so fuckin’ annoyin’,” he jumped up and stormed off toward the garage.
You stood awkwardly in the room, looking to the garage door where he was yelling profanities as things crashed and banged in there. Huh, well okay then, guess he was nervous about getting to Stowe after all. You looked at the MRE’s that you dropped at his feet, scooped them up, and set toward the car.

Stepping into the garage your eyes flitted over to his form. He was breathing heavy, shoulders hunched as his eyelights bore into the wall. You walked past him, and opened the back door, shoving them inside. You wanted to ask him about what would happen once you got to Stowe, but at the same time you didn’t want to meddle. Besides, if he wasn’t going to come right out and explain why he was acting all moody, you weren’t gonna pry. When he wanted to be secretive, he was determined to stay that way, and it was his prerogative.

You couldn’t help but wonder… Was he scared that once you got to Stowe… that your journey would be over? When he asked if you would stay with him so many nights ago, you were honest in your reply. If you could stay with him forever, or at least until you turned into a zombie, it would be enough.

“why ya so eager to get outta here? can’t wait to get rid of the monster?” He snapped, still staring at the wall.

“Shit, Edge, why the fuck do you think I want to get to Stowe? These braces are a pain in my ass. I can’t eat anything chewy without it getting stuck, and they’re so gross, and I’m sure I need an adjustment, and I’m so sick of them. I’m always thinking about them, and one of these days, a bracket’s going to break or something and I’m screwed!”

He turned to look at you, his expression curious, “they still bother ya?”

“All. the. fucking. time. ” You turned around fishing in your bag, and pulled out a small plastic container, “See this? I have hardly any wax left. This stuff is supposed to help when the braces are cutting into my lip.” You motioned for him to come closer, and flipped out your lip. “Thee this, this isth fromth this fuhckin’ braceth,” You let go of your post injured lip, and stared him down. “I am so ready to be free, and not worry about brushing my teeth after every snack, or flossing, or anything.”

“heh, guess i didn’t think it’d be so annoying.”

“That’s because you don’t have spit, and lips and stuff…”

“heh heh, i got spit.” A lecherous gleam in his eyelights caught your attention and your eyes narrowed, “and stuff.” He did a suggestive eyebrow waggle, his magic translucent tongue sliding across his teeth in a suggestive manner.

You bit your lip trying to not laugh, the situation comical in itself; you were ranting about braces, and was holding the last bits of your wax and here he was, being typical Edge; couldn’t resist throwing in his advances. Was he being serious, or was it a knee jerk reaction to any opening that he just had to take it?

“wouldn’t mind swappin’ some with ya.”

You stared at him, flabbergasted, and he stepped closer, pinning your back up against the car.

“Edge?” You were a little in disbelief to say the least.

“don’t play coy with me,” His head leaned down, his warm breath washing down your neck, sending shivers up your spine. “ya know ya want me.” His voice was a husky whisper.
You felt paralyzed, unable to confront him, mind reeling. Just a few minutes ago he was throwing a temper tantrum, destroying everything and now he was hitting on you. Dude was extra cray cray today, and the idea of kissing him right now was kinda weird.

“I want you...” you admit with a hushed whisper, and he let out a little growl, leaning closer to you. A sense of a high washes over you. Focus.

“...yeah?”

“...to get off your lazy ass and help me get this car ready.” Mentally you patted yourself on the back, the empowerment you felt from not falling victim to his vixen ways made you feel strangely powerful. He stiffly pulled away, giving you a stink eye. For effect you pouted, and looked up through your eyelashes.

He snarled and stomped off, and you grinned victoriously.

Stowe 1 Edge 0

Once the car was packed, you settled yourself in for the night, as did Edge. There wasn’t much pillow talk to be had, because before your head hit the pillow, you were out.

Half asleep, you listened for Edge’s breathing, but everything was eerily silent. Your survival instincts reared its head, and you groped the area where Edge fell asleep, but was met with blankets. You sat up, rubbing your bleary eyes, “Edge?” Your voice was hoarse from the cold air. You looked around, unable to make out anything around you, but could see a light coming from the garage. A few more tentative blinks, and you climbed out of bed, grabbing your shotgun, fear and adrenaline washing away the remnants of sleep that was left, and putting you on high alert.

As soon as your feet hit the floor you became aware that you were missing one sock. You glanced around but didn’t see it, and with a half-tired shrug, started forward, each step quiet, as you approached the faint source of light.

Peeking around the doorway, you saw Edge’s back toward you, panting and growling, as his arm moved back and forth in short motions. Annoyance bubbled up, but you maintained your stealthy advance, just to be safe.

You can hear him grumbling to himself, but can't make out the words.

Was he fixing something? Was something stuck?

“Is everything ok?” Your voice sliced through the silence like a sword.

He yelped, his shoulders hunching and his whole body stiffening, “the fuck, sugar tits, the hell you doin’ the fuck ya doin’ here get the fuck out, fuck, shit, sugar titswhythefuckyouawake?”

And like that he disappeared.

Something fell to the ground where he stood, and you stepped forward cautiously, reaching down to retrieve the item... your missing sock.

Why the hell did he have your sock for? Your thoughts were jumbled and sleep addled, fed up with trying to figure out what the hell he was doing you shrugged your shoulders and stumbled back to your cot, sleep claiming you once more.
You stirred slightly when Edge came to the cot. He laid at the furthest edge, but dang it, it's too cold for that, so you scooted across the bed, wrapping your body around him, and nuzzling your face into his bony shirt. He smelled heavily of cigarettes, and you found it oddly soothing. You could feel him stiffen slightly but you were already drifting to sleep. The last thing you remembered was him pressing his teeth to your forehead.

Your eyes snapped open as you had an epiphany about what happened last night. Then panic and embarrassment as you realized you tangled yourself in his bones, and drooled on his shirt.

Oh boy, this was going to be awkward… Maybe you could continue to act like you no idea what happened last night? Would he buy that? Was he that gullible?

You sat up and gently shook his shoulder, “Hey, it’s time to head out.” Your voice sounded heavy and unused from sleep.

Edge groaned and rolled over, curling into the blanket.

You scowled and pulled on the blanket that he held with an iron clad grip, then shook him again. “C’mon, we gotta go!”

“fuck off,” He growled, screwing his eye sockets closed.

You couldn’t help the audible sigh that escaped your nose, before shaking your head and standing up. “Fine, fine, whatever.” Your eyes drifted to your socks, and you remembered last night. “Hey Edge, why did you have my sock last night?” As you voiced the question you could feel your heart pounding in your chest, and your stomach flutter.

You saw his eye sockets snap open, and he shrugged. “How the fuck would i know, i ain’t the one sleep walkin’ ‘n shit.”

Heh, you little ass with your clever little ruse. If he didn’t have the balls (ha!) to own up to last night, you were just going to drop it.

“Okay, whatever. Let’s get going.”

Car packed and ready to go, you opened the garage, and ran to the passenger’s seat, jumping in.

The car was surprisingly more comfortable than what you initially thought it would be, and having the bench seats actually made it ideal for laying down, not to mention how spacious it was on the inside.

The car pulled forward, and rode as smooth as you expected a lifted 1938 Rolls Royce Wraith to be. It was a little louder than you were used to, but again, it was easily 80 years old.

That thought was awe inspiring. You were cruising in the apocalypse with a skeleton monster in a car that was older than your grandma (who could still be alive, and not zombiefied with a penchant for human flesh).

As far as things went, this wasn’t a bad turn of events. You were able to shake the terrible duo of fish breath and mad scientist, came to understand Edge even more…

And that was when your thoughts derailed; memories of his silhouette in the garage, as his arm worked on his shaft which was concealed by his body, the guttural groans and moans, as sweat
beaded his forehead; oh lordy why were you thinking of this now?!

Catching him with his pants down (literally!) and now having to sit in a car with him, knowing that secretly he has been getting off with your sock?!

What the hell were you supposed to talk about now?

Just when things seemed to get better, or at least gain a sense of normalcy, this had to happen.

“we’re gonna hafta stop at a store. gotta restock my mustard. ya want anything?”

“What? Me? Want anything… um… sure?” Your voice was already two octaves two high. He raised a brow at you, the unspoken question lingering in the air, but you huffed out a breath of air through your nose, crossed your arms and looked out the window.

He let out a little chuckle.

If only he knew the thoughts circling your mind… What then?

You followed him into the store, armed with your trusty Weatherby, but he decided to switch things up, and wanted to try out a pickaxe and a machete that he found in prepper house.

The way he braced the pickaxe on his shoulder reminded you of one of the dwarves from Snow White, and you were quietly humming ‘Hi ho’.

Hm, would those dwarves be able to handle the zombie apocalypse… probably not… at least not the Disney version. You could totally see the original seven dwarves kicking ass and taking names. They were probably built, arms as thick as your thighs, busting threw rocks on a daily basis.

A bell chimed as you opened the door and you immediately froze, your eyes daring to him. He flashed you a lazy grin, and waggled his eyebrows, then stepped into the shadows.

“stay put sugar tits.”

“Wait?! You're going to make me bait?”

“heh,” His red eye lights glowed like dull embers from the shadows of the store, flicking to the left, and you heard it, the uneven footsteps, eager, hungry, and desperate… for your flesh.

The pitter pattering of the steps grew louder, and a haggard figure at the end of the aisle stopped, posture askew, head twitching. You clutched your gun tighter, swallowing nervously, legs shaking from nerves.

It let out an inhuman screech, and charged you. Your eyes flitting toward Sans, begging him to kill it.

His grin stretched, like a predator lying in wait, his expression like that of a being totally consumed by revenge and hate. You looked back toward the zombie – wait how the hell did he get that close?

You stumbled backwards, back hitting the glass doors, and the pick axe shot out, sinking into the rotting skull in one swift motion he pulled back, bone and brain spilling all over the floor, accompanied by a sickening crack, the body of the shambling corpse falling like a ragdoll, face first into the cheap linoleum flooring.

“eh, kinda lackluster. wouldn’t ya agree?” He looked up at you, motioning to the now deceased corpse as if he was discussing the weather or some other trivial event.
“Lackluster, you totally went ‘hi ho’ on that fucker? What do you mean lackluster?”

“felt more like a mercy kill… i don’t do mercy.”

You raised your brow giving a confused look… then it dawned on you, he meant he didn’t give zombie mercy. You shrugged, and stepped over the body.

Finding mustard was easy enough, and you snagged a few bags of chips which made you happy. You found yourself perusing the aisles, stumbling across the candy section, waves of nostalgia washing over you.

“Ha, I didn’t even think they made these anymore.” You grabbed a Nerds Rope, looking it over.

“what the hell is that?”

“Sugar rope. Nerds was really big when I was a kid, and then they made it onto a candy rope.” You eyed it for a minute, debating if you wanted it, but then you didn’t know if eating pure sugar would be a good idea.

Edge could sense your hesitation, “ya should get it. ya know, enjoy the little things.”

Ha… Rule 32 was starting to rub off on him.

You flashed him a toothy, braces filled grin, eager to relive a little bit of your childhood.

Honestly, what harm could one bite a nerds rope could do?

You peeled off the wrapper, and took one bite.

One bite.

_Crack_

That was all it took.

Your eyes went wide, and you spit out the candy, fingers immediately going to your mouth.

Your skeleton friend jumped, eyeing the candy on the floor, then looked up to you, who already was darting towards where the mirrors would be

“what, what is it, stowe?” His tone was worried.

“I broke a fucking bracket.” You hissed, finally getting to a mirror. You bared your teeth, the bracket hanging lifelessly on the wire.

Fucking fantastic.

“aw, that ain’t that bad. we could just super glue that back in.”

You closed your mouth, and gave him a flat glare. “No.”

“it’ll be okay. we can make this a bonding experience.”

The shit eating grin he loved to wear stretched further, and he let out a chuckle.

You scowled, fighting back tears.
How could he not get it! A broken bracket, in the apocalypse, with no orthodontist, meant hell for your teeth. Without the equal distribution, it would start to strain your other teeth, while the free tooth could go crooked, and not to mention the damage a loose bracket or exposed wire could do to the inside of your lip and mouth, and all he can do is suggest a fucking pun?

Plus how ridiculous you would look with the bracket hanging loose. You sighed, pushing your hair back. You had to start damage control as soon as possible… You needed to get to Stowe Vermont, now.

“Let’s go.”

What started as an awkward day shifted into a bad day. Edge was making an ungodly amount of jokes about braces, asking why you were so wired up, and whatever else he could think of.

You couldn’t help but obsess over the loose bracket, eyeing it disdainfully with the compact mirror, while thinking your options. You were probably going to remove the bracket when you could get your hands on the appropriate tools… or really any tools.

Maybe you should’ve held onto the nerds rope, and just kept munching on it until all your brackets fell off, ha ha. Ok, that was a really stupid idea.

You both were finally heading out, ready to embark on the final leg of your journey, and with your braces weakening, it was good that you were almost home. The zombies were shambling about town, and you had hit a few already. The Bone Daddy (oh how you regretted that name) was a beacon for zombies with how loud it was, but it was sturdy despite the fact that it was a luxury vehicle, and with Edge’s mods, it held its own. It still unnerved you as the undead shambled after you, which is why you became alarmed when he slammed the breaks.

“Why did we stop?” You couldn’t keep the panic out of your voice, already stressed out with earlier events.

“there’s a fork in the road.”

You looked ahead, then back at him. “What fork, there’s that way, then that way, then that way. Just pick a fucking road,” You motioned to each street, unable to hide your annoyance.

“i dunno, seems like a pretty big fork to me,” His eyes slid toward, you that awful grin stretching his face. Zombies started clawing at the back window, moaning through their rotted vocal chords.

“What the hell, pick a fucking–” Your eyes fell to the path before you. Mother. Fucker.A broken neon light three foot fork structure sits in the street. It appeared to be the remnant of a diner sign.

“You stopped the car in the middle of a zombie infested city for a fucking pun?!” You screeched, voice laced with venom and a glare that could kill upon sight.

He roared with laughter, slamming the gas, the zombies that started to overtake the car flying off, as he swerved recklessly around the debris and cars abandoned on the street, the tires screeching with his reckless maneuvering.

“yer face, oh my god sugar tits, yer face. ‘s so worth it, shit, ya such a fuckin’ riot.” The more he laughed the more your raged bubbled under the surface.

You wanted to get him back and make him uncomfortable. You wanted to make him feel the annoyance and rage you felt since he was always picking on you.
Yes, you were going to get him back… you just had to bide your time, because it’s as the old saying goes; revenge is a dish best served cold.

Being on the road again was nice… Of course you haven’t forgotten about your plot for revenge, but decided to put that on the back burner, and just enjoy cruising down the highway with your skeleton traveling companion.

He seemed a little tense though, the way his shoulder hunched, and the intense scowl set on his skeletal features.

You tongued your loose bracket, pangs of annoyance bubbling up. You were so close to freedom, you could almost taste it. You had briefly thought about your family, mostly in passing, and it thoughts of wondering if they were alive, and of course, having your dad free your teeth from the cement, rubber, and metal contraptions that entrapped your teeth.

Then you could imagine your dad going ballistic when he saw Edge, oh how he hated monsters, and your mom would just nod and agree with him. He would demand you stay away from Edge, but that’s when you’d laugh in his face because you had decided you would rather spend the rest of your days traveling with Edge rather than hide away from the zombies, waiting for your end to come.

Even if Edge was an annoying prick.

You were ready to grab life by the balls… and after you were done groping the world you would… what…? You opened your eyes looking over at Edge, your eyes examining every crack, divit, and blemish on his skull, admiring every inch of him. Would he really abandon you if you gave into your desire for him?

Memories of last night came flooding back, and you felt your cheeks burn with embarrassment, averting your gaze.

“hey sugar tits?”

“Yes?” You squeaked, eyes fixated on the trees on the side of the highway.

“what do ya think about stargazin’?”

“Stargazing?” You pulled your gaze away from the window, raising an eyebrow. His red eyelights flitted towards you before looking back at the road. “Um, I don’t like to do it alone, I guess.”

“heh, really?”

“Yeah, really.”

“i see,” He said softly, nodding his head slightly. His question and reaction to your answer was a bit peculiar, and you had to wonder why he was asking… and how did he feel about stars, and things star related. Perhaps he had a fondness toward them because he was underground his whole life, so they were a new and exciting concept to him? Well, your guess was as good as anyone else, and unless he told you anything you would never know the truth.

“Why do you ask?” You couldn’t help but feel as if there was an underlying meaning to his question.

“no reason,” He turned his head slightly to look at you and wink, “sugar tits.”

Funny thing… that pet name didn’t bother you anymore.
Poll is still going, place your vote if you haven’t yet (■■) but it does look to be in favor of humans tho...

*edit: Khurious suggested the fork in the road bit.

Also, now you all know how I broke a bracket when I was in 7th grade.
Grave Mistake

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

Stargazing, confessions, and finally seeing eye to eye. Nothing can go wrong, right?

Chapter Notes

Happy Friday everyone!

Musings of the week… Would it be fair to call this Zombiefell AU?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

One perk of this nice new car (it’s a relative term) was that Edge refused to smoke while driving. He didn’t want to mess up the interior, which meant you didn’t have to breathe secondhand smoke, which was nice, even though you kind of missed the smell of him lighting up.

Wait… what? No way, you didn’t miss the smell of his cigarettes. They were gross…

No smoking in the car meant more smoke breaks though, which was annoying as hell because you were ready to get to Stowe, find your dad (you were still holding out on the hope that he was alive rule 11).

Of course you had already started plotting a backup plan if the unspeakable did happen. It would be easy enough to get a hold of orthodontic tools (you assumed – not really a hot commodity or useful in apocalyptic situations). Any wire cutter would suffice, then that doohickey of a tool to take the brackets off, then the teeth-scraping tool to remove the remnants of cement.

Your real problem lied with the bands in the back. You had no clue how to get those off…

And there were a few other things you knew you would need and could probably find in an orthodontist office… and when all was said and done, hopefully your teeth wouldn’t go too horribly crooked.

Hopefully.

The car stopped, and you looked over to your traveling companion as he started fishing around, pulling out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter.

“Are you kidding me? You stopped like 30 minutes ago?”

Edge’s eyelights rolled in his eyesockets, and he shoved the butt of his cigarette in-between his teeth, “i told ya, i ain’t smokin’ in my baby.”

You stared at him, lost for words. What was supposed to be making good time had been drastically
reduced by one too many smoking breaks. Actually now that you thought about it, Edge had never
smoked this much... it almost felt like he was delaying your arrival to Stowe.

Would that be an absurd thought? Was he really that concerned about arriving at your hometown?
You watched him outside the car, his back facing you as smoke wisped into the air. His shoulders
were hunched, the wind wiping at the fluff on his hood, you couldn’t help but wonder what thoughts
were going through his head.

Maybe you could ease up, and find a way to reassure him that as long as he wanted you to stick...
around you would.

But would that make you come across as needy and desperate? He’d probably bark at you that you
were crazy and he wasn’t afraid of getting you to Stowe, then go off on a rant that he’d finally be
relieved to get you there because you’d owe him.

“time for my b.j. sugar tits, get suckin’,”

He glanced over his shoulder, red pinpricks of lights meeting with your own as he flicked the
cigarette onto the road. Well that was an awkward thought to have as you made eye contact with
him, and you gave him an awkward smile, hoping that it didn’t look like you had gas. He averted his
gaze, quickly entering the vehicle; cold air sweeping in, sending a chill down your spine.

“the hell ya smilin’ fer?” He mumbled, his cheeks tinted a slight red.

“Sorry, is this better?” He chanced a glance at you, his eyelights flicking up only to burst out
laughing; you were making faces at him while going cross-eyed.

“the hell sugar tits?”

“You think it’s sexy .” You replied saucily, winking. He snorted, his bony hand scraping against his
skull.

“heh, sugar tits we have completely different definitions fer sexy.”

You feigned offense, putting a hand to your chest, “You mean you don’t find my super sexy move,
sexy? How will I ever get a man?”

He let out a throaty chuckle, “good luck findin’ one, especially now.”

The words came out light, but the gravity of what they meant settled hard, the tense atmosphere
returning, and both your smiles faded.

“Ha, yeah... not much to pick from anymore... not that I really stood much of a chance to begin
with,” you averted your eyes to look out the window, the sky bleak and gray.

The silences stretched, awkward and almost tangible. “stowe, that’s not what i meant.”

“I know,” You said softly.

The drive continued.

“hey, how about you get some sleep. i’ll take the night shift.” Edge said softly, flashing you a
reassuring smile, his hands braced on the steering wheel.
Today was tense and awkward. Every time you would try to initiate conversation, something would happen that would take it in the wrong direction, and sour the mood. Oddly enough, the same thing happened whenever he tried to talk. At some point you both gave up speaking, and sat in silence, your thoughts the only thing to keep you company.

With his thoughtful and kind offer, you flashed him a thankful smile, and crawled over the back of the seat, to curl up into a ball in the back seat with a pillow and blanket. The back seat was plush, but space was limited, as older cars weren’t known for spacious seating.

“Thank you Edge.”

“no prob, sweetheart.”

Butterflies danced in your stomach and a soft blush heated your cheeks, grateful for the darkness concealing your expression. Unable to repress the silly grin on your face, you settled in, getting as comfortable as possible.

With the hum of the engine, it wasn’t long before sleep had claimed you, and Edge could hear your soft rhythmic breathing.

He was trying his best to hide his agitation and fear as you both approached the final leg of your journey. You both had been through so much in such a short time, but at the same time it felt like it had been months together.

He would be a liar if he said he wanted your journey to end, but at the same time he didn’t want to make you feel obligated to continue traveling with him. You did have your own family, your own life. But why was it, when he thought about you leaving and going your own way, it made his soul… ache?

It was a ridiculous notion to want to keep you for himself; you weren’t alike. You were human, and he was a monster. You were kind, thoughtful, and a tow the line type, and he was wild, reckless, and bad to the bone (ha! good one). Regardless of how he felt though, the way he treated you wasn’t fair. What if for once in his life he was honest about how he felt… Even if you rejected him (and you most likely would – whether that be due to your differences, or maybe a fear of commitment), it would at least take the element of the unknown out of the equation.

Given how awkward today was, how would he go about bringing up this conversation?

His eyelights glanced out the window, the sun far below the horizon, and the stars finally peaking out from beneath the black velvet like a scattering of diamonds. The sky was clear, crisp, and perfect.

He drove past a sign; Perkins Observatory… Exit Approaching - Next Left

You did say you didn’t like to stargaze alone, didn’t ya?

The stage was set, he made sure the area was secured, and thankfully the telescopes were untouched by raiders. Tonight was going to be a night you both would remember forever. With everything prepared, he opened the back door, and placed his bony hand on your shoulder.

“sweetheart, i need ya to wake up.” Your eyes fluttered open, and you sat up slowly, rubbing your eyes with the back of your hand before a yawn escaped which you sheepishly covered, your cheeks coloring a slight pink.
You really were adorable.

“Where are we?” You looked around, confusion easily read in your expression. Edge laced his fingers with yours, easing you out of the car.

“a surprise. yer gonna wanna grab yer blanket and pillow though.” His eyelights were bright, and his smile was wide and genuine. You grabbed the aforementioned items, your other hand still intertwined with his, as he eagerly led you forward.

Your eyes darted around, searching the dark for any signs of danger.

“’s ok sweetheart. i scouted the place already, and i’ll protect ya.” He stated reassuringly, glancing over his shoulder to wink at you before looking forward again. Your eyes kept drifting toward your hand that was interlocked with his, then back at the back of his skull, brow drawn in still waking thought.

Before long he released your hand and turned to face you, making a showy gesture; jazz hands, really? “ta-da!” and he side stepped to reveal three telescopes of varying sizes.

You looked around before looking back at him with wide and alert eyes, “Are we going to stargaze?”

He nodded confidently, “’s the perfect night fer it.”

“But... what about my blanket and pillow?” You held them up, and he grinned wider.

“eh, we’ll get to that in a bit.” He stepped forward, taking them out of your hands, and dropping them before grabbing your hand, and leading you to the telescope. “look in here,” he was beaming, his excitement rolling off of him in waves.

You let out a soft laugh, leaning down to peer into the lens, which quickly turned into a gasp. “Edge, it’s so beautiful, I’ve never seen the stars like this before!”

“ya think that’s pretty, check this out.” He side stepped motioning to another telescope, and you walked over to it, then looked at him curiously. “ok, look at this one.”

You looked into this telescope, your breath catching, “I never knew the moon could look so beautiful,” You pulled away to catch eyes with him. “This is absolutely amazing.” You praise in awe. Romantic too… did he mean this to be romantic? Or is that all in your head?

Nah, you were over thinking this… yes definitely over thinking this.

“heh, ’s not over yet. c’mere,” he motioned for you to step closer and when you did he wrapped his warm solid arms around you, his teeth right by your ear. “hold on, ‘k sweetheart?” His magic laced breath sent shivers up your spine, his tone was gentle and confident, and you held onto him tighter…

Then like that, the feelings of nothingness overtook you, lasting for eternity but not, next you know the cold you felt was that of the chilly night air.

You were still holding Edge, his bones so warm and comforting, albeit a bit poky. His hand was rubbing small circles on your back, and he had nuzzled his face into the crook of your neck. You stood like that for a long time; your heart throbbed, your stomach fluttering, but at the same time you felt so safe and secure.

Letting him hold you, clinging to him like this, your knees felt weak, but you didn’t want to let go.
“heh, i can feel yer heart poundin’.”

“W- What?” You squeaked trying to pull away, but he held you tighter, his chest rumbling with amusement.

“mmm, ’s cute knowin’ i make ya feel this way,” He let out a soft chuckle; deep and sexy, “heh, c’mon.” He pulled away, and guided you by your hand to the pile of blankets. “get comfortable, i’ll be right back.”

You looked around, nervously, before sitting down.

“ya don’t look comfortable… is that how ya look at stars?” His voice was behind you, and you whipped your head around-! Only to have your blanket and pillow fall on your head, and hear his raspy chuckle.

Letting out a little yelp, you scrambled out of the blanket, and then chucked the pillow at him; he easily caught it. Kicking off his shoes, he threw himself next to you, lightly hitting you with the pillow. You snatched it away, giving him a playful glare, which he gave you a saucy wink in return.

He moved the blankets around, then threw a thick one over you, before laying down. “c’mera sugar tits, I wanna show you somethin’,” You slipped off your shoes, and laid down, readjusting the blanket, and snuggled into his warm form. His bones a little uncomfortable, but the blankets and pillows help to ease the discomfort.

“ya see that star there? that’s part of the andromeda constellation. have ya heard that story?”

“Mmm no,” You said quietly, racking your brain. You didn’t really know much about the constellations, like yeah they told the stories of Greek heroes and the like, but you didn’t know any stories personally. You knew the look of Orion’s Belt, and the Big and Little Dipper, and that was about it.

“so the legend goes, andromeda was the victim of her mother, queen cassiopeia’s, vanity; her mother upset the nymphs who had poseidon exact his judgment upon cassiopeia by attacking her people. ta spare the kingdom, her mom chained her ta a rock to be sacrificed. perseus, comin’ back from a conquest of slayin’ medusa saw andromeda chained to the cliff, and fell in love with her. saved her, and married her. got her away from her god awful mom.”

The abrupt end caused a peel of laughter to escape, “Is that the official version, or your version?”

“guess ya could say it’s an abridged version.”

“I like it,” you sighed softly, very aware of how intimate you were right now. Minutes pass as he shares his knowledge of the cosmos from books that had fallen into the underground a time ago. It scared you being like this; relaxed yet nervous and secure yet vulnerable, and you wondered if this was his plan all along. But why was it, if you were so scared, you wanted to push for more?

“Do you maybe know any more stories?” You queried, biting your lip. Oh man, even if he wasn't trying to get you all hot and bothered, he still succeeded.

“...y-yeah, but, uh, s-sweetheart,” his tone sounded breathy and distracted towards the end of his prior tale, “ya gotta stop rubbin’ yer socks on me… it’s uh… well, it’s…hah...” You didn’t realize that you were doing that as he talked, and felt a little embarrassed, mumbling an apology as you pull your legs back. You turned your head to meet his gaze in earnest, and you felt your heart still as you met his fiery red gaze. Slowly your hand reached up, fingers lightly brushing his jawbone; the curiosity and longing giving you a burst of courage.
His eyes were half lidded, his smile neutral, oh, you would be so easy to take now. He propped himself up on his arm, his free hand tracing your cheek, and he saw the look in your eyes.

The fear, the confusion, the need, want, desire, hesitation… Realizing what you were doing, you quickly pulled your hand back only to have his warm bony phalanges catch your icy fingers, and bring them to his teeth for a pseudo-kiss.

Your breath was shallow, your chest tight. His phalanges released yours, his finger trailing along your lips, and slowly he leaned his head down, closing his eyes and you found yourself doing the same. His magic tingled your lips, the warmth of his bone chasing away the cold, and you pushed yourself into him, your arms wrapping around him, leaving no space between you, trailing kisses over his smile.

Your heart pounded, body pulsing, and fingers sought purchase within his shirt, hooking around his rib cage, desperate, insatiable.

His phalanges roamed your back, sides, caressing you, and holding you close, growing steadily dizzier from the kisses until finally you both broke apart gasping for air. His grin widened, his eyes smoldering, leaning in again, and you eagerly met him, a warm and wet sensation tickled your bottom lip, and you startled, pulling back, only to see his ruby tongue slide along his teeth. Want and desire pooled in your stomach, you leaned forward again, greedily taking his tongue into your mouth.

You played with it, the sensations electrifying and addicting, and the way his phalanges tangled in your hair was painfully arousing, forcing you onto your back as he climbed on top, grinding his pelvis into yours. His other hand roaming under your shirt, before settling on cupping and kneading your breast. You wrapped your legs around him, tilting your hips to meet his, meeting him at every push.

He broke the kiss, resting his head next to yours, breathing heavily. “fuck, ya make this so… fuckin’ hard.” His tone was filled with frustration, and wry humor.

“Shut up and kiss me,” You breathed, brushing him off as you go about trailing kisses along the corner of his grin, but he jerked away.

“this ain’t a game! i know i ain’t yer type, but shit, i don’ care ‘bout any of that. i don’t want ta take ya to yer family, i don’ want ya ta leave.”

You pulled away to give him an baffled stare, “You think I’m leaving you?”

“yes, no, i don’ know…”

You put your finger over his teeth, unable to hide the smug grin pulling at your lips.

“You’re such a bonehead,” You teased, lightly kissing the corner of his grin. “I told you I wanted to stay with you that night we got drunk, and I meant it. You,” Your gaze averted, heat flooding your cheeks. “Well,” You bit your lip, still smiling, “I couldn’t imagine my life without you…” Your voice faltered as you realized the implications of your words.

You could feel his smug grin, “what are ya tryin’ ta say, sweetheart?”

You squirmed, avoiding his accusatory gaze, “I don’t know what you mean?” His bony finger and thumb held your chin, turning your head to face him.

“ya know exactly what i’m sayin’,” The way his eyesockets narrowed, your heart skipped a beat,
face now on fire. Your eyes locked with his glowing eyelights, frozen in place. He closed his eyelids, planting a soft and tender kiss on your lips.

“guess we gotta get goin.”

You opened your eyes, crestfallen, “What, why?”

“yer startin’ ta freeze, felt it when i kissed yer lips.”

You swallowed, becoming aware of the chilly air, but it didn’t feel that bad. So you purposely buried your fingers into his rib cage for purchase, and warmth, and pressed as much of yourself against him as possible because it felt good and again, warmth… and you couldn’t really feel your face. It was easily below freezing temperatures.

He teleported you back to the car, along with your blankets. Putting them in the car, you climbed into the front passenger seat, and he slid in the driver’s seat.

“yer not going to go back to sleep?”

“Maybe in a bit,” You said softly, eyes fixated on the night sky, your head still slightly dizzy from his kisses, and your chest fluttering. “Thank you for taking me to see the stars. It was beautiful.”

You felt his fingers intertwined with yours, and you looked toward him, his cheekbones glowing a pale red and eyes fixed on the road ahead that was shrouded in darkness, “’course sweetheart.” You smiled shyly, biting your lip, your thumb brushing his metacarpals.

Yeah, you could stay up a little longer.

Your mind was reeling from everything that happened, replaying it over and over. Did Edge really take you on a date, and stargazing no less? Did you really have a hot and heavy awesome make out with a skeleton monster?

You were still very alive from everything, and had a huge fucking lady boner. He could have pressed for everything right then and there, you would have caved. But he just had to be chivalrous and care about your fucking health and hypothermia. So now you were holding his hand, driving in a car, still turned on, but too shy to initiate anything. Ugh.

Because of what happened, you were an item, right? You never actually had a boyfriend beyond Billy from 9th grade and that was an awkward debacle at best (Jerkface from 308 being a one time fuck buddy), so you really had no idea what to do.

Judging by Edge’s actions, he had no clue either. It’s not like Barnes and Nobles had a book, *How to Date During the Apocalypse*, and movies and books didn’t really portray relationships until the very end of the movie… So there wasn’t really an exploration of a working relationship in such a context… and you had yet to come across a fanfiction that involved an established romantic relationship in the apocalypse that evolved beyond mindless sex.

Which did bring to the surface, when that would happen with Edge, or if… was he able? How did monsters go about the whole intimacy vs. sex and wow, talk about thoughts derailing hardcore. Priorities, right?

Maybe this is why you weren’t supposed to form attachments according to rule 5. This kind of thing is so distracting. Well, too late for that at this point, attachments had been made.

Gah! Thinking was only getting you worked up, and you were too tired to think into this anymore.
“If ya wanna lay yer head on my lap, ‘s ok.” He’s soft tone jarred you out of your tired mental ramblings. Biting your lip, you nodded mumbling a thanks, and laid your head down on his femur.

Yeah, that wasn’t comfortable.

You sat up flashing him an embarrassed smile, playing with a loose strand of hair, “It’s uh, a little harder than I’m used to.”

He let out a deep chuckle, “Alright, alright. i get it, big bad skeleton isn’t that comfy.”

“It’s good you understand this,” You stated sagely, a wry smile tugging at the corner of your mouth, as you set your pillow against the car door, and snuggled into your blanket, closing your eyes.

You reached out with the hand closest to him, tangling your fingers with his before drifting off.

This… this is nice.

You woke suddenly when the car thudded, thumped, and crunched. You sat up, biting back a scream, eyes darting around wildly, unable to make out anything outside of the car, it still pitch black out.

“What the hell was that?!"

Edge flashed you his shit eating grin, oblivious to your spiking anxiety, “testin’ out my mods.”

Before you could fully process what he said and he relish in the effective demise of a half-dead corpse; a loud shrieking, wailing, and pounding on the back of the still moving Bone Daddy left you both wide eyed and staring at each other. He stopped the car, and you both cautiously exited the Wraith, your gun held ready, as you both circled to the back of the car.

Oh. Gross. Snagged by its entrails, the zombie wailed and thrashed, contorting its body in unnatural ways that could make any fan of the Shining proud. Your nose wrinkled in disgust, and your stomach lurched. Edge laughed even harder.

“ha, that fucker is,” He wheezed, slapping his knee. “’s like a fuckin’ dog tied to a bumper,” he wheezed even harder, tears streaming down his face, to busy laughing to see the look of disgust and disapproval shot his way. It was way too early for this shit. Ya just want to go back to sleep.

He sighed, wiping away a tear, “c’mon, let’s free the poor bastard.” He took a crack at the zombie’s head, and it went limp, before using his magic to encase the zombie, jerking it free... Perhaps too fast. It’s insides burst with a wet slap hit the pavement, exploding over the back of the car, pavement, and begrudgingly splats hitting your shoes.

Nope. Nope! You stumbled away, retching, and covering your mouth and nose in a pathetic and too late attempt to block out the smell of the decaying flesh. Yeah that control was quite weak at first as your arm propped you up against a nearby building. Finally getting your gag reflex under siege, you straightened out, wiping the corner of your mouth with your jacket sleeve.

“Hooman…”

You heard a soft echo… Right? You heard that? Was it just the wind? You didn’t just imagine that? Looking into the dark city yielded nothing, but still made your hair stand on end. Unable to make anything out from the shadows you cautiously made your way back toward your traveling companion.

“feelin’ betta sugar tits?”
Edge’s back was facing you as he sat on his haunches, head tilted. You kept back, the rotting corpse mere inches from where he was crouched. He glanced over his shoulders, making eye contact with you, and you nodded weakly. “this dumb ass,” He waved towards the zombie, “pulled some of my plates loose. we’re gonna hafta find some materials to fix ‘er up.” He straightened up, rolling his shoulders before letting out an annoyed growl.

You followed him into the car, still holding your jacket sleeve over your nose. When you got a chance you were going to have to wash your shoes off, or ditch them entirely, the smell of the undead lingering; surprisingly though, Edge seemed to not mind.

“I thought I heard someone out there,” You said slowly, turning your head to look out the window again. Darkness and more darkness. ‘The voice said something like... ‘hooman’?”

Edge, who was fiddling with the gear shift, froze suddenly as the words ‘hooman’ left your lips, his eye sockets going empty.

“shit!” He hissed, revving the car.

Shit? Why is Edge saying shi—

A tap on his window stilled all the thoughts in your mind, and you both looked over at the same time. A face. No, a creature. Red eyes. Dark hair. White mangy fur...

“hOI.”

...and one eerily wide smile.

Chapter End Notes

Did monsters win the poll? Did humans? Find out, next time on Dragonball Z *clears throat* I mean, Brace For It!
Survival of the Dead

Chapter by readsleepcoffee

Chapter Summary

TEMMIES

HP: 5
AT: TEM [7]
DF: TEM [-20]

EXP ON KILL: 40
GOLD ON WIN: 50

CHECK INFO: HUNT IN PACKS. SEE 1 TEM KNOW 20 MORE ARE HIDING. THEY ARE EMPLOYED BY LOCAL RAIDERS... REFERS TO RAIDERS AS "MASTER". ARE LOYAL TO MASTERS AND TEMPACK. UNPREDICTABLE. RATED TEM OUTTA TEM. FAVORITE ITEM: TEM FLAKES AND SOCKS.

Chapter Notes

*****PLEASE READ NOTES*****

So... usually I blab a lot in notes, but please pay attention this time since we have triggers because I couldn't help myself... >.>

Triggers may include but are not limited too: *Minor character death* *assault/battery of main character* *graphic depictions of violence (heh, no joke)* *minor non-consensual contact with main character*

You have been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“hOI.”

“fuck,” Edge slammed the gas, leaving the mangy cat-dog monster in the dark, “we need ta get the hell outta here,” his eyelights flicked to the rearview mirror before glancing at the black expanse in front of you, the headlights illuminating the abandoned cars, and crumbling buildings.

You couldn’t shake the gnawing in the pit of your stomach that things were only going to get worse.

“That’s the only one, right?”

He was grinding his teeth together, “hell no. where there is one temmie, there's 20 more.”

“What?”
The breaks slammed, your eyes snapping toward the road. Another mangy temmie wearing black and red stripes was staring off into the darkness, the Wraith’s headlights shining on it like a spot light. It’s head turned toward you slowly, and it smiled wide, tilting its head to the side.

“tEmS l0VEs H0Omans.”

“Oh hell,” Edge jerked the gearshift, twisting his spine to look behind him as he reversed the car. Turning the car to the right sharply, he jerked the gearshift into drive, gunning forward, into the alleyway.

It was a tight fit, knocking off the side mirrors and wheel spikes that he spent so much time welding on. You reached behind you, grabbing your shotgun, racking it, putting a shell into the chamber, before tucking a sig into the back of your pants. You take a deep breath, steadying your nerves (**rule 24; keep calm.** Nothing like losing your head… literally because you panic).

“promise me,” Edge glanced over at you, sweat beading down his skull Oh fuck, Edge never lost his cool… Ever. “don’t worry ‘bout me. if it comes down to you or me, you take care of yerself.”

“Edge, no” You shook your head.

“shit stowe, promise me.”

“Don’t you make me promise you that.”

“fuck, promise me!” He roared, and you shrunk back.

“I… promise…” You said weakly.

One sharp turn around the corner and he slammed the breaks.

“god, why?” Edge hissed, and you looked forward, a man laying in the middle of the road, breathing heavy. When he saw you, he tried to get up only to collapse, reaching a hand out toward you.

“Help...me…” He coughed, his clothes dark with what you could only assume was blood.

“Edge?” You glanced toward him; he was visibly sweating and panting, his eyes darting back and forth wildly his expression fixed into a grimace.

“that man ain’t hurt, we drove into a fuckin’ trap.”

The man struggled to his feet, clutching his midsection, hand still reaching towards you, and Edge jerked the car into reverse, slamming the gas.

“EDGE!” You screamed, pointing toward a bus that was heading straight for you.

Before he could react it slammed into the side of the car, sending the Wraith tumbling.

Your world was spinning, the sound of metal screaming and glass shattering, deafening. It felt like eternity, as everything seemed to slow down. You could barely hear your thoughts, a loud ringing in your ears distracted you as your eyes darted around frantically. You fought your seat belt, your arm snagged on his clawed hand, Edge out cold.

You needed to escape, you needed to get out now, as you scrambled out of the car, your body felt like it was moving in slow motion. Blood pumped in your ears, deafening you, and a splitting migraine caused waves of nausea to wash over you, but despite that you found yourself dragging
Edge’s unconscious body through the broken window by the scruff of his jacket, your hands and knees burning as you scraped along the broken glass.

You felt so helpless… and he made you promise him if this happened, that you would save yourself. He had to know that this was the kind of promise you couldn’t follow through on! It’s not like you could leave him here! If you did they would kill him for sure, and even if you tried to escape all by yourself, it’s not like you would get away. This place was probably crawling with raiders and rogue monsters alike.

You had to get away, you had to get to safety… but how? Dragging him was harder than you thought it would be, and he was heavier than he looked. Could those men see you? Could the Temmies see you? Your grip on his jacket was slacking, desperately trying to stifle your grunts of pain and effort as you tried to blink back the tears, waves of feebleness washing over you.

Alone you doubted your ability to escape, but with him unconscious… you had to think fast, had to find a way to at least save him.

Voices of men grew louder, their steps nearing your concealed position. There was no way you both could escape, even with the cover of darkness… but maybe…

“Please forgive me,” You whispered before you rolled him under the car you were leaning against, and then crawled ahead, each time you hand or knee meet with the asphalt made you want to cry out. If you could get away like this, you could always come back for him, and if they catch you, you could lie and say he got away.

A sharp pain on your scalp as your head jerked up roughly, a man laughing gruffly. “Lookie at what we found here. Thought you could escape, huh?”

You snarled in response, your hands latching around his wrist, standing on your tiptoes in an attempt to relieve the pressure, as your world shifted in a disconcerted fashion.

“Where’s your little buddy?”

“B-bastard left me,” You bit back through bared teeth as he jerked you roughly, bringing your face close to his. “He’s gone.” He looked to be in his middle ages, unshaven, hair long and matted, his breath rancid. Already nauseated, his lovely breath sent you teetering on the edge of tossing cookies.

He let out a wry chuckle, “I don’t believe ya.”

“You don’t have to. He’s a monster that can teleport, he left me here to die!” If only he could believe you, then they’d stop searching for him, and Edge would be safe.

“Boss, we can’t find the other one.” Another male voice, came up beside you, flashlight waving erratically. “But shit, that cars the payload. Guns, ammo, food. Hell, we got us a cunt too,” the lewd and rough grab at your ass sunk home realization of your situation, despair coupling with your cuts, bruises, and the beginnings of a migraine.

Your legs trembled as you found your strength failing you; your mind screaming in vivid details the horrors you would be subjected to. You really did not think through the whole getting caught bit, and it was then you understood why Edge made you promise him to leave him behind… because your selflessness would cost you more than your selfishness…

Legs still shaking, they shoved you face down into a car, groped, fondled, and had your gun confiscated. Then for fun, the nasty one that called you a cunt smashed your head into the car, causing your already splitting headache to turn into a full-blown migraine, and your legs buckled,
falling onto a heap on the ground.

Their response was to jerk you up by your hair, whispering threats about all the ways they planned to fuck you, while getting their nasty spittle onto your face.

To which you started to throw up… In the back of your mind you wondered if you had a concussion, but before you could process anymore, they kicked you in the stomach and knocked the air out of you, then jerked you up again, shoving a coarse burlap sack over your head.

You screamed and tried to jerk away, but one of them hit you in your stomach, knocking the air out of you.

You couldn’t breathe, and it felt like the world was closing in. Coupled that with the migraine, and screaming pain all over your body, you couldn’t help the pathetic sobs that escaped through your lips. Something hard smacked you in the back of the head, and guttural demands urged you forward.

Your legs wobbled like jelly, as your body screamed in protest… a delicate reminder that you were still alive… and death’s sweet embrace didn’t seem like such a bad fate at the moment… or Tylenol… or something… It was hard to concentrate as you were. The only thing that made you remotely aware that you were alive was the constant agony.

The walk to their base was fuzzy, and before you knew it, you were shoved onto the ground, where you collapsed, gaze vacant. They ripped off the sackcloth, and you gasped greedily for air, everything hazy and unfocused.

One of the men screamed at a temmie monster, then pointed at you. Everything was becoming increasingly harder to understand, and you felt so tired, your eyelids growing heavier with each blink. Despite the pain everywhere you found the ability to stay awake eluding you… but you needed too… you needed…

“hooMAN, yOO CAN’t gO 2 SLeeP yEt!” You heard a high pitch voice, and felt paws step on your body, before a weight sat on your chest, and two paws pressed into your cheeks, “hooMAN! TEm nEEd sEA TEa!”

Even that voice couldn’t keep you awake and you felt everything start to fade, your body relax, but before you could slip into darkness, a liquid slipped in-between your lips, and you started sputtering, and coughing, your lungs burning. Salty. You tried to open your eyes and shove the thing off of your chest, but it was surprisingly strong and held you down, forcing the bland and disgusting liquid into your mouth. You spluttered, and tried to jerk your head away, but found it held in place by more paws, choking, gasping, and swallowing the salty drink, your gag reflex threatening to upchuck everything.

Finally your head was released, and it fell to the floor, where you gulped and wheezed, your lungs on fire, and a strange tingling sensation pulsing in your body, making the migraine abate to a tolerable throbbing, but the rest of the pain in your body remained, screaming loudly.

You slowly opened your eyes, finding yourself face to face with the mangy dog-cat like monster.

“goOD. tEM WAs scuRReD YOo wER goNNa DiE!”

You closed your eyes again, and you felt the Temmie drag you into a cage, pushing your feet up to your chin, before the sounds of a door and lock snapped shut. Why couldn’t they have let you die?

You lay there in the forced fetal position, listening to the sounds around you. So much of you just hurt, throbbing, burning, aching. Even your hair hurt… or at least it felt like it did… not that you
You could feel the drink pulsing through your limbs, mending the more severe damage, but in the same breath a wave of exhaustion washed over you. You had to fight... you needed to stay awake... you had too... stay... awake...

Think of Edge... Stay awake for him... stay awake... for...

“...ugh...shit...”

Edge stirred, his skull throbbing. How much did he have to drink last night? Did he pass out workin’ on his baby? Smells like oil, machinery, iron... iron... no. That’s... blood?!

He remembered the temmies, the escape attempt, the man, and then a bus slammed the wraith-stowe!” His eye sockets shot open and he jerked up, smacking his skull on the undercarriage of a car.

“s-shit,” he hissed, wait, what the hell was he doing under a car?

He dragged himself out from the underside of the car, and cautiously stood up, his eyelights flickering over the road, the sun beginning its lazy ascent into the sky, painted with pinks, oranges, purples, and reds. There were no signs of movement as far as he could see.

He teleported to the toppled Bone Daddy, the car completely trashed and... empty.

His eyelights flicked about the interior of the car, noticing the blood trail that ran through the broken glass... your blood... the glass that was dragged, as if caught on someone’s clothes... his clothes.

The realization of what transpired knocked him to his knees, his soul throbbing erratically, his rib cage expanding and contracting and his breathing hitched as unfathomable fear and unhinged rage threatened to rip him apart.

He wanted to scream profanities, he wanted to cuss you out. He wanted to grab you, shake you back and forth, screaming why would you do something so fucking dumb!! His mind raced, his soul twisting, and he shook – all too familiar emotions of despair threatening to take him over.

You were taken by raiders, repeated over and over; each time hurting him worse until he felt something fracture.

His eyelights flickered into the distant buildings, shark-like grin stretching eerily wide, an itch for something he hadn’t yearned for since the day the barrier broke; blood and dust.

And then he was gone.

Your head throbbed, not horribly, but annoyingly enough to wake you; coupled with a stiff neck, and your legs cramping from being shoved into your chin, and... you were up.

Why were you sleeping in a... you cracked your eyes open to see that you were in fact in a dog cage? Really?

Shoulders sore, knees stiff, muscles screaming, you gingerly readjusted your position to sitting, your back resting against back of the cage, giving you more room to stretch out... kind of.
A padlock was set up on the outside of cage, and in the other room you could hear the voices of those creepy ass Temmies talking.

“aND THEn he LEt mE kEEP iT! tEM oNLy PAy 15g.”

“WoW! hooMAN mASteRS r super niCE.”

You were going through a mental checklist of your assets currently on your person, wondering if you could MacGyver your way out of the cage.

“TEM oNly HAd 2 fIND it!”

You tugged on your shoelaces, working them free, and slipping out your left foot. Niftily tucked into the side of your shoe was your Swiss Army Knife, check rule 33. Edge thought you were crazy for hiding it in your shoe, but you explained that anywhere else it could slip off, but in your shoe, it was concealed but accessible.

With all the features that this knife had, you had told him that it could save your life, and now, after being molested and frisked, you were so glad you had the foresight to hide it because now you weren’t defenseless.

Of course thinking about Edge caused you to pause for a moment, a feeling of sadness washing over you before you shoved those feelings down. You didn’t have time to dwell on if he was okay, or not okay, or if he was going to save you, or move on.

Time was not a resource you had right now, and you definitely could not afford to waste even a second of it. Slipping your boot back on, your fingers curved around the padlock, angling it toward you, and you stuck one of the finer pins into the lock mechanism. Your chances of breaking out were slim, but you had to try something… anything…

The chattering of the Temmies ceased, and you could hear their padded paws on the concrete floors. You pulled your knife out, shoving it into your bra, and hastily backed away from the cage door, eyeing the threshold.

Only one Temmie entered, red gaze focusing in on you, still wearing that creepy smile.

“TeM sEE YOOo r awAKe!” It eagerly vibrated up to the cage. You eyed it warily, quickly checking the room to see that you were alone, and at this creature’s mercy.

“Uh, yeah. I’m awake.”

The Temmie monster’s eyes flicked down to the lock, which was angled towards you, it’s smile twisting and it’s voice dropped low.

“You were trying to pick the lock, weren’t you?”

The sudden coherency made the hair on your neck rise, shock leaving you silent.

“My masters would be quite disappointed if you were to escape.”

You had to think fast… find a way to bait the Temmie creature to free you. Fishing in your bra, you pulled out the Swiss army knife, releasing the knife, file and lock picking features.

“Oh, this, you can’t stop me.” You attempted to challenge, but your voice wavered, your nerves shaking your hands. “If you want to stop me, you’ll have to take this from me!”
It’s eyes flashed, a maniacal grin gracing it’s already psychotic face. You tense your muscles, watching with deliberateness, hoping to see a weakness, and it pulled out a set of keys, pushing a key into the locking mechanism, and twisting it. You retracted all of the extensions except the knife.

Click

The latch was pulled back and the door swung open.

“tEM wiLL GEt kNIfe ’n MAkE maStERS haPPy!” With that, it lunged gleefully, and you kicked it as hard as you could, scrambling out of the cage, and stabbing in a blind panic over and over and over, screaming, before it’s body gave fell apart and your knife met concrete with a loud shing.

You stared down at the dust pile, your throat dry and raw. Your blood was pumping in your ears, your body flowing with adrenaline, and in that moment an unfamiliar feeling surged; it wasn’t something you could describe… but it made you feel kind of sick to your stomach. You pushed the feeling down as much as you could, trying to ignore it.

Picking yourself up, you wiped the dusty knife on your pants, vaguely aware that the adrenaline was numbing your physical pain as well as your emotional. While riding this high, you would use it to your advantage to escape. Your eyes swept the room for anything useable, only to settle on a bat.

It was better than a two and a half-inch knife. Slipping your swiss army knife into the hem of your pants, you held the bat close to you, and peeked around the threshold of the room, into the darkened hallway.

Inhale.

Exhale.

You can do this.

Sans had teleported in-between buildings, eyes scanning for any sign of life; monster or human was irrelevant as long as they were coherent. Hiding in the shadows, he could hear footsteps approaching and male voices. His grin stretched across his skull, his ruby tongue slithering out and sliding across his teeth as he raised his clawed hand, extending his phalanges.

He could already hear their muffled cries for mercy, pleas to be spared, their blood pouring out as they begged for their pathetic lives.

Magic pooling all around him, he envisioned a short cut through the entryway and into a particular abandoned room, and then he slipped through the void.

“-the hell?” “-e fuck?”

Both men in stained clothes and unshaven faces looked around the room, perplexed, guns aimed, and they both whipped around only to start screaming as their guns clattered uselessly to the floor, bones pierced through the forearms and legs of the man with the green jacket, while the man in the black hoodie was thrown up against the wall with magic.

“heh, i have a bone ta pick with ya,” Sans’ gravelly chuckle was barely heard above their groans. “get it? because I stabbed ya with my bones, and i’m pissed off that ya stole my human. it’s a double whammy.” He waved his hand dismissively, grin fixed in place.
“’s ok, i’m sure ya get hung up on a lot of things.”

“Fuck you!” The man wearing the green jacket seethed, and Sans stepped closer materializing a bone before smashing it into the guy’s head.

“mmm, ya see, tha’s the wrong answer.” He propped the guy’s lulling head up with the butt of the bone. “’m not a very patient monster. fact is, ‘m one of the worst… and ya really pissin’ me off, so either ya gonna tell me what i want, or i’ll make ya wish i killed ya.”

“FUCK. YOU.” The other man who was wearing a black hoodie spat at Sans.

He clicked his tongue, and shook his head, “that,” he materialized a jagged bone, “’s a big mistake, because ya see.” He stabbed the bone into the man in the green jacket, right above his knee, and he screamed, writhing against his bony restraints. “every time ya piss me off, ’m just gonna take it out on yer buddy here.”

The man in the black hoodie snarled, staring down the skeleton with venom, “Go to hell.”

Sans slicked his tongue again, “ya really are fuckin’ stupid,” and materialized another bone, stabbing it into his other knee, the bloody curdles echoing off the walls before they subsided into pathetic sobs, and panting and mumbling pleas for mercy. Sans’ eyelights flickered up to the guys, and he leaned in close, eyes locking with the man in the black hoodie. “where i grew up, we don’ believe in mercy. ’s a kill ‘er be killed world, so as long as yer pal over here keeps acting like a little pussy, ‘m gonna keep hurtin’ ya til ya bleed out, or he cracks.”

“I’ll, I’ll tell you whatever you want to know, just please don’t, don’t, don’t…” The man in the green jacket sobbed, and the sinister shark like grin grew.

Sans pulled back, smirking at the uninjured man. “ok, tell me where ya keepin’ the girl.”

“DON’T TELL HIM ANYTHING!” The black hoodie man yelled, but the man in the green jacket started babbling out details.

“nope. that ain’t gonna work because i can’t understand a thing yer sayin.” He held out a bony palm, a jagged red bone materializing, and the guy started sobbing.

“O-oh god no-o! Sh-she’s i-in the con-vention c-center. Please, please d-don’t.”

“where’s that?” Sans tapped the large bone club on his shoulder, raising a bone brow.

“F-five blocks so-south, glass building. I-it’s hard to-to miss,” the guy choked out, “now puh-please let me go-o…”

“ok,” He grinned wide, raining down a barrage of bones into the gargling man, as blood pooled out his mouth, nose, and ears. The bones disappeared, and he fell to the ground with a sickening thud, blood splattering, leaving flecks on Sans clothes.

“What the fuck, man! He was telling the truth!” The other man screamed hysterical.

Sans winked at him with an empty smile.

“heh, yeah. ya right... he asked ta be let go,”

A huge skull with an elongated snout appeared as a shadow to the skeleton; maw wide with energy collected in it’s fanged orifice.
“i kept my word.”

Chapter End Notes

Shout out to my absolutely beautiful beta, Khurious. She is just wonderful :3

Also, this is probably the darkest this story is going to get... I think...

Also, Temmies dialogue is a pain in my glutes.
You swallowed, clutching your bat with a white knuckled grasp, the sounds of Temmie monsters’ feet pattering in the halls, an occasional raider breaking the flow. You could only hope that the hall would eventually be empty, even if only for a few minutes to permit you to escape the janitor’s closet that you currently had hunkered down in.

Much to your chagrin, your adrenaline high worn off, leaving you with shot nerves, fatigue, and probably low blood sugar.

The desperation of your situation had you reminiscing about the time you got yourself stuck in the tree, with mindless zombies gurgling below you. Ah, simpler times.

Bringing yourself back to real time, and real danger, you were already trying to work a strategy that ensured your survival. If you could get to a safe place, then you could assess your situation. But before thinking about that, you needed to get out of the janitor closet. It was only a matter of time before your murder was discovered (r.i.p annoying Temmie), and despite your recent murder (which you weren’t sure if you felt bad about that or not), you doubted your ability to go toe to toe with a raider or a temmie monster that was prepared to fight, at least with your current weapon equipping (i.e., wooden bat), so here you stood, clutching your bat, throat dry, throbbing head, aching limbs, and pretty much anywhere else that could hurt, just waiting.
At least until you had an opening to move.

The hall was quiet; it was go time; you slipped out of the closet, bat held up, eyes darting around the hallway. Your feet pattered against the linoleum floor, ears perked, eyes searching fervently for any threat.

“tEMMie?!” A voice screeched, echoing through the hallway, and you grimaced, found out already. “tEMMie! ur dED!!” It’s anguished cry meant you had been found out, and you ducked into a room, eyes darting frantically as you felt your heart pound against your rib cage.

Eyes swept over the room, you let out a disheartened sigh; with nothing to hide behind, your only escape happened to be that window. You ran to it and unlatched the window, forcing it open against its disused frame as it screeched with protest. You cringed, quickly glancing over your shoulder, then stuck your head out the window, looking for any possible escape.

Your chest felt tight as finality of your situation sunk in. Trapped on the third story, with concrete and debris below to catch your fall meant there was no way you could safely jump. No fire escapes was near you, and you were not skilled enough to attempt to parkour your way down, which was not so ironically, zombie infested, so no matter what happened, you were going to die.

Death by killer monsters, death by falling, or death by zombies… hm, choices.

Swallowing your grim reality, you turned around when a voice started screaming.

“U KILL TEM! I KILL U!!!!11!” A red eyed Temmie monster was already grabbing your throat, face twisted by pain, grief, and bloodlust, and you both stumbled, hitting your head on the window sill, the momentum sending you both toppling out of the open window.

As you started to fall you saw the window grow smaller as your hair brushed past your cheeks, and wind whistle in your ears. The Temmie monster was snarling and trying to wrap it’s claws around your throat as you attempted to fight them off.

Gravity did it’s work to slowly separate you both, as your stomach rose up into your chest, you desperately trying to kicking the monster away as it clawed at you with a vengeance. You were able to work your knee between you and it, before violently kicking it away. It twisted, swiping at the air.

As you fell, what was one moment stretched into a thousand moments, your thoughts clear and focused.

So this was how it would end for you, falling out of the window. Well, technically it would be the impact against the concrete below. It could have been worse, and you did avoid one of the worse fates, so you were actually pretty proud of yourself.

Your mental back patting halted as your body met a soft landing, sort of like landing on a trampoline, which quickly gave away, a loud ripping in your ears barely registering before you landed hard on your shoulder.

Dazed and breath knocked out of you, you blinked a few times, the sounds of the enraged Temmie monster barely registering as your ears were ringing. Slowly lifting your head, the black dots across your vision subsided as you saw zombies hoarding where you assumed the Temmie landed, attacking mindlessly in a dog pile, the screams of the monster cutting off suddenly.

But that was not all that held their attention, as you had been noticed as well. Heart pounding, you let out a gargled cry which sounded reminiscent of a zombie cry, and you scrambled to your feet, body slow to respond, and afraid to make eye contact.
Climbing to your feet seemed to take forever, and as soon as you were up, black dots danced across your vision again, and you stumbled awkwardly, another cry escaping as strangled and awkward.

Holy shit balls you hurt so fucking bad.

They were going to eat you now. It was official, you were going to die by becoming a zombies next meal. You couldn’t run, you couldn’t even walk straight, and had no weapons, so they were going to pounce on you, and devour you by ripping your flesh apart, and you would scream, wail, and gargle until you were a corpse.

Except that they weren’t eating you… and you were still relatively alive and not gnawed on.

You chanced a glance up only to see that they weren’t even watching you at this point, and the horde that swarmed the Temmie monster had already dispersed, a pile of dust left which was quickly disappearing as the wind and the zombies feet carried it away.

They thought you were a zombie too.

They have accepted you as one of their own.

You could stumble toward freedom. Rule 9 actually worked… You were blending in; with that and your determination renewed, you stumbled out into the city determined to find freedom.

The fluff of Sans’ hood was matted with blood, the bright red now drying into deep crimson flecks on his skull. His eyelights burned with a intensity that conveyed an insatiable bloodlust, as it sought its next victim. Voices could be heard approaching around the corner of the vacated building, and his eyelights extinguished like a dying flame, his pupilless gaze fastened on his next victims; two monster Temmies. His sharp grin grew wide, his mouth watering at the EXP and LV.

“EMrGRd! hOoMan hAd sOX!!! tEm is sOOO hApplE!!! YaYAYAYa!” The cat/dog like monster held up socks...skeleton socks; your skeleton socks.

A savage snarl slipped through his teeth, bones shooting out of the ground piercing the monster into a pile of dust, the sock falling into the dust pile. The second temmie, jumped, eyes darting around wildly, snarling.

“tEMMIE not sCUrred! tEMMIE iS brAVe!! fITE me!!!11!”

A crooked smirk flitted onto Sans skull as he appeared in front of the temmie, seizing it by it’s throat. “k, how bout i sock it ta ya?”

Temmie snarled, before a bone pierced through the monster, it bursting into dust. “heh, guess another one bites the dust ,” the feeling of LV and EXP surged, flowing through his bones, strengthening him; empowering him.

When his eyes fastened on the building again, his smile fell a little bit, the flames of wrath licking his soul, his fists clenching. Nothing would stand between him and you, that he was certain of, and if anything had happened to you… heh…

Well, those bastards were going to have a good time .
He disappeared as quickly as he arrived, leaving death in his wake, the only evidence of what transpired was two piles of dust, and two skeleton socks.

Getting inside the building was easy enough, with the power to take shortcuts, it was simply a matter of crossing the space between where he was and where he is.

Sans, stepped into the shadows, eye sockets void of his trademark red eyelights, and grin jarringly wide. The Temmies were running around like chickens with their heads cut off, frantic and foaming at the mouth when a scruffy male raider, wearing an old military jacket stormed up to one of the temmies, grabbing it by its scalp, and holding it eye level.

“You find that bitch now or I’ll dust every single one of you!” He screamed, veins popping on his face, and for emphasis, he threw the temmie monster into the wall with a loud thud, and it cried out it glaring venomously at the man, before dashing down the hallway.

As much fun as it was dusting monsters, there was something that was very satisfying about killing a human… perhaps it was how warm their blood was as it poured out, steam rising as it met the cold air, or maybe watching their eyes dim, slowly fade like a ember as it cooled into dead lifeless charcoal. Perhaps it was how they fought back, even as they bled out, desperate to live… Afraid of what the next life held...

Whatever the draw was, he knew his next victim. He stepped behind the human raider, his bony claws digging into the man’s jugular, “i hear ya lookin’ for a bitch? m’ guessin’ she got the best of ya?”

“I ain’t tellin’ you nuthin’ you fucker.”

“don’t need ya ta. now that i know she’s escaped yer disgustin’ fingers, i just gotta find ya before ya and yer lackies do.” His fingers sunk in the skin with little effort, and he easily ripped the man’s jugular with a sickening pop, the raider attempting to gasp, and gurgle, and blood pooled on the floor gushing out his neck, his body hunching on to the floor as he writhed and went limp.

“whoops, must’a hit an artery;” He held up his bloody claw, examining it carefully. “looks like a bloody mess… but i guess my puns are all in vein. yer practically dead anyway.”

The body on the floor slightly twitched, his dark eyes turning glassy and distant. Yes… it was that look that he loved so much, that was what made humans so much fun to kill.

He could hear the scampering steps of temmie monsters, and he melted back into the shadows, eager to hear the terror and confusion of the monsters as they stumbled into his handy work, and ultimately into his bloodied claws.

Despite the Sea Tea that was forced down your throat earlier, you could feel your body in serious need for water, possibly food (if you could hold it down), and lots of rest. Your whole body screamed in protest, every inch of you throbbing, your world wobbling and with black dots dancing
across your vision.

Let us not forget the fact that hypothermia was a real threat. You couldn’t feel your fingers or your toes, and your whole body shivered uncontrollably. Luckily for you, the zombies didn’t think too much into your shivering; you were after all, “one of them”.

At this point if you were to come up against any altercation… well… you didn’t really have to imagine the outcome.

Thankfully, because of your haggard condition, you easily passed for a zombie, but that didn’t mean you were home free since you were going to have to get something in you soon or risk passing out, and who knew if you would wake up as a zombie meal, or even wake up again?

Survive. Live. Escape. You can do this. You can do this! Those thoughts kept repeating, in an attempt to continue to motivate you forward, and keep it off of the fact that you were slowly freezing to death. You were the girl who could, the girl who can. Just keep putting one step in front of the other, and eventually you’ll get out of this hellhole.

Your eyes swiveled from side to side, scouting for somewhere to hide. You slowly staggered your way to the sidewalk, your eyes drawn to the large windows which held your reflection.

Your steps slowed, as you really looked at yourself, taking in the entirety of your disheveled form. Your face was covered with bruises and dried blood and vomit. Your clothes were ripped and crusted with dried blood, and your hair was matted beyond all help.

You gingerly touched your face, wincing as it throbbed from the bruises, and tears welled your eyes. You looked like shit.

You blinked back the tears, and let out a shaky breath. This wasn’t the time to be dwelling on the fact that you looked like a walking corpse, or that your situation was leaning towards you not escaping here alive.

You had to keep hope alive (rule 11), and you could do this. You had come this far, and you weren’t done yet. Even if you felt like you were dying, you wouldn’t give up until you couldn’t move any more.

You couldn’t give up.

Edge was still out there.

Squaring your shoulders, you staggered forward, determination renewed. You didn’t come this far, just to throw in the towel, and without zombies attacking you, all you needed to do was avoid raiders. Just keep putting one foot in front of the other. Yes, just like that. You would be safe in no time, you just had to keep moving forward.

You were so focused on just getting one foot in front of each other you didn’t realize that you walked right into a dead end. Slightly alarmed, you looked around, making eye contact with another female zombie with dark brown matted hair, and an eye hanging on it’s cheek. It’s head jerked, tilting to the side and it opened it’s mouth letting out a gargled wail.

Oh shit! Can it tell that you’re not a zombie?

The deafening sound of a gunshot, and the side of the zombie’s face exploding made you involuntarily jump, and you fell to the ground covering your head screaming, “Don’t shoot! I’m
human! Don’t shoot!”

“The hell? That’s a fuckin’ human?”

“Fuck I know? Thought it was a zombie the way she moved.”

“A fuckin’ bitch pretending to be a zombie, i don’t buy it.”

Oh sweet baby sloths, they didn’t believe you. You were trapped and found by the raiders of this godforsaken town, and now you had to fess up to everything.

“I’m a human, I, uh,” You lifted your head up, still sprawled out on the concrete. “I was able to escape the trap, you guys, um, set up. Like… I’m really fucked up over here okay?”

There was three of them standing in the shadows, wearing carhartt jackets, and two with winter hats on, faces concealed by the shadows. Oh lordy they must have been so warm and comfortable, and you were freezing your ass off and was probably going to have frostbite when this was all said and done.

“Well, I’ll be fucked over sideways, she really is a human.” The one of the far left lowered his gun and took a step forward.

The raider in the middle stuck out his gun, cutting off the man on the left, “We don’t know if she’s been bit.”

You shook your head quickly, teeth chattering. “I-i-i’m not.”

The guy in the middle grinned wide, and stepped forward, “I’d like to check that out for myself.” You slowly started to climb to your feet as hand securing around your arm, lifting you to your feet firmly, but not roughly. Your eyes flicked up to his, and you knew that look, and you knew exactly what he had planned for you, but the fight in you was just… gone…

He led you into a building, winding through the halls, and you stumbled occasionally reaching twice out onto him to steady yourself.

“Heh, usually I enjoy the fight, but it’s kinda nice to see a bitch eager,” He smirked, and you looked forward, gaze flat. You were not willing, you just weren’t going to fight back… yet. After entering through two other buildings, he led you to what appeared to be a room with no windows full of mattresses and blankets.

“You two stay out here,” The man who appeared to be the leader said, “when I’m done you can do whatever you want to her.” And the door clicked shut. He reached over, turning on a lamp, then sat down on the mattress, grinning up at you.

Oh fuck… this was it.

“Since the world went to shit, I haven’t had a good fuck, so I was thinking I’d like to see you take your clothes off.”

You tried to swallow, your mouth dry, and heart pounding painfully, so painfully. Your fingers felt like a million needles were stabbing them, and they were so slow to respond. Feebly nodding, you started tugging on your jacket, and somehow gotten it off, despite the fact that you could barely move and your shoulder was swollen and slow to respond.

You started to tug on the hem of your shirt when you remembered your knife was in your bra.
Glancing up, his eyes were shining with lust and expectation, and he had already pulled out his dick and was stroking it slowly, his eyes trained to you.

HOLY FUCK! This was really going to happen! Unable to hide the shock and disgust, you turned your back to him, and quickly fished out your knife, clutching it in a white knuckled grasp, and started tugging on the hem of your shirt, stifling a gasp, a searing pain shooting down your arm from your shoulder.

‘Stupid bitch, I said I wanted to watch.” You heard the bed springs groan from relief and footsteps approach, his hand grabbed your wounded shoulder, whipping you around as you let out a scream. This close to him, looking up, he was easily a foot taller than you, towering over you. His fingers slipped under your shirt, pulling it up, his eyes fastened on your chest.

The cold air prickled your skin, black spots dancing across your vision and you clung to him to stop yourself from falling backwards, knife still concealed in your fist.

“Shit, you really are eager. Fine, let’s get started.” If you weren’t already so messed up, you would have probably thrown up everything inside of you including your stomach and esophagus. He guided you to the mattress on the floor, the springs creaking with your weight, and then his as he ground himself against your pelvis, so fully aware of his member that was rubbing the outside of your pants.

You let out a little whimper, clinging to his back. You had to lure him into a false sense of security, had to make him think you wanted this. That way he would let his guard down.

His eyes travelled down, his fingers fumbling with your pants button, focused on his task at hand; to get you naked. Growling with frustration, he jerked at your pants, the fabric ripping.

With the last of your strength, you flicked out the blade and plunged the knife into the side of his neck, and just kept stabbing. Warm blood spurted onto your hand, and your chest, your rapist, screaming. He pushed off, writhing, clutching desperately at his neck, and the door to the room busted open, the other two men ran in, stopping before the bloody mess, and their boss who was still screaming and squirming on the floor.

“You bitch!” The man on the right bellowed, stepping over his bloody and twitching friend’s body, and seizing your wrist, squeezing it and your hand slacked, the knife slipping out.

The other man was kneeling in front of the now expired man, snarling. “Let’s make this bitch pay.” The guy holding your wrist, flipped you onto your stomach, and sat on your back, craning your head back painfully, and forcing your jaw open.

The other guy was unzipping his pants, and pulled out his cock, hand working on his shaft as he grew hard.

You let out gargled sobs, and tried to thrash your arms and legs, but the raider sitting on your back didn’t even budge, and let out a guttural laugh. “Eat cock, you bitch.”

You threw up your hands, but they were roughly forced by your sides, and pinned by the raider’s knees. Tears flooded your eyes, blurring your vision as you wailed and screamed, your voice broken. The bed creaked as the asshole positioned himself in front of you, and you realized; this was really going to happen.
Sans slipped around the corner, seeing two raiders dressed in coveralls run into a room, screaming and broken sobs echoing out. He let out a gravelly chuckle, eyes fastened on his latest victims.

He stepped down the hall, readying his bone club when their voices carried out, “Let’s make this bitch pay.”

For a moment his grin faltered, his eyelights shrinking. He teleported to the door frame, “Eat cock, you bitch,” entered through the threshold. His soul twisted painfully as he saw you pinned in an uncompromising position, clothes missing, and what was left, ripped, head jerked back and mouth pried open ready to take in the nasty asshole’s dick. Without even thinking he threw both of them into the wall, impaling them.

You collapsed, vaguely aware of the screams of agony that came from your rapists before a hand rested on your shoulder. You flinched, a soft sob slipping through your lips, and the hand retracted.

“sweetheart? i’m here, i came fer ya.”

That voice…

That was… That deep baritone caused a hope to blossom in your chest, and the vulnerability you felt, the dismay that sat heavy in your chest was suddenly gone, and you knew that everything would be okay, that if Edge was here no one could touch you.

Not anymore.

Mustering all your strength, you forced yourself up on your elbows and looked up into those beautiful ruby eyelights that were so expressive. Right now he was leaning over you, his brows drawn in concern, his frown turned down.

Blood… He was so bloody, blood flecked his white skull, his jacket was soaked in it. Blood and dust, and you knew it wasn’t his… the tears started over again, hot, and burning your eyes as you let out a sob, reaching for him with the last of your strength, ignoring the pain that seared your body. He pulled you into him, burying his face into the crook of your neck.

The realization that this was all your fault made your stomach churn, and your heart heavy. Everything that happened, if only you had not broken your promise... You didn’t listen, you broke your promise, and because of that you made him do all of this.

“let’s get outta here,“

When Edge saw what those pieces of shit were doing to you, something in him snapped, and like coming out of a fog, his lust for EXP and LOVE didn’t matter. He felt the surge of power as he impaled them with bones, but the LOVE and EXP barely ticked in his consciousness.

His thoughts were consumed with you; and all he could think was… He was too late. If he didn’t get carried away killing everyone, he could have saved you. His greed for power had left you vulnerable and he could never forgive himself for that.
He gently approached you, resting a hand on your shoulder, your head turned away from him, and you let out a pained whine.

“sweetheart? i’m here, i came fer ya.” He tried to make his voice as soft as possible. Your countenance shifted immediately, and when you looked at him, he felt like his soul would break.

Hope and relief shined so bright in your eyes, and the way you reached toward him, like Sans, no Edge, was your world…

But then, that hope and relief faded as you saw the blood; the evidence of his bloodlust. Horror dawned on your face, and he was so sure you would shun him, but instead you reached for him, tears streaming down your face, broken apologies slipping through as you wept.

As if you thought everything was your fault.

But what scared him the most was; would you want him after you found out what he did? Would you want to be around him after you realized that he enjoyed it? That he could have saved you sooner if he had more self control, and stopped them from raping you?

You both currently sat on a small bed in an abandoned apartment complex, a safe enough distance from the raiders and Temmie monsters. The fatigue was easily read in your countenance, and he knew now that you were somewhere safe, you could finally take a break and get some actual rest. You were currently wearing his bloodied jacket until he could scrounge up some clothes for you.

He, himself was wearing his shorts and his black T-shirt.

“drink this,” He held out a Sea Tea he had found, which you greedily drank. He observed your face, stained with dirt and tears, and red and purple bruises. He could see the tea take away some of the fatigue on your face as well as take care of some of the minor injuries.

“ya should get some shut eye,” His gruff voice drew your tired gaze, and your lips trembled and you shook your head. “sugar tits, c’mon.”

You shook your head, fear flashing across your face. Helplessly grinning, he reached out toward you, pulling you into him, and your body wrapped around him, your fingers digging into his t-shirt. “Th-thank you.” You whispered hoarsely, and he blinked in surprise.

“thanks? fer what?”

“For… saving me… for coming back for me. If you were any later....” Your voice cracked, and you buried your face into his shoulder.

Shit. After all that, you still thought that he had saved you? You went through hell, had lord knows what happen to you, and you’re still thanking him?

“just try an get some sleep, k sugar tits?”

You let out a shaky sigh before nodding your head, and laying it on his femur. Before your second breath, you were asleep. His free hand swept some loose strands out of your face, his eyelights drawn to your face.

Subconsciously his eyes roamed your stats.

Name: ????? (Stowe)
LV: 11        HP: 12/60
AT: 35        DF: 12

He never really checked your stats before, but he knew they weren’t that high. For some reason, zombies didn’t really affect LOVE. Something about being dead, not being able to actually hurt them because they're dead, or some shit like that. His eyelights drifted to the remainder of your shredded clothes that were discarded in the corner; covered in blood and dust.

As pissed as he was that you broke your promise, he knew it was because of that you both were still alive.

Like hell he was going to tell you that though.

He eased your head off of his leg, placing it on pillow, and he stood up. He was banking on the fact that you would stay passed out for at least a few hours, if not more, and if that was the case, he was going to get your and his stuff back… and give a little payback.

Chapter End Notes

I decided to save the meaty rambling notes for the end to not interrupt the flow of the chapter. So, I never actually announced the winner of the poll. It was by a margin of 2, and humans barely won, but so many were in favor of a mix so I figured why not.

Other things to add, writing Temmie dialogue is the bane of my existence and I never ever ever ever want to do that again. Ever.

A poll should be coming up in a chapter or two, it's been a while since we had a poll so I'm super stoked!

As always, a shout out to Khurious who helps me get through the struggles of writing :D

Guys... GUYS! GUYS! GUYS! I HAVE FAN ART! OFFICIAL FAN ART!!! BRACE FOR IT HAS FAN ART!!! \( \_ \_ \_ \) /
It was made by the lovely Horsefeathersss, and I'm linking this bad boy so you all can bebop over to her tumblr, so you can see this pretty work of art, and give it a like :D Uwa it's beautiful!

Last note for today; if you're all wondering why it took me over a month to update, I take my fanfiction seriously. If I think its junk, I won't post it. I sat on this chapter (completed) for two weeks, still not satisfied until I could work out a suitable ending... I could update more frequently, but at the cost of quality and I just cant do that.

Love you all, thanks for bearing with me!
Chapter Summary

Assault make an ass out of you and me...

Shit, that's not right.

It's Assume... Yeah, when you assume it makes an "ass" out of "u" and "me"

Chapter Notes

Bitches, I live.

Also, I love you.

Everything hurt.

Your teeth steadily throbbed. Your head felt tight, like a thick rubber band was around your temples, every inch of your body making you painfully aware that you were, in fact, alive.

The wind blew against the glass, whistling through the cracks in the windowsill, leaving a bite in the air that kept you hunkered in blanket.

You cracked your eyes open, looking around the modest studio apartment, no skeletal companion in sight.

You could feel the panic gripping your chest and you sat up, the blanket falling to your waist, making you acutely cognizant of the fact that you were only wearing Edge’s jacket, and underwear, you pull his jacket tighter around your frame, forcing deep breaths into your raw lungs.

“Edge?” Your hoarse voice sounded so jarring in the silent room, and you winced.

“Edge?” you called out tentatively for the second time, swinging your leg over the bed, and tried to stand up only to have them quiver and give out, you crashing to the floor, the blankets twisted around your legs like tentacles, a startled scream ripping through the air.

“jeez, sweetheart, ya weren’t supposta wake up fer another hour.” You heard his familiar and deep voice, and his warm hands secured around your arms, easily lifting you back onto the bed.

“Where did you go?” You rasped, unable to comprehend why tears were springing to your eyes, and your lip involuntarily wobbled. Lord you sounded so weak.

“sweetheart, why ‘re gettin’ so worked up?” His phalanges wiped away your tear, and he let out a
gravelly chuckle. “’s gettin’ our stuff around, and gettin’ ya some new threads.” He stood up, and you reached for his shirt.

He stopped, looking over his shoulder, raising an bonebrow, “i’m jus’ gettin’ ya food. ya need ta eat.”

You reluctantly let go, and he made his way to a table, grabbing a few food items before coming back, and sitting on the edge of the bed, opening a bag of chisps, and handing them to you.

Gingerly you took the bag, and pulled out a chisps, attempting to bite it but your teeth hurt so fucking bad. Eyes watering, you put the whole chisps in your mouth, allowing the saliva to make it mushy enough to swallow, and set the bag down shaking your head at the protein bar he offered. Your teeth hurt more than you realized, and you could only imagine the havoc that the loose bracket was wreaking on your mouth.

“sugar tits, ya gotta eat.”

You put your hand over your mouth and shook your head, tears streaming down your face. Why were you being such a crybaby?

Edge’s shoulders heaved and he rolled his eyelights, “fine, whateva. at least drink some sea tea?” He held up the can, and with resignation you took it, gingerly sipping the tea. Ugh, it reminded you of when that Temmie locked you in the cage after you were beat up by that thug.

And just like that time, you could feel some of the pain ebb, and a soft tingling in your arms and legs. It wasn’t too long after drinking that sea tea you killed that Temmie.

That was the first time you killed a sentient creature.

So much dust.

“Shower?” You croaked out, and Edge jumped up, grabbing an arm full of clothes.

“course sugar tits, I even scrounged up some stuff fer ya.”

You followed him, every bit of your body protesting; weak and sluggish. He reached behind the curtain, twisting the knob. The pipes groaned under the strain of the water pressure, and the shower hissed to life. Before you realized what you were doing, his jacket was hitting the floor.

“what the fuck!? give a guy warning before ya get naked.” He slapped a bony hand over his crimson face, turning his head away.

Instinctively you covered your chest, “I’m sorry, I didn’t think…” Think… thinking was so hard right now. It hurt to think… it hurt to just exist right now. Body hot with shame, you scrambled into the shower, the hot water pelting your cut and bruised body. There was only so much monster food could do for you.

“there’s soap in there fer ya,” he grumbled before letting out a grunt, easing himself onto the floor.

You stood under the stream of water, skin burning and throbbing, watching the dirty water circle around the drain; how much of that was your blood? How much was theirs?

How unhinged were you, honestly? You felt so confused… Anxious… Scared… Angry… So much, and yet so dry at the same time. You couldn’t really grasp anything except that you hurt.
Would you still be alive if Edge didn’t show up when he did?

You turned your head, willing your eyes to see through the partition, trying to look at your hero, but to no avail. Sure, both of you were almost killed, and he was doing his damndest to make sure that you were taken care of.

You reached for the shampoo when your legs, which were already shaking and wobbling with the strain of standing, surged with fatigue, causing you to unceremoniously fall, you yelping and reaching for the shower curtain, and it began to rip as you fell.

Before you could gather your bearings, a hand shot out, securing around your forearm, and the curtain was ripped away as Edge was leaning over you, saving you before you could make a full on impact with the tub edge, and effectively destroy the curtain and your skull.

“what happened?” He breathed, his eyelights small and bright, searching your face, completely unaffected by the stream of hot water that was pelting his skull.

Face burning with shame, you ripped your arm away to cover your unmentionables, your eyes staring at the drain. “My legs gave out… ‘m sorry.”

The water stopped, you glance up briefly to see that he was the one who turned the water off. Out of the corner of your eye you watched him reach for the shampoo and invert the bottle and squeeze a quarter size amount into the metacarpal of his hand.

And it oozed right through and onto your leg.

You snorted, biting back a chuckle.

“aw fuck, i ferget that happens,” He muttered, his permagrin tightened. “eh, hope this works,” He muttered, and before you could react, he squeezed an ungodly amount onto your scalp. “yep, that ought ta do da trick.”

“Edddggeeee,”

“’s ok. i got this.” He reassured, his phalanges working the soap into your scalp, your eyes watching him, and his were focused on the task, occasionally locking eyes with you.

“You don’t have to do this,” Your voice is weak, and shoulders slumped in defeat? Fatigue? You hadn’t figured it out yet. You were oh so painfully aware of how naked you were in front of him, how vulnerable, and yet his eyelights didn’t wander, and his grin didn’t change. He remained steadfast and determined.

“’m just lookin’ out fer ya,” He muttered non-chalant. Like he wasn’t doing you a huge favor; y’know, washing your hair while you were sitting naked in a tub. Lords how awkward is this?

You would be remiss to admit it did kind of feel nice, him washing your hair. A small itty bitty, teeny tiny part of your body was enjoying the attention that he gave you. Admittedly this was not how you wanted your first naked experience with Edge to go… and with how much your whole body hurt, and how mentally exhausted you were, you weren’t really in any shape to start putting the moves on him. Your heart really wouldn’t be in it and-

“fuck,” he said at the same time your train of thought was derailed by a rough hair pull. “fuck... i may have... erm, got my fingers, tangled in yer hair.” His other hand jerked and pulled more hair.

Modestly be damned, you uncovered the girls to grab his wrists to stop him from jerking your head
around. “stop jerking.”

“heh, that’s what she said.” He replied dryly.

You snorted before fixing your face, letting go and covering your chest with your arms again. “Is that really appropriate?” Tears brimmed your eyes, in general disbelief at how rotten your luck was, and how close you were to panicking. If not for the pain from hair pulling, or the fact that you were in so much pain, or oh so naked, and freezing... maybe you would have laughed... maybe.

“since when i’ve been appropriate?”

You weren’t sure if you wanted to laugh or cry, and you had no idea how you were to untangle his hands from your tresses.

“i got an idea. move with me, ‘k?”

“Ok,” You said quietly, praying he didn’t look at you because really there was nothing you could do at this point to stop him. Carefully you stepped out of the tub, you both approached the sink where a towel was haphazardly thrown there. There was one thing you were positive of, and that was that he could feel the heat coming off of your face because you were a hot blushing mess.

“um, i figured ya might want to wrap that around yer body so ya don’t get cold, an’ so ya could, um, help me get my bony ass fingers outta yer hair.”

“Uh… that’s um… a good idea,” You said quietly, not sure if you could blush anymore, but if so, flames would actually come off your face. One hand covering your breasts, you reached out and then quickly wrapped it around your body. With your intimates covered, you felt a little less vulnerable, but still had that in over your head feeling; the kind where you’re on the verge of panicking, but you have to keep trekking forward because there isn’t any way out.

Your absolute favorite feeling. Just kidding, this was the worst.

“alright, let’s go sit somewhere so we can, um, fix this…” He sounded as flustered as you felt.

It was quiet as you worked on his fingers, ignoring the biting cold or the chattering of your teeth, and when you did chance a glance up, his face was glowing bright red and he was unable to look you in the eyes. Part of you felt bad for him, because he was only trying to help you, but you were so tired, freezing, and just wanted to finish your shower and go back to sleep.

After several more minutes he cleared his throat. “y’know, i thought the first time i’d have my fingers tangled in your hair, you’d be naked… but i didn’t think like this,” He let out a humorless chuckle.

You couldn’t help the grin tugging at the corner of your mouth, “Heh, same.”

With the last strand of hair freed, your arms fell limp to your side, and he quickly withdrew his to rest on his knees, eye lights darting to the side. “’m really sorry ’bout that.”

You gave him a tired smile, "I appreciate the thought... well... I guess I should finish the shower.”

He cleared his throat, "uh, yeah. right."

Slowly you made your way back to the shower, arms aching in protest, but you pushed through not sure if you had enough stamina left to clean your hair and body, but you also knew with the ridiculous amount of shampoo he put in your hair you had to wash it out or your scalp would be so dry and itchy. Begrudgingly you forced yourself back into the shower and powered through
scrubbing, this time sitting on the floor.

And when the deed was done, you climbed out, wrapped in a towel. This time the sink was covered in an array of clothes for you to choose from.

You settled on jeans that fit well enough except being a little too long on the legs which was easily remedied by rolling the jeans at the bottom, a tank top and a warm and loose fitting gray sweater, with a knit scarf and warm socks. Nothing cute, but definitely warm.

It was obvious he put care into the clothes he found, and didn’t just grab whatever, and that caused butterflies to dance in your stomach and a small silly smile tug at the corner of your lips.

Warm and comfortable, or as comfortable as you could be in a post-apocalyptic world after surviving a raider camp and killing several sentient beings and surviving various degrees of assault, you made your way into the studio, watching him on the floor, packing two backpacks.

“You found our bags?” You settled yourself on the bed, wrapping the blanket around you. He grunted with affirmation, his cheeks still tinted with his magical blush.

“Thanks, um, for the clothes. I mean, thanks for… you know. Getting the- um,” You fiddled with the hem of your sweater, “and like, everything-” You grew quieter wondering where you were going with this.

“’s uh… no problem. couldn’t really find much in yer size tho. did my best, but i know that’s shit.”

“I don’t think so, these clothes are so warm. I mean, yeah I don’t have a bra and that’s kind of weird, but these clothes are comfortable. I mean, I look like a potato but a comfortable potato.”

He looked up, perplexed and smiling strange, “ya don’t look like a potato.”

You smiled sweetly, “Okay, I believe you.” But you didn’t really.

It was in silence that you watched him pack, your body and mind exhausted. Your eyelids grew heavier, and your head bobbed until finally you did fall asleep.

Edge was still reeling from the shower incident. He had fantasized about how you would look wet and naked since, well, the that first shower he sat in on and was able to observe your naked silhouette, and seeing you now, it left him with mixed feelings. He didn’t mean to look when you fell, but everything was readily on display.

Seeing the bruises everywhere made him very much aware of the peril you two had escaped not even a full day prior. Fuck, if he could have got his shit together faster he could have protected you from getting hurt as much as you did. You were tough as shit, and fucking amazing. And he would be a liar if he said seeing you naked was hot as fuck, but he also understood timing. You both were exhausted, and he could easily tell that you were still going through the mental gymnastics to understand all the shit you had to do to survive.

Hell, if he didn’t live in the underground his whole life, he’d probably be in the same state. Or not, he couldn’t really care less about dusting monsters.

And then the whole clusterfuck mess of washing your hair. He thought he was such a fucking innovator, taking care of you by washing your hair. He had it all planned out in that moment. He was going to wash your hair, then your back, and help you finish with the shower. Once that was done, he was going to carry you to the bed, with tender strokes, and soft words he was going to make you putty in his hands. If you were receptive to his advances, he was going to keep pushing until you
told him to stop, or he claimed every inch of you.

He got up, and sat on the edge of the bed, his phalanges, reaching for your hand, pushing back your sleeve, revealing purple and yellow bruises. He leaned down, pepperling your bruised skin with skeleton kisses.

If only you were awake for this… but then, if you were awake, would he have the courage to do this? He sat up, his fingers intertwining with yours, and his free hand brushing strands of your wet hair out of your face. His eyelights roamed your features hungrily. If you could see the way he saw you, how he loved every expression of yours, your cute ones, your angry ones… Damn, the angry ones were his favorite. You were such a fucking cutie when you were angry, like a little Pomeranian; loud and harmless.

“fuck, ‘m such a sappy loser.” He dragged his hand over his face, bone scraping bone. “you turned me into a sappy, fucking stereotypical hallmark loser.” He got up suddenly, furiously shoving items into the bag, growling.

“stowe, stowe, c’mon. get up, we gotta get movin’.” His rough voice, barely drew you out of the land of REM, you blinking your bleary eyes.

“Now?” You croaked, voice still raw, and your whole body throbbing still. What you wouldn’t kill for meds… any meds really.

“now. we can’t stay here any longer.”

Groaning, you kicked off the blankets rolling and arms thrashing in the bed in a half-hearted tantrum.

“the fuck?” He raised a brow bone, unsure if he was amused or weirded out.

Rubbing your face, you sat up, eyes fixated in a listless glare. “Fine. Let’s go.”

Standing outside, it was pitch black, and the biting cold of the air was slowly sucking the life out of you.

Edge had secured a black Chevy Equinox for this leg of the journey. Granted the gas mileage wouldn’t be great, it wasn’t so good in the Bone Daddy, r.i.p. that funky old car. You can’t say that you’re surprised at his ability to procure provision and transportation at this point because Edge was incredibly thrifty, and had a knack for getting around in areas where you would struggle.

Wordlessly, you both loaded your provisions into the vehicle (Checking the back seat Rule 31), and Edge claimed his place in the driver seat, resigning you to the passengers where you buckled in (Rule 4 saved your hide only two days ago), and leaned your head against the window determined to fall asleep, the heat blasting from the car making it that much easier.

Except sleep didn’t come. The bouncing of the road and the swerves to avoid potholes and corpses did enough to keep you awake. You screwed your eyes shut, willing yourself to sleep. Your body was exhausted, your mind was taxed so why couldn’t you sleep?

You laid like that for what felt like an hour before sighing through your nose, and sitting up, “Why are you driving so cautiously? You haven’t run over any zombies? You love doing that.”

Edge jumped, his face blushing crimson, scratching the back of his head, with his free hand. “i
thought ya were asleep?"

You shook your head silently, looking out the window; in the rearview mirror you could see the city well behind you, and open fields on either side of you.

“uh yeah well… i, uh, don’t really wanna risk hurtin’ our car this time. if I wasn’t being such an eager asshole, we could’a probly avoided them temmies and saved us both a lotta trouble.” He glanced over at you, “why yer starin’ at me like that? it’s fuckin’ weird.”

You were staring? You patted your cheeks, looking away. “Sorry, I didn’t realize…” Why was Edge acting so different? Was what happened in the city that traumatizing for him too? Like yeah, you were still freaked out, but you couldn’t really do much at this point about it, and honestly your brain was so fried right now you couldn’t even really think about it.

Or maybe it was blocking you from remembering it because in all honesty, everything was kind of hazy after you were captured.

Trying to remember was like reaching out into the water and instead hitting an icy surface. Part of you wanted to bring up what happened, but at the same time you weren’t sure if it was something to bring up. What do you talk about now? Is there anything to talk about?

“i know what happened back there was a shitfest. i don’t expect ya ta just be cool with it. i had been killin’ monsters and humans for years so it doesn’t affect me anymore. i don’t know what yer feelin’ and i’m not gonna act like i do.” You turned to look at him, perplexed. “i admit, this feelin’ shit ain’t really my thing, and if ya get emotional, i won’t know what ta do, k? i promised i’d protect ya, and i fucked up bad. from now on i’m goin’ ta be serious. but if ya start cryin’ i won’t know what ta do, and i may make ya feel worse.”

Oh sweet baby sloths, this was him offering his emotional support… and it was awful. You snorted, covering your mouth to suppress a laugh but it didn’t work out to well, tears springing to your eyes.

“I’ll try not to cry then.” It took everything within you refrain from chuckling, touched and amused by his attempt for emotional support.

“i’m not sayin’ don’t cry.” He scowled, his phalanges tightening on the wheel “‘m just sayin’ don’t expect me to be that kinda boyfriend who’s good ta cry to.”

The mirthful feeling bubbling up quelled immediately, the look on your face cluing him into his word slip because he started back peddling and started to stutter. “i mean, that, er, i’m not yer boyfriend, so like, i wouldn’t be good fer that, not that i don’t want ta be yer boyfriend er anything, because i do, but i wouldn’t want ta make this more complicated than it already is, and it’s already pretty fucked up- and…” He grew quieter, his eyelights darting between you and the road.

Your cheeks warmed slightly, and a small smile tugged at your mouth and you looked away shyly, your hand reaching out for his, intertwining fingers together.

Earlier you had realized you violated rule 5, no attachments, but now it was sinking in exactly how attached how long you had grown to Edge, and he you. Obviously, he was thinking of himself as your boyfriend or something to that effect.

Maybe once things calmed down and you got your braces off, you could figure out what you two wanted.
Your heart pounded hard in your chest, drowning out all noise as the Chevy made its way past the sign, “Stowe Vermont Welcome…” and smaller font at the bottom, “Chartered in 1763”. The sun was starting to peak over the horizon with hues of pink and orange, the trees only a few weeks prior filled with beautiful red, orange, and yellow leaves, now stood bare and dead, and their once bright and lovely leaves, brown and shriveled on the cold hard ground.

Instinctively your hand reached for Edge and he squeezed your hand reassuringly. “ya sure ya want ta do this?”

You nodded feeling a knot in your throat, “Yeah, I need too.”

“k,”

As you drove into the suburbia where your house was, you were surprised at how off everything felt with only a few abandoned cars along the road, but for the most part everything seemed the same apart from Mr. Smith not putting up his beloved light display in preparation of the Christmas season.

Naturally you were a paranoid person, and so, with everything feeling just that much off, you were hypersensitive. You had your gun within easy reach, and loaded it up, even putting a bullet in the chamber (Rule 34: always keep your gun loaded).

“This is my house,” You muttered quietly, pointing at one of the many cookie cutter houses, and stopped the car in front of the abode, turning it off.

You both sat in silence, realizing that this was it. The whole point of this trip was to arrive here, and it filled you with uncertainty. When you went in there, would it change everything? You turned your head toward your skeleton companion, who stared back, his expression set.

“Let’s go.”

“yeah.”

Chapter End Notes

Hi. Since you're all still here, especially after a 1 1/2 year hiatus I'll share why I was gone so long. I was dealing with depression... and the way I was coping this time round was by writing fanfiction. Yeah, I spent a whole year throwing myself into fanfiction... and it sounds awesome right? It was how and why I was able to put out so much so fast. There was a major problem with that... I was neglecting my family... So, realizing that I needed to fix myself because I was spiraling I had to step back from fanfiction and the fandom and well, everything and re-prioritize. It was a process, as shown by the 1 1/2 year hiatus.

And when I was ready to start tinkering on my fics, I broke my computer. Hurrah. So what did I do, eventually I bought a new computer.

I'm also not as involved in the fandom as much, still love it, but I just don't have time :p. Also, I still love all of you. That's why I'm going to finish this; we are in this together!!!

That being said, there are some areas where I may need help from you lovely people. I want to pick up the short story chapters. I've already been brainstorming and jotting
down ideas... Also... Polls? Polls! YES THE POLLS! I want to make sure I put in a few before the end of this story. I still have a minimum of 5 chapters to go before were done with this bad boy! I need polls. I don't know what I'm going to do for the polls. Hell! I'm scared my story is shit at this point because I haven't actually wrote an actual story in 1 1/2 years.

What the heck am I doing? I don't know v.v

End Notes

FANWORK INSPIRED BY THIS STORY

made by the lovely and wonderful Horsefeathersss Stargazing Sans: ch. 23

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Check me out on tumblr (idepress) click me!!! where you can chat me up, see the (was 3 but is NOW 4) pieces of artwork for UT i made, or send an ask (to me, or to the character's of my stories) :D

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!