When You Come Calling

by SweetSugerApple

Summary

after being tossed around for countless resets that have slowly gotten worse and worse, Sans's body has had enough and is slowly starting to collapse on its self from depression.

near falling down, Papyrus must find a way to try and save his brother before its to late and discover the dark past of Sans and the secrets that even Sans himself didn't know he held.

within it all, secrets, lies, and flowers.

and when the dust settles, will their relationship ever be the same ever again, or will it be to late.

read and find out i guess.

Notes
hello, and welcome, I hope you like this story, I have a hard time getting motivated so please please leave a comment down below if you like it, it means a lot to me really.

also, I didn't get inspiration from this but I though I should mention it, "James Vincent McMorrow - Early In The Morning, I'll Come Calling" is a song that I heard after I started doing this and I found that it reminded me of this story, not just the title but some of the lyrics to. I really like it, so I though I should share it.

I hope you enjoy

See the end of the work for more notes
Early in the morning

Sans lay there, eyes squeezed shut, his body wrecked with glowing blue sweat running down his forehead only to be whipped away with a sweat drenched rag by his nervous younger brother who loomed above him like a watchful guardian ready to help whenever his brother called his name.

But even if sans wanted to call out his brother’s name he could not muster the strength to even think about try.

Sans was hardly able to move a limb without aching pains and a sicking horrid feeling invading his head and a pained shaky sob to escape.

It did not help much that his body was constantly moving as his ragged breath forced his chest to move up and down at an uneven pace.

‘Oh Sans…’ papyrus whined in sympathy as he pat his brother’s flushed head.

“I’m sorry…” he whispered, if Sans heard or not his brother did not show it, just continuing to suffer with tiny whimpers and wheezes.

“If I had only noticed sooner that something was wrong, then this would not have happened. Im-Im…. Sniff’ with an unsteady hand papyrus whipped his tears away.

He had to stay strong for his brother for now. Now was no time for a break down even if his body and mind begged for the luxury.

It had all happened so quickly and so unexpectedly for the papyrus, But for sans this moment had been building up for a week but the day before this one was the one that broke him.

Sans had awoken the other day to an uneasy feeling in his left eye -a now normal feeling for the small skeleton- all that sans knew was it had something to do with a build-up of magic, which should be normal for most monster but this was different, this ache had been present for the past few days.

It was more spread out then normal and today it felt like his skull had been stuffed with steel wool.

When sans went to release some of his energy the ache did not stop or lessen like it had in the past few days, if anything it just made it worse.

And not only that but his whole body could not help but shack as he moved.

“heh, This… can’t be good…” sans slightly chuckled to himself, it was a humourless sound.

Shaking, sans got up stumbling slightly as he headed to the door and rested their door for a moment to compose his rattling bones.

‘I can’t make him worry’ he had thought to himself as he slowly and as smoothly as he could he
opened the door.

Only to find papyrus standing there hand raised in knocking motion where the door once was taken back by its replacement.

“SANS!” sans could hardly contain his pained wince from his beloved brothers, well-meaning but harshly loud voice as it light up another round of agony.

“You’re up early! Why, the great papyrus is so proud of you brother. This is the first time I have seen you up in… well my entire life” he chirped happily as his brother ducked under his arm and headed for the stairs, oh how sans dreaded the stairs at that moment.

Every little bounce of his body sent his head spinning.

Sans could only hope his drunken like movement only look like he was just half asleep and not about to collapse from nausea.

“Yeah bro, just felt like having a fresh start to the day for once, maybe even head to work early”

‘Liar…. This is not what I want at all, I just want to sleep’ his mind could not help but answer back.

But sans knew the sooner he could get away from papyrus and head to his post, the longer he would have to try and get control of… whatever this was he was feeling.

“Oh my god! Sans! I can hardly believe my ears! I knew you could do it if you tried, I will get you some breakfast before your go”

“Nah bro, im- its ok” sans said, voice slightly forced due to his headache.

“I’ll just grab something at grillbys. After all it will take a while to boil the water and I would rather not take away any leftovers from your spaghetti gallery, I would rather have the time to appreciate it other than eat it on the go”

‘…. I don’t want to eat anything. It hurts…. Stop lying, just tell him. I can’t’

Papyrus hummed in thought, before nodding his head happily.

“Alright brother, I understand your thinking. And since you have gotten up early and this excited for work! I, the great papyrus will allow you to go and grasp a quick snack at grillbys to take with you to eat as you walk” Papyrus proudly proclaimed watching as sans slowly walked to the door leading out into the snow filled land.
“Ok bro…thanks” sans felt his body once again pick up where it had left off and started its shaking fit again bring along with it the harsher stinging feeling in his head.

He needs to go.

"I… think I’m going to go now. See ya in a few hours bro”

‘I don’t want to go, please papyrus… Help me… notice please- ah no I can’t… Don’t worry papyrus, don’t be more of a burden then you already are… but it does hurt- wait no stop, focus-‘ sans wined at his conflicting mind.

He wanted to tell papyrus what was wrong, spend the day relaxing -as much as his body would allow anyway- with his brother there to take care of him, to tell him he was ok, but he didn’t want to hinder papyrus with his problem.

Never once has papyrus missed a training session or shift for sentry duty.

No, one, shift.

He refused to be the reason for Papyrus to lose focus on his dream to be a royal guard.

He didn’t want to annoy Papyrus…

Speaking of dreams, sans wanted to hurry up and have on at his station rather than having to deal with his current internal battle.

Sans felt his magic spick as he teleported aiming for the tree lines just before his station only to be hit but a wave of nausea mid jump within the split second within the void and be sent face first into the snow in the forest.

Groaning into the ice which muffed his shaky voice, he pulled himself up on his hands and knees sighing when he realized this was not where he wanted to go.

Instead he was sent into the forest on the way to his post, a good 5 minutes’ walk. But with his condition as it was 15 minutes’ now.

“…I swear the world has it out for me…” sans signed as he slumped against the nearest tree.

Maybe he could lay there for a bit. Let his body be numbed a little by the nice cold snow that clung to his hoodie before he would have to head out again.

He had hours anyway to get to his station and papyrus was due for a long training section with Undyne so even more time to waste.
Sans let a small smile slip his features as he snuggled up in his coat and sinker deeper into the snow let out a mix of a sign and a groan, his ache was acting up a bit. But it did not matter to sans as he drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

Papyrus walked home humming after the good lesson he had with Undyne, the fish lady had decided to mix both cooking and fighting into one; they had smashed the helpless tomatoes mercilessly with both bones and fists.

Tossed the spaghetti sticks like spears into the pot.

Replaced the steering spoon with a might sword! However papyrus had to admit that the spoon was probably a better idea after it just cut all the pieces up into sprinkles, other than that it turned out alright.

Papyrus smiled to himself recalling all the details as he entered the strangely dark house.

“SAAAAANNNS! I YOUR AMAZING BROTHER, THE GREAT PAPYRUS HAS RETURNED!” he called waiting happily as he posed in the doorway.

But nobody came.

‘huh, strange’ papyrus thought to himself as he walked in flicking on the lights and closing the door quietly behind him, this was wired for papyrus, to not receive any response from the short skeleton.

Although sans was lazy he always made the effort to stop what he was doing and greet papyrus from the top of the stairs.

That was the brothers night time routine, papyrus comes home heroic like and cool, sans would greet him from the stairs, they would hug then go to the kitchen where papyrus would cook and tell how his day would go and sans would smile and lessen patiently sitting close by and occasionally slip in an annoying pun or two to papyrus’s annoyance –and secret delight, not that he would ever admit it though- So to find a lack any type of responses made papyrus feel wrong.

‘Im sure he’s just sleeping, the lazy bones’ papyrus reassured himself.

Today sans had to work by himself so he had to be exhausted.

So all by his lonesome papyrus continued their little tradition and went on his way to the kitchen.

But without sans there was not much ‘tradition’ left other than the making spaghetti bit.
After the steaming pot of freshly made, papyrus approved spaghetti was made he set up the table and nodded, proud of his handy work.

“OK SANS, TIME TO WAKE UP SLEEPY BONES! IT’S DINNER TIME! MADE BY MASTER CHIEF PAPYRUS, NYEH HEH HEH!” papyrus happily chirped once again to be greeted by silent.

Pouting papyrus walked up the stairs and knocked on his brother door.

“COME ON BROTHER, ITS DINNER TIME. WHICH MEANS YOU MUST GET UP” papyrus complained as he rapidly knocked on the door before giving up after he was ignored and tugged at the handle instead.

To his surprise and amazement the door opened with a click.

“BROTHER, IM COMING IN OK, THIS BETTER NOT BE ONE OF YOUR TIME AND SPACE PRANKS” papyrus shuddered, he has experienced way to may of those for one lifetime.

Slowly papyrus opened the door to be greeted by Sans’s messy room and a unmoving lump on the bed.

‘Ah-ha!’ papyrus thought to himself as he walked in heading for the bed.

“COME ON BROTHER, ITS TIME TO WAKE UP. I HAVE MADE SPAGHETTI, IM REALLY PROUD OF THIS ONE, IT TASTES BETTER THEN EVEN THEN THE ONE ME AND UNDYNA MADE TODAY” Papyrus said resting his hand on what he presumed to be his brother elbow who in response made a rumbling like noise muffed under the covers.

“OH DON’T BE LIKE THAT SANS, COME ON WAKE UP” Papyrus chuckled and began to lift the sheet off but to his surprise and slight horror instead of being greeted by his brother, he was greeted by a wet, pink tongue that licked him comically on his nose.

“D-DOG?” Papyrus gasped shocked to find out his ‘brother’ was just the little annoying dog that was currently freeloading in their sink.

“Yip yip!” the dog replied as it leaped onto papyrus’s face.

With a startled cry papyrus fell backwards onto his tailbone and wined in disappointment as he pulled the dog off and held it out in his arms.

“ITS NICE TO SEE YOU TO DOG, BUT SADLY YOU ARE NOT THE ONE I AM LOOKING FOR AT THIS CURRENT TIME” The dog wined feeling rejected but soon was once
again happily panting as he placed it down and looked around the room.

If sans was not here, he must be at Grillby’s. Ugh… Grillby’s… the one place papyrus dreaded going to -other than the foggy path that lade to waterfall, way too many bad memories there thanks to a certain fish lady-

Papyrus sighed and got ready to leave the house again.
Down the garden where it's cool

Chapter Summary

Papyrus and Grillby have a little chat and decide to look for sans together and sans has a not so friendly chat with a weed.

Chapter Notes

please if you like it leave a comment down below, it really really helps me stay motivated and makes my day so much better.
also Papyrus dose not hate Grillby and actually really likes him( not in a romantic way!), he just hates grease.
also this is very important, in this fic, sans has more then 1 HP, a lot more. its not something just for convince so i can torture sans with and have a reason why he is still here, its part of the plot so please don't hate me to much for this??

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“YOU… HAVENT SEEN HIM?” Papyrus stood there, dumbfounded, hardly able to think of words. Sans, the lazy bones who loved Grillby’s food almost more then he loved puns had not been at the diner for almost a week.

Normally Papyrus would be astonished and proud about the fact but currently it did not fit will with the current situation.

“I’m sorry Papyrus but yes, I not seen him for the past few days” Grillby quietly informed the tall skeleton again as he finished cleaning off the last of the tables, wearing a worried look hidden under his glasses.

Papyrus bit his gloved hand nervously as he started to pace trying to get the information in his head straight.

Sans has been acting more exhausted than normal for the past few day, did not tell any puns this morning which NEVER happens, Sans had not gone to Grillbys for days, not only that, apparently has not eaten anything since yesterday, and even then it was only a small plate of spaghetti for lunch which Sans didn’t even finish.

And Sans was missing.

Papyrus whimpered into his scarf not sure how to handle the situation.

Something was definitely wrong now that pulled all the facts together.

Grillby watched Papyrus pace his now empty bar like a distressed animal in a cage as he worried about his missing brother.
No one had seen even a slight glimpse of Sans the whole entire day, sure it was a little bit strange but nothing to worry about, so to find out that his sibling, Papyrus didn’t know where he was and was looking for him didn’t suit well for the fire monster.

Sans and Papyrus.

The two where the true meaning of ‘opposites attract’, they were the complete reverses from the other but together they fit so perfectly.

Grillby start to hum in though, if Sans was missing then as his friend and guardian he had to help, plus Sans still had a tab to pay.

“Papyrus, if you would allow me, I would like to help you search for your brother as well”

“REALLY? BUT YOUR STILL WORKING”

“it its fine Papyrus, im already done, but before that would you like a drink to calm your senses, I can make you a milkshake if you like, on the house” papyrus though for a moment then nodded, milkshakes where not known for having grease in them after all.

“THANK YOU GRILLBY, I WOULD APRECIATE THAT VERY MUCH” Grillby smiled sympathetically before headed to the back of his bar to take care of the drink and to get ready to leave. Papyrus sighed and sat down by the window looking out at the now dark, town which was being rampaged by the wind.

’snowstorm…’ papyrus frowned, skeletons don’t feel the cold easy but that doesn’t mean it does not affect them, just the thought of the harsh sting of ice forming within bone was enough for papyrus to cringe.

He hoped he could find his brother soon.

Sans awoke to the slightly distorted sound of wind blowing over his aching skull as he lay on the snow in on his side shivering having slide down after he had lose conciseness, his hoodie slightly over his head hiding his face from the worse of it.

“What… ha- happened?” sans groaned, coughing harshly into the snow as he tried to get up only to plop back down with a strained cry.

Half his body was covered in snow, his body to numb and weak to push himself up from under it and he could barely feel his limbs as he moved, so he lay there trying to clear his strained vision.

Sans remembered heading for work, the sudden pain and then resting on the side of a tree and then nothing after that.

Looking around it was dark and the snow harsh and wild unlike it had been this morning, meaning Snowdin must currently be in the night rotation, also meaning sans has been asleep for way longer then he had hoped, there for more meaning that Papyrus was going to be very disappointed in him.

He whimpered at the thought of his disappointed voice, if only he had actually tried to get up and go to his station then he would have at least looked like he had tried to work instead of just chilling… heh, chilling… that’s not funny.
Watching the snow flow by, thrashing yet oh so gracefully in its own way, within his fever plagued mind it reminded him of a time long ago when he was in a very similar state, lost, sick and alone without a name or any memories to call his own, a shell of whoever he might have been before.

His first memory he refused to forget was a glimmer of light in the darkness, a bright sun that gave him a home along with a purpose for his existence, something to protect.

Sans felt warmer just by thinking about it, Papyrus was his sunshine; the light of his life within the monster kingdom, for as long as sans could breathe then he wanted more than anything to keep that smile alive.

As far as sans could tell, the cheerful bag of bones was one of the only truly happy people within Snowdin. Sure everyone wore a smile and laughed but it was always a mask to hide away the sadness, ‘laugh away the pain’ was a motto used by many.

Suddenly, sans felt a prodding at his side, nudging painfully at his ribs with enough force to make him grunt.

‘Papy?...’ sans mentally called, his mood already feeling better by the thought of his brother by his side, but to his disappointment was instead a bobbing golden flower with a shit eating grin.

‘Oh… of course, it’s that thing’ sans glared daggers at the plant through the gap of snow and furry hood, his little white light in his skull unfocused yet dangerous.

Flowey was an interesting character who had the power to control the ‘timeline’, the power of ‘reset’ Once a long time ago the flower was a ‘hero’, helping everyone and anyone with all their problems and was best friend to one and all, the sight of the friendly looking thing would always be a welcoming comfort, but Sans knew better now.

He knew that now the flower just saw this world as a game, left to his own devices the flower had already reset the world 16 times - each reset filled with countless loads alone-and each time his actions was slowly getting darker.

Eventually Sans knew that very soon the last few remnants of that shy, sweet little flower would wither and die and something murderess would take its place; it was only a matter of time.

or maybe it was always there to began with... he didn't wish not know

The power of ‘reset’, it is both a blessing and a curse.

“Howdy Sans, boy you look so funny laying there in the snow, what are you doing? You look like a snow puff” giggled Flowey in a childish manner.

Sans smirked, feeling new found strength he pushed himself up slowly and stumbled to his feet,
heavily relying on the tree he had rested on as support and trying his hardest to show off just how much energy he had left.

Energy that in reality was almost non-existing.

Despite his current state he was still had enough power left to crush the little sadistic with gravity, it would be easy, a simple snap of his fingers and a swing down with his arm and the world would reset and he be safe.

But If he failed in doing so and the plant got away Sans knew he would be in trouble having wasted his last magic supply and probably pass out in the snow again, that or just insure his own end.

So for now he would see what the flower wanted.

“Whoa there Sans, don’t exhaust yourself” laughed the golden flower.

“I would hate to think what would happen if you got hurt” sans could feel his magic flickering weakly.

“Just hurry up and tell me what you want already” sans huffed, his bones felt so heavy and it was getting harder to focus.

His was magic barely able to keep his body from shutting off, every second standing there getting beaten by wind felt like someone was attaching weights to his limbs, almost as if his own magic was attacking him.

Flowey’s smile faded along with his little bobbing movement, his eyes becoming cold and annoyed.

“Fine, be like that, if you want to know so badly I’m just here to say my farewells” “What are you talking about?” sans felt he already knew the answer though.

“well Smiley, I have been watching you for a long long time, and I have noticed within the past few days you have been getting a bit sluggish, short of breath, coughing whoever you thought you were alone, and a whole load of things” Flowey laughed softly and moved uncomfortable close to Sans’s face.

“you’re on the verge of falling down aren’t ya?” Sans felt his chest tighten and ached as if on que.

Sans hated to admit it but Flowey was right, Sans had been suspecting it within the week.

Monsters where made of love kindness and compassion and a whole lot of other things.

So when monsters start to lose those key point their immune system starts to shut down, and Sans’s was already crap to begin with so the constant resets where the final kick.

Sans knew eventually his body would not be able to handle the stress forever but hearing it from the devil himself was renewing his fears of death.

Flowey’s eyes sharpened and he let out a laugh as he lifted himself up and towered over sans, tentacle like vines rising as well around the two.

“I am right aren’t I?” Sans did not get a change to answer as a vine reached for him and coiled a little too tightly around his rib cage causing a coughing fit to be released as he was lifted up and towards Flowey’s now demonic like face.

Sans thrashed as hard as he could but only managed to look like a half dead fish caught in a neat.
After less than a minute Sans could no longer hold up his head and limply laid it on the vine just below his chin, getting a chuckle out of his captive.

It was pointless fighting.

“You know Sans, I have been wanting to try and kill you for so long, to see how everyone might react to your death, for you to tell me what it feels like to die.

But man, this is so pathetic, if I had a soul I would probably would shed a tear for you truly” he said matter of factly, Sans did not bother to respond.

“Actually more than anything I wonder how Papyrus would react to finding you dying in the snow, I bet he will ball his little eyes out crying ‘SANS WHY DIDN’T YOU SAY ANYTHING? I THOUGH YOU TRUSTED ME, HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME? I THOUGH YOU LOVED ME, BUT CLEARLY YOU DON’T TO LEAVE ME LIKE THIS~ “ Flowey mimicked with almost pinpoint accuracy as he slowly tightened his hold on Sans, forcing more strangled coughs and cries to escape the small skeleton.

Finally something cracked and red began to seep through blue.

Sans gasped and vomited blood onto the vine causing Flowey to let out a small ‘ah, gross’ and he was dropped to the ground.

“whoops, I might have gone a little over board huh? Sorry didn’t mean to do that just yet” he informed the still form beneath him who didn’t respond but Flowey didn’t mind, sans was just being a good listener.

‘Boy, not having a soul sure dose makes it hard to tell when to stop’ Flowey thought to himself as he checked the skeletons HP

he watched the number go down slow but unnerving like a count down to a bomb.

Flowey watched as Sans states slowly tick, watching the states were almost hypnotic.

But Flowey had things to do, and if the dame skeleton dusted on him before he could get the change to try and see this rare opportunity then he would lose it forever.

“Dame stupid skeleton spoiling all my fun” Flowey grumbled before going underground.

He had to get this perfect, it would be hard and scary and new.

Flowey could not wait to see how things will turn out.

Chapter End Notes

in the original version of this i showed how much hp sans had, but i realized that was a bit of a problem for me, cause then i would have to deal with the though and planning of how much hp would a normal monster have compared to a... 'special' monster, how long could that amount of hp last till it all runs out, a day? a week?

with it hidden, then i think i will be able to handle this fic better then before.

the reason why flowey sees this as a unique opportunity is because sans can remember
resets, if he resets then sans is defiantly not gonna let this happen to him again and play along with the 'script', he will still be falling down, but he will not let flowey get him in that position again (if he doesn't fall down right after a reset that is)

flowey is a jerk, but not fully at kill everyone for fun stage, currently flowey is at the stage where he is done everything nice he can think of and now is getting curious about people as a whole and there values, like peoples reactions if something went missing, broken destroyed all that stuff. and sadly sans has fallen into this categories

thanks for reading this, I hope you liked it and leave a comment below.
Children silent as the stars

Chapter Summary

Sans and Papyrus are not having a good time.

Chapter Notes

HAPPY KINDA LATE BUT NOT TO LATE NEW YEAR EVERYBODY!
please enjoy and leave a comment

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

By the time Flowey reached town Papyrus and Grillby where already locking up the diner soundlessly murmuring the each other, their convocation being muffled out by the wind much to Flowey’s disappointment.

Flowey didn’t care though; he had a pretty good idea about what it was about.

Beaming happily he ducked under the snow, It was time for the show to begin.

Papyrus looked out at the sea of white, black and blue, he could already feel the beginnings of a migraine just thinking about how hard it will be to find a person also colour scheme white, black and blue.

“Ok, I am done Papyrus, you may lead the way, I shall follow close behind” Grillby called over his shoulder.

Papyrus nodded only to realize that Grillby could not see the motion if he faced the other way.

“OH UM YEAH OK, WHERE SHOULD WE START LOOKING FIRST? I CANT THINK OF ANYTHING OTHER THEN YOUR DINER MISTER GRILLBY”
‘Oh, I have not heard him call me that since he was small’ Grillby thought, the only time Papyrus would use ‘mister’ was when he was very very distressed.

They needed to find Sans soon.

“Well, have you checked the Inn? He might be there” Grillby himself could not think of any reason for the fluff covered skeleton would be there other then there being a bed… then again, yeah Sans was probable there.

Papyrus smiled and began to walk while still calling out his brother’s name.

All the while horrible thoughts plagued his mind.

‘Maybe he’s there waiting out the storm, no he has his strange space time short cuts so why would he wait? What If he’s lost and can’t find a shortcut? What if he’s hurt? What if he’s…. run away’ Papyrus felt his gloved fingers twitch.

There was one fear that had always plagued his mind, it was silly and stupid but he could not help but fear it.

That one day Sans would remember his past.

Sure he had always wanted and hoped that Sans would remember who he once was but would he no longer see Papyrus as his brother? Would he forget about him in exchange? He didn’t want him to go.

Suddenly a little tug at his foot his attention to an out of place vine lightly tapping at his big red boot.

Papyrus felt his non-existent eyes turn to stars.

“UM MISTER GRILLBY I JUST REMEBERED A PLACE I HAVE YET TO CHECK, GO AHEAD TO THE INN, I WILL BE RIGHT BACK!” Papyrus called out even though Grillby was
standing a few steps ahead.

The fire element, although confused nodded his understanding, and like that Papyrus was gone.

Deep in a clearing in the forest papyrus stood, hopping from one leg to the other as he desperately looked around for his small friend.

All of a sudden a large thornless vine tapped him on the shoulder and he twirled around to spot Flowey who was happily smiling at him with an excited glint in his eye.

“Howdy Papyrus, I could not help but notice that you were looking for your brother”

Papyrus nodded furiously looking hopefully at the plant who chuckled at his desperation.

“YES, HE HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE THIS MORNING AND HAS NOT COME HOME, DO YOU KNOW WHERE HE IS FRIEND?”

Flowey would have loved to play Papyrus along more but sadly, he was on a time limit.

“Why yes! I saw his lazy butt laying in the snow, he was having a nice little ‘nap’ over at the western part of the cavern in the forest, just short of where your building your own station actually”

Papyrus felt his smile rise, only to fall at Flowey’s next words

“But you better hurry and get over there, he’s not looking so ‘sansational’ ” Flowey winked.

Papyrus, although he wanted to ask more about what Flowey meant, he was only hushed by the flower who reminded him that he should ‘go over there and just see for himself before it was too late’ and then the flower vanished into the sea of snow.

Although it was kind of impolite for the small flower being to just up and go so unceremoniously he
needed to get to Sans and was thankfully he was left with no more distraction.

Running and jumping as fast as he could over all possible obstacles he headed toward where his station was to be located, his speed unaffected by the wind as it flowed with him towards where his brother was said to be.

As he reached his soon to be station he called out into the forest and searched for any sign blue in the ever growing field of snow, eventually he found what he was looking for.

Surrounded by red snow laid Sans, his blue hoodie turned purple by what Papyrus could only hope was ketchup.

His body was motionless.

“SANS!” Papyrus rushed to his side and gently but quickly lifted him up from his snowy prison.

Sans grimaced as he was moved, hissing though the pain from being shifted around, gingerly he opened his eyes to meet his brother, whose face was over taken by an expression of pure shock and horror.

Tears threatened to fall from both partys.

“…Pap…y?” sans shakily asked, bright blue tears of both pain and joy In the corners of his eyes, Papyrus was here, his sunshine, his brother was here.

That did not change the fact that his body was still slowly, painfully dying though.

He could be happy at least that he would not die alone.

“OH MY GOD, SANS! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?! DON’T WORRY IM GOING TO TAKE YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE AND WARM AND MAKE YOU BETTER OK?” Papyrus called as he manipulate Sans’s hoodie and lifted it up revealing two blood stained broken ribs that had caved into each other, the result of heavy pressure on sensitive ribs.
Thinking fast, Papyrus undid his long red scarf and used it to wrap around the wounded area.

Sans breath hitched and his body violently spasmed but he continued to let Papyrus work.

He was just so tired.

Lifting sans into his arms he ran back to Snowdin all the while fighting the wind that not to long ago added his speed.

He needed to get Sans help and treat his wounds as soon as possible.

Fishing around in Sans’s pocket papyrus take out a slightly bloodied phone and called Grillby who answered on the second ring.

“Sans?! Where have you been?”

“IT'S ME, SANS IS HURT, GET MEDICAL SUPPLYS READY, I WILL MEET YOU AT THE INN!” Grillby made a shocked sound along with another small gasp in the background, most likely the inn keeper who seemed to mutter to herself followed by the sound of shuffling.

Papyrus didn’t wait for Grillby to respond and turned off the phone and slipped it back where it belonged.

Looking down he could see his brother fighting to keep hold of reality.

“JUST STAY WITH ME SANS, WE ARE ALMOST THERE” Papyrus cooed to his brother who whimpered in return, everything was starting to blur again and soon Sans let his head fall back as blissful nothingness take hold.

As soon as papyrus reached Snowdin he launched himself straight towards the inn and knocked the door open with his foot startling Grillby, the innkeeper and her child.
“MISS INN KEEPER, CAN YOU-“

“No need to ask dear, please this way” the young bunny mum interrupted and led the way to the closest unoccupied room where medical equipment and healing items were laid down neatly.

Grillby pulled back the covers and papyrus laid Sans down gently onto the soft fabric.

As soon as they were out of the way the inn keeper began the frustrating process of carefully removing and cutting away at Sans’s cloths that where in the way and slowly unwrapped the blood socked scarf until she was met with the mess that was Sans ribs.

She gasped and placed her paws close to her mouth shocked.

“Oh my, I knew that something was wrong but I did not think it would be as bad as this” she practically whispered.

“DO YOU THINK YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HELP HIM?” Papyrus asked, scared he would have to run all the way to New Home to reach a better qualified healer.

As if that question awoken something deep inside of her she quickly chased her child out and pulled on plastic cloves with practiced ease

“I may not have had much practice as of late but I assure you and can help your brother” she said with a serious tone.

“MISS INN KEEPER, IS IT POSSIBLE THAT WE CAN STAY WHILE YOU WORK?”

“Yes that should be alright since you are his brother, what about you Grillby? What is your relationship with these two?” she asked as she gathered everything she deemed necessary for her task.

“Well, Sans is my best customer and I also served as a sort of guardians like figure when they were younger” the bunny hummed and then nodded, satisfied with the answers that she was given.
Gently as the inn keeper could manage she had set up a mini IV dripper filled with stabilizers, sanitised and clean the the wounded area, re-joined the two broken ribs back into place.

Now all that was left to do was check for any other wounds, monitor her patients HP, and if possible give the poor injured skeleton something light to eats and fluids.

From what she had picked up from the fire element she knew he would definitely appreciate a snack.

During this time papyrus mind decided that he had had enough of current events, which on the outside meant papyrus tipped over and fainted.

It was going to be a long night.

Chapter End Notes

Running and jumping as fast as he could over all possible obstacles he headed toward where his station was to be located, his speed unaffected by the wind as it flowed with him towards where his brother was said to be.

As he reached his soon to be station he called out into the forest and searched for any sign blue in the ever growing field of snow, eventually he found what he was looking for.

Surrounded by red snow laid Sans, his blue hoodie turned purple by what Papyrus could only hope was ketchup.

His body was motionless.

“SANS!” Papyrus rushed to his side and gently but quickly lifted him up from his snowy prison.

only to find the annoying dog nestled in Sans's hoodie

"DOOOOGGG!!!!"
“Everything at once is ours”

Chapter Summary

sans has a dream of the past and wakes up.

Chapter Notes

this is a quick note to tell you what I mean by magic usage levels, basically I’m just saying that sans is using way to much magic all around his boy unconsciously trying to keep himself together. kind of like how sweating drains liquids in the body, it helps keep the body cool but its still bad if you sweat to much. sorry if that's a strange example. I'm half dead.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This makes no sense, nothing has changed, but that’s… on dear” the bunny woman muttered to herself as she stared down at the injured skeleton in front of her.

Her ears droopy and shacking, she was hoping that her worst fears where wrong.

Even after working endlessly on his wounds throughout the night his condition had only improved the bare minimum.

Now covered in bandages, the two broken ribs that had been re-joined after painstakingly delicate work, but San’s magic was so little from just keeping itself together that it refused to heal back own its own.

Forcing her to use more magic and medicine then it should normally take to treat damage such as this, and even then it had only healed the tiniest bit.

His states when she cheeked would keep slowly moving down, it had slowed down dramatically thanks to the fast treatment but the numbers where not stable.

It was like a dooms day clock, she hated it and she was sure that papyrus would to.

After the tall skeleton had fainted, she had ordered Grillby to take the poor thing to her own room which the fire element agreed without question.

If it was from anxiety or exhaustion or maybe even both she did not care, she was just thankfully that he didn’t get the chance to see the worst of the poor skeletons condition before he passed out.

When she was applying treatment to the wounded monster, Sans had shown signs of… ‘sickness’.

His temperature and magic usage levels were unnaturally high, his breath far too short, close to panting and he would occasionally release a pained wet cough but remained deep in slumbering.

“Poor dear, you have been fighting this off all by yourself for a long time now haven’t you?” she
asked the sleeping monster, her only reply a pained breath and soft whines.

Digging around in her old medical bag she brought out a container of heavy pain killers, the poor guy would definitely need them when he woke up.

Grabbing a small cup that was filled with water she leaned in close to the skeleton and gently prayed open his jaw and slipped in two of the small white pills, one at a time along with some water to wash them down.

Sans made a small chocking sound before he swallowed with a sigh.

Hopefully they will take effect before he woke.

If he ever did.

She would have to ask later once papyrus woke up if anything has been off about the little guy later just to be sure; she had a bad feeling that Sans might be in more trouble than just two broken ribs.

for now she would continue to keep an eye on the poor thing and make sure that he didn’t dust in the night.

It was a grim thought but at the conditions inflicting the poor soul currently, she could not count it out as a possibility.

. . .

Darkness, pain, cold, terror

Those where the first things he felt when he felt himself slip into awareness for the first time.

His mind was blank, not processing anything other than those four things.

His body hurt, weak and unresponsive, hungry taking its toll and Ice forming in his joints.

It was like he was being stabbed over and over by small sharp things, like needle’s… he didn’t like that word actually, pin’s… yeah that sounds better.

He felt a twitch.

Was that him? Why was he twitching? No wait not twitching, shaking? No… shivering? Yeah that was the word. He was shivering all over.

He lifted his head from the snow. Now there were more colours, there was a brighter colour now, a better colour, white, it covered the ground.

Snow.

He liked the look of it, it was better than the dark colour, was it a colour? No it was more like static… The snow kind of hurt to touch but it was not too bad.

His middle hurt more.
More snow was slowly raining down around him, snowflakes.

He felt his mouth scrunch up, smiling? (It was a very unfamiliar feeling on his face, but it felt… nice)

Snowflakes come in a variety of sizes and shapes.

Snowflakes are a flake of snow, especially a feathery ice crystal, typically displaying delicate sixfold symmetry, a hexagon.

A snowflake begins when a tiny dust or pollen particle comes into contact with water vapour, the water vapour coats the tiny particle and freezes into a tiny crystal of ice.

This tiny crystal will be the "seed" from which a snowflake will grow.

He felt his ‘smile’ fall, he knew so much about a tiny little snowflake. But he didn’t know anything about who he was.

Who was he? What was he? Was ‘he’ even a he? Yeah.

He knew that at least

It hurt to think about the other two questions, it hurt in general.

His body grumbled and made angry bubbling sounds, he was so hungry.

He went back to thinking about the snow and the trees and the area all around him.

It made him feel not as famished

He listed off everything he could see which was not much, mostly just trees

‘pine trees, Scientific name: Pinus, Higher classification: Pinaceae, a plant commonly found in the western part of the underground near Snowdin.’

Was that where he was? Snowdin? …What a stupid name.

“UM… HELLO?” he tensed up, who was that? What did they want? Where they looking for him? Why would anyone be looking for him? What a strange thought.

He could hear the sound of crunching coming closer to him, running.

He didn’t want to look at the approaching danger, he was scared, and he wanted to be left alone, back in the static where he was familiar with.

He had no purpose being here, he wanted to leave.

He buried his face in the snow again, he was so tired.

The crunching slowed to a stop, it stopped right next to him, there was a small gasp then the crunching resumed till it was right by his head.

“Oh MY GOD! HEY! ARE YOU OK? CAN YOU HEAR ME?” he felt fabric being pressed on his back, shacking his lightly.

He tensed up by the touch, he hated it, he wanted it to go away.

A small squeal like noise escaped him, tremballing he murmered into the snow
"please, im sorry, don’t hurt me, im sorry please, im sorry, im sorry… don’t want to disappear"

The thing let out a small ‘ah!’ and then slowly started to run his hand down his back.

He hated it! But…it didn’t hurt? It was… calming? That shouldn’t be right, being touched should hurt, where was the heavy feeling? The pushing and pulling? He didn’t understand.

He let out a small whimper in the snow.

“Hey its ok, shhhuu it’s ok, I’m not going to hurt you, my name is papyrus, im here to help” The thing said much more softly.

“I’m going to pull you up ok? So please don’t freak out” slowly he felt the fabric move away from his back and was slid under him before he was very slowly –as if not to be startled- taken off the ground and his back was placed gently to lean on one of the large pine trees.

He could see the thing now; it was a skeleton, with a large –yet sad- smile planted on its face, two soft concerned eye sockets looking down at him gently as it made soft cooing sounds to him.

He didn’t want to but he felt himself relaxing agents the tree, but then again his body was probably just shutting down again from a lack of food and exhaustion and pain.

Just so much pain.

He let his head hang low.

The skeleton seemed to be studying him closely and moving its fingers all over his body looking for something. It made the whining sound and lifted his head so he could look at it.

It was moving its mouth and talking but it was muffled, distant.

“Your hurt really bad and your soul is so weak! But don’t worry, I will fix you so just hang on a little longer!”

His vision was growing dark again, he didn’t like it, he want to go back to the dark.

Despite this he let his eyes slide shut, he could feel the skeletons -Papyrus if he heard right- touch suddenly become panickecd, more frantic and lightly shaking him, he could make out only a few words.

‘AH! No please you have- awake! - Don’t fall- your friend- you can do it- Gr- Grillby!’ he heard the crunching again; it was going away, was the skeleton leaving him? that was sad, he was started to enjoy his company, He didn’t want him to go.

He must have blacked out for a minute because one moment he was laying on the tree, the next he was being lifted up into strong arms and jolled up and down, he wearily opened his eye socket’s to be greeted by a being made of fire that was too busy running to notice his passenger had awaken.

On top of the being shoulder hung the same skeleton as before who was looking down at him with a warm smile.

After a few moments everything faded to black, he could still hear the voice but it was changing, morphing into a different voice, female.

Sans felt his mind slowly return into conciseness.
As Sans woke up he knew something was wrong, the pain from his dream was still there, powerful and untamed, he let out a croaky growl in irritation.

If his memory served him well, he had began to fall down within the woods of Snowdin, then Flowey showed up and decided to mess with him mentally and physically and then Papyrus had come to save him.

‘Papyrus’

Shooting his eyes open he went to sit up only to be hit with unbearable pain and the panicked voice that belonged to the innkeeper.

“Sans! Calm down, it’s ok dear, stay down or you will make your condition worse then it is” slowly he felt his self be softly pushed down through the pain that riddled his ribs.

Cracking and eye open he was met with a tired looking bunny who had bags under her eyes and leaning over him with a torch which she began to shine in his eye making he let out an annoyed groan and shifted his eyes away from the painfully bright light

“mmm… good good, you eye lights are responding rather slowly to the light so the pain killers should start working soon, you should start to feel a little lightheaded and numb but don’t worry, it will make you feel a bit better in a few moments, it’s good to see you have woken, I was worried that you might not last the night” she informed kindly, the voice used to comforting others, a mother’s voice much like the lady behind the door.

He looked around tiredly and observed he was half naked and his shirt and hoodie had been replaced with a ‘shirt’ made of bandages.

It made him feel exposed and slightly self-conscious but it was not like he was well enough to just get up and get himself dressed in his condition.

“I um… must apologize for the sudden appearance of this question but..” the innkeeper mumbled drawing Sans attention, once she knew she had his complete attention she straightened up and let out a little sigh to help reset her body, she always hated doing stuff like this, but being the only one in Snowdin with any medical history she was the one who often fell under the roll of the ‘informer’.

“…are you aware of the systems of falling down my dear?” she asked softly.

Sans broke eye contact with the kind bunny lady and slowly nodded his head.

“Yea, I do lady, and I know what you’re trying to tell me, but its ok, I already got the hint a few days ago” he stated softly, the innkeeper let out a little whine.

“I see, I am sorry Sans, but since you know this, I’m sure you must know also that I don’t have the medical equipment here to help you” Sans could feel the guilt and shame rolling off her tongue.

“Dose… Papyrus know?” Sans asked almost shyly.

“Not yet, the poor dear passed out after we brought you here, it was just too much for him to handle, but once he wakes up I shall inform him” Sans nodded sluggishly, his head was feeling kind of funny and finally the hot pain had turned into rather strange ache, it still felt like someone was punching his ‘stomach’ repeatedly then rubbing it better before repeating the process again.
but it was getting better each passing minute.

Seeing Sans finally starting to get effected by the drug she pulled the blanket over him till it was slightly covering his mouth and gave his head a soft little pat out of habit.

standing up to take her leave, she walked to the door and turned back to look at Sans once last time to make sure he was still there before mumbling softly as he left.

“once again Sans, I am so so sorry I cant do more, please forgive me”

Chapter End Notes

hey, please leave a comment if you liked it so far, I really need so more motivation and I'm having lots of trouble with that. so it would help me a lot if you leave your thoughts and hopes for the fic down below to help me stay positive and resolved to keep pushing till the end.

sorry for any wrong spelling or mistakes.
I'll come calling after you

Chapter Summary

nightmares, fluff, sadness

(heya, I did a small little sketch of what young sans kind of looks like on my deviant account so I through it would be cool to show u guys so here is a link to it =>
http://sweetsugerapple.deviantart.com/art/undertale-sketches-664009626 )

Chapter Notes

ok so I have to say, in the original when I was still just starting to write and think about this idea, I had a few things that where cut from this one, I also post this story on my deviantart account, and compared to what's there and here there are a few things that are different.

for instance, in the original I made papyrus called grillby 'UNCLE GRILLBY', I rather liked that idea for a while, but I'm not sure if it would be wired or not (my parents raised me to call their close friends uncle or anty something, so its something I have grown used to doing and fine normal, they even told me to call the owner of our house uncle, maybe cause they thought it would be cute or something.) I don't know if people would find this strange or think to much into this so I changed it to 'MISTER GRILLBY' here. (GOD DAME, 2 DAYS AFTER POSTING THIS DO I RELIZE THERE IS ACTULLY AN UNCLE GRILLBY HERE, DAME IT, CHANGED IT THOUGH)

another big difference is that in the original I put down sans's hp, I got rid of this because I found out that if I kept the idea, it might act against me and act to much as a count down, so I changed it.

these are only a few of many small changes I have made to the story, I just though I would inform you guys just in case u find the random "UNCLE GRILLBY SENPAI~" in there or something.

I don't know. anyway enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

‘Sans?’ papyrus called out to his brother, who was standing in a field of white, slowly Sans turned his head to look over his shoulder and smiled, but it was pained and distant, the action not truly meaning anything.

Papyrus froze, something was wrong here, Sans turned around fully and then in the dull white of the snow and sky morphed into a blackish red, Papyrus watched in horror as Sans’s hoodie and mouth started dripping with red wrongness, the smile still on his face even when his body started to turn to dust.
‘what take you so long?’ the bloodied version of his brother spat, each word sounding pained and full of sadness, disappointment and disgust.

‘I was waiting, I was in pain, but you just take your sweet time, enjoying yourself while I was in agony, you didn’t even know I was missing till it was too late’

Papyrus chocked back a sob ‘THAT’S- THAT’S NOT TRUE, I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU! I DIDN’T MEAN TO LET YOU BE IN PAIN FOR SO LONG, I DIDN’T KNOW! AND IF I HAD I WOULD HAVE RUN TO YOUR SIDE IN A HEART BEAT! IM SORRY PLEASE JUST DON’T LEAVE BROTHER!’

Sans just stood there, dusting slowly, painfully slow

Then sans body began to morph, becoming smaller, becoming the boy Papyrus had found, and in the terror and shock of it all, he didn’t even notice till he looked down at his hand that he too had become the younger version of his self also.

A broken sob drew his attention back to the younger, tiny injured Sans, who now wore a fire damaged grey shirt and pants not meant for the cold, and a white medical eye patch covering his right eye that had tints of red.

The child sniffled and backed away quivering as he faded more

‘I wish you never found me, you just held me down, your aren’t my brother and we are not family, you stole me away and kept me for your own happiness, made me who you wanted me to be instead of helping me find my way back home, you’re so selfish’

Papyrus could feel the development of every single tear in his sockets, they burned with a strange pleasant sensation as the tears fell down onto the red snow below.

‘PLEASE… Please… don’t hate me, I’m sorry I lied to you, just don’t leave me like this, im sorry’ papyrus pleaded.

Sans just shook his head still smiling that fake smile as he finished fading to dust

‘I don’t belong here’

Papyrus woke up gasping, finding his self on a soft plushy surface, in a room he did not recognise and tear stains wetting the pillow under his head.

‘THIS IS NOT MY BED’ he thought groggily as he whipped away the left over tears and pushed away the blanket that imprisonment his in its softness.

Raising up he looked around, he felt sweaty and shaken, his mind wrecked with the remains of what his mind remembered of his nightmare, a horrible horrible nightmare.

“Ah, Papyrus you are awake, how are you feeling?” asked the voice of a person he knows all too well.
Papyrus turned to see Grillby enter the room and sat down across from him on the bed.

“MISTER GRILBY, WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?” he questioned, completely ignoring Grillbys own question in his state of confusion.

His memory’s where a blur and his bones ached with a strange pain, more mental than physical, he felt exhausted in a way he had never experienced before.

Grillby let out a small sigh and shuffled into a more comfortable position before setting a calm reassuring hand on his shoulder.

He could tell Papyrus was slightly out of it from his little... stunt, and he could spot very clear unmistakable wet stains on the pillow.

He could not be sure how much Papyrus was processing right now, so he wanted to take this at a snail’s pace and make sure to not trigger anything in papyrus’s mind that could cause any more unneeded stress for the young skeleton.

The sight reminded him of when Papyrus was a small baby bones, and when Grillby had to tell him about something he knew he might not like, a check up to the doctors, that he had to leave for work.

If only it was one of those now.

“Papyrus, do you remember what happened last night?”

Papyrus frowned and looked down at his attire, instantly he regretted his decision as he was greeted with the sight of now brownish red blood littering his gloved hands and chest.

'Oh... that's right, that happened.'

Papyrus could remember everything clearly now, to clearly.

It was as if reality had splashed a bucket of water into his face to wake him up.

Papyrus unsteadily hugged his middle and shuddered as if he had been shot.

He was really hoping that this was all just one of those messed up crazy sugar induced nightmare’s that he would sometimes get after he ate to many cinnamon buns when he was still a kid.

But of course, reality was cruel.

"...I'll take that as a yes." Grillby heave a cheerless sigh.

After a few unsteady sniffles and some soft pats, Papyrus once again found his voice.

“MISTER GRILBY, IS SANS…. STILL OK?” Grillby nodded quietly with a sad smile on his face.

“yes, he is currently resting in a different room, I heard he woke up a while ago after he had a little bit of a nightmare, but he is sleeping peacefully now” Papyrus let a loud relieved breath, Sans was still there, that was good.
"Would you like to go see him?" Papyrus thought for a moment before nodding his head, he didn’t want to see his brother in such an awful state, but his brother needed him right now, and papyrus need him too.

Allowing himself to be lead, they soon entered the room where Sans was within, he was currently buried under the covers with only half his face visible, his eyes were closed and he was letting out trembling but soft peaceful breaths.

The only other part that was not fully covered was his left arm which was sticking out from the covers and had a small mini IV connected to it on the bed head that contained a radiant green liquid which Papyrus could only presume to be condensed magic used to keep a patients magic balanced in case they were using too much or running low on magic.

Papyrus did not like looking at it one bit.

Papyrus swallowed loudly and after a few hesitant moments he stepped into the room and took a seat next to the bed.

Taking off his glove, he laid his hand on Sans's skull and giving it a slow pat.

After a few long seconds Sans's sockets slowly opened and Papyrus let a wide smile cross his face.

Looking drunk with his sluggish drugged movements and enlarged eye lights, Sans looked around the room and eventually his eye lights slowly moved up passed Papyrus's boney fingers to Papyrus's face.

Sans offered a small nervous smile.

There could only be one reason Papyrus could look so happy right now...

“Hey Pap’s...whats up?” Sans asked weakly, Papyrus could not help but let out a low laugh and continued to give Sans’s head a few more soft strokes causing Sans to melt into the gesture.

“SANS, I THINK IM THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE ASKING THAT, NUMB SKULL” Papyrus teased half heartedly, he felt tears form in his eye sockets again but quickly wiped them away.

Just looking at Sans laying there, drugged up, wounded and probably starving, he just could not stop shivering.

But he was still alive, his brother was still alive...

Grillby watched from the doorway, feeling as if he was being dumped in water.

His heart was aching just by watching the two, Papyrus was still yet to know, but he was about to.

“Oh mister Papyrus, Im happy to see you are awake, how are you feeling?” the innkeeper gently asked as she entered the room passed the element.

Papyrus played with the front of his scarf remembering how he ended up asleep in the first place.

“WELL... I MUST ADMIT THAT TONIGHT HAS NOT BEEN MY BEST EXPERIENCE
WITH SLEEP AND I ENDED UP HAVING QUITE A RUDE AWAKING BECAUSE OF IT TO, OTHER THEN THAT I AM OK” he practically whispered blushing a soft orange.

“I would imagine, and you are referring to a nightmare yes? I’m sorry to hear that but it is to be expected sadly, it’s not to uncommon after events such as this...” at that the bunny lady felt her mood deflate with the knowledge that it was just going to get worse for the poor dear.

Seeing the sudden loss of cheer off the innkeepers face Papyrus started fidgeting in worry.

“IS... IS SOMETHING WRONG MISS?” he asked nervously.

She turned to Sans looking for confirmation, asking an unspoken question.

Sans reluctantly nodded his head.

He could not hide anymore, he no longer had a choice.

“...Mister Papyrus, will you follow me please, there is some things that I must talk to you about”

Papyrus could feel sweat form on the back of his skull.

“IS IT POSSIBLE WE CAN TALK HERE?” he asked as his hand wandered to the smaller skeletons before taking a tight but not painful hold of it.

“I’m sorry, but I feel that it would be best for both you and your brother if we talked somewhere else” the tall skeleton was about the argue back, but he noticed the pleading look on her face and he could feel his resolve weaken.

“OK...” he let out with his head down.

Sans watched as papyrus reluctantly let go of his hand before he got up and walked over towards the door, before he left however he turned around and held a smile directed towards Sans.

“DONT WORRY SANS, I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS AND YOUR DEVOTED BROTHER WILL BE BACK SOON, AND IF POSSIBLE WITH A LIGHT SNACK FOR YOU TO EAT FOR WHEN I RETURN” Papyrus announced before he turned and left.

Sans let his small smile drop as soon as he left from sight and he shuddered letting out soft whimpers.

Sans had a very good feeling that today would be the last time he would be able to see that pure happy smile ever again.

How could he after he learned the truth.

Papyrus followed the innkeeper out of the snowdin inn out into the snow.

The blizzard has lightened up overnight and now instead of a roaring storm, it was now like a light rumbling.
Looking around he could see no one, the streets where clear of any of the locals and the cave above was still slightly dark.

‘OH, IT’S EARLY’ Papyrus noted, he was wondering why he had not seen the small bunny child the whole time, they must be asleep with their siblings.

Papyrus felt warmth in his chest.

Sometimes wished he could relive his childhood again, now more than ever.

There were many tough times when he was young, he made mistakes that should have never happened, didn’t do things he wish he did now, hurt people in ways he never knew he could.

But through all the bad memories there were always plenty of good ones.

Seeing Sans that way, he could not help but get flash backs from back then and the remnants of his nightmare.

‘I don’t belong here’

It was something sans had said a long long time ago but they still haunted him even in adulthood.

He felt a shudder rush up his spine.

Soon papyrus was lead to the front of the town where they took a seat leaning against the welcoming sign of Snowdin.

“I’m sorry I take you out into the snow, but I just did not want to talk to you about this topic within the building” she spoke softly gesturing back towards her home.

“I have children as you have seen and a sister who lives in the other connected building, thin walls you see, and since it is nearly morning I though it would be best to talk about this where no one else can over hear or interrupt us.” She explained.

Papyrus nodded in understanding as he watched her speak fondly about her kin.

“IT IS OK, I DONT MIND THE COLD, FOR I HAVE NO SKIN” she chuckled at that, but eventually it turned dull and sad.

“There is also another reason I wished to talk to you here” she stated, daring not to look at Papyrus as she spoke.

“you see, Papyrus... there are something’s that I wish to discuss with you privately about some matters concerning your brother’s condition that should only be heard by family and only be heard once...” the bunny lady said softly as she hugged herself for comfort from the cold and her own emotions.

“I have already spoken to both Grillby and Sans about these matters, and I felt it best if they would not have to hear it again for both their sakes” Papyrus felt himself tremble from nervousness.

“WHAT... IS IT YOU WANTED TO TALK TO ME ABOUT?” he asked reluctantly.
He watched her as she take in a large breath of air, before letting it escape after a few seconds.

Slowly she turned to face papyrus, looking into his dark sad eye sockets as she prepared herself for the near future.

“Have you ever heard of the term ‘falling down’?”

Chapter End Notes

IMPORTANT PLEASE READ
ok, so I have a few things I have been thinking of doing for a very long time that concerning this story,

1# this is gonna be have a pre-sequal, yaaay~ about babybones! yyaaayy~
only problem is I don't know if it will cause any spoilers or issues if I start making and uploading it while at the same time while working on this.

2# the pre-sequal is gonna (hopefully) also have a pre-sequal as well, double yaay~ (not gonna say anything about it cause even mentioning what its about is pure pure spoilers)
this one however I know for a fact will 100% have to be after everything is finished as it will have way to many spoilers for the two storys.

and last but not least

3# updates from now on might be a bit late.
recently I have been trying to update once every 1 or 2 weeks, but now since its super hot here and everything is dying.

(seriously, its boiling hot, even had a bush fire today, could see the smock from my house, its still raging away even as I'm typing this, boy dose it look cool at night! its all orange smock rising up out of the darkness like an insain fire demon coming to kill us all, ahhhh! so cool... I'm a pyromaniac...)

so from now on I cant promise that there will be any more weekly(ish) updates as I am dying right now from the heat.

anyway, thanks for reading, and please leave a comment, it means so much to me.
though you seldom answer

Chapter Summary

Sans has a chat he dose not want to be having.

Grillby is tired and worried

Chapter Notes

sorry, we doing sans and grillby this chapter, sorry if ya wanted to know what papyrus heard, ill do that next chapter.

AND HOLY **** FAN ART! WHAT? WHHAATTT???? AND I LOVE IT SO MUCH!!!!!!! THANK YOU SO SO MUCH WONDERFUL HUMAN PERSON, YOU MADE MY DAY WHEN YOU MADE THIS

http://glitchyluigi4.deviantart.com/art/When-you-come-calling-Fanart-664455061 <- GO AND LOOK AT THIS WONDERFUL ART!!!!!!! SO GOOD!!!!!!!!!!!!

ALSO SO SORRY FOR THE LONG WAIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I FEEL HORRIBLE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! I HOPE YOU ENJOY!!!!!!!!!!!! LEAVE A COMMENT DOWN BELOW (please)!!!!! IMA GO AWAY NOW...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Papyrus had left with the young innkeeper, Grillby had right away noticed the poor wounded skeletons entire façade drop.

His smile had vanished so fast that it looked like it was never even there to begin with.

It was very clear as to why though, he understood that perfectly well.

He could tell that Sans did not wish to plague his brother with the knowledge of how bad his current condition actually was, holding onto his smile, desperate to prove that he was everything that he currently was not.

That he was fine and healthy and that no one needed to worry about his tiny little self.
All to keep that pure true smile on poor Papyrus’s face.

But as long as Grillby had a say of things, he would no longer allow sans to behind the wall he had built around himself any longer.

His thoughts were shattered as he heard a loud but weak dry cough coming from the small figure under the covers of the bed.

Sans had his eye sockets closed tight from pain, chest would rise in shuddering beats as he tried to take in large gulps of air.

Making his way over, the element placed a warm hand onto Sans’s head in a reassuring pat much like he had seen papyrus doing before.

Before long, Sans had finished his coughing fit and was back to weakly panting and resting his eyes.

“Would... would you like some water, Sans?” the element asked kindly to Sans who opened his eye sockets to stare towards his direction with a slightly uncomfortable look.

“I though... you didn’t touch the stuff” Sans joked weakly, and Grillby smiled slightly in response.

“You are an exception” he replied before getting up to grab a glass from the Inn’s kitchen.

As he was about to walk out he noted the slight nervous look Sans held on his face, and let the small sad smile on his face grow a little bit bigger.

“Would you like me to collect your hoodie as well while I get you a drink Sans?” Sans flashed a light blue before he turned he head to the right, looking at the corner and let out a small ‘yes please’ in a tiny voice.

And with that Grillby nodded and went off on his way.

Soon in his hand he carried one large class of water and draped across the other was a dirty, blue and
now purplish brown fur lined hoodie.

When Papyrus had called him the other night he could not imagine that Sans would come back in that state, maybe a sprained ankle or something explainable, but instead to find out sans was ‘falling down’ and with two broken ribs?

That he would never had imagined.

Just weeks ago Sans had seemed so happy and carefree, joking around with the customers at his diner and playing friendly harmless pranks on the children in the area.

And then to suddenly hear that out of nowhere Sans had been diagnosed to be falling? It just made no sense.

Not only that, with two broken ribs as a awful bonus.

He could not think of anything other than there being more to this story they had yet to uncover with the condition Sans had been found in.

Something had attacked Sans.

Something seriously strong and most likely still around since those wounds had still looked fresh

And intentional.

Grillby frowned at his reflection of the recent events.

Sans was a well loved member of the community, ever since had first ‘arrived’ he had never truly done anything to deserve a target on his back.

When he was younger and… not a hundred percent, he may had caused a few to dislike his presents, but now in his adult years he was nothing but friendly and kind to everyone he met.
Always accepting friendship with anyone as long as they deserved his friendship in return.

He was just the young mysterious skeleton monster who did nothing to antagonize anyone, as far as he knew of.

Well, other than Papyrus.

As he re-entered the room frustrated with his own thoughts, he noticed that Sans had finally noticed the IV attached to his arm and was frowning at it like it had offended him on a personal level.

“Do not even think about ripping it off Sans” Grillby warned as he sat down onto the seat next to the bed and draped the hoodie onto the back of the bed head much to Sans’s relief.

“I know how much you dislike this kind of stuff, but you will have to deal with it for now” Sans only responded with a muffled throaty growl and an unhappy look.

Grillby sighed and leaned back in his chair letting out an exhausted breath.

“...I got you some water” Grillby mentioned as he brought the glass closer for Sans to see the clear liquid.

“Can you try taking a few sips for me?”

Sans looked at the glass with slightly unfocused eyes lights before letting out a small “yeah...”

With a groan and a lot of help from Grillby, Sans managed to get himself slightly upright on the bed, leaning heavily on the bed head for support.

Soon Grillby was leaning forward as he let Sans take small trembling sips and trying to avoid getting any water spills on his exposed hand.
As soon as Sans made a sign that he had had enough, Grillby pulled back and place the glass onto the small wooden side table next to the bed.

Sans had only managed to drink a few gulps of water and the glass was still nowhere near empty, but Grillby was satisfied for now.

“I'm sorry Grillby… i... i didn't mean for this to happen...” Sans mumbled as he was lower back down to rest his skull against the pillow.

Grillby sighed and leaned back in his chair letting out a worn out breath.

“Are you feeling well enough to tell me what exactly happened to you to make end up in your current state, Sans?” Grillby questioned looking at the glowing blue and yellow bag as it pumped magic into the skeletons arm.

Sans looked like he was about to say something but shut off the thought before he let anything out and looked away from Grillby much to his confusion.

“Sans, please tell me what happened, something at least” Grillby continued to insist as Sans refused to look him in the eye.

Sans knew he was cornered, he no longer anything to hide behind, yet he still held onto his stubbornness.

“Sans! Please, Something, at all, just anything, can't you see i'm trying to help you? That we’re all trying to help you”

“I do” Sans softly whimpered trying to hide away back under the covers.

“It's just…” Sans face scrunched up in frustration before he let out a sign
“You wouldn't understand…” Grillby felt his flames grow in irritation

What was there to not understand? For a monster to fall down was basically unintentional suicide, a monster has to be suffering from overwhelming sadness, self hate, and depression, enough for the body to think it was in some sort of danger and start using up magic reserves, pumping and using up unneeded energy without the user's intent.

It was the cause of a lot of health problems.

magic deprivation, restlessness, weakness, magic poisoning,

and even death.

Grillby was reaching his limits, he wanted to help Sans so much, but to be shut off with a ‘you wouldn't understand’?

That had cut him deep.

Grillby could feel small lava tears in the corner of his eyes but he held them back his tears as frustration started to take control.

“Are you going to say the same thing to Papyrus young man?” Grillby question causing Sans to freeze up.

“Sans, you cannot fall down without letting us try and help you, without telling us what happened… please, Papyrus would be heartbroken to find out that you… you left us without a reason, please Sans… for Papyrus”

“Stop, don't use Papyrus against me, please Grillby” Sans softly growled but with a pleading tone, frowning and shaking lightly on the bed.

“Then tell me exactly why you felt the need to keep your current condition hidden from us?” Grillby scolded lightly at the skeleton.
Sans once again, refused to say anything more.

“Sans, this is serious, why didn’t you tell anyone, you of all people should know how much he cares about your well being.”

“I do know!” Sans suddenly shouted before suddenly jerking and letting out a loud coughing fit and a pained gasp as he clutched his chest.

Grillby tried to place a hand on his shoulder but Sans knocked it away with a flick of his wrist and a pained look on his face.

Grillby watched with concern as Sans pushed himself up with a grimace till he was leaning on the bed head gasping and wincing.

Hands protectively wrapped around his injured middle as he hissed in pain.

“I know just how much he does! I’m not a stupid kid anymore, I know he cares for me, I know he does, I just can’t! I can’t! I- I…” sans sobbed between his coughs, he didn't realize he had started crying till he felt droplets of magic tears began to run down his boney cheeks.

“Great… first Flowey, and now you…” Sans mumbled under his uneven breath as his raised his right hand over his face, rubbing away at the headache as is slowly started to return.

“F- Flowy? Who is that?” Grillby questioned softly to Sans.

He had not meant to upset Sans to the point of tears, he just wanted to know what caused Sans to become depressed in such little time, no one simply just fell down just within the span of a week.

It take months of depression to happen, not a week…

“Is this ‘Flowy’ person the one who caused this? The one who hurt you Sans?”
Sans felt his eye lights flicker slightly as he hid behind his raised hand.

‘You Idiot Sans, Why can’t you keep your stupid mouth shut?’ he mentally scolded himself for letting himself slip up.

“That’s none of your-” sans was interrupted with a round of coughs, loud and wet coughs that seemed to never end.

He shuddered as he felt a familiar taste enter his mouth, sweet and horrible.

He swallowed down hard trying to keep himself from vomiting; no one needed his sick to stain the bed sheets.

“Sans, you need to calm down; you're putting yourself through too much stress”

“And you need to leave me alone!” Sans shot back, he really didn't know what he was saying, the stress and drugs, lack of food and the countless restless nights where not helping him in this situation.

He really needed to calm down, but he just couldn’t.

“Sans if you don't calm down you're going to hurt yourself more!”

“Make me!”

“Fine, then I will” Grillby spoke, sounding guilty, and Sans soon figured out why.

Sans yelped as he felt a sting in his arm before seconds later he felt his body relax without his consent, his sight going foggy and his breath evening out.

Going limp he felt Grillby gently catch his swaying body and laid him out once more, resting his skull on the pillow.
Wondering what happened Sans turned to see a strange device connected to his arm, it was like a cylinder with a button on the top where Grillby was pressing down on, as he lifted the thing up he noticed that on the underside of the cylinder was a small pin which had been used to inject a seductive into his system.

“..ouch…” sans groaned weakly, he really really did not like that, he hated that in fact, he wanted to slap that thing away from him and never have to see it again, but he could not even muster up the energy to try.

“...My apologies Sans, but you gave me no choice… I could not allow myself to sit and watch as you made you condition worse” Grillby signed as he placed the unholy device on the table, still way too close for his liking.

“You’ll probably start to lose consciousness very soon, so while you're still with me, can you… can you please at least try? Just tell me something… even if it's just a hint, please sans, im begging you… please don't do this to us… we love you so much”

Sans watched in silent shock as Grillby begged.

In all of Sans’s memories, hazy or not, he had never witnessed Grillby beg, it felt… wrong, Grillby should not look like that, sound like that… it was all wrong.

‘And it's all your fault’

Sans felt tears gather in his drowsy eyes, and a whimper escape him

He didn't want this to happen, he didn't mean for any of this to happen, for them to be dragged down with his burden, with his pitiful, long journey to death's door.

So why was it happening?

Suddenly Sans started to giggle, then laugh out shaky breaths of air.

‘Oh, I know why’ he thought to himself.
‘Cause you remembered for once!’

This, this feeling of hopelessness, of powerlessness…. Of weakness…

It was nothing new to sans, yet… it was.

he knew at least at one point in time in his shit, unclear childhood memory he felt like this before, but then he forgot, like he always did back then, and then everything was better.

Then it happened again, and again, and again.

The thing that made him upset, or mad, or scared, he would eventually forget, and everything would be better.

He had always been like this up till his teen years, his childhood was a foggy mess made up of small snippets of small, insignificant events.

Like puns, and medicine and playing with his brother.

So why couldn't it be the same here?

Why?

Why couldn't he just forget like everyone else did? Like he always did back when he was a child

How could it be that the monster with the worst memory be the only one to remember all of this crap?

It was not fair…
It just wasn’t fair….

Grillby watched in worry as Sans laughed and cried softly till he passed out with small tears running down his check.

Grillby let his body go limp in his chair.

Sans had not given him an answer.

Chapter End Notes

oh, man, the last chapter i did i talked about Australia being super hot, well, it still is, but not as much, however now things have gotten, well i would not say any better, maybe a bit actually a bit more annoying and dangerous.

because of the heatwave there has been an increase of spider populations, yaaaayyy... pacifically red backs (black widows) which are a super SUPER deadly venous spider, not only that but now instead of heat, we have a cyclone, cyclone Debbie (Australia is great at names) that is going to be hitting the sunshine coast soon, where i live, i will not be to badly affected but its still meant to be very dangerous and keeps getting stronger as it comes closer to the cost. scary.

anyway, this is Australia, the hell hole of death and drop bears, so this is normal i guess and hopefully this will once again effect my work to much.

(unless there is a mass black out because the cyclone destroys everything and poop goes done, then, yes, that will effect my work greatly)
What will pass here when you do

Chapter Summary

Papyrus has a hard choose

Chapter Notes

sorry this took forever, been having some really rough times. however quite recently, a group of people from my mums work place came over to help out with our garden after they found out that we have been having trouble with it ever since a certain incident happened that has made life harder for us.

so most of you could probably imagine my surprise and joy when I opened the door to people with gardening tools telling me to ”not be alarmed” and that they "are just here to mow your lawn"

its not something you see every day. I have been feeling super happy since then and productive, I even managed to do all the house chores so my mum would not have to even lift a finger once she got home that day.

she was in tears, it was a great day.

and thanks to that I have found the motivation to finish this chapter, this I think is so far the funniest to do even though it was harder to do at the end.

so um, yeah, enjoy.

*looks over at the clock and sees its 9:11 pm*
uploading at a good time for once, so I don't sound to much like an idiot this time from exhaustion, yay.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus felt numb.

He could hardly believe his ‘ears’ about what the Innkeeper had said about Sans.

Sans was... falling down?

Papyrus shuddered as he walked through the snow slowly making his way back to the inn holding a warm cinnamon bun close to his chest.
After the Innkeeper had spoke to him he had shut down, he could not even talk properly for a full minute, and his mind blank as the words fully hit him.

Sans was going to die.

After some sympathetic words and some soft pats on the back, Papyrus had asked if he could go for a walk around the forest to process everything.

He wanted to run to Sans and give him the biggest hug he could, cry into his shoulder and just hold his small, harmless, broken sibling close.

But he couldn’t let Sans see him like this.

During the end of their talk, the Innkeeper had suggested a few things they could do for Sans.

With this they had discussed a few options that where available to him.

If they had the money and where able, they could transport Sans over to the hospital in New Home for treatment that may or may not help Sans live a little longer.

But sans never did like the idea of doctors and medicine, he would always tense and shudder as if cold water was trickling down his spine whenever the topic arose in a conversation.

So that was on the maybe pile.

Papyrus could try and take care of Sans himself, a thing which was highly un-recommended and cruel for the one suffering due to the pains and aches if the care taker didn’t have the right suppliers or had no knowledge in the medical field.

So that was a no, papyrus did know a good chunk from all his years taking care of Sans, but that knowledge only went so far.
And then there was the last option.

They could put Sans out of his misery.

“Yours asking me to kill my brother!?" he had all but yelled.

The Innkeeper winced at the loudness in his tone and instantly she began playing with the end of her skirt nervously, she did not want to upset Papyrus, and with the loudness of his voice she most defiantly did not want to upset the entire village with an early wake up call.

“No no!, not kill, end his suffering“ she quickly stated, glancing towards the town and feeling relieved when no angry monster could be seen marching out of their house demanding an answer for the uproar.

“your brother is in a lot of pain, more pain then you can imagine right now, he is not only terminally ill, but injured as well, it might be better if we let him rest, truly rest, at home, feeling safe and surrounded by family, instead of being locked away in a hospital bed away from his loved ones.”

“i assure you, He will not be in any pain during the process” he had said softly with a sad expression.

“To him, it will feel like he is being lured into a nice comfortable nap and in no part of the process will he be in pain”

After that he had left, tears flowing down his bony cheeks and hiccupping like a small child.

All of the options were not that great.

Even if Sans would not mind going to the hospital they hardly had the money needed for the luxury, they would be broke and not able to pay rent, they would become homeless...

Or well... he will become homeless.
He shock away that thought with a shudder.

Papyrus COULD try and take care of Sans, he had before, many times in the past but... Sans...

He could not bear the thought of watching his brother slowly dying in front of him and being powerless to help.

But that left... ‘that’

Maybe it would be better, for everyone and more importantly for Sans to say goodbye in such a way that will be less painful for everyone.

Just like the Innkeeper had said, it would be like taking a nap, Sans loved naps right? but... could he really do it? Could he really... ‘end his suffering’?

He needed more time to think this all through.

For now, he had a task to complete.

Sans didn’t sleep for long, sedative’s never did work for long on him and neither did pain killers, so he was thankful to find that he was still slightly numb to the pain even after he had taken his forced nap.

To his side he spotted the culprit laying limply, slumped against the wooden chair next to his bed snoring quietly in slumber.

“Grillby...” Sans murmured quietly to himself.

Grillby looked exhausted even in sleep.

His flames where dull and his body in a position that made Sans cringe with phantom pain just
imagining how sore he would feel sleeping like that.

Or maybe it was real pain, after all, two of his ribs had been snapped in two by that bloody asshole weed.

That had been then the first time that flower had done anything that intense before, he had been worried during his small struggle, but he didn’t think that anything like that would happen.

But it did, and now here he was, stuck in a situation he could have avoided if he had just played it cautiously.

The flower had the power to control time, control that Sans somehow was lucky enough, or more likely unlucky enough to not be affected by.

He should have seen the signs; he should have not been an idiot and just risk killing him instead of letting his curiosity run wild, resulting in this disaster.

He never wanted his family to get caught up in his mess.

And now things were different, and the flower was bound to milk it for everything it was worth.

If only he could just forget and this whole ordeal could have been avoided.

Sans was going to die, with the amount of distress his soul has already been through thanks to the constant resets, there was no stopping the process now.

But hey, no worries right? next reset he will be back again.

And then he will fall again but a little bit faster.

And then there will be a reset and he will be back.
And then fall again, a bit more quicker, and it would keep getting faster, and faster and faster.

And he would keep falling and falling and falling.

The cycle would keep going, and sans would keep falling, every time sooner than the last till eventfully he would die almost instantly on every resets.

The body may be restored, but his soul would not.

To everyone not affected it would look like he had committed suicide for no reason at all.

‘What would papyrus think?’

Boy, the answers to that question, they were flying through his mind before he could even help himself, all of them not good answers.

“Brother? Are you still awake?” sans heard his brother whisper out as he re-entered the innkeepers bedroom holding a paper bag to his chest.

Sans couldn’t look up to greet him, he didn’t want to see the fake smile that was probably placed over his brothers face.

He could tell even without looking that he had been crying, he could hear it in his voice.

“Hey Paps...” he murmured softly as he rubbed at his eyes to make sure there were not any more traces of his tears from before.

“OH! THATS GOOD CAUSE AS PROMISED I GOT YOU SOME BREAKFAST” Papyrus happily stated, instantly sounding a little bit more upbeat.

“ITS A CINNOMIN BUN, I DO NOT NORMALY AGREE WITH SUCH SUGARY SWEETS FOR BREAKFAST, BUT I THINK THIS TIME IS AN EXCEPTION” papyrus cheered half heartily as he moved to the other side of the bed and kneeled down holding the bag out to his brother
to look inside.

And indeed, there it was in its glory, the sugar glazed roll coated in a generous sprinkling of cinnamon sugar on top, a treat that Sans enjoyed a lot when he was younger, but right now the sight of food made Sans want to gag.

“Um... sorry bro, really not feeling up to it right now” Sans declared, not helping himself but to take a quick glance at Papyrus’s face as he said so.

And oh boy, Sans could still see the thin layer of orange under his eyes showing a clear sign that Papyrus had probably been crying just outside the hotel before he had waltz in.

And just like he had predicted he could see that dreaded forced smile.

That pure smile now lost with the truth holding it down.

He was probably never going to see it again in this timeline.

Papyrus made a distressed whining sound as he drew the bag back close to his chest “Oh come on brother, when will you ever again get the chance to eat sweets for breakfast ever again” Papyrus internally cringed at his use of words and mentally slapped himself.

“Have you at least eaten anything while I was gone?” he asked glancing at the time and noted that it had been almost 2 hours since he had left.

“Well, I had a glass of water if that counts?” Sans meekly replied glancing over at the still almost full glass on the table and grimaced.

‘Good job Sans, real convincing’

Papyrus placed the bag down onto his lap and being careful not to spill the sugary crumbs, began to tear the bun into small bite sized chunks and placed one in his mouth with an exaggerated hum of satisfaction.
“See Sans, It’s really good, share some with me?” Papyrus asked holding a small chunk up to his brother’s mouth.

With a soft sign he reluctantly opened his mouth and let the small treat in.

Under normal circumstances Sans would have loved this, but he didn’t.

The taste was strange and the sugar a bit too sweet leaving a strange tingling at the back of his neck when he swallowed.

He was indeed hungry, he could not deny that, even in his foggy dream he had felt his stomach grumbling.

But it felt gross in his metaphorical stomach.

Slowly they took turns consuming the treat until the cinnamon bun was no more.

Papyrus, feeling pleased with himself let himself loosen up a little and ever so gently climbed onto the bed next to Sans and with gentle hands shifted his brother so that Sans was now laying across his lap.

Sans let himself be moved and began to relax into the embrace, feeling safe and warm and protected.

He craved it, starved for the touch and affection he had been denying himself these past few resets.

He felt at that moment that he was but a child again, lost and confused, not knowing what lay before him, but knowing that his brother was right there with him.

Papyrus let out a small breath as he looked up towards the roof and tried to relax as well.

For a while, nothing was said in the comfortable silence.
Eventually Sans began to murmur softly.

“’You know now right?’ Sans asked weakly, unsure if Papyrus really did know or was just upset about the whole thing.

“...Yes, she told me everything”

Sans nodded slowly and for a few more seconds nether spoke again, nether skeleton ready for the discussion that had to eventually take place.

“she... she said she does not have the medical equipment here to help you” Papyrus eventually said, feeling uncomfortable talking to Sans about this.

“...I know, she may be the closest thing to a... healer, that we have here, but that does not change the fact she is just an innkeeper”

“...we could try and go to New Home to get you help brother, we have plenty of money to spare, they could help try and stop you from.... you know...” Papyrus said softly

Sans tensed and held tightly onto the sheet that was wrapped around him.

“If it’s a hospital I don’t want to go, and don’t lie to me Paps, we don’t have the money, I checked our cash reserves a few days ago, one of muffins donuts are worth more then what we currently have by a milestone... besides, I don’t want to leave you without any gold to support yourself when I’m gone”

Papyrus tensed under him and Sans looked up to notice the slight orange tears in his eye sockets as he looked down at Sans.

“But, if we don’t then you’re going to... you’re going to...”

“Die?”
“Please don’t say that word Sans”

“...sorry bro” Sans murmured.

“But... like it or not, it’s not goanna change anything”

Papyrus rubbed at his face and looked towards Grillby who was still resting quietly in his seat.

Grillby had stayed up all night watching over Sans as he had slept, a sense of duty binding him to the task.

It was a good to finally see the flame get the rest he needed.

“They could make you better”

“Could, not can, it would only be temporary anyway”

“You will be comfortable?”

“...I hate doctors”

“...Hate is a strong word”

“Is terrified better?”

The argument was as weak as cotton buds, but Papyrus could tell, Sans, not matter how much he wanted to help could not force Sans to go to the hospital.

Papyrus eventually gave up and let out a soft sigh, feeling even more defeated then he already was.
Slightly nervous Papyrus glanced anxiously down at Sans.

His face was graced with a pained expression as he rested on him, his eyes resting and his hands clenched tightly to the blanket wrapped around his person.

“Are you in pain Sans?” Sans opened his left eye and glanced at his face with a small whimper.

“...pain killers never really worked on me” Sans signed.

That brought Papyrus back to the reason he had been reluctant to return to Sans side in the first place.

“Pentobarbital, it’s a type of drug that helps with insomnia, it is used to slow down the function of the body” the innkeeper stated to papyrus that looked defeated.

“In large doses, it quickly renders a patient unconscious, Shutting down their soul and functions in their body usually within one or two minutes, it’s completely painless and quick”

The innkeeper looked towards Papyrus, remorse clear in her voice as she spoke.

“I have a small supply of pentobarbital, mostly for those who need help with insomnia or minor surgeries, I can give you a vile with 9 grams of pentobarbital and a syringe if you choose the third option, it should be more than enough for two adults, however, i will wait for your answer first”

Now was good a time as any.

“Sans there is something I should talk to you about” Papyrus started, he needed to get this done, there was no point in hesitating any longer, it was just a few words, he could do it.

“What is it bro?”

“I have discussed some important issues with Miss Innkeeper while I was gone, and she has given
me the few options we have in this situation concerning your current condition, one of those were the hospital”

“I don’t want to go there Papyrus”

“I know, I know you don’t and I’m not going to force you, I would never force you to do something you don’t like, but that’s not what I want to talk about, I want to talk to you about the other options”

Papyrus took a deep breath and slowly released it through his mouth.

He could do this, it was only a few small words.

“And I wanted to ask you if... if you would... if you wanted to...”

He could do it, he could do it.

“If... IF YOU WANTED ME, THE GREAT PAPYRUS TO TAKE CARE OF YOU”

Sans watched him confusedly for a moment, clearly wondering why Papyrus had been so reluctant to say that, but he was too exhausted to question it.

Tiredly Sans nodded and nestled deeper into Papyrus chest seeking comfort and warmth unaware of papyrus current distress.

....

He couldn’t do it.

‘Damn it...’

Chapter End Notes
IMPORTANT

For anyone who does not get what i mean by 'sans dying sooner and sooner after each reset', ill put down a basic explanation.

Falling down is like depression, but depression that can kill, the longer you have depression or the more intense it is and the sooner you’re going to die, when the world resets, so dose depressed peoples memories, so if whatever made them sad was erased due to the reset, then that person is fine, they would not be depressed, sans however does not get that change, since he remembers, he can’t forget what’s making him depressed, even after a reset, and with all the resets and his realization that everything he does is worth nothing, he is getting hit with some hard crashing feels, so even though his body may be restored, his ‘being’ isn’t, his soul is still feeling depressed and its building higher and higher each reset, eventfully, his depression will be so intense he would just die almost straight away after a reset.

also wow! 2,725 words! that's like, a chapter and a half! I didn't even notice I wrote so much, no wonder this was taking so long to edit.
Breathing sweet a ruby nest

Chapter Summary

special 4000+ chapter (cause I feel bad)
sans needs to calm down and wash his dirty mouth, papyrus tells a story, thieving dogs, and a small amount of tomato vomit.

Chapter Notes

I feel bad, have a extra extra long chapter, I've been pretty motivated lately, so I hope the next chapter will not take as long. I think this is my favourite chapter to write so far.

I only checked once for mistakes, so tell me if you spot anything wrong please, cause I'm pretty sure I might have done something wrong.

some light swearing in this chapter.
flipping enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It felt so good to be home, after everything that had happened, after everything that will happen.

It was so good to finally feel, truly home.

After the brothers little sob session/chat, the skeleton brothers decided it was time to finally go home.

The innkeeper, though a little stressed with Papyrus’s unsuccessful mission to tell Sans about the last option, was to tired and to emotionally exhausted to scold the young skeleton at that moment, and both agreed silently to chat after everything was settled.

Once they hand managed to carry Sans upstairs, Papyrus holding him gently with the innkeeper holding the iv bag travelling close behind, they settled Sans into Papyrus’s room, since Sans’s room was, like always, a mess, before leaving him alone to get comfortable and to go take care of the meal Grillby had prepared for him in advance.
Grillby, though wanting to stay and help still had a business to run, so setting up something for Sans to eat, he had headed back to his home and bar, promising that as soon as he had the time, he would come visit to make sure everything was going ok.

And now here Sans was, alone in a comfortable dark room counting sheep hoping to distract himself from the pain.

Sans tried to relax as much as he could on his brothers race car bed, taking in the scent of home as he waited.

Occasionally coughing weakly when he breathed in too quickly.

He focused on the smell of spices, bones and his brothers, self proclaimed ‘moon’ smell, the familiar scent of Papyrus instead of the sickeningly sweet scent coming from the iv catheter connected to his limb, that now hung on a little stand tucked neatly next to the wall.

Papyrus was still downstairs, he had been for a while, seemingly cooking something for Sans since a few bites of some sugary sweet bread roll is not enough for breakfast.

He felt his stomach growl, like it had been the whole morning as it demanded a full meal despite its owners reluctance.

He should eat, he knew he should, but he couldn't, he just couldn't.

It was a super strange feeling, he was hungry, yet… not? He didn't understand his body at times.

‘He didn't understand how a lot of things worked at times’

Even without practically anything in his stomach, he felt like he was gonna vomit up all of his non-existing insides.

He almost had, a few times now, like this morning during his talk with Grillby, and when eating tiny bits of that, small sugary bun, and when his brother had picked him up to move him back to the house.
Groaning he wiggled around under the covers, he felt just a bit too hot for comfort right now.

Maybe he should have given up hiding ages ago when he first started noticing his symptoms, he could have just enjoyed being pampered instead of this, would that have been better? Would Flowey see his suffering as a game then? Would he have even noticed?

As he signed in defeat, giving up his search for comfort as his mind attacked him with question.

Just as he let out a exasperated sigh of annoyance, he heard the noise of soft little paws tip toeing on the carpet floor, along with small whines of attention.

“...Heya mutt” he called to the strange little dog.

The door was closed, seemingly no other way into the room yet, somehow, like always the pup had managed to wiggle its way in somehow.

He always liked that about the dog, it reminded him of himself a little, showing up out of nowhere, scaring the crap out of people from behind.

He missed those days when their reaction actually put a true smile on his face.

It was not as fun when you've seen everyone exact same reaction over and over again.

The snow white dog made a little sneezing sound in greeting before going over to the side of Papyrus’s bed making small happy whining sounds in excitement.

Reaching out weakly with his left hand, he managed to get it out off the covers before letting it go limp as he lost what little energy he had and allowed it to hang weakly at the side of the bed as the small ball of fluff began rubbing its head against it like a friendly house cat.

Giving small little whins the dog began sniffing at his arm, and then began gently licking at the catheter that was supplying him his much needed energy that his body could not currently provide.
“You don’t like it either buddy?” he asked as he felt the pups small pink tongue lap slowly at his weak hand.

“Me neither”

The dog made a snorting sound, feeling satisfied with the amount of saliva was now coating Sans’s left hand before leaning up against the bed to peer at him.

“Sorry pal, i don't think i can really play right now, maybe next time”

Giving another little whine the dog dropped back onto the floor and began to crawl under the bed.

Giving a sigh of relief, he let his eyes fall shut.

Although already missing the company, he was kinda grateful the mutt didn't decide it would be a good idea to try jumping his bones right now.

As if to remind him that the world really didn't care about his feeling, he felt his ribs give another strong dose of unwanted pain and suffering.

taking a sharp intake and holding his breath, he waiting for what felt like hours before he was able to breathe again without feeling like his life was about to end.

Breathing is important, but it felt like it helped to not breathe during the really bad bits.

Why couldn't he just died in the snow? Maybe of hypothermia or something like that instead of getting his ribs mangled by that god forsaken, stupid! Insufferable! Good for nothing, Lying little son of a-

Sans let out gagging sound as another round of sharp pain hit him.
‘Calm down, ya gotta calm down buddy’ he thought to himself as he tried to control his temper.

Letting his magic run wild from rage would not help him right now.

Maybe in the next timeline, once he dies a probably painful death he could try track down the weed before his condition goes downhill, maybe manage to mess up the damn plant a bit as pay back before everything goes to shit again.

Yeah, that sounded like a perfectly good plan.

The plant was probably planning to milk this ‘event’ all dry in the end.

So why can’t he have a little bit of fun annoying the hell out of the stupid buttercup while his world crumbled around him?

It was only fair.

“That sounds like a plan...” Sans mumbled as he felt himself drift into a semi-conscious state.

Feeling just a little better, venting his anger into creative idea’s to try and enjoy his last moments in the next timeline, possible, or not.

He drifted off into a light nap.

Papyrus looked down at the tomato soup he had been preparing for Sans for the last 40 mins or so, a nice, not to rich yet healthy vegetable soup would be good for Sans energy levels and help him feel at least a little better he hoped.

Glancing at the time he sighed, feeling more exhausted than he had in years.

On the wall the clock showed it was only 7:46am.
To think, around this time yesterday, Sans had seemed fine.

Truly, it was too early to deal with all this emotional baggage.

Determining that the soup was at a good temperature, in between the temperature where soup is still pleasantly hot, but not hot enough to burn your throat as it slides down, he began carefully measuring out two serving of the soup into two separate bawls to take upstairs to Sans.

For some reason, Sans had a rather disturbing, seemingly never ending craving for tomatoes, which was strange, because when the two were little, Sans would never touch the stuff, always saying the tomatoes were ‘too red!’ and would refuse to even look at them.

But once he had first gotten a small little taste of it, thanks to Grillby and his burgers, the small skeleton had fallen head over heels in love with the stuff.

Signing sadly at the happy memory, Papyrus placed the bawls onto a tray that was on the table to carry safely, before he stopped.

His eyes catching the glimmer of light that shone from the glass cylinder on the table.

“I’m so sorry. I couldn’t do it, I just… I just looked at his face and I just couldn’t find the strength to tell him, I really am a horrible excuse of a brother…” Papyrus sobbed quietly into his hands as he and the innkeeper sat at his dining table at home.

After announcing they would head home, the innkeeper, although confused had instantly agreed to talk later after seeing the tall skeletons distressed and begging face.

So after asking him to chat once Sans was safely disposed onto Papyrus’s bed, they had sat down to discuss exactly what had happened.

“No… oh now dear please, you are not a horrible brother, you are anything of the sort so please do not say those things about yourself, you just got a little choked up, that’s all, what I have asked of you is no easy task, it is completely understandable that you could not do it so soon, this does not make you a horrible brother” the innkeeper rushed to say, placing her soft paw on top of his bony hand
and gave it a light squeeze.

Papyrus sniffled, shaking his head in denial.

“But I am, I’m a horrible person, I’m a horrible friend, I’m selfish, and stupid, I promised I would tell him all the options, but I didn’t, I promised I would always take care of him, but I can’t, I lie all the time, I have even lied to his face his whole life… he thinks I’m something that I’m not… oh god… sans I’m so sorry… I’m so so sorry…” she watched in morbid curiosity as Papyrus slowly began to drop his face onto the table and curl his arms around himself, hiding himself from the world, from the weight of guilt crawling on his back.

“Sans deserves so much better than me”

“Dear…” she pleaded, feeling herself tear up at this disheartening display of both sadness… and love, unquestionable love for Sans.

“Please look at me dear” she asked in her most motherly voice.

With some slight hesitation, and soft hiccups, Papyrus raised his head enough to look at her tear stained eyes, and her sad, but supportive smile.

“I may not really know who you or your brother are, but I can tell you this, everything you have just said, I believe is untrue” Papyrus made a questioning sound as he whipped his face, waiting anxiously for her to continue.

“I can tell, by just looking at the two of you, that you both care and love each other so very much, I have a few children of my own, but none of them have shown just the same type of bond that the both of you share

Truly, I have never seen in my year, a pair of siblings that have a bond as strong as your, the amount of emotion you are showing right now, it proves that you ARE a good brother Papyrus, you are so caring for Sans, caring about his feels, wanting him to be happy, to not feel sad… I don’t know or understand why you would think those things about yourself, but whatever you have done… I know, for a fact that it was for Sans’s sake, not just your own, and whatever it may be, he would understand and forgive you”
Papyrus squeezed her hand sobbing harshly, but a little bit more controlled, they sat in silence for a while.

The sound of boiling water in the background helping to make the silence a little bit more peaceful.

“T-” Papyrus began, getting interrupted by hiccups before he took a deep breath to try calm himself down.

“Go on dear, it’s ok” the innkeeper said encouraging to Papyrus.

“I… Sans, I’m… I’m not really Sans’s… real brother” Papyrus all but whispered, feeling as if his soul was screaming at him to stop, but he wanted to tell someone, he needed to.

Although shocked, the innkeeper nodded.

“Is that why you said you have been lying to him?” Papyrus nodded as he whipped at his eye sockets.

“Uh-huh… we, me and mister Grillby… we found him one day out in the snow” Papyrus began.

“He was so small, and hurt and sick, when he first properly met us, he was really scared of us, but eventually, even though he was scared, he began to trust us”

“What happened to him?” she asked in shock.

“I don’t know, I was too young for anyone to tell me anything, so I never really found out what actually happened”

“I see” she said thoughtfully, before letting Papyrus continue.

“We had this one doctor that helped us that used to live in town, they were nice, they helped Sans get better, even though Sans was terrified of him they got along fairly well, he even taught Sans about jokes and puns, it was nice… but…” Papyrus suddenly stopped, the small fond smile on his face
slowly slipped away as he looked down at his hands in shame.

“...what is it dear?” the innkeeper asked with an upset frown as she watch on.

She had not expected for Papyrus to tell her about their past out of the blue, nor did she expect for Papyrus to tell her that he and Sans was not actually related, she didn't understand however, was why Papyrus would feel... guilty about it.

After calming down once more, Papyrus continued, if a little more quietly.

“But one day... Sans had to be put on a new medicine, to help with his anxiety and some other stuff, but it had this side effect which made Sans... forget stuff.

We had to tell Sans facts repeatedly to make sure he retained important information, like small facts and phrases, or answer questions over and over, but most importantly about his situation... like the fact that even though we were both skeletons... we were just friends... not... brothers...”

“...I got selfish...” papyrus finally mumbled after a short while of silences.

“I stole... what future he might have had with his, his REAL family, just so I could have one of my own... do you still think I am the brother he deserves” Papyrus mumbled through teary eyes.

“...you said Grillby was your guardian right? Yours and Sans’s, am I correct?” she asked after thinking through all the facts.

“Yes he is” Papyrus mumbled.

“if he allowed it to go on, then I’m sure there must have been a good reason.”

“What do you mean?”

“Have you ever thought that... actually, never mind, it's nothing, do not worry about it dear” quickly shaking her head she glanced upstairs to Papyrus’s room.
“I think you have been a great brother to Sans Papyrus, thank you for telling me about your past, let us for now get back to the topic at hand, you have a choose, one that I want you not to feel pressured to take by yourself.

I feel, for now and until you're feeling more emotionally stable to take some time to think about your options again along with if you would like to tell sans or not about your past, if not for his sake then for yours.

I don't want to hear in a few months time that you to have fallen down as well due to guilt, if you really can't bare keeping this from Sans any more, then I suggest telling him.” nodding, Papyrus sniffled once more as he eagerly listened.

“I am planning to go visit Grillby after we have wrapped everything up here, I want to talk to him about something… I did mean to talk to him before anyway, but it kind of slipped my mind” she said, feeling a little awkwardly in her unprofessionalism as she rubbed at her baggy eyes.

Coffee and adrenaline can only get one so far.

Papyrus nodded slowly, noticing just how exhausted she looked before gently shaking the paw that was still in his hand gently.

“Thank you miss, thank you for everything you have done for us… I really don’t know how I would have been able to handle all of this by myself...” Papyrus whimpered, standing up with her to give her a gentle hug.

“It is no problem dear, I know how it feels to lose someone so close to you, and just know that me, and my sister and even all of my beautiful children are here for you if you ever need anything” she said, gently squeezing back.

And then she had left, after 30 minutes of comforting words, pats and taking the time to listen to his confession, she had headed back the way she came, supposably to go talk to Grillby, and then back to her inn and her children, hopefully to take a well deserved nap.

Leaving behind her phone number, some medication for sans, some advice.
And a veil of liquid and a syringe for when and if the time ever came.

Leaving the veil for now he headed up stairs and entered his room.

It was a mess.

On his desk was a list of instructions talking about the list of medications, their uses and how much and when to use them and the medications themselves were now occupying the places where his figuring once proudly stood, now swept onto the floor by his own doing.

On the carpet, right in the middle of the room, was his marrow stained scarf, along with Sans’s now brownish hoodie and a pair of dirty reddish brown gloves.

Looking down at himself, he noted that he would still have to change out into something else very soon.

Taking a deep breath, he fully entered the room.

“SANS? I HOPE YOU’RE HUNGRY, I HAVE SOME SOUP FOR YOU, TOMATO SOUP” Papyrus declared as he walked over and sat besides the bed.

Sans blinked himself awake and looked over to his brother, managing a small smile.

“Hiya bro” Papyrus made a little sigh before carefully placing the tray onto the floor and slowly began arranging his brother into a sitting position, making sure the pillows supported his back as he leaned him against end of the bed.

Sans grunted and hissed a little, but he could bear it, compared to this morning, he was feeling a lot better.

Although he hated it, the magic in the IV, mixed with the painkillers were helping a lot, not as much as he would like, but it was enough.
“LOOK SANS, TOMATO SOUP, CAN YOU HAVE A LITTLE BIT OF IT FOR ME?” Papyrus cooed as he raised a bawl up for Sans to see and sniff at.

Papyrus knew it was playing dirty, asking Sans to eat for him, but so far that had been the only thing that seemed capable of getting him to eat as much as he has.

Sans made a whining sound as a spoon was held to his teeth, he really didn't know if he would be able to handle it.

But after looking at Papyrus’s face he gave in and allowed the spoon to enter his mouth.

It was… pretty good, not sickeningly sweet, not too strong either, but still tasty and warm, and it slide down his throat without leaving any nasty after taste.

He could handle a bit of soup.

Papyrus felt almost over joyed that he didn't even have to ask Sans to open his mouth again once he had another spoon full ready.

So for a while, that’s what they did, simply enjoying each other’s company, idly talking about the soup and encouraging the other to keep eating just a little bit more.

Till eventually the calming silence was broken by the sound of a lapping tongue.

Glancing down, Papyrus caught sight of furry head sticking out from under his bed, lapping at his own portion of soup, getting it all over its fluffy white face and onto the carpet to.

“HEY! NO STOP THAT RIGHT NOW!” Papyrus launched for the dog, trying to get it away from his ruined meal.

Startled, the dog bolted out, knocking over the soup, its content spilling onto the floor and all over Papyrus’s pants, before leaping out the partially open window.
Off a two story house…

The dog should be fine, if it could sneak into locked rooms, appear randomly in impossible places and eat sticks of dynamite and survive, then a leap from that high should be fine, he hoped anyway.

Sans laughed hard as the scene played out, however before long he was coughing harshly, his right hand over his mouth, the left supporting him up as he curled into himself as his ribs got irritated but constant rising and falling of his chest.

“Eerrr…. “ Sans moaned as his coughing attack faded, he felt like he was gonna throw up, he felt bits of the soup even defy physics and wiggle its way up back into his mouth.

And sure enough, a little bit of the soup mixed in with his blue glowing saliva was coating his palm.

Well… at least it was better than a sea of vomit at least.

With a disgusted noise dropped back onto the pillows behind him.

His hand hovering palm up slightly above the covers, not willing to wipe away his sick onto Papyrus’s bed, but still disgusted at himself for keeping the tomato vomit mixture there.

“Sans, are you ok?” Papyrus asked a bit shaken, terrified of the thought of having his brother suddenly dust in front of him.

“Mm kay” Sans mumbled feeling horrible as he watched as Papyrus used a tissue to wipe away his sick from his hand and with another fresh one to scrub at his face, pulling away to show the vomit that had dribbled down his chin.

Gross.

“Sorry about your soup bro… and ah… and your cloths, with the soup and the…um… yeah…” Papyrus looked down at himself, boy he looked horrible, not as bad as Sans but still not a pretty sight to see.
“Ah, it’s ok Sans, I’ll just get changed into something more comfortable, I don’t think I will be needing to wear my battle body for a while anyway” he replied as he tossed the tissues into the bin.

In went it, perfectly in the middle.

Hooray.

“Umm… if you want, you can have the rest of my soup, I don’t think I can finish it anyway”

“That’s ok Sans, there is still more in the pot down stairs” getting up, Papyrus headed over to his wardrobe and pulled out some fresh clean cloths.

A faded orange sweater and some long brown pants with a belt still attached to it.

“I’ll just go get changed in the bathroom, So I’ll be right next door is you need me” Papyrus said as he picked up the dirty cloths and the bowl from the floor before exiting the room once sans managed a small ‘ok’

Papyrus slumped against the door as it closed.

For a while, he had forgotten about the issues he was facing, it had, for a while, seemed like everything was ok.

That Sans just had a cold, and that ‘big brother papyrus’ was here to save the day with a warm meal and a comforting smile to make all the bad stuff go away.

But that of course was just positive thinking.

Getting changed in the bathroom, he let his mind wander.

Would Sans agree to take the drug? Or refuse? Maybe even get offended?
What would happen if Papyrus told Sans, right now, about who he really was.

Would Sans hate him? Be upset? Would that change his answer to the first question?

Maybe even shrug the whole thing off?

With sans it was one of those things you could not really tell how exactly he would react.

Actually it was just one of those things that you couldn’t really tell how anyone would react.

Making up his mind as he dumped his and Sans’s cloths into the laundry basket he headed back to his room and slowly opened the door.

He should just get this done now, while everything was still ok.

“Sans… I think I need to talk to you about something, really important” Papyrus started as he stepped into the room, but not going any further.

“Wha… what is it bro?” Sans asked, nervously fiddling with his hands.

Taking another deep breath, he began.

It was time for the truth.

“Sans, I want you to please understand what I’m about to tell you, the truth is-”

And then his phone rang.

Startled by the familiar sound he jumped, almost knocking his head on the roof.
It was his phone, ringing loudly and annoyingly down stairs where he had left it on the dining table after getting the innkeepers number.

“...You should go get it bro, you can just tell me whatever this is later right?” Sans mumbled feeling a little awkward as the two brothers stared at each other for a while, Papyrus making strange jerking motions as he mentally battled with himself.

Maybe the truth could wait for another time.

“Yeah, yeah you're right, it might be important” Papyrus answered quickly, feeling all his courage easily slip away as soon as an easy escape had appeared.

“Just wait right here Sans, I’ll be right back!” papyrus yelled as he raced down stairs.

“Don't really gotta choice bro” Sans mumbled as he watched his brother go, wondering what Papyrus had wanted to tell him.

Chapter End Notes

want to know something ironic? just as I was writing the last bit, this bit down here.

“Sans, I want you to please understand what i’m about to tell you, the truth is-”

my home phone rang, right as I was writing the last bit, it was meant to have more, but seeing as I got interrupted by a phone call, in a bit that was meant to be cut by a phone call, I cut it there.

life is amazing.

when it isn't a pain in the as-
first of all, I'm so sorry for the false alarm

hey guys, I'm taking a small break from writing for a bit, you see, I'm more of an artist then a writer, so I do a lot of paintings and digital art. and a few days ago I got not 1, but 2 art commission to do. plus they both have a dead line so I HAVE to focus on only that, so, this story is gonna be on pause for a while.

if you want to see just what I'm painting, and even how much process I have made so far, you can check it out here https://sweetsugerapple.deviantart.com/art/And-so-the-suffering-begins-day-1-704209844

I have not started my second painting yet, but when I do ill put a link down here to.
Chapter Summary

Papyrus is only 20% papyrus and how do people even stand horror games?
and finally, swearing, a lot of swearing, cover your eyes children.

Chapter Notes

I'm back! I'm alive, this thing is alive, see haha! its not dead, I'm not that much of a lazybones.

first of all, thank you everyone who is still here, I'm sorry for the wait, i missed this so much.

for those who don't read the comments, here is a small sketch i did in my spare time of (young) Sans from this story, and possibly two other storys in the future, hint hint wink wink.

https://sweetsugerrapple.deviantart.com/art/young-sans-doodles-from-WYCC-708246874

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Papyrus grumbled as he snatched up his phone and walked outside into the snow.

The weather was peaceful, if a little cold for his liking now that he did not have his scarf.

The snow from the storm piled up all the way to the top of his boots, threatening to drown his foot in frozen snow if he misses a step.

Quite the accomplishment, considering his height and weight

Outside, the young residents of Snowdin where squealing in delight.

Enjoying the day as they tried to navigate through the heavy snow fall from last night's storm.
It sounded too cheerful, to fun and care free for the mood that currently had papyrus in its hold.

Looking down at his phone, he took note of the phone number.

It was not the innkeepers, like he had expected.

It was Undyne.

In slight shock and also some relief, he carefully opened his flip phone and pressed the answer button.

He didn't even need to raise his phone close to his skull before he heard the thundering voice of his captain and friend.

"Papyrus! Finally!" Undyne shouted in annoyance and relief.

"What's going on punk?! It's like 8:30 already, and you have not even called to tell me that you're at your station yet, which, like, never happens, ever.

I would expect that from that lazy pile of bones, the nerve of that nerd, but not from you, fuhfuhfuh, did that dog of yours steal your phone again or something?" she teased in a playful manner.

Papyrus could not help the small whimper as she mentioned Sans, he could feel the tears already swelling up again at the edge of his sockets.

Hearing the whimper, Undyne was instantly become quiet, did... did she say something wrong?

"Ah man, um... hey, are you okay Papyrus? Did I say something wrong?"

Papyrus blinked, and then shook his head furiously even though Undyne could not see it.
"No Undyne... it was not that, something..." Papyrus stopped to take a quick breath before he could continue, his voice almost being taken over by gasps.

"Something ha- happened to Sans the other day, and I... I don't know what to do" Papyrus managed, he reached out for his scarf to hide his face in it, only to find nothing there.

He could see in the corner of his sockets that a few of the monster walking by where looking in his direction in confusion and concern.

He quickly rushed to behind the house and leaned back onto the wooden wall.

He could not handle being the centre of attention right now.

"What happened Papyrus? Tell me what's wrong" Undyne said quietly, trying to maintain a calm neutral tone of voice.

Taking a deep breath, Papyrus began.

"When I came home from our cooking lesson, I found that Sans was missing, so I went out looking for him, and when I found him he had been attacked and there was blood all over the place!"

"What!? Who would do such a thing? The little guy is practically the most harmless monster in the underground, is he... ok?"

"The local doctor in Snowdin, the lady who runs the inn, said that he had two broken ribs, but... that's not the point, there is something worse Undyne"

How could there be something worse than two broken ribs?!

Undyne was fuming.

She wanted to punch something, really, really hard.
What kind of soulless demon would do such a thing!

To Sans of all people!

And apparently that was not even the worst of it? Was the thing that did that still out there?

Was it a human?

She was not all that great when it come to comforting someone, that was more of Papyrus's thing, but what she was good at, was ensuring the safety of the people she swear to protect.

Papyrus was still gasping at the other end of the line.

She could practically feel the phone vibrate with his unsteady sobs.

"it's going to be ok Papyrus, just take a deep breath, and tell me what else is wrong" she said, managing to keep her voice from rising in anger and panic.

"He's... he's, Sans is falling..." Papyrus whimpered

She... certainly didn't expect that, she was expecting something along the lines of Sans still being targeted by the human by whatever decided to attack.

She definitely, didn't expect that.

"That... that can't be possible! There has to be a mistake! No one just simply falls down so suddenly and unprompted! Whoever said that is a lying asshole!" Undyne fumed.

What kind of sick joke was this! How could someone say that to Papyrus!
Especially while dealing with the mental stress of Sans being hurt!

"It's true though..." Papyrus hiccupped.

Papyrus looked up at the window above him, to his room.

To where his brother... no, his friend lay.

Slowly dying.

"It was the innkeeper that told me, she showed me the report she made, and it showed that Sans's max HP level has dropped a dramatic amount, he used to have so much, Undyne, and now it's not even half of what it used to be"

Papyrus could hear Undyne take a long breath in before releasing it with a slight tremor.

"I'm so sorry Papyrus, I... I may not be able to help in this aspect, but I can assure you, whatever did this, I swear to you, it's going to pay" Undyne growled.

"I will personally go over there and investigate the crime scene with the guard dogs and find out who did this" and beat the shit out of them.

Papyrus sniffled but nodded his head.

"In the meantime, don't worry about your patrol, for now, I'm ordering you, as your friend and boss, to go on paid leave to spend time with your brother for as long as your need, even after... yeah..." no need to finish that sentence.

Paid leave, if... if he got paid leave, and maybe got a secret job, maybe he could raise up some money for the hospital!

No! no that was not the point of the paid leave, he was being selfish, again.
This was about Sans, this was not about him.

Papyrus fiddled with his pockets and syringe he had slipped into his new pair of pants when he had gotten changed.

‘thank you for telling me about your past, let us for now get back to the topic at hand, you have a choose, one that I want you not to feel pressured to take by yourself.’

"...Undyne?" Papyrus started, this time without any noisy sniffles or hiccups, having exhausted himself from crying beforehand.

"Yeah Papyrus? Is there something else you want to tell me?"

"Ask you more like, but yes there is something really important I want to ask you" Papyrus started.

He needed a second opinion, or at least, someone who can help him feel more confident in his decision.

"Go ahead papyrus, I'm here for you"

"...Would it be selfish of me to, no, would it be unfair to Sans if... ahh..." this was really hard to say, how on earth was he going to be able to say this to Sans.

"It's ok Papyrus, just breathe ok? You can do this"

"Thank you, would, would it be right, to let Sans d... die without any pain but sooner, or to let Sans live longer... but be in pain?" that... was not a great start to this discussion.

"...what do you mean Papyrus?" Undyne asked, confused, but not sounding appalled by his question.
"I... the innkeeper told me, that Sans was in a lot of pain, a lot more pain compared to most that fall down, and she said, that, if Sans wants, he can end his suffering sooner"

"You mean... like, putting him to sleep? As in... like... forever?" Undyne asked, trying to avoid using certain words.

Papyrus gave a humming noise in confirmation.

"Did Sans, say yes?"

"That's the thing... I haven't told him yet"

Undyne made a small 'ahh' sound on her end of the call, but it was muffled, like she had turned her head away from her cellphone.

"It's ok Papyrus, I know this has to be a tough as hell situation for you... I'm not going to lie, if I had a sibling, and someone told me that, I would be as lost as you are"

"But... as both your and San's friend, I think that yes, you should give Sans the opportunity to make that choice for himself, but... if he does, tell me? I want to be able to be there for him to tell him my goodbyes and... oh man..." she mumbled at the end, he could hear a faint sniffle as her voice grow weaker, god, this shit sucked...

"About that..." Papyrus mumbled to himself away from the cellphone.

"I have something to tell Sans to... but I don't know if he will hate me for it if I do say it... do, do you think I should? I'm so scared"

"Unless it's something like 'I hate your guts!' or 'pick up your sock!' I think it would be ok to tell him what's on your mind Papyrus, for both your sakes" Undyne lightly jokes.

"Nyeh heh..." Papyrus half heartedly laughed, eventually turning into sobs.
I feel, for now and until you're feeling more emotionally stable to take some time to think about your options again along with if you would like to tell Sans or not about your past, if not for his sake then for yours.'

They were both right, he knew that, but it was helping a lot to have more than one opinion on the matter.

"Ok, yeah you're right, he does deserve to know this, but, when I do, can you please help me Undyne? I don't think I'm strong enough to do this on my own"

"Yeah, yeah I'll be there for you Papyrus, I promise, after I finish up work for the day I'll be over there as fast as I can. I promise, you won't be alone for this"

"Thank you" papyrus would not be able to do this on his own, but, if Undyne and Grillby where by his side, maybe he would be able to do what needs to be done.

No, no! He couldn't do that!

Flowey growled to himself as he hid as close as he dared to Papyrus.

How dare they!

How dare they attempt to ruin his fun so soon!

There was still so much to see still!

So much to learn and figure out!

Was that too much to ask for? He wanted to see the end of this, he wanted to see how the story ended, but how could he if this was going to if they leave it on a cliff hanger, especially after hearing something so intriguing as that!
It just wasn't fair!

Maybe on the next reset he could explore where that option would lead, what would happen if papyrus does actually 'end Sans's suffering' but no!

This was an event!

Something new and that might not ever happen again!

If he let things flow like normal, he could miss out on something special, especially since it directly involved Sans.

Sans was a game in itself, you could never know what he would do each reset.

Would he ACT like nothing happened, and follow 'the script'.

Or if would he change slight things and do something new.

He was the perfect embodiment of a limited time offer.

Especially now.

But this was fine, this was ok, he didn't mind working for a reward, he has done so before, he can do so again.

Sans seemed to have been getting worse each reset, so it would make sense to go for the harder ending first, then whatever ending this would have been second, depending on what Sans does next reset that is, maybe he would have to actively seek out and do what he did to Sans again, it had been an accident, but it lead to this, so he would have repeat that again.

Oh if only this was anyone other than Sans, so many different possible ending, maybe after this little
event, he could seek out and find someone else who was about to fall down, of course, it would take a while, searching around the underground for such an opportunity could take, days, weeks, months, years!

But, it wasn't like he didn't have all the time in the world anyway.

He could feel himself shiver with anticipation just thinking about it.

He never knew something this... this dark could be so thrilling.

He had never understood the appeal of dark themed games and horror movies.

But now he was starting to get what was so interesting about them that made people want to come back for more.

"Speaking of horror movies" Flowey mumbled, humming to himself, catching the begins of an idea spark inside his mind.

Maybe it was time he involved her in this little game.

Feeling himself beam in delight he happily clawed his way back underground.

Maybe this turn of events had been good after all.

Chapter End Notes

le GASP.

wow, sorry that barely anything happened in this chapter, so much talking, it ended up taking up most of the 2000 word goal i normally head for.

things should pick up soon, i promise, i got a lot more planned, and with this out of the way, we can finally move on to, what i have considered for a long time (since 2016 wow) the second ark of this story! yay. kinda, I'm guessing only 1 more chapter more till we reach the second ark. is it even spelt ark? or maybe arc, i don't flipping know
Singing we will rest

Chapter Summary

a bunny walks into a bar, hase = rabbit, conspiracy theory's

also no, this thing is still alive and kicking

unlike sans, who will not be very soon.

Chapter Notes

life is hard, don't expect me to post chapters monthly, you should all know by now that I'm not a fast writer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Haha! But yeah man, sorry to hear that man, i mean, that's pretty weird though don't ya think, last I heard that skeleton dude was all rainbows and sunshine or some bullshit not even a week ago or something man” muttered the bull like monster after he took a few gulps of his third drink before slamming the glass back onto the bar.

Grillby just nodded his head quitely, not really taking in what the monster was saying.

Clearly, the monster was more worried about his alcohol then what he was actually talking about, so grillby tried to mostly just ignore him.

Regrettable, He was back at his bar, wiping the bar top in a slow effortless fashion as he let the familiar sounds of the bar soothe his aching heart.

At least that was the plan.
He knew the bull monster probably meant well (somehow), but he could not find it in him to really see it that way.

‘If you truly wished you could help, ‘man’, why are you sitting around here eating and drinking while my… they… ah…’

‘Where’ they his… children?

Yeah, they were not technically his children, but he was their ‘guardian’ so what else was there to refer to them as?

He had never really found a word most suited to use when referencing to them in this way just yet, but still, his children felt much nicer then to refer to them as his ‘charges’.

‘Well, whatever, if they meant well they would not be here complaining about the bar closing early so

he could go spend the rest of his day with those two poor souls’

Grillby watched as the bull throw his head back in laughter, it didn't matter what he was laughing at, maybe at one of their own stupid and unwanted comments about his two skeletons.

Out of the corner of his eye, he could see other patrons lightly snarling and monsters muttering under their breath.

It seems that most of the others also agreed that this monster has overstayed its welcome.
“...the bar is closing soon... that will be 105 gold” he muttered not looking up from his task.

The monster snorted and shook his head.

‘The prick’

“Seriously man? Oh come on, ya still sulking man? Did ya even listen to what i was saying this entire time man? Yeah, the brat is falling, but it's not like ya can just let ya self just follow in his footsteps right after, lighten up a little man”

“Ok, that's enough!” called the red bird monster from her place two seats away from where the bull like monster was sitting.

“Grillby just found out that, so called ‘brat’ is falling down, who, mind you grillby has known for years and you think some snobby remarks from some insensitive monster who apparently has a heart of stone is going to magically cheer him up? Just so you can what? drink some more? What if someone you cared deeply about sudden fell down! Bet you would not act so indifferent then would you!” she called, followed by a few of the other regular customers calling out in agreement.

The bull monster stuttered, clearly surprised by the sudden aggression and sideways glare’s from different tables that were scattered around the bar.

With a frustrated ‘whatever man’ he slapped his payment onto the bar top before storming out the door, muttering under his breath.

“good riddance... forget about that guy grillby, unlike that asshole, we are here for you” chirped the red bird monster softly, wiping at her eye.
Grillby managed a shaky smile in return and a nod in gratitude.

It was good to know that unlike that monster, most of the monsters here were not just here for food and drink.

“Oh dear” Grillby looked over as the bar door open as he finished counting up the gold and stashing it under the counter and was shocked to see that it was the same mother bunny from before.

“Did something happen just now?” she asked as she walked up to the bar and gracefylly took the seat that the bully had previously occupied.

“Yeah, some asshole was just here being real horrible to Grillby here before he stormed out, he was all annoyed and frustrated cause Grillby is gonna close early so he can go visit the skeleton brothers that live down the road, insensitive prick” the bird growled looking at the door with distaste.

“Ah, i understand now, well, now where was i? Oh yes! Mr Grillby, is it possible i could talk to you in private please?” she asked, as she gave a small yawn.

“...is, is this about Sans?”

“I’m afraid so, yes” she mumbled, and was then startled as most of the monsters stumbled out of their chairs looking panicked.

“Holy shit! Don’t tell me! Is Sans dead?!”

“Oh god… did someone just say Sans is dead?!”
“Sans is dead!”

“Oh dear sweet asgore”

“I think i’m about to pass out…”

The panic only grow more and more as the monsters fueled each others panicked screaming, it was like a horrible game of telephone, but instead of whispers, it was full on yelling.

“QUIT!” grillby yelled, breaking out of the quite persona he had held during most of the day, causing all eyes to fall on grillby and the poor startled bunny monster.

“Everyone just, quite” grillby sighed as he tried to calm himself down and stop his hands from jittering, preparing himself for what was to come.

The innkeeper looked around the bar bewildered before setting her eyes back on grillby, and then it hit her.

“Oh! Oh my, i'm so sorry, i didn't mean it like that! Sans is still alive” behind her she could hear the whole bar let out breaths of relief, some laughing lightly from the emotional stress.

“I actually am just here to ask some personal questions about sans”

“Ok, but i don't know why papyrus could not answer them himself, he is his brother after all”

“I don't think they are question he can answer, and that's why i'm asking if we can talk in private”
Grillby tilted his head confused.

“I know about sans and papyrus, and I wanted to ask you about sans past” Grillby stared shocked for a few seconds, before nodding his head in acceptance.

“I… i see” he mumbled.

He turned towards the onlookers of the bar, each holding a curious gaze and with questions most certainly on their tongues.

But this was not a matter that he was comfortable talking about around others.

“I understand, would you mind if we talk in the kitchen, it is a topic that is best not spread around” Grillby asked, and received a nod from the tired looking mother, before she could leave her seat though, they both heard the sound of a bar stool sliding across the wooden floor.

They looked over to see the red bird monster and the fish monster she often hang out with get out of their seats.

“Grillby!” she called as she and her friend pushed their chair in.

“Don’t worry about it, we can leave if you want, I’m sure no one would mind, you said you were closing soon anyway, right?” Grillby was baffled, and to his surprise, every single monster in the bar followed suit.

Soon the sound of gold coins hitting tables and feet hitting the floor filled the bar.
Slowly, one by one monsters each said their goodbyes and supportive words to grillby, some bold ones even exchanged soft hugs and pats on the back.

And soon, the bar was quite.

Grillby quickly walked to the door and flipped over the sign at on the door before locking it before taking a deep breath to calm his nerve before turning around and heading back to his place at the front of the bar.

giving a soft cough to clear his throat grillby took a seat next to hers.

“Before you begin, i would like to thank you for everything you have done so us, i know it is a bit late to ask but, i did not ask your name until now” grillby started as he rubbed his hand, trying to sooth his flames.

“Oh it is quite alright dear, i believe we all were all in a bit to much of a panic to bother with any type of greeting, my name is Cassia”

“Cassia? Like cinnamon? That is a rather unusual name” grillby noted with a small smile, unusual, but for some reason, it suited her.

“Yes, you see, my grandmother was a cook, like you i believe, and she had a rather concerning obsession with spices.

back on the surface, i was told that she used to have a small little cottage that had many spices growing in her garden, when my mother was little she used to go out and gather ingredients for my grandmother and grandfather.
so spices became a very important part of my mother’s life, so when she had me and my siblings, she decided to name us after her favorites.

In the end, it sort of turned into a little bit of a tradition in our family” Cassia admitted, her eyes soft, as her mind drifted through happy memories.

“I see, what about your grandfather, was he also a cook?”

“No, he was actually a doctor, he used to use those spices to make sweet tasting medicine for children”

Grillby nodded his head in thought, before he was hit with a sudden realization.

“Your grandfather, what is his name?” grillby asked as he studied her face.

“His name was Hase, doctor Hase” she yawned, rubbing at her eyes.

Grillby’s eyes light up in recognition, as he gave a sad laugh, causing Cassia to look at him with a questioning eye.

“Do you know my grandfather?” she questioned, as she watched grillby get up and go around the front of his bar.

“Yes, i know him, no wonder you seem so familiar, other than the fact you are both Lagomorpha type monsters, he used to talk to me about you, about how you where in New Home studying medicine to become a doctor” grillby noted, as he began preparing some coffee for Cassia.
She laughed, feeling herself blush as she pulled at her ear.

“Hee hee, yes, that was me, and as you can see, it did not really go so well” she said, giving a small ‘thank you’ as grillby handed her a mug of fresh hot coffee before taking a careful sip.

It was perfect.

Strong and bitter, not to great on the taste buds but just what she needed to stay awake for a few more hours.

She gave a sigh and held the mug close to her chest, feeling it warm her insides and slowly giving her the energy to focus.

“Oh i miss him, always such a joker, all the way till the end” Cassia mumbled rubbing gently the top of her head.

Giving a sharp sigh she shook her head to clear her thoughts.

“All good things must come to an end, might as well get it over with.

“I'm guessing papyrus told you about their situation, yes?” grillby began as he leaned on the bar top, crossing his arms on the table for support.
“Yes, but not everything.”

“...we felt, that it would be best that it would be best not to share too much of the situation to them, that it would be for the best if they remained blissfully ignorant about what really might be going on”

Cassia gave a slow nod, understanding the reasoning behind it.

No child should have to learn about the evils of the world so early on in life.

“Sans was abandoned wasn't he” she stated, staring down at her reflection in her mug.

Grillby gave a small nod, as he traced the wood grain on the bar top.

“We couldn't find enough evidence to prove anything, but it was clear with the way he acted that it was probably the case, he acted like everything was new to him, even something as simple as nice cream seemed like a strange alien object to him, he was very unsociable as well, like no one ever taught him how to properly act around others.

along with abandonment, i would not be surprised if he was neglected and possibly abused as well”

“And you never found who did it?”

Grillby nodded.
“No, it was as if he just, appeared out of thin air into our lives, no name, no memories, scared, and alone… but i'm glad that despite everything, he got to live those years around people who truly cared about him…” grillby smiled shackley, his arms shaking as he felt a single tear drip down his cheek and hit the counter.

It smoked and sizzled, before evaporating with a puff of smoke.

“…thats it” Cassia mumbled, eyes widening.

“Wh-i'm sorry what did you say?”

“That's it!” cassia cried as she stood up abruptly knocking over her empty cup.

Grillby startled staring with wide eyes at the bunny next to him.

“I… i'm afraid I don't follow” Cassia turned to him, grabbing his arms.

“What if the reason sans is fallen is because of his subconsciousness! Maybe, if we find justice for him before it's too late, we could stop sans from falling!”

“Is, is that even possible?”

“I don't know, but it's worth a try, and if not…” she left the sentence at that, but grillby already could tell what she was implying.

If this was the reason Sans was on death’s door, then who ever caused this will be put to justice, for
everything they have done to his family.

To his sons.

Son-of-science

Chapter End Notes

that dastard Ox monster, no respect if your wondering what he looks like. he is a musk ox! so fluffy.

End Notes
wow, hello again, thanks for reading all this junk, please leave a comment below it helps me a lot. hope to see you again soon.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!