Sooner or Later Oneshots

Based on my fic "Sooner or Later You're Gonna Be Mine" this post is strictly mini-stories based on the ideas my readers give me based on the mafiafell world I created in my story. They have no baring to what actually happens in my real story and are simply a way to honor my readers who have been so kind and lovely to me!

CLOSED...for right now! Thank you all for your ideas! I'll get started on them now! I loved them all!

Enjoy!

Notes

This horror gem is brought to you by the twisted but very charming MrWar1.
Frisk work up with a groan. Her head hurt. It pounded and ached just like it always did whenever she woke up the day after one of her nightly singing gigs and it if weren’t for a few noticeable and very terrifying differences about how she woke up at this particular moment as opposed to times, she could have sworn she had just woken up from a gig.

The first thing that made Frisk very aware she wasn’t waking up in her apartment was that she couldn’t remembered going home and going to sleep. No...the last thing she remembered was that she was beginning to walk home after her lunch with Jim, but she never made it to her front door. In fact, she never made it into her apartment complex.

The second thing that seemed a little bit out of the norm was that Frisk wasn’t really lying down She woke up feeling herself propped up in a sitting position and from the way it felt, she was sitting in a very hard wooden chair.

And the third and final thing that totally convinced her she wasn’t home was the fact that when she opened her eyes she was in a room she had never seen before.

*What the hell is going on*, she thought as the bleariness cleared from her vision, but the odd dream-like state that was clouding her mind remained. The room was small, but the wooden floors shined and the fresh smell of the red paint on the walls that made Frisk’s headache even worse told her the small area she was in was newly built.

But aside from that, the room was quite bare…well it would have been bare if Frisk didn’t care or failed to notice the man sitting a few feet across from her, tied to a chair, his hands were bound to the armrests while his legs were tied to the chair’s legs. There was a white piece of cloth around his mouth.

Frisk blinked, trying to clear her disoriented mind, but to no avail. Whatever happened to her on that way home turned all her thoughts into broken puzzle pieces that she was hazily trying to piece together.

She stared at the bound man’s handsome face detachedly as she tried to gather her thoughts, feeling only a tiny bit of surreal fear enter her chest.

The man’s blonde hair was disheveled and his bright blue eyes were bulging with terror. And he was struggling to break the ropes. Frisk’s watched in a daze stunned silence as the man’s body wiggled against his restraints and his muffled grunts of frustration and growing panic began to get louder.
She saw a bit of blood seeping onto his wrists from under the ropes that kept him in place.

*Who are you*, she thought. *I know you. I know I know you. We just had lunch didn’t we?*

She groaned again, and closed her eyes, trying to focus. Who was that-

*Jim….*

*Sweet shy Jim…*

*Sweet shy single-father Jim who had offered her a job earlier today….*

Frisk’s felt her eyes widened and fear explode in her chest as her sleepiness quickly wore off.

“JIM?!” She wanted to scream only to have a dry little croak come out of her mouth. Her throat and tongue felt so very very dry.

Jim looked up from his struggles and it was then that Frisk noticed that there was some dry blood under a very swollen nose and his eyes….his eyes…his beautiful blue eyes that shined with a sort of shyness and kindness that was rare to find in this world were brimming with fear.

Frisk opened her mouth to call out for help. Maybe they were in an area where a lot of people were in. Maybe if she called out somebody would come and save them from whatever person did this to them.

However, before the first word could come out of her mouth, something red flashed before her eyes and before she knew what was happening she felt a soft and velvety cloth being roughly put in her mouth, causing her cries of help to become muffled weak grunts that destroyed any chance of somebody outside this place hearing.

Frisk started to jerk forward, the fear now threatening to make her heart explode as she jerked her head forward. However, the person who was holding her mouth gag easily tugged on the ends of the cloth and pulled her head back, quickly tying the two ends behind the back of her head.
A familiar dark and ruthless chuckle entered her ears and she let out a gagged scream as she felt five boney fingers pat the top of her head, condescendingly like she were a dog.

They were the same fingers that gripped her shoulders on that terrible night two days ago and slammed her into the wall of that shady club’s rundown ladies bathroom. They were the same disgusting five fingers that caressed her skin gently. They were the same fingers that caused Frisk to shiver in terror every time they played with her hair. They were the same fingers that held her when that warm and wonderful feeling entered her chest, turning her into a squirming mess on the owner of those fingers’ lap.

_Sans_...

_Why_...

“See Jimbo? I told ya she was goin’ put up a fight when she woke up. That’s what I like about my little lady right here. She fights and makes ya work for it.”

_Why is he doing this? I agreed to his terms...I...I agreed...I told him I’d go out with him..._

Frisk let out a yelp of pain as the boney hand’s soft patting stopped to grab a large fistful of her hair at the roots nearly scraping her scalp and in one easy motion pulled her head back.

Frisk’s eyes widened as she came face to face with the grinning monster who had caused her nothing but sleepless nights, anxiety and misery ever since she met him. She blinked as Sans’ golden tooth glittered, momentarily blinding her.

“Did ya have a good nap, Dollface? I was startin’ to get worried when ya didn’t wake up around the same time as Jimbo over here. Haven’t been sleepin’ well lately?” Sans cooed and ran a sharp claw teasingly across her throat.

Frisk tried to pull away from him, but the hand holding her head in place simply tightened its grip, causing another burst of pain to shoot into her mind.

Sans’ sockets went black. Frisk tried her best not to cower, but given the circumstances, who could
blame her for staring up at him in complete horror.

**Why Sans? You won. You won...why are you....what did I do...**

Frisk couldn’t see Jim as Sans was holding her face up to look at him, but she heard the human male let out another grunt and his chair scrape against the wooden floor. Her eyes widened in realization.

*Sans went out of his way to make sure I had no means of making money and I let him know I knew that...he… he must have found out about Jim's job offer...he found out I accepted it...*

Frisk started to shake. **He took it as a sign of disrespect. I messed up, but why-**

Frisk heard Jim give out another grunt.

**But why is Jim here when I was the one-**

“Don’t ya dare pull away from me again Dollface or you’ll regret it. I don’t mind havin’ a scarred up lady holdin’ my arm in public and trust me, it won’t bother me none if ya walk out of here wit’ a few noticeable lines on yer pretty face,” he growled and emphasized his point by tugging on her hair sharply, moving her head roughly to the left.

Frisk let out another squeal of pain, feeling her eyes tear up, his words almost lost to the pain, but not quite and hearing them sent an extreme amount of delirious relief throughout her body. His threatening words promised pain and possible torture, but they also promised a chance for her and Jim to leave. He did just say, they’d be walking out of this room.

Frisk couldn’t help but feel hope blooming in her chest.

**Maybe he’s just teaching me a lesson about disrespecting him like Nick used to do when somebody showed up late with the protection fee. Maybe he’s just doing this to scare the hell out of us and when he’s satisfied he’ll just threaten Jim to stay away from me and tell him to spread the word I can’t be hired...I just need to talk to him....appease him...**
Sans let go of her hair and walked in front of her quickly blocking Frisk’s view of Jim. He kneeled down, reaching his clawed hand out towards her face and Frisk winced, preparing herself for a slap but he only pinched a bit of the cloth around her mouth and gave it a light tug.

“If I untie this gag do ya promise to be a good little girl fer me and behave yerself?” Sans murmured softly.

Frisk nodded her head eagerly and just a little bit frantically. Maybe...maybe if he let her talk, she could explain herself or apologize. Yeah...she’d apologize for her disrespect, and keep apologizing and begging for forgiveness and pleading for mercy until his ego was soothed enough and just maybe that would keep him from hurting Jim.

While she would be lying if she said she didn’t care if Sans killed her, she’d rather see herself get damaged and beaten and hurt and destroyed instead of Jim who was an innocent.

He was an innocent man who just offered her a job. A man who didn’t deserved to be tied to a chair, which faintly made Frisk wonder even through her immense fear why Sans went for the guy for knew nothing about their arrangement instead of just dealing with the person who “broke” the deal?

The red lights reappeared in his sockets and with a pleased hum, Sans dug his clawed finger under the cloth, taking great care that he didn’t cut the skin on her cheek and with small snap forward of his finger, the cloth ripped in two, fluttering to the floor at Frisk’s feet.

“Sans,” she croaked painfully and paused slightly when the skeleton’s sockets widened. “Please-”

“Looks like that mouth of yers is dry,” Sans interrupted and stood up. He winked down at her, his smile growing, and maybe it was her horror-struck mind, but Frisk could have sworn she saw his sharp teeth get ever pointier.

“Let me get ya somethin’ fer that and then we can talk. Alright?”

His cheery, pleasant upbeat tone sent a huge shiver down her spine. He was talking like he didn’t have two frightened people tied up in a small room. It was the type of voice that somebody used when they were having an easy-going conversation with a friend and the fact that he could sound so...unaffected by what he was doing killed a small bit of hope that was cautiously and naively brewing in Frisk’s mind.
I have to be careful, I can’t upset him. I can’t anger him. I can’t do anything that would be viewed as remotely arguing with him, she thought, fighting the panic that was threatening to overtake her mind and forcing herself not to scream for help as Sans walked behind her with his hands in his pockets. She followed him with her eyes until he left her line of vision and her bound body prevented her from turning around so she could see what he was doing.

She quickly looked at Jim and when the shaking man met her eyes, he immediately looked down and began to whimper.

Sans must have done or said something to him while I was out, Frisk thought feeling miserable and that burning bleary sensation in her eyes that had been happening alot lately. What happened between them? What did Sans say-

A soft rolling sound caught her attention and she flinched as Sans pushed a metal table past her with one hand towards Jim while Sans’ other hand was holding a tall glass of ice water. A long white cloth covered the surface on the table, but when Sans stopped the table until it rested mere inches from Jim, Jim started to moan and struggle harder against his binds, causing Frisk’ heart to beat three times harder than usual.

What did Sans do to him when I was out? Frisk wondered and felt an explosion of terror and hatred for the skeleton as Sans thoughtfully watched Jim’s panicked struggle before he let out a small deep laugh. Sans leaned closer to Jim. The human male ceased his struggling, but his trembling remained, his eyes screaming. Frisk held her breath and prayed with everything she had that Jim...innocent Jim...innocent Jim that did nothing wrong and had a daughter to take care of would not be hurt.

“Relax bucko. The little lady here is the one that’s in trouble wit’ me and she’s holdin’ up better than you. Be a man fer God’s sake,” Sans muttered and looked distractedly at the glass of water before he blinked in surprise and smirked in Frisk’s direction.

“Heheh...almost forgot,” he said and walked towards her, leaning down and placing the ice cold drink to her closed lips. He tilted it up forward and Frisk opened her mouth willingly, wanting to reject it and briefly wondering if Sans might have drugged or poisoned the drink, but she drank the cool and refreshing contents of the glass anyway, feeling a soothing relief in her mouth as she gulped the entire thing in a matter of seconds..

Even if Sans did drug the drink and if Frisk refused...she shuddered and thought of Jim. She didn’t want to do anything stupid to send Sans on a violent rampage and risk hurting Jim.
Frisk struggled to swallow the last bit of water as her throat tightened, but she forced back her thick sob and tried to control her own trembling.

“Th-thank you Sans,” Frisk said and gave him a shaky smile.

Sans smiled widely back in return and twirled the empty glass around his long fingers. Frisk watched him wearily and waited for him to respond and after a full two minutes he did respond, his red lights looking straight into Frisk’s eyes.

“Ya know dollface, I got to say, when I first met ya, I knew I didn’t stand much of a chance at gettin’ ya to be mine the fair way. I mean, you ain’t interested in money and ya ain’t exactly a fan of my line of work, so I went out of my way to ensure that ya eventually come to me.”

Frisk straightened her spine at the memories of his cruel and sick methods of hurting and taunting her and tried not to glare at him, but he was staring intensely at the glass cup.

“Threatenin’ the people ya love with that stupid protection fee wasn’t enough fer you to give me the time of day so I took ya singin’ jobs away and presto, ya came to me, ya agreed to seein’ me and I even made you feel good.”

Frisk whimpered as she saw Sans’ socket starting to pour out red smoke but before her growing fear could manifest further into something that would wipe all of Frisk’s logical thinking away and turn her into a panicked ball of screaming horror, Frisk’s jerked her body as that wonderful warmth she felt back at Sans’ place earlier today enter her body once again, more specifically in that special area around her chest.

Only this time it was more intense. The warmth seem to spread and grow rapidly and began to rub that invisible bit with such force that Frisk let out a moan of pleasure and fear without even realizing it until the sound actually left her mouth.

*No,* she thought as the warmth got hotter and more forceful. She squirmed pitifully against the binds, her face red with shame and disbelief as her body screamed in delight. *Not again. Not here.*

She looked at Sans pleadingly, silently begging him to stop whatever he was doing to her, but not dare say it in fear that speaking without permission would upset him. The skeleton let out a content sigh and gently caressed her cheek with his free hand as that incredible warmth got more intense and Frisk became nothing more than a squirming mess of pleasure in the chair, but despite all that, she
managed to keep some coherency to listen as Sans began to speak again.

“Not only did I make ya feel good, but I respected ya and yer wishes not to be touched until ya gave me the green light. I did everything right. So tell me somethin’ dollface…” Sans whispered and leaned closer to her until his nasal hole practically touched her nose. His eye sockets went black and that warmth in Frisk’s chest instantly disappeared.

“WHY THE FUCK DOES THIS PRICK GET A CHANCE WIT’ YA ON A FIRST MEETING?” Sans’ voice doomed in her head and Frisk let out a scream as Sans spun around and hurled the empty glass at Jim’s face.

It was a direct hit. The glass shattered against the left side of Jim’s head and Jim let out a muffled sound of pain as the thousands of shards cut his face. Frisk’s mouth hung open in stunned silence as blood slowly dripped down the man’s face.

*Why’d he’d throw the glass at you, Jim?* Frisk thought numbly as the last seconds still didn’t fully sink in just yet. *He should have thrown it at me. Not at you-

The back of Sans’ hand slammed across Frisk’s face, rocking her head to the side. Her vision went hazy but Sans grabbed her chin and turned her stinging face back so she was staring at his horrible grinning face again. She whimpered as his nails dug into her flesh. They didn’t break the skin, but Frisk knew that with a teeny tiny more pressure Sans could probably not only break the skin, but touch her bone too.

She trembled waiting for him to do it, but instead he simply and very roughly brought her face closer to his and once she was close enough he fully examined the area where he had backhanded her before he grunted in satisfaction.

He released her and stomped over to the cowering bound Jim and grabbed his hair brutally, pulling his head up so Frisk could see his face. Jim let out a shriek of pain.

“I saw ya! I saw ya walkin’ arm in arm with this fucker who hadn’t even know ya fer more than three minutes and he gets yer attention and yer time! Please explain to me why he’s the one who gets to sit across from ya at the table and how gets ya smiles and laughter, while I’ve done all the Goddamn work?!”

*What?...WHAT?! That’s what he’s mad over….no he’s not just angry,* Frisk winced as a new
thought entered her mind.  *He’s JEALOUS! He’s jealous and angry I was spending time with another guy! Oh God! That’s why Jim is here! He thinks Jim and I-

Jim shrieked as Sans violently jerked his head back and harshly ripped out from the male human’s pretty blonde hair. Frisk paled and almost vomited when she saw the thick wad of bloody hair in Sans’ hand.

No, she thought and looked away, feeling the urge to vomit grow. Sure, she knew about the violent and brutal nature of mobsters, but hearing about what they did was one thing, like when she and the others heard about Nick chopping that poor man’s hand off, but actually seeing it...it almost felt surreal...it almost didn’t feel real because while Frisk knew people were capable of such cruelty, seeing it in action as opposed to the aftermath of it was something entirely new. A different type of terror altogether.

“Don’t ya fuckin’ look away from me and act like I’m the bad guy here! Yer the one who broke the rules!” Sans barked, his voice so loud that if somebody were outside, they would have most definitely heard it. Frisk quickly ooked back at the two men, praying that the door to this building would open and some hero would come and save them both…

...But nobody came…

Because why would somebody come?

Luckily seeing Frisk obey must of appeased some sick part of the skeleton bastard’s ego because his red lights reappeared in his sockets. He looked at the wad of hair in his hands, make a disgusted sound and wiped his bloody chuck on Jim’s shoulder.

Frisk swallowed, taking a deep breath. She willed herself to keep calm. She willed herself not to start crying and she willed herself not to spit every hateful word at the skeleton. He already effortlessly hurt Jim without even trying. She didn’t want to give the bastard a reason to hurt Jim again.

She choose her words carefully, making sure to choose the best ones that would not only soothe the monster but stroke his ego too. However as her words let her mouth, even she heard the jerky panic in them.

“Sans, you know me better than that! I said yes to you so why would I throw myself at a guy I just
All speech stopped when pulled the white cloth off the table. From where Frisk was sitting, she couldn’t what was on the table, but Jim did and his struggling increased so much that his chair began to rock.

Sans chuckled as Frisk and him both watched Jim’s reaction.

*You bastard*, Frisk thought, but still remained silent.

“Ya know Dollface, I was thinkin’ the same thing, because you are a bit of a cold fish when people first meet ya. Nothin’ wrong wit’ that per say, I think a lady’s got to be careful in this world, so I was kind of baffled when I saw ya and him walkin’ out of the park arm in arm.”

His voice was terrifying. It was calm, but Frisk would have had to been stupid to not hear the rage that was steaming below the tranquil surface.

Sans reached down and delicately plucked something off the table and held it up. It was a pair of metal pliers.

*Oh God*, Frisk thought, her stomach doing flip-flops. *Please God...No!*

“Sans...pl-please...whatever you’re thinking about doing...please don’t do...don’t...he didn’t do anything wrong.” she begged only to receive a sympathetic smile from the skeleton.

“It’s okay, Frisk, I git it. I understand why you’d trust a guy like this instead of somebody like me.”

Sans roughly grabbed the cloth gag around Jim’s mouth, ripping some of the man’s skin as he tore off the gag. More blood seeped out of him and Jim gasped in pain. His shirt was soaked in blood.

“Even the toughest girls can melt when they see a nice smile, and boy does Jimbo have such a pretty set of pearly whites, huh?”
He was right. Jim had a kind smile. A kind smile that was rare to find in this city.

Sans grabbed Jim’s chin and forced his mouth open.

Frisk leaned forward, her silk ropes burning into her skin.

“Sans please don’t-”

“Course accidents happen and teeth are such a fragile thing. Here let me show ya.”

And without turning away from Frisk and still smiling that sad smile, Sans opened up the pliers, clamping it one of Jim’s front teeth and pulled. The tooth came out with no problem and Jim howled in agony. In her horror filled mind, Frisk was numbly amazed that so much blood could come out of such a small hole. It stained the rest of Jim’s “pearly whites” a deep red.

Sans held up the pliers once again to show Frisk the tooth before he placed it on the metal table. The small soft clinging sound it made seemed to echo in her mind.

She jerked forward in her chair, the ropes now tearing through her flesh as she tried to break free. Sans watched her, his sad smile turning into an angry sneer.

“SANS PLEASE! IT WASN’T ANYTHING LIKE THAT! HE WAS OFFERING ME -”

Jim screamed again as Sans tore out three teeth out at the same time and dropped them on the table along with the pliers. Sans sighed and shook his head, peeling off his jacket and throwing it carelessly to the floor. He started to roll his sleeves up.

“Ya promised to be a good girl fer me and screaming ain’t lady-like behavior. Please calmly tell me what’s on yer mind dollface.”

The condescending tone made Frisk flush with hatred, but she nodded her head. Whatever kept Sans from harming Jim, she’d do. No problem.
“It wasn’t a date-”

Sans laughed and picked up another tool off the table. It was a well-used worn-out hammer.

“No,” Frisk and Jim whispered at the same time before Sans slammed the weapon down on Jim’s right hand. Jim screamed and Frisk felt the tears run down her face as she heard the bone crack.

“Okay dollface, so let me git this straight. Two attractive people having lunch together, laughin’ and smilin’ and yer gonna tell me ya didn’t go behind my back and-”

“Please! It was a job! I swear I wasn’t trying to do anything with her! I was just offering her a job-

ARGH.” Jim screamed blood spurting from his mouth as the hammer made contact with his broken hand again. More bones cracked and snapped.

Sans growled, the red lights that made up his sockets shining brightly as he bared his grinning sharp teeth as Jim and with every word the skeleton spoke, he brought the hammer down on Jim’s now mangled and mushy and bloody hand.


BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

“Sans! Please, for the love of God, that’s all he was doing! That wasn’t a date. I swear, why would I go out with him, when I already said yes to you! I ain’t some whore that’s gonna do that to you!”

To Frisk’s temporary relief, the hammer stopped in mid air and hovered an inch or so above Jim’s hand. Even through her tears, Frisk saw what remained of Jim’s right hand. Sharp and broken bits of bone were sticking out of his skin and if it weren’t for all that red seeping out of the cuts, his hand would have looked like mashed potatoes.

Frisk let out a choking sob, feeling her tears mix with her snot as she tried to weakly pull herself free from her binds, knowing it would do no good, but it was better than doing nothing than hearing Jim’s loud screams becoming weak and pitiful whimpers.
Sans looked at his hammer, twisting it around as the blood and bones that clung to the metal slowly dripped down unto the floor near his feet. He looked back at Jim who cringed away from him and then back at the hammer and then at Frisk. And then he chuckled.

“Yeah I suppose that’s true enough dollface. He probably did tell ya he had a singing job fer ya, which is why you went along with him. I mean you are a classy lady and that’s one of the reasons why I really like ya so much. But-”

_BANG!_

The hammer came down on Jim’s left hand and there wasn’t just the sound of bones breaking this time. There was the sound of skin instantly ripping and a small explosion of blood erupted from Jim’s index and middle fingers.

Jim let out a strangled weak cry.

“-that don’t mean this prick wasn’t plannin’ anything on ya!”

Frisk watched as Sans held the hammer high over his head, pausing just long enough to look back at her. He winked. And brought the hammer down on Jim’s right knee, breaking it instantly. Jim groaned, the energy to scream now gone.

“SANS! STOP! DEAR GOD, PLEASE-”

“Alright alright, I lay off ‘im for the moment. Don’t strain yer voice. Ya are a singer after all. Can’t have ya ruining that,” Sans muttered soothingly and nonchalantly tossed the bloodied hammer unto the table.

The skeleton looked at the bloody moaning and sobbing mess that was Jim and tsked, shaking his head.

“Seriously Jimbo? Already out of fight? And you seriously thought you had a chance with MY little lady?” Sans looked at Frisk as he said that. His sockets were narrowed and Frisk felt a sick sort of disgust bubbling in her stomach, knowing why he was doing that. He was claiming ownership over her and was challenging her to say anything different.
Rage boiled all the way down to her bone marrow.

I’m never gonna be yours, she thought hatefully, but didn’t say the words aloud. When this is over, you’ll pay for this.

Frisk had never fantasized about harming another person before, but the image of Sans doubled over in pain, receiving the same treat he was dishing out to Jim was the only thing keeping her sane and rational.

If I just tell him what he wants to hear, I might be able to get us both out of here alive. And then I’ll do something, she swore to herself, even though she had no idea what she was gonna do. But it kept her going so she desperately clung onto that thought.

Sans smirked at her silence, probably interpreting it as her submission that she was indeed his, and after nodding his head, clearly pleased with himself (Frisk could have spat on him) he tugged his red tie off his neck and wrapped the silky material around Jim’s mouth, muffling the man’s whimpering.

“Next time know yer league, cause she’s is out of yers,” Sans snarled to his victim and walked back to Frisk, pulling out the red handkerchief he had offered her earlier. She had refused it then, but now she had no choice.

She sat there stoically as he gently wiped her tears and snot away, happy that he was at least focusing on her instead of Jim.

“Do you know why I’m doin’ this, little lady?” he asked.

She didn’t know what to say and silence was the wrong choice. The back of his hand connected once again to her already stinging cheek and she saw white stars flash in her vision this time.

“I ASKED YOU A GODDAMN QUESTION! NOW ANSWER IT!”

SMACK!
She wasn’t quick enough the second time and so his hard boney hard slapped her again, only this time on the other cheek. She felt something warm trickling down her nose. Some of it touched her lips and entered her mouth. It had a disgusting metallic taste to it.

_Blood_…

_It’s least it’s my blood and not Jim’s_, she thought feeling a bloom of happiness as Sans grabbed her chin.

“I was gonna be patient, ya know. Give ya time to accept the fact that yer mine. Ya knew I wanted ya and ya agreed to my terms and then I see ya with this guy?! I DON’T CARE IF HE WAS JUST OFFERIN’ A JOB!

_SMACK_!

Another smack across her face and now Frisk’s head was ringing, but it wasn’t with pain. It was ringing with his words. Sans’ voice was thick with a jealous rageful possessiveness that chilled her to her very SOUL.

“I didn’t do anything wrong-”

_SMACK_!

“Yer mine! Ya want somethin’ you come to me, bitch!” he growled. “Ya want to have dinner wit’ somebody you come to me first and ask. I don’t give a fuck if ya known them fer years. Ya want a job, you should have known you’d have come to me first! Why the hell would ya think I’d be okay with you gettin’ some job when I took all that time to make sure you had none?!”

_SMACK_!

Frisk started to black out until Sans grabbed her shoulders and roughly shook her, forcing her to say conscious.
“Class ain’t dismissed yet, dollface. Ya still got a lot to learn, so let’s get back to the chalkboard!”

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Sans tied the wet tear-soaked rag around his little lady’s mouth, gagging her and took one final look at her. Her face was a bloody mess and her eyes were screaming a silent plea of mercy and help. He focused on the physical damage he caused her instead, watching as the blood poured down her face.

He no doubt probably broke a cheekbone from one of his slaps and he’d fix it later, but first he had to teach his little lady a lesson.

He ignored her muffled cries to get his attention and turned back to that pathetic excuse of a human man who DARE touched his lady. He stood up and walked towards the cowering male and once again wondered for the millionth time what in the FUCK did Frisk see in him?

Looks can only take you so far in life and Sans knew that his little lady wasn’t one of those dumb ditzy that instantly fell for a handsome face...so what did Jim say to her? What did he do to make her like him? What lies did he tell her?

When his little lady was more...agreeable with him, Sans would make it a point to get those answers out of her and correct on why she shouldn’t have trusted this fucker. After all, random acts of kindness don’t exist anymore. Sans learned at an early age that kindness was often a front for a perverted desire and the very thought of this fucker laying on top of his lady, getting her off of his lies made his blood boil.

“Whelp Jim, let’s teach MY lady a lesson huh?” Sans said, feeling his smile get wider as the man screamed something to him, but the gag prevented Sans from hearing what Jim said.

Sans untied the blood-soaked red tie that was gagging Jim and smiled down at him, admiring his work. He wasn’t so handsome anymore. His teeth were gashed up, his face was swollen and covered with blood, his hands were practically liquid, his knee was fucked and there was a nice bloodied bald spot on the back of his head.

“What was that, buddy? Didn’t quite catch that.”

Sans grimaced in disgust when blood hit his hands as Jim opened his mouth to speak.
“Please...I won’t come near her again! I swear. Please let me go and I swear you won’t hear from me again.”

Sans chuckled and looked over at his little lady who was struggling against the soft ropes he tied around her delicate wrists and ankles. When she saw him looking at her, she paused and began screaming something that were most likely pleas and promises. Sans nodded his head at Jim.

“This is kind of yer fault, little lady. I mean all ya had to do was come to me first like ya knew ya should have and this would all be avoided. I would have given ya what ya needed or wanted and old Jimbo wouldn’t be hurtin’ so bad,” he cooed and smiled gently when he saw a flash of something that warmed his SOUL.

Guilt.

A flash of guilt and remorse flashed in her eyes and Sans felt his magic stirring excitedly in his pelvis area. He ignored that for now. That would come later, but right now was lesson time.

And it was such a shame too that it had to be this way. He honestly thought his more gentle and patient method was working when she left his home, but...Sans inwardly shrugged. This way is a lot more gratifying and quicker and the results were the same so….FUCK IT.

“Sorry, Jimbo. If I let ya go, the lady won’t learn her lesson. Sorry about the ribs, buddy.”

With that Sans picked up one of his favorite tools: A metal baseball bat he had since he was a kid. He remembered playing the strange human sport as a kid and loving it so much. His favorite part was going up to bat. The pitch would be thrown and he’d swing as hard as he could. He always loved it when he felt the ball connect with the bat.

Sans had a small nostalgic smile on his face as his bat connected with Jim’s chest. Ribs cracked, Jim choked, the air getting knocked out of him.

otional things just never get old, Sans thought gleefully, ignoring Frisk’s muffled screams of horror and swung again, only this time aiming for Jim’s broken knee. The bone completely shattered this time.
He brought the bat down on Jim’s good knee. The bone gave in without a fight and Sans internally frowned.

“What are your bones made of Jim? Candy Sticks or somethin’?”

Jim’s only response was a wheezy scream. Sans shrugged and tossed the bat lightly to the ground. He looked back at his little lady.

“Ya see what yer doin’ to him?” he asked. Frisk shook her head almost as if she were arguing with Sans and glared at him hatefully, but the guilt...another flash of guilt and this time it stayed in her eyes and began to form into tears.

**Don’t worry, little lady. You’re almost there,** Sans thought lovingly and before he turned back to the human rag doll.

The weak bastard hadn’t regained his breath and was trying his hardest to take in air. Must have been hard for him with broken ribs, but in a few minutes air along with all of Jim’s other life problems wouldn’t matter.

Focusing his magic, Sans summon a small bone dagger, similar to the one he used to slit Nick’s throat with. Jim’s beaten eyes widened at the sight of it.

Sans walked behind Jim, gripped his hair and pulled his hair back. He looked at his little lady who was struggling again.

“Ya want to know an interestin’ fact about you humans, little lady? You creatures can live through anythin’! Like this!”

He stabbed the knife into Jim’s shoulder very close to his neck and twisted it, grunting when the knife stubbornly refused to move for a few seconds, but with a few jerks, it began to turn easy. Jim gave another wheezy scream.

His little lady struggled some more against the ropes, but her attempts decreased dramatically and the guilt was becoming a lot clearer in her eyes.

**That’s it, little lady. Yer getting it,** Sans thought as he made another knife appear. He stabbed it into
Jim’s side deeply.

Frisk’s tears began to fall and her struggling stopped completely as she stared up at Sans with her big beautiful eyes.

So close.

He summoned another knife and drove it straight into Jim’s left hand. The rag doll/voodoo doll human didn’t even make a sound this time. But his little lady did.

She muffled a tiny sentence to him, but he heard it and his grin couldn’t get bigger.

I’m sorry, Sans.

That’s my lady, Sans thought gleefully and summon the final bone. He placed it right at Jim’s throat.

“Thanks fer yer help Jimbo. I think we made a great team!” Sans said and in one smooth movement cut his throat.

All the fight left in Jim came out in one single gurgled wet sound and his head fell forward. Sans snapped his fingers and the knives that were sticking out of Jim disappeared.

Sans sighed happily and looked at his clothes. Bloody. Damn. Needed to get out of them before Papyrus got home. Needed to clean up this mess and take care of his little lady too.

Sans looked at her and smiled. Her eyes were wide, her tears were falling, mixing in with her blood and she was trembling.

Not a pretty sight, but a necessary one.

He walked over to the silent lady as he kneeled down and undid her gag for the second time. He raised her chin up to his eye level.
“So are ya sorry?”

His little lady nodded. Sans leaned forward, summoning his tongue to finally get the kiss he so badly wanted since his first met her, but stopped dead in his tracks when he saw her eyes narrow. She opened her mouth spat a bloody wad of spit at him. Sans stared at her, his brain refusing to believe she just did.

“Yeah, I’m sorry I didn’t fuck Jim when I got the chance,” she growled.

The words rang in his head as he continued to stared at her. The guilt was still on her face, but there was also a great amount of determination as well.

“I’m not yours and I’m never gonna be yours, you miserable pathetic murderer,” she hissed.

He moved towards her viciously. His temper reaching a new height and suddenly he could see himself carrying her mangled and dead body out of the shed and that image alone was enough to stop him, but didn’t help his calm his rage down.

She still needed to be punished. She still needed to be broken. She still needed to be sorry.

*I’m sorry I didn’t fuck Jim when I got the chance.*

A cruel smile came over his face. He knew exactly how to break her and make her wish she never even spoke those words.

The magic stirring in his pelvis formed into a hard cock.

“Let’s you and I have some fun together, dollface.”

He pointed to Jim’s dead body.
“I don’t have a mattress in this shed, but I got the next best thing!”
Alternative Ending to Chapter Eight Part Two

Chapter Notes

WARNING: FUCKING ON A DEAD BODY! YOU HAVE BEEN WarnED!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Her screams for help were cut short when Sans put her gag back on, but that didn’t stop her from struggling against her binds. The soft ropes that tied her wrists and legs to her chair might as well have been metal chains because they didn’t give an inch no matter how hard or violently she pushed against them.

Please let this be a nightmare, Frisk beg as she looked at the dead man across from her. Sans groaned stretched out his limbs. Apparently torturing a guy must have made his body sore. Frisk watched as Sans slowly and lazily walked over to Jim’s body.

As Sans began to untie Jim’s mutilated nearly unrecognizable body, the massive skeleton began to hum a cheery little tune under his breath. Despite Frisk’s numb mindset, she recognized the tune as the same song she sang when she first met the skeleton.

Please please please please please please please let this be a nightmare.

Sans pushed the body off the chair and Jim heavily and loudly fell to the floor, facefirst.

“Goddamn useless human. Can’t even land right side up,” Sans mumbled as he bent down and began moving the body so that Jim laid on his back.

This had to be a nightmare. It just had to be the worst nightmare she ever had. This couldn’t be reality. There was no way this could be happening to somebody like her. This sort of treatment was reserved for criminals or mobsters who crossed the line with their bosses and Frisk was just a lowly bar singer while Jim was just some desperate father who sold booze to the monster city.

They didn’t break any rules.
But **YOU broke the rules, Frisky**, a traitorous and cowardly part of her mind whispered as she continued to stare at the mashed up human body. A skeletal hand waved itself in front of face but she didn’t even blink. **Sans was being reasonable...well as reasonable as a mobster could be and what did you do?** All you had to do was just be patient and go on your date with Sans and then go from there, but did you? **In a way Sans was right. It is kind of your fault that Jim is dead. Should have just asked Sans if it were okay to get that job. Now Jim’s dead. Dead dead DEAD-**

“Dollface? Hellooo? Anybody in there?” The skeletal hand gently patted her cheek.

Still struggling against the ropes and ignoring Sans’ cooing voice, she closed her eyes tightly trying to force herself to wake up. If she could just wake up now this nightmare couldn’t continue. If she could just wake up, she could stop the guilty voice from taking over her mind completely. If she woke up Jim would still be alive, taking care of his daughter. If she could just wake up Sans wouldn’t...do what he so cruelly implied they would do.

**I don’t have a mattress in this shed, but I got the next best thing.**

It was that statement that killed any bravery Frisk may have had mintues ago when she spat a thick glob of bloody spit at him. The suggestion was so horrifying that Frisk couldn’t even come up with a mental picture for that nor could her brain even fully comprehend the words. It was almost like her mind went into a static like state, just like a bad radio signal.

But at the same time, in a sick and relieving sort of way, Frisk was happy Sans had said that too. It was further proof this could only be a nightmare. Getting raped on a dead body was definitely only nightmare quality. Something like that had no place in reality.

That little guilty and terrible voice inside her head started to giggle, though there was no amusement to it. The giggle sounded crazy. Crazy, disbelieving and so full of despair. **Are you actually trying to convince yourself that this situation is too cruel to be real? Come on. You should know by now that reality can be worst than a nightmare.**

The ropes bit, burned and cut her skin so viciously as she struggled. It hurt so bad.

**Feel that?** The guilty voice whispered as Frisk felt Sans’ two hands gently cup her cheeks and turn her face upward.
You can’t feel pain in a nightmare so why is that hurting so much?

She mentally begged the voice to stop talking. To stop being reasonable. To stop bringing up good points that she was indeed awake, but if the guilty slightly insane voice heard her, it didn’t stop. In fact, it merely gave another insane cackle.

Sans will show you this is real. Sans will show you this isn’t a nightmare. Why couldn’t you have just waited? Why couldn’t you just let Sans run the show for a little while? Why couldn’t you just have played by his rules? Now Jim is dead and it’s all your fault-

Frisk’s eyes shot open, meeting Sans’ bright red sockets. His smile widened.

A smile that sick can only be in a nightmare! I’m one hundred percent right! This has to be a nightmare. It’s only a nightmare! I’m having a nightmare...I’m… All thoughts and hopes died as Sans leaned forwards and opened his maw.

He licked his lipless mouth with that strange gooey red glowing tongue of his, smearing his red saliva on every tooth.

“I just can’t help myself, Dollface. Ya look good. Too good like this.”

And with that Frisk watched in a dazed state as he leaned even closer until his chin rested on her shoulder. And with one single lick of his slimy tongue against her throat, Frisk’s delusional and hopeful mind came crashing back into reality.

Told you, the guilty voice sang and began laughing crazily. Oh God what have you done? What have you done? What have-

“I done?” Frisk found herself whispering against her gag before her eyes widened in horror. She pressed her lips tightly between her teeth, drawing a small amount of blood in the process.

NO! This ISN’T my FAULT! Sans KILLED him. NOT ME! Just because I did something he didn’t like doesn’t mean this was my fault! NOT MY FAULT!
Sans grunted against her neck, pulling back slightly, maybe to ask her to repeat herself, but thought better of it and went back to skillfully lavishing her throat with his teeth and tongue.

The chair creaked with his added weight, but didn’t give as she heard him groan in bliss and gently began nibbling her neck with his sharp teeth stopping every so often it add a sloppy tongue. Some bites were soft and teasing while other bites almost broke skin, but every nibble and every bite and every swipe of his tongue felt…GOD!

Frisk shuddered in self-disgust and bit her lips harder, now tasting the sick metallic taste as more blood entered her mouth. The pain she caused herself was stinging and terrible, but so much better than the feeling that Sans was creating in the pit of her stomach...

When she first starting dating her high school sweetheart years ago and as their relationship progressed into something more heavy and serious, Frisk found out something about herself: She had a sensitive neck. A perfectly placed bite in the right spot could turn Frisk into a quivering ball of delight. And Sans was hitting all the right places and Frisk was doing everything to keep herself from shaking. But it was hard...So so so so hard...

GOD...his tongue and teeth felt so good.

She swallowed back a moan, (I’m disgusting, I’m disgusting, I just watched him kill somebody, how can my body do this?) and tried to focus and increase the pain on her lips and the stinging sensation on her cheeks from where Sans had slapped her. She trained her eyes past Sans’ bent skull on Jim’s body and forced herself to replay every brutal and ungodly nightmarish pain Sans put him through...

Sans’ next bite was particularly hard. Right above her jawline and Frisk gave a small squeak as a burst of pleasure erupted into her lower regions, her face feeling as red as a rose. The skeleton snickered and pulled back, tilting his head as he gave her satisfied smile. Frisk’s stomach heaved at the sight of it and she wondered if she would throw up against her gag.

Yeah throw up and choke on my own vomit. A perfect way to die for somebody like me, Frisk thought hatefully and helplessly tried to jerk her leg away when the skeleton rested a hard hand on her knee. I’m disgusting. I can’t even stop my own body from reacting...God...please....somebody help....

“Eager, huh? Just be patient. I just got ta prepare a few things.” He stated and gently ran his hand
up and down Frisk’s inner thigh softly. “So just relax and don’t strain yer body. Yer cutting yer pretty skin and like I said before, as a bone man, I got a thing for skin.”

Frisk flinched back and glared up at him, hoping every ounce of hatred and disgust shined brilliantly in her eyes. And maybe she did get her point across because Sans’ sockets narrowed.

“Don’t look at me like that dollface. Remember, none of this would ‘ave happened if you were a good little girl and behaved yerself.”

**IT WASN’T MY FAULT!** Frisk screamed inside her head. *It wasn’t my fault! It wasn’t my fau-*

Sans’ hand craftily went under her sweater dress and two hard fingers pressed into her panties. Frisk gave a small screech and began moving wildly trying to avoid his hand by wiggling her hips. Sans tsked and began to rub his two fingers harder against the fabric.

“So fuckin’ dry!” He looked at her and Frisk saw that despite his disappointed tone, his red lights shined with crazy excitement.

**This can’t be happening,** Frisk thought as Sans stood up and waved his hand. A puff of red smoke appeared and a second later one of his hateful bone knives materialized in his hand. He twirled it playfully between his fingers before cutting the rope that pinned her left wrist to the armrest, earning another terrified cry from Frisk.

“We can’t fuck until we get you nice and wet, but fuckin’ in a chair ain’t nothing special fer our first time, dollface. But don’t you worry. Like I said before, I ain’t got a mattress, but I’ve got something just as good!”

Once again Sans pointed to the body of Jim. Frisk’s eyes widened.

**WAKE UP ALREADY!**

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

She fought like a hellcat, but Sans didn’t really expect anything less of his little lady who was (much to his annoyance) still fighting him with everything she had, which thankfully wasn’t much.
Her wild movements to avoid his touch and those pathetic little weak punches that really were on par with a cute little glass doll’s attacks were easy enough to avoid. Sans found it so incredibly easy to hold both wrists with one hand while he reached into his pocket and pulled out another velvet rope.

Her muffled screams and those hate-filled eyes were a little harder to ignore as he wrapped the cord around her raw and bleeding wrists, tying her hands together in her front and once he was sure they were nice and secure he undid the ropes that tied her ankles to the chair’s legs and visibly winced when he saw her shapely legs weren’t in good condition either.

She really tore herself up. I’ll have to remember to heal those up before I take ‘er home, Sans thought, vaguely listening to her muffled screams and barely acknowledging her weak attempts to pull away.

With one jerk of his hand, Sans pulled her up on her feet by her tied wrists and gripped her waist when she nearly tumbled to the ground. She let out an exhausted groan, Sans felt her go limp in his arms for just a second, giving him the brief hope that she had no fight left in her before she straightened her spine and feebly tried to push him away, almost falling again. Sans caught her again.

“Easy dollface. I got ya,” he murmured lovingly with a mocking smirk of amusement on his face as he turned her around so she was facing him.

She tried to pull away once again, but he simply gripped her waist tighter and pulled her closer until the only thing that was preventing them from having their chests touching was her tied up hands. He gripped the back of her neck to keep her head in place and when she rebelliously tried to turned her head away from him anyway, he pushed her even deeper into him until he felt her body scrape against his ribs. She was so small that she nearly fit inside him.

If an onlooker were watching the scene, they might have seen a couple passionately hugging.

Sans dug his fingers into Frisk’s waist, gaining a small cry from her and buried his face into her neck once more, planting desperate sloppy kisses on every inch of her skin. Her flesh tasted amazing. Her body felt so fuckin’ soft. She was driving him crazy.

“Holy fuck, dollface…” he groaned and could only find the willpower to stop the assault on her neck when he felt her body begin to shake uncontrollably.
He pulled back and looked at her face. She was sobbing. Openly sobbing and talking, what she was saying Sans had no idea, but he had a few guesses. Taking a risk, he untied the gag and a flow of words poured out of her mouth.

“Please Sans. Don’t do this!” she gasped out, her eyes were wild and terrified and the tears were pouring. “I’ll…” she swallowed. “I’ll let you do it. I won’t….I won’t fight you or nothing like that. But not like this. PLEASE! Please not like this! Not here!”

And for one second Sans almost gave in to her. Her tears, voice and pleas made his SOUL tremble with desire. For how sexy and arousing the fire that burned brightly in her SOUL, Sans couldn’t deny helplessness looked so much better on his little lady. And as she waited for what she hoped was his mercy, he couldn’t help but run his tongue over his mouth again savoring the way she was looking at him. She really did look like a doll that needed to be protected and cared for and provided for and watched over. The type of little lady that would cling to Sans forever.

And her promise….there was almost a guarantee with what she was promising him. He envisioned her laying on his bed, legs spread willing as he fucked her into the mattress.

But…

But despite the helplessness, fear and desperation that covered her face, there was one emotion he saw that helped convince Sans that his little lady wasn’t...tame yet.

And so he spun her around and pin his lady on the ground directly on Jim’s corpse. Her back hit the bastard’s chest and the wet blood that stained old Jimbo’s shirt was now soaking her hair.

The only problem was that those gorgeous eyes of hers still glowed with hatred and there was not one hint of the guilt in them. Pure hatred for him and him alone and that wasn’t good. Sure she was pleading right now and telling him what he wanted to hear, but what were the odds that as soon as they had their fun she wouldn’t up and leave the city and more importantly leave HIM?

Sans growled at that thought and possessively dug his fingers into her arms, piercing the skin as she screamed in horror and tried to wiggle off the body. He straddled her hips, crushing her even more tightly to Jim’s body and with one easy motion grabbed her bound hands and pinned them over her head and stretching them until they were over Jim’s head.
No, little lady, you ain’t leaving me. It’s gonna be you and me till the very end even if I have to FUCKING TIE YOU UP FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! YOU AIN’T GOING NOWHERE! I’ll fuckin’ tame you!

The little lady’s body trembled as her screams penetrated Sans’ skull.

“SANS PLEASE STOP! PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE DON’T DO THIS! I’LL BE GOOD! I’LL LISTEN AND DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!”

Sans paused once again to study her face. Fear, terror, disbelief, desperation, helplessness, but there was no guilt and that determined hatred still burned in her eyes.

I’ll rip that goddamn determination right out of ya, Sans swore as he reapplied the gag, wanting to devour her mouth with his but knew those screams of her would soon alert somebody, namely his brother who was gonna be home soon. If Papyrus saw this….

Sans stretched his little lady’s arms out even further, she cried out in pain as he did, but he didn’t stop until her arms went under Jimbo’s head and rested underneath his neck. Her head was underneath the dead man’s bloodied chin, soaking more blood into her hair. Sans leaned back to admire his work.

You wanted her on top of ya, so there ya go Jimbo, Sans thought sadistically and stopped for a few seconds more to enjoy Frisk’s wiggles against his pelvis. He groaned, feeling his cock harden even more when she gave a particularly hard buck against him, but much to his disappointment, she stopped her thrusting when he let out the sound.

His little lady’s hate-filled horrified eyes looked up at him. Sans couldn’t help but chuckle at her expression. Despite everything, he could clearly see there was a small part of her that was hoping this wasn’t real. A little part of her that was hoping she’d wake up in a cold sweat.

Oh little lady, I’m real alright. And I ain’t going nowhere AND NEITHER ARE YOU!

She muffled another plea.
“Sorry dollface,” Sans cooed, leaning down to whisper in her ear, silencing her. “But I ain’t feelin’ too nice today and I didn’t care none too much fer that comment ya made. Now what was it?” Sans’ eyes dimmed and rage exploded as the memory hit him. “Oh yeah. Ya said ya wished ya would have fucked Jim when ya had the chance.”

And with that Sans grabbed the collar of her pretty sweater dress with both hands and tore it in half like it were made out of tissue paper. The silky red fabric of her bra blocked his view for only a second before he carefully placed his claw between the two cups and ripped the material in half, pushing the red pieces away. His hand went down to do the same to her panties, but after a moment of consideration, he decided against it. At least for now.

Every part of her was gonna get his full attention and right now it was her busty chest. Sans instantly salivated at the sight of her breasts, drool seeping from his mouth and landing on her skin. The little lady jumped, thrusting against him and for one second she almost succeeded in pushing the massive skeleton off, but fortunately for him, Sans caught his balance and pressed his whole weight against her squirming body, earning a breathless moan of pain from her.

“Clever girl,” Sans said and without further ado leaned down and licked her left nipple while flicking her right one lightly with his free hand. He grinned as he heard his lady squeak. “Wearin’ them sweaters is a good way to hide yer goods, but I still found ‘em.”

As he lightly bite her nipple and began to roughly tweak her other one, his concentrated his magic and his red smoke invaded her body. And surrounded her SOUL. And began to squeeze it mercilessly.

Now let’s have us some fun, Sans thought gleefully.

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

It was easy for Frisk to block out the fact she was tied down to a dead body. Amazingly easy. Too easy. All she had to do was imagine that she laying on a stiff mattress made of sticks and not laying down on Jim’s mangled body and that solved one of her problems. Maybe later when Sans wasn’t pinning her down she would accept this sick reality, but not now. She knew she was going to go insane if she acknowledged or even turn her head to look at her “cushion.” Completely and utterly insane.

And so with a great amount of determination, she pretended she wasn’t laying on a dead man’s body. Unfortunately she couldn’t block out the other problem that was currently suckling and biting on her chest. Frisk closed her eyes and bit her tongue, feeling the pain and finding relief in it.

This doesn’t feel good. This doesn’t feel good, Frisk chanted over and over to herself as she felt...
Sans’ teeth firmly suckle and bite her nipple and thankfully it really didn’t feel good...not that good at least.

He was being too rough. Way too rough and that was a good thing. A merciful thing. She hoped he bit hard enough to draw blood. The more pain he gave her, the better. And when he was done and when she said all she needed to say to assure him that she had learned her lesson and would be a good girl and be his or whatever to feed his insane ego, she’d get him back for all the pain he caused.

And that’s why she laid submissively on her back. She’d let him believe she learned her lesson and when he let her go, she’d-.

*What are you going to do? Call the police on him,* that little guilt-ridden voice mockingly suggested. *Yeah, do that Frisky. When all of this is over with, you should just call our loyal police who aren’t corrupted in the least and would never look the other way if they were paid to do so. I’m sure they would arrest Sans.*

Frisk let out a weak sob as Sans gave her right nipple a hard flick. His moan of pleasure echoing in her mind and probably in her nightmares later on in the night. *I’ll leave the city first-*

*He’ll kill again if you do,* that little voice whispered now sounding timid and afraid but to Frisk’s horror much stronger in volume. *And next time it won’t be some poor fellow you met off the street. It’ll be your neighbors tied to that chair the next time. And he’ll find you, you’ve seen what he can do. How can you outrun a man who can be anywhere within a blink of an eye? He’ll find you and take you back to this hellhole and do this all over again. Do you want to be responsible for another death-*

Frisk shook her head, trying to push that voice away. She couldn’t let that part of her mind take over. No! She couldn’t let that part of her mind convince her it was her fault that Jim died.

*I didn’t kill Jim! I have nothing to feel guilty about!* Frisk screamed at the part of her mind that was beginning to spiral out of control. She needed to get a grip on herself! She couldn’t let herself be convinced that she killed another human. She couldn’t allow herself to convince herself that she deserved this. That if she just went along with Sans, none of this would happen. She would never allow herself to-

Frisk’s eyes flew open as she felt that warm presence in her chest again. And this time the warm little invisible hands didn’t lightly stroke or tease her. They grabbed at the invisible thing that was in the middle of her chest and squeezed it.
Hot searing pleasure erupted into her body and Frisk jerked her upper body up wildly, forgetting that her bound hands had been placed behind Jim’s head. When she jerked up Jim’s chin hit the back of her head.

Sans pushed himself off her chest, as if startled by her reaction before he laughed hysterically, shoving her back down, her head sinking into Jim’s slashed throat. It was getting harder to ignore how wet and sticky her hair and skin was getting.

*I’m not on top of a human body. I’m not on top of a human body, I’m not-

“Goddamn little lady,” Sans gloated and without warning plunged his fingers into her panties, rubbing the digits into the material and pushing the clothe between her folds. Frisk gave another small scream as the warm squeezing in her chest only intensified and Sans’ skillful fingers began to creep under her panties. His middle finger pressed through her without her red panties to protect her. She moaned. Loudly.

“Fuck if you ain’t a kinky little thing. To be honest, I’m kind of scared,” he chuckled, grinning down at her as he dipped two more of his bony fingers inside her. They went deeper. Sans and her both heard a faint sloshing sound coming from that tight little area. Her face went shamefully red.

*How the hell am I wet-

….I’m disgusting...

“First ya force me to kill this guy-”

“I DIDN’T DO IT!” Frisk screamed through her gag only to be ignored by Sans who started to spread his three fingers that were inside her. His index and ring finger stroked her fleshy walls while his middle one stroked everything else.

A slight pressure began to build in her.

“Oh really? So tell me dollface, ya think I would have given a fuck about this piece o’ shit if you weren’t wit’ him? Ya think I’d waste my time wit’ this loser if ya hadn’t gone back on our
arrangement?”

Frisk shook her head. She wasn’t gonna let his words break her. He wasn’t going to guilt her into feeling that she was responsible.

_I didn’t force Sans to kill him. It wasn’t my FAULT! IT WASN’T MY FAULT HIS KID IS AN ORPHAN._

Frisk moaned, feeling herself drool as the warmth in her chest actually picked up until it was burning with a brilliant, nearly body paralyzing and amazing heat that was making her pant. She couldn’t even control her breathing. His fingers had started to play with something else. He pinched her clit between his index finger and thumb and began to roll it around.

She feebly tried to close her trembling legs, but his free hand easily spread them apart again without even lifting his head from her chest.

“I had nothin’ against ol’ Jimbo until I saw ‘im sitting wit’ ya. Laughin’ wit’ ya. But how could a guy like that know he was hittin’ on another man’s woman?” Sans let out a dark chuckle as his fingers went a little faster. Frisk gasp. The pressure was building too fast. The warmth in her chest felt like it was spreading to her entire body, simulating every part of her.

_I’m not yours_ , Frisk thought despite the fact she was nearing probably one of the best orgasms she ever had. She prayed he would stop. She prayed he was just torturing her until she neared her climax and then he would stop. She would rather deal with the pain than the alternative.

And it seemed like her prayers were answered. Sans pulled his hand away from her wet pussy, and sat up straight. She ached so badly but silently and frantically thanked God….well she started to until he gripped her chin with his soaked fingers and bared his fangs at her.

“Course that wasn’t his fault, but you dollface…ya knew what might have happened to him if I found out and yet ya still took the gamble and went out with him,” he grunted before he laughed again. “Job interview or not, ya knew you were doin’ something wrong. Lucky fer ya, yer my lady. I can forgive ya fer makin’ me kill that bastard.”

_It was just a job interview_, Frisk weakly tried to convince herself but the guilt she tried so hard to fight began spread as Sans’ words began to sank in. _I...I didn’t think...I...I...I didn’t kill him...I didn’t...._
Sans dipped his fingers back into her and pumped them in and out without warning. The built up pressure grew and exploded and Frisk came with a broken sob feeling her juices drench Sans’ fingers.

*I just came on a dead body,* Frisk thought numbly as a detached feeling of self-disgusted and self-hatred filled her. *The guy who’s raping me just made me cum on a bloodied body.*

And as soon as Frisk thought that, something in her snapped. And suddenly she couldn’t pretend anymore. She couldn’t imagine Jim’s body being anything other than what it was. And suddenly it was becoming harder to think. To grasp for logical thought. All she could do was stare at the murderous skeleton. She tried to muster up something for him, hate, disgust, revulsion, loathing but she couldn’t. His cold and smug words overpowered everything else.

*Ya think I would have given a fuck about this piece o’ shit if you weren’t wit’ him?*

*Ya knew what might have happened to him.*

Frisk closed her eyes, feeling the tears slip down her cheeks. She honestly didn’t think anything bad would happen to Jim…

...*I didn’t mean to kill him,* Frisk thought and suddenly all the emotions she was feeling for Sans turned back at her. How could he be the disgusting one when her body was enjoying every second of Sans’ touches? How could she hate him for doing what he did to Jim when she was the one who broke the rules?

“And now yer cumming on the poor bastard’s body.” Sans gave a low whistle and licked his fingers clean, letting out a content sigh after he got all her juices off him. He licked his teeth clean with his red tongue.

“Like nothin’ I ever tasted before, dollface. Ya really do taste as good as you look. How about next time I get a better taste of that sweet little pussy?” He crudely remarked and wiggled his thick tongue suggestively at her dazed form.

The words “next time” should have filled her with terror with the realization his obsession with her hadn’t dimmed in the least. And that realization should have made her more determined to fight
against him. To come up with a plan to escape or hurt him or even kill him so he would never harm another person ever again.

But none of those things happened because only one thought kept running through her mind.

*I just came on a dead body,* Frisk thought and as the thought entered her mind for the second time, she felt something inside her begin to shatter into tiny pieces. *I just came on a body I helped kill. If it weren’t for me Jim would still be alive.*

More tears fell down her face. Frisk barely felt Sans get off her, nor did she fight him when he quickly took off her panties. And she didn’t even look up when she heard him unzip his pants. Something was draining from her quickly. Something was leaving her heart and mind and...SOUL so quickly and being replaced with guilt, self-hatred and self-disgust.

*I helped kill Jim.*

More of her shattered.

*I broke the rules. Sans was being reasonable and what did I do? I should have been patient and went on my date with him, but did I? Sans was right. It’s my fault that Jim is dead. I should have asked Sans if it I was allowed to get that job. I should have asked Sans for permission.*

Frisk laid on the bloody body as Sans slowly penetrated her with his thick red glowing cock. She looked up at the ceiling, the tears now slowly leaking out of her eyes. She was disgusting. Disgusting and pathetic and this was her fault.

Sans grunted and began thrusting into her. Starting slow, but picking up the pace. He swore heavily and blissfully, his thrusts becoming so intense that Frisk felt her upper body being slightly lifted up from Jim’s body by the momentum of Sans’ movements only to be slammed back on the stiff body. More of the dead man’s blood spattered in her hair and on her face each time her body was pushed back down.

And what made it worse was that Sans was actually making her feel good again. Making that pressure build up once again as that magical squeezing ruthlessly added itself to her body. She let out a moan.
“Holy fuck Frisk,” Sans shook in pleasure, giving an especially brutal thrust that slammed her head harshly against Jim’s body. The skeleton quickly leaned down and tore her gag off with his claws. He pressed his mouth against her bleeding lips and as he did, a new type of terror erupted from Frisk pulling her away from her apathetic self-loathing pleasure.

*If I do what he says from now on he won’t hurt anybody. If I really do behave, everybody wins!* 

And at one point in her life maybe two hours ago, Frisk would have been horrified to even be thinking like that, but two hours ago seemed like a lifetime ago. Opening her mouth eagerly, Frisk not only allowed him entrance and pushed her tongue against his slimy tongue (that oddly tasted like cheap mustard) but wrapped her legs around his waist, hoping it would please him.

A sharp mixture of pain and pleasure bursted inside her as his cock went deeper from her actions and without even stopping herself, Frisk let out another moan of pleasure.

Sans made a muffled sound of shock against her mouth, but quickly recovered, reaching behind Jim’s head and ripping the soft rope that held her hands together.

Instantly Frisk pulled herself up and wrapped her arms around Sans’ neck, straddling his waist as he continued to thrust. In response, Sans wrapped his hard arms around her and pressed her into him so tightly she honestly felt like he were truly trying to combine them.

The pressure was building up inside of her until she exploded once again, her juices now leaking unto both Jim and Sans. She sobbed into his neck going limp, praying it would be over soon. And it was.

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Sans came with a grunt spilling every last drop of red cum into her. He stayed in her for a few minutes after, enjoying her quivering warmth while trying to catch his breath, before he lightly lifted her body and pulled out. The exhaustion hit him fairly quick, but still he clung tightly to the small body of his sobbing little lady.

Her pussy had felt incredible. It was like she had sucked him in and he fit her perfectly. Just like they were made for each other.

*We are made fer each other,* the skeleton thought with a vicious possessiveness as he glared down
at Jim’s body for the final time almost as though he were daring the deceased human to challenge him.

But as amazing as the sex was (though not as long as he would have liked it to last, but there was always next time), his goal was achieved. He broke her even though he wasn’t sure when it happened. But that wasn’t important. The important thing was feeling all that determination leave her body until the only thing that was left was a pretty little human girl who was now holding unto him for dear life. She wasn’t trying to pull away. She wasn’t staring at him with hatred and disgust. A pretty little lady who needed to be protected at all times. Who now understood that the best thing for both of them was for her to listen to him. Sure she was unhappy and terrified now, but Sans knew that with a little bit of time and showing her that they could move past this tiny little mistake on her part, she’d be a happy little song bird again.

The skeleton smiled softly at the thought and soothingly began to run his hand through the little lady’s blood soaked hair, frowning when he wasn’t greeted with the usual feel of her silky hair.

“How ya feelin’?” he cooed gently as he stood up, holding his lady bridal style. The little lady responded by simply holding unto his neck tighter and taking a few deep and calming breaths before she spoke.

“I’m...I didn’t mean....to...”

Her voice was timid and cautious.

Grinning with dark satisfaction, Sans shushed her. “Nevermind dollface. I ain’t angry anymore. Ya learned yer lesson right?”

The little lady nodded.

Sans smirked. “What did ya learn?”

“I...I won’t do anything without coming to you first.” she answered.
Sans’ SOUL swelled. “Very good. Now let’s get ya clean up.”

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

He teleported her to the newly built bathroom. Holding her with one arm, he pulled a thick white towel out from one of the many bathroom’s cabinets and spread it out on the floor before he gently laid his little lady on top of it.

Her eyes were nearly closed as she curled her naked body up in a fetal position.

Sans turned on the shower and as he waited for the water to warm up, he began to remove his own bloody clothes, humming his new favorite song. He didn’t know the words or the title of the song, but it was one of Frisk’s favorite songs to sing during her gigs.

Still humming the song and checking the water to see if it were steaming or not, Sans gently reached down and picked up his little lady, her eyes shooting open, but much to his delight she didn’t pull away.

The white towel now had speckles of blood on it. Sans made a mental note to throw it away before Papyrus got home. The less questions the better.

Pulling back the shower curtain and still holding Frisk, Sans stepped into the steaming water and held his little lady under the falling water, earning a small and adorable squeak of surprise from her, but she still didn’t fight back.

He cleaned her off carefully and softly, setting her down on the shower floor as he kneeled down and rubbed the lemon-scented soap he bought for her on her skin. The smell of lemons surrounded them as Sans continued to hum Frisk’s song as he began to rub his magic into the little lady’s swollen and bloodied wrists and ankles as well. The injuries went away.

Next he scrubbed her hair clean of Jimbo’s blood, taking great care that his claws didn’t scratch her scalp. His humming only stopped when he swore he could hear something coming from his lady who up to this point had been deadly silent.

….She was humming the same song he was. Sans laughed, his SOUL nearly exploding with happiness.
“Holy shit, little lady, the fuckin’ things ya do to me. Yer my Goddamn weakness ya know that?”

The little lady finally looked up and offered a tiny quivering smile. “That’s my favorite song.”

Sans’ smile widened, realizing his little lady was giving him another opportunity to test her, even though at this point Sans would gamble his SOUL that she was his in every sense of the word.

“I guess we got somethin’ else in common. Why don’t ya sing it to me?”

Almost instantly, Frisk opened her mouth and out flowed her beautiful voice. Sans sighed and leaned against the shower’s wall, closing his eyes as he listened to her sing.

The smell of lemons, the steam of the shower, the sound of the water falling and his beautiful lady’s voice all combined into one big orchestra. It had been years since Sans tried to play an instrument and if he were being honest with himself, he was doomed from the start with that accursed trombone.

Who knew my musical talent would be Maestro? Sans thought and had to keep himself from laughing. He didn’t want to ruin the concert.

“I’m...I’m ready Sans.”

Sans turned around and grinned widely at the sight that greeted him.

His little lady stood in the middle of his room wearing a perfectly fitted red and black sweater dress that fell a little past her knees. She trembled and Sans knew what she was scared of and honestly it was probably the most adorable reason to be scared. She was worried she wasn’t gonna look good wearing his gift and that would upset him.

How fuckin’ cute was that? Plus she didn’t have to worry...

She looked good. Really really good. Black and reds really were her colors and it was a shame it
took this fucking long for her to dress up in them. Long before they actually “met-met” Sans had noticed his lady owned every colored sweater dress you could think of...except for red or black. Sans had never seen her wear a black and red dress. Or a black dress or a red dress.

*I’ll have her throw out all those tacky rags and dress her up in some classier things*, Sans decided before he offered his arm to his little lady, much like he saw ol’ Jimbo do when Sans had watched the two of them interacting outside the park.

“Let me walk ya home dollface. It’s gettin’ dark and could be dangerous. I wouldn’t want anything to happen to you.”

Without hesistation, the lovely lady grabbed his arm, wrapping her arm tightly around his.

“Sans…” she began before licking her lips. Sans waited patiently for her to continue.

“I...I...I have a good relationship with my neighbors...a lot of my friends live in the apartment complex...am...am I allowed to...talk to them still?”

Sans forced himself not to jump on her sweet little body right then and there.

*Today was a good fuckin’ day*, Sans thought before he turned to his little lady and offered her a gentle explanation on why she should introduce Sans to everybody first and then allow him to decide who she could talk to and who she SHOULDN’T talk to.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, all credit for this twisted oneshot belongs to the delightfully twisted MrWar1!!
Thank you for your idea my lovey and for letting me use it! I only hope that this story gives your idea the justice and love it deserved!

And I hope you all enjoy! ^^
Next: Gosh's idea: Alternative ending to Chapter 9: What if Papyrus was interested in Frisk and wasn't just there to cook? :)
Then: Gloria_Sparks: Baby It's Cold Outside
Then: titanicdragon: A date on the beach!
He was just a little late, which only bothered Papyrus somewhat, but being the excellent manager of
time he was, he wasn’t too worried about getting home late. He had just enough time to tell the
human what he needed to tell her and then he would begin cooking dinner for his family.

I AM THE GREAT PAPYRUS, Papyrus thought to himself and straightened his beloved red tie up
gallantly with his free hand while his other hand held his bag of groceries. He frowned at his own
thought realising how silly he just sounded. He wasn’t telling the truth about himself.

I AM NOT THE GREAT PAPYRUS, he corrected himself as he curled his claw-like fingers into a
fist and knocked on the little human woman’s door loudly. I AM THE GREAT, HANDSOME
AND WELL-DRESSED PAPYRUS! A VERY GOOD CATCH INDEED, Papyrus finished, his
frown of self-annoyance disappearing and being replaced with a wide, confident and very sharp-
toothed smile.

He knew the little woman Frisk liked him from the very moment they met. It was evident from the
way a lovely smile would light up her face whenever he graced her with his presence. Or how
diligently she answered any question he had about her area as though she were waiting for him to
speak. And those eyes...Papyrus may have been blind in one eye, but it was easy for him to see how
those big eyes of her never left him no matter what. Not that he could blame her for marveling at his
great and fit body, he did take good care himself after all.

Of course somebody with very little intelligent could argue that Frisk just viewed Papyrus as a piece
of very nice eye-candy and was simply admiring his outward attractiveness much like somebody would do to a pretty painting. But being an intelligent monster, Papyrus didn’t believe that the little human woman’s feelings for him were artificial or distant.

He knew she liked him because of how she went out of her way to help him set up that very successful speech between himself and all her fellow apartment tenants. It was a sweet and very clear gesture of her fondness and growing desires to be with him and while he was flattered and amused by her attempts to get his attention, alas, the great Papyrus knew it wasn’t meant to be. The family business and their success in the human city counted on Papyrus’ ever vigilant attention to everything and unfortunately for little Frisk, entertaining the idea of romance (while admittedly brought a rush of excitement to the tall skeleton) would ruin it.

In fact he was planning on gently breaking her heart to free her of the spell he had clearly (and unintentionally) put her under. It was only fair. If he allowed her to keep feeling this one-sided love for him she wouldn’t be able to move on and find a new love, but then something happened….

Something Papyrus didn’t see coming.

Despite the fact Papyrus was a great judge of character, it really didn’t hit him how obsessed she truly was with him until she blew him that kiss. And also being a great observer of detail, Papyrus could only watched as her soft, pretty lips (odd how he never noticed that quality of hers before, but then again she never did make that face at him before either) puckered up playfully towards him. And then her tiny, but flawless hand touched her soft puckered lips, and threw that pretend kiss at him with a wide smile on his face. It was then that Papyrus instantly came to a revelation.

It was a sad but predictable revelation that Papyrus should have saw a mile away.

There was no way of convincing her to move on with her life. She was far too deep in love with him and even if she did manage to move on and find a new love (why that thought was so bothersome to him, Papyrus wasn’t sure, but he’d reflect on that emotion later) he knew she wouldn’t truly be happy.

So in lieu of breaking her heart and dooming her to a harsh life of loneliness or second-rate lovers that would never compare to him, Papyrus would make the ultimate sacrifice. He would take on the burden of both love and the family business at the same time.

I will continue pushing forward with Wingdings’ plan and I will be an attentive lover to the human at the same time! He thought knocking on her door again as a surge of warmth entered his stomach. And then as a
REWARD FOR SHOWING MY COMMITMENT TO HER FEELINGS, THE HUMAN WILL SHOWER ME WITH KISSES USING THOSE LIPS OF HERS.

Papyrus blushed, red tinting his face lightly as he imagined her in front of him with that sweet smile of hers looking up at him as she stood on her tippy-toes, lovely red lips pucked up waiting for a kiss.

“NYEH HEH HEH-”

“Papyrus? What...um...what are you doing?”

The human’s voice snapped Papyrus back into reality and his blush deepened when he realized he had actually bent down to kiss his imaginary human woman and quickly straightened his posture. No longer an illusion, but the real thing, the little human woman was looking up at him with a raised eyebrow and a confused frown on her face.

Inwardly cursing his minor...misstep from his plan, Papyrus cleared his throat and offered her one of his most seductive smile. Thankfully that confused look lingered on her face for another ten seconds before it left her and her lips instantly snapped up in a smile and waited for him to say something.

Papyrus took a deep breath, his SOUL feeling a little bit...odd. He would say he was nervous but that didn’t make any sense. Why would he be nervous? The human was obsessed with him and more than that he was prepared. He had a whole speech planned out word from word. It would begin by confessing that he knew about her love and was willing to accept it without question and in return she would receive all of his WONDERFUL and GREAT LOVE. It was a pretty and heartfelt speech if he did say so himself.

But then again the speech was created based on more than just his feelings. Being a GREAT INTELLECT as well, the speech also used a variety of very reliable facts from this old dating book Papyrus found at the Fell City dump when he was fourteen and the tall skeleton knew the information inside was the real deal because the author was none other than the greatest Fell radio host entertainer of all times, Mettaton!

And yes while Papyrus knew that Wingdings hated the ghost turned robotic monster with a passion and while Papyrus wanted to hate Mettaton just as much as his brother did, he couldn’t help but admire the way Mettaton used language in his book. Every sentence really did seem to breathe confidence with an extravagant flair of somebody who knew what he was talking about.

The book explained everything from how to approach your love interest to how to study a person’s facial features to know exactly what to do to get them to return your love. It was all...fascinating. But despite the great wisdom the book offered on the art of dating, Papyrus knew it would probably be a good idea if he didn’t show the book to Wingdings or Sans. He was sure Wingdings would fly into a rage when he saw the author...and the drawings at the very back of the book wouldn’t help either...which was the second reason why Papyrus never showed them the book.

And it wasn’t like he was prevented or anything, OH NO! THE GREAT PAPYRUS did not have that characteristic but all those drawings of Mettaton and that very young looking male cat monster posing together in all those strange sex postions were...artistic…something only a mature person such as himself could appreciate.

And from the look on Mettaton’s face in all those drawings, it was easy to tell that all of those
positions were enjoyable and “orgasmic” (whatever that meant). And as for Mettaton’s partner, the cat monster, his expressions were never shown. His face was always turned away, either because of the weird angles their bodies were in or because Mettaton was slamming his face into the ground, but if Mettaton were enjoying it, it was safe to assume that the cat was enjoying it too.

It made Papyrus wonder if he should show those pictures to the little human woman (the thought sent a pleasant shiver up his spine) and see what she thought of these artistic pictures...and if she...maybe...sometime wanted to try one position together with him (THAT thought sent a very warm and tingling feeling in his pelvis that usually ONLY happen when he looked at those pictures.)

Clearing his throat, the blush still on his face, his SOUL now pumping with excitement on the possible activities he and his little human woman could do together, Papyrus tried to remember his speech.

“GREETINGS TINY HUMAN,” Papyrus said. And that was all he could remember as his little human woman’s face suddenly soften and those beautiful lips curved up more delicately.

“Papyrus,” she said and just the way her lips shaped every syllable of his name made him tremble in delight. “What...do I owe the pleasure of this unexpected visit?”

Papyrus didn’t say anything as his delight turned to panic. He couldn’t remember his speech! And now he was gonna look like a fool for the very FIRST TIME in his life to the woman he promised himself he would make HAPPY FOREVER! What was he gonna say?! Gasping blindly for anything, he thoughts turned to Mettaton’s dating book.

Now listen closely darlings because this part is extremely important. Many of you sadder and inexperienced monsters might feel a bit nervous when approaching your romantic interests and while this will make you look unconfident, pathetic, uncharming and unlovable to them you must remember you can recover from this teeny little hiccup, my learners of love.

Remember darlings, compliments can go a long way. Even if your love is a homely little thing and you are desperate or homely yourself, a good compliment will make them warm up to you! Try complimenting their looks.

LIPS! Papyrus thought instantly. HER LIPS WERE AMAZING!

“YOUR LI…” he began but stopped when he realized something that even Mettaton had failed to realize in his book. Even though her lips were so lovely that Papyrus was finding it harder and harder to focus on anything but them, it was quite obvious that everything about her was pretty and if he complimented one of her features she might think he didn’t think much of her other features.

“I BET YOU ARE WONDERING HOW I FOUND YOUR APARTMENT. AM I RIGHT, TINY HUMAN?” he finally blurted out when he saw a frown begin to destroy that lovely smile on hers. Those lips should NEVER be in a frown!

And to his relief, his little human woman gave him a smirk. Papyrus’ SOUL leaped. All throughout that book, Mettaton always used the word “sexy” and even though Papyrus knew the definition of it, he never saw it in action until now. And DAMN was it sexy. He wondered how they tasted and suddenly he felt a foreign feeling of self-hatred growing in him. If he had just REMEMBER his speech, he probably could already have gotten a kiss from her! Now he was wasting time!

“I would if it were anybody else, but I’ve learned to never underestimate you, Papyrus.”

Her sweet compliment disrupted all his negative thoughts and Papyrus could feel his smile get bigger
until Mettaton’s advice echoed through his mind.

**Darlings, when you are flirting with your love interest, try to avoid making vivid or overly expressive looks on your face. While YOU may think you’re being successful, your face may be doing something ugly and you just don’t know it.**

Papyrus pulled back his smile just a bit and leaned against her doorframe. His little human woman raised an eyebrow again but her kissable and amazing smile remained on her face.

“**YOU ARE ONE OF THE FEW WHO UNDERSTANDS GREATNESS WHEN THEY SEE IT!**”

The tiny human woman shrugged. “Yep, but just to let me in on how your great mind works, how did you know where I live?”

Papyrus scoffed smugly. That was simple enough to answer. “**IT WAS EASY! I JUST KNOCKED ON EVERY DOOR UNTIL YOU CAME OUT!**”

He expected his little human woman to be impressed but instead her face twisted into something unreadable and then...after what seemed like an eternity her lips slowly perked up.

“Well Papyrus, you found me how can I help you?” She asked quietly. It was a failed attempt, but Papyrus had to give her credit that it was at least adorable to try and sound seductive.

Clearing his mind, but not completely because of those red lips of hers, Papyrus tried to remember even a little bit of his practiced speech and felt a huge amount of relief wash over him as the beginning part started to fade into his memory.

“**EVEN FROM THE START I NOTICED YOUR FONDNESS FOR ME WENT PAST THAT OF JUST ADMIRATION, WHICH IS COMPLETELY UNDERSTANDABLE,**” Papyrus began and watched his little human woman’s expression very carefully.

Her smile shrunk and her eyes widened. Papyrus softly laughed at how bashful she became in only a matter of seconds. He reached out and grabbed her chin with his free hand, almost gasping when he felt how soft her skin was. He didn’t expect it to feel so...GREAT! Unable to help himself, he lifted his thumb and trailed it over her lips and shuddered. They were so SOFT! He wondered how they would feel against his.

And suddenly without warning he felt his magic swirling inside of his mouth. A second later he felt the inside get very moist and his long tongue forming. And then he wondered what the inside of her mouth tasted like.

Her eyes widened even more and she pulled back.

“Papyrus-”

Papyrus straightened his spine and gave her a knowing smile.

“**THERE IS NO NEED TO HIDE IT OR FEEL BASHFUL, MY LITTLE HUMAN WOMAN,**” he declared and stepped up to her, bending his knees slightly to compensate her more tiny form. He wrapped his arm around her trembling (how excited she was) shoulder. “**I KNOW YOU ARE DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH ME AND I ACCEPT YOUR LOVE!**”

He expected to see a look of adoration on her face but all he saw was a mixture of confusion and...fear?! No that couldn’t be right! It must be a human expression that he was unfamiliar with.
Why would she be scared of him?! **HE JUST ACCEPTED HER LOVE!**

**MAYBE SHE DIDN’T THINK THIS MOMENT WOULD EVER HAPPEN,** he thought and unintentionally tightened his grip on her shoulders when she tried to pull away.

“Pap-Papyrus...I...” she began and the tall skeleton listened eagerly, bending down even more so she could more easily push her lips to his. “I’m af-afraid, I may I...” she paused again. “I think you may have misread my feelings for you,” she smiled at him, almost apologetically. “I like you a lot and I think what you’re doing for my friends is great...rebuilding the park is an incredible act of kindness, but I’m afraid I just don’t like you like that.”

Despite the sincerity in her voice and the rather convincing act she was putting up, Papyrus knew better. In his book, Mettaton had prepared him for a possible “pretend” rejection from his little human woman, or as the robot monster put it “playing hard to get.” And the robot explained how to win this game:

When a love interest tells you they are not interested in your advances, they are simply testing you as a potential lover so **DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED,** my beauties and gentle-beauties! The important thing to do is be quick to respond the very moment they “reject” you. The longer you wait to act the more unappealing you seem to your heartthrob. But you must not act incorrectly either, my sweeties!

And this is where **The Attraction of Opposites** comes into play, my darlings. People are naturally attracted to a person who is completely opposite of them. For example, if a love interest is a strong, blunt and bold individual (YUCK! Not my type at all) you must act as though you would be completely lost without them. And the same rule applies for shy love interests as well. If your love interest is shy, quiet or timid **YOU must be a tiger! The more aggressive you are, the quicker they’ll give up their silly little playing hard to get game!**

Papyrus grinned as his little human woman’s wide eyes continued to look up him. If she were bold she would have openly confessed her love for him sooner than this. If she were blunt she would have told him exactly what she fantasized about doing with AND to him. No, his human woman was definitely reserved and shy.

Licking his lipless mouth, Papyrus grabbed his little human woman’s waist, still easily holding the bag of groceries, and bent her backwards in a VERY romantic motion. And then he pressed his mouth to hers in his first ever kiss. He groaned at the feeling! No wonder both monsters and humans did this all the time regardless of whether they were in public or not! Her lips were so SOFT! God, after this he knew he would have a tough time keeping his hands from caressing her skin. And when he snaked his tongue inside her mouth things got even more intense.

Her mouth tasted amazing. Just like Lemons! Excusing her tongue’s lack of movement as her being in a stunned blissfully state, Papyrus began to slide his tongue all around the inside of her mouth tasting every inch of her. He wanted this to last forever but knew he had to stop. He was on a tight schedule after all. And finally after getting one more loop around with his tongue, Papyrus withdrew, noticing a silver lining of saliva between their two mouths before it broke.

Pulling both himself and his little human woman back up, Papyrus once again straightened up his tie with a self-satisfied smile on his face. He took a look at her face. Her eyes were still wide, but instead of that odd unfamiliar human look they were glazed over with pure shock. Her lovely lips were parted in a perfect “o” shape and not once did she blink the entire time she was looking up at him.
MY KISS MUST HAVE COMPLETELY BLOWN HER AWAY, Papyrus thought feeling a sense of accomplishment hit him as Mettaton’s last piece of advice echoed in his mind.

Once you have succeeded in making sure that your love interest is now fully devoted to you with thoughts of only you racing through their love-struck mind, leave them wanting more.

Giving his little human woman a flirty wink with his blind eye, Papyrus deliberately turned his head away from her and headed into her apartment. When he spoke next he was careful not to mention a single thing about what just happened between the two of them.

As Mettaton said: Leave them wanting more.

“I AM COOKING A HUMAN MEAL FOR MY BROTHERS TONIGHT AND TO MAKE IT A LEGITIMATE HUMAN MEAL I NEED TO USE AN ACTUAL HUMAN STOVE. I KNEW YOU WOULDN’T MIND IF I USED YOURS.”

He made it to her kitchen, barely noticing how messy it was as he licked his lips once again, savoring her taste.

TONIGHT WAS A GREAT SUCCESS FOR THE GREAT PAPYRUS!

Frisk blinked back to reality as the tall skeleton’s casual words (something about cooking dinner of all things) entered her ears. And that’s when she felt the excess amount of thick gooey saliva in her mouth that didn’t belong to her. And maybe it was her imagination but that excess amount of spit also tasted a little like marinara sauce.

And in that moment the urge to vomit overrode everything else to Frisk. Bending forward she frantically spat out Papyrus’ unwanted saliva only to discover with a mixture of horror and morbid fascination that the globs hitting the floor were a light red color.

Ah God it’s the same color as his tongue, Frisk thought as she stuck out her tongue and quickly rubbed her hand over it hoping to get his taste out of her mouth.

Being kissed by him was bad enough when she didn’t want it. Terrible in fact, but there was a tiny part of her, among the major part of her that was fuming with horrified rage, that reminded her of that little kiss she blew him a few hours ago, but still! How can somebody be that delusional and egotistical to even assume such a small gesture was a symbol of love?

And to make the whole thing twenty times worse the bastard didn’t even KNOW how to kiss! Frisk shuddered at the memory. It was like being kissed by a slobbering dog! And now the guy was in her apartment!

First Sans, now Papyrus!? Are skeleton monsters naturally attracted to me? Frisk thought letting out a small whine. Alright, let’s think this through. There’s no way of getting rid of Sans. Until our date, I’m stuck with him, but Papyrus…? 

Frisk groaned and rubbed her eyes, feeling a sort of exhausted defeat go through her. It was like he didn’t even hear her when she said she wasn’t interested in him and she honestly didn’t know what she was gonna do to get him to listen. If he were anything like Sans...fuck…but maybe..if she kept at it...a guy who is willing to spend money to repair a park can’t be all bad…

And maybe there was a good chance Papyrus really didn’t have a clue what to make of somebody
blowing a kiss to him. Based on his own kiss, the guy must not have been too experienced with romance.

*I just need to get in there and sit him down and let him know that I really am not interested in him*, Frisk decided and let out a little laugh of despair, turning around to enter her apartment. *A t least things can’t get any wors-*

All thoughts evaporated as her eyes met Sans’ red ones. The short skeleton looked a little bit...rough. Yeah, that’s it. He looked rough. He wasn’t wearing his black suit jacket or his red waistcoat and the rings on his hand were gone. His blank pants and black button up shirt were wrinkled, and some of the shirt’s buttons were undone or put in the wrong holes. And to top it all off he was holding a small empty blue flower pot...well it would have been empty, but from where Frisk stood she saw that it was packed to the brim with dirt.

And just for one moment a tiny foolish hope bloomed in her chest even though Sans seemed to have a look of utter shock frozen on his face.

*Maybe he didn’t see that. Maybe he just got here,* Frisk thought and begged anybody with higher powers that might be listening to answer her prayers.

“What the fuck were ya doing kissin’ my brother?!” Sans snarled after a few moment of horribly silence, the red lights instantly vanishing.

**Goddamn it,** Frisk thought too tired and still somewhat in disbelief over the last five minutes to feel any fear for the shorter but still massive skeleton standing in front of her.

Taking a deep breath, Frisk began to explain herself hoping for a distraction. Ten minutes, a million curse words, a thousand threats to Papyrus and one beautiful echo flower later a distraction came in the form of black smoke.

It looked like her lover was setting her kitchen on fire. And to her annoyance Sans was grinning at his brother who was covered in black soot while her kitchen continued to burn. But that grin quickly vanished after both brothers put the fire out. Just as they were leaving and right before the red smoke from Sans’ magic could engulf them completely, Papyrus grabbed Frisk’s waist once more and gave her another kiss (thankfully a dry one) on the lips before Sans and him vanished.

And Frisk heard a noise coming from Sans that was between a roar and the word “fucker.”

In a way Frisk was glad. Let the big brother deal with this issue. At least for tonight and if Papyrus still wasn’t convinced...well…

Frisk shuddered again. She hoped that he would at least get some pointers from somewhere on the proper way to kiss.

...Just in case...
I should have another fan request done very soon too:
Next oneshot: Gloria_Sparks: Baby It's Cold Outside
A harsh gust of icy wind whipped through Frisk’s already thin and worn out coat. Trembling, Frisk pulled one of her freezing hands out of her pocket and wrapped the coat tighter around her body. The zipper had broken years ago and being the not-expert on repairing clothing, Frisk usually kept her coat from opening by using a safety pin but somewhere between now and the last time she wore this ratty thing, the pin must have fallen off.

She wished it hadn’t. She couldn’t find her gloves so her hand was taking quite a beating as soon as the cold air hit it almost instantly numbing the fingers.

_It shouldn’t be too bad_, Frisk assured herself with a harsh shudder. _I'll just drop the cash off and take off for home before the sun goes down and it gets really cold._

She knew she shouldn’t be out here, but despite the cold that was chilling her to the bone or the fact that many of her friends had begged her to hold off another day until the temperature was no longer in the negatives to give Sans his “protection fee”, Frisk didn’t listen. And even as she felt the beginnings of some nasty frostbite slowly and painfully chipping at her exposed hand and nose, she couldn’t keep the smile off her face.

For the first time in the two weeks since Sans and his brother Papyrus bought her area from Don Dee _and_ made a permanent resident in the park _and_ demanded the humans pay them double what they usually gave Nick, Frisk felt a sparkle of happiness throughout her body. A very small sparkle but a sparkle nonetheless and Frisk eagerly basked in the feeling.
Truth be told Frisk knew she shouldn’t even feel a ounce of happiness or smugness since she didn’t have a clue on how she and her friends were gonna do it next month but this month they beat the massive skeleton. She got his damn money alright just like she said she would after slapping the hell out of him two weeks ago in that horrible shed that was now the grand home the skeleton brothers lived in. But it wasn’t easy. Sans made sure of that.

Making her lose her jobs was bad enough, she almost marched to his home the day Andy and many of her other bosses fired her, being a complete bitch to everybody from her neighbors to that handsome young guy she chased away on the way there, but at the very minute when she stepped onto Sans’ porch she thought better of it and decided to go home to think of what she could do ignoring all phone calls and knocks on her door that night.

She knew that if she did confront the skeleton that day, she might have been put in a position she couldn’t get out of. He might do something...unkind to her if she allowed herself to be alone with him and that was the last thing she wanted. He had made it obvious what he wanted from her from the very moment he assaulted her in the ladies room to his “compromise” in the shed about how she could lower the fee.

“Let’s have dinner, we’ll get to know each other, then we’ll talk business and see where it goes from.”

He didn’t directly say what they both knew what was gonna happen if she said “yes” to that offer, but Frisk was no idiot:

Let’s go out, you let me fuck you and then MAYBE I'll consider lowering the fee.

The idea of him doing...something to her and her allowing it sent a shiver down her spine that had nothing to do with the cold. And the idea of her almost breaking down and taking him up on his offer during those two weeks in her more desperate moments sent a heated flush of shame to her face.

She had tried to find a new job, but jobs in this city were hard enough to find if you were a man, let alone if you were a female high-school drop out, so after being shot down by three classy waitressing jobs (Frisk figured the owners probably weren’t all that impressed with her modest sweater dresses) Frisk changed up her game.

She didn’t want to, but she had to tell her neighbors whose reactions were just as terrified as hers had
been. And she even tried to find Papyrus, hoping that perhaps he might do something to help, but ever since he made that speech about fixing their park, he was nowhere to be seen. Many of her neighbors had simply shrugged and decided he hadn’t been sincere when he said that and Frisk had to agree.

So she and her fellow humans were on their own and during Sans’ two week countdown, Frisk not only used up every dime she had saved up for the fee, she also pawned every piece of jewelry she owned, including her precious heart charm (the thought still made her heart ache violently, she cried for hours when she got home from the pawn shop as she held her thick wad of cash, but she had to do it and she kept telling herself that) while all the tenants gave her half or quarters of their new protection fees, promising with teary eyes and shameful faces that they would pay her whatever she added to their stash.

But with everybody’s combined efforts they did it! They beat Sans and with one day to spare and Frisk wanted nothing more than to shove that money in Sans’ face and see his reaction. She didn’t need to do anything with him. She beat him her way and that thought alone overtook the biting cold bringing a warm blush to her face. For a moment.

But if she had to named the worst part of these last two weeks it wasn’t the loss of sleep from stress nor was it losing her family’s heirloom nor the tab she opened at the store with no idea how she was gonna pay for it by the end of the month or her bills that were coming up. While all those things were troubling and stressful in their own right, the most terrible thing about this whole thing was that Sans never left her alone for a single day. Whether it was seeing him in person or the...gifts he left her.

Every day there was some kind of gift at Frisk’s door waiting to be opened. Always addressed to “My little lady” (that pet name was even worse than Dollface and a tab bit scarier...the word “my” didn’t give Frisk any good feelings) the gifts Frisk did open were impressive and expensive.

On the first day he left a diamond encrusted pair of wing charms on a gold necklace chain that glittered just as unpleasantly as the rings he always wore. The chain felt heavy and uncomfortable in her hands and for one brief moment Frisk actually considered pawning it to use as money for his own protection fee and while the idea made her smile spitefully she didn’t do it. Her pride forced her not to do it. If she did that it would kind of be like she were accepting his gift and Frisk would never accept anything of his. And so that night before the sun went down she left the necklace on his front porch, hoping he’d get her message to “fuck off”.

….He didn’t.

In fact he left another gift the next day. This time it was a lovely smelling perfume in a very pretty flower-shaped bottle. Just like the first gift, she left his second gift on his porch. The next gift she
didn’t even bother opening and left that on his doorstep as well.

On the fourth day she actually ran into him on her way to return his fourth gift and while fear pumped into her heart as he looked her over with that pitch black stare of his, she still found the courage to shove his gift back at him and tell him to stop leaving his trash at her door. He didn’t say anything for a few seconds until the red lights in his sockets returned and he gave her a sharp-tooth and hungry smile that made her back away from him.

“I’m on my way to have lunch. Care to join me Dollface?”

He had laughed when she walked away from him but there was something strained about his laugh. Something more unpleasant about it than usual, but he didn’t do anything as she walked away. He didn’t try to grab her, he didn’t follow her (that she knew of at least) and maybe it was because of that, that Frisk felt a sense of relief that maybe she finally got her message across that she wasn’t interested in him nor was she was impressed with his attempts to gain her affections. She hoped that would be the last time she heard from him until her two weeks were up.

...It wasn’t.

Two more packages arrived. With her frustration reaching a boiling point, Frisk finally made it a point to find Sans herself and shove his unopened gifts in his arms. At this point she started to notice his appearance was starting to get a little rougher. Sweat ran down his skull and his suits weren’t as pressed and as clean as usual, but just like before his offers to take her out or spend time with her didn’t cease.

And with each rejection Frisk gave him, she noticed that his hands would tighten into fists or his body would stiffen and despite the fact her mind was telling her not to push him because he could make things so much worse for her, Frisk couldn’t stop herself. She supposed it was the lack of sleep or perhaps her stress or her mini-depression about pawning her heart charm but all his “polite” invitations were met with a nasty response because that’s what the bastard deserved.

But oddly enough Sans never reacted the way he reacted that night in the ladies room when she told him she “didn’t like what she saw” and each time Frisk saw him not reacting in a more violent way, the more confident she became on what she could get away with. Of course her confidence was always the product of sleepless and stress-filled nights,

And after a few more days of rejected gifts, Sans began taping thick envelopes to her door.
Frisk opened the first one not knowing what to expect, but she certainly didn’t expect what was inside.

It was a compilation of all her bills, only Sans didn’t put them together to remind her how screwed she was without him. They were showing her that Sans had paid all her expenses for this month and the next three months.

The fear slowly disappeared from her chest as she reread those bills over and over again until her chest was about to explode in fury and her eyes stung with hot tears.

The bastard just wouldn’t stop. He was treating her the same way Derrek always did. Do something mean, horrible and cruel and then try to make it up to her by being kind. It was a fucking game she stopped playing when she left that bastard and she sure as hell wasn’t gonna let that skeleton do that same thing…

Frisk had tore the paper to shreds knowing she couldn’t reject that gift. She couldn’t very well shove that back into his arms and feel satisfied with herself about not caving in to his advances. And Sans must of knew that too because every day until the thirteenth day of his countdown, Frisk always found a thick envelope to her door. And just like her gifts she didn’t bother opening those either. She tore them to shreds and spent her last few days avoiding the skeleton, barely coming out of her apartment, only doing so when she found something else she could pawn for money.

On those days when she saw Sans she would rush off in a different direction before he could say anything. She didn’t want to give him any chance to remind her how much he could do without her knowing it. And to her relief he wouldn’t follow. He simply watched her run.

Maybe his lack of reaction was because he thought that sooner or later she’d come to him. He probably that since she had no options she would eventually cave in and come to him.

Even as Frisk felt the cold air ripping her skin apart and the overall creepiness of being the only person in her whole area outside since everybody else knew to stay indoors with weather like this (the silence had a haunting feel to it), she knew she had won.

And so, with a huge smile on her face she took her hand away from her coat and as she curled her bare fingers into a fist with difficulty, noting with some alarm that the skin on her hand was now a ugly almost purple color, and knocked on his door, wincing in pain when her skin cracked as soon as it made contact with the wooden door.

But nobody came…
And it was getting colder. So much colder.

Grunting and feeling another rough and more brutal wind whip through her thin coat and heavy sweater dress, Frisk knocked again, much louder and harder this time, cracking more of her skin. She smirked when she finally heard movements from the inside of the house. The massive skeleton that had been the source of her anguish for the last two weeks opened the door a crack. Frisk nearly sighed in bliss as a bit of warm air from the inside of the impressive house hit her face. Of course the brief feeling of the warmth actually made her body feel even colder when Sans blocked any more of that amazing from leaving as his entire frame covered the crack in the door. His sockets were narrowed.

“What the hell do you wa-” he began to growl only to stop halfway, his sockets widening when he saw who it was. Frisk may have felt flattered if she didn’t hate him with every ounce of her body, which was now trembling so bad. She stuffed her chapped hand into her pocket hoping to bring some warmth to it.

“FRISK!?” he said, his deep voice projecting shock and confusion as he opened the door completely. Warm air completely covered Frisk’s body, momentarily halting her shivering. “The fuck are ya...what are ya doin’ out here in this weather?! Don’t ya know it’s dangerous fer humans to…” he began to say until he shook his skull in disbelief and mentioned for Frisk to come inside.

“Git yer ass in here or you’ll freeze to death. Jesus woman, the fuck is wrong wit’ ya?” he grumbled and for one second Frisk actually took a baby step to enter, the welcoming warmth of his home clouding her judgement until she remembered whose home she would be entering.

With a quick shake of her head, Frisk slowly reached into her purse and tried to grabbed at the thick envelope that contain the most money Frisk had ever held in her whole life. Only she couldn’t get her hand to curl up and grab it. They were too numb but before she could just shove her purse at him (it was an ugly old thing that just had his money and two maxi-pads in it) and make a run for it, the skeleton quickly made a move towards her. She tried to dodge but with her trembling body completely and unintentionally huddled into itself the skeleton was able to grab her wrist, his grip gentle, but unbreakable and firm.

He ignored the small scream of terror that came out of her throat and pulled her inside the house, shutting the door behind them and blocking her from leaving by leaning on the heavy wood with his arms cross.

The warm air of his home made her body shuddered even more and now her teeth were clattering as
well. Without thinking, her instincts and desire to get even a little bit warmer overtaking everything else, Frisk cupped her hands at best as she could, moved them up to her mouth and blew on them in a pathetic attempt to warm them up, keeping her eyes on Sans. The skeleton winced but made no move to come at her.

“Not that I mind ya coming over fer a visit dollface but what are ya doin’ coming out in this weather? I don’t even get cold and I’m stayin’ in,” he said, crossing his arms, his voice laced with what Frisk knew was fake concern as he made no attempt to move away from the door.

If she weren’t so cold she might have been a little more scared. The reason why she didn’t confront that day nearly two weeks ago was because she was worried she might be trapped with him. But this was about business, not enraged accusations and besides he must of known she’d tell her friends she was coming to him today. If something did happen to her, her friends would know…

She was safe, right?

“M-m-money,” she managed to spit out.

Sans titled his head. “What?”

Feeling a little annoyed Frisk tried again. “Pro-p-protection…f-fee,” she blurted out, unable to hide how victorious she felt as the skeleton’s eyes widened once again. With the warmth of the house quickly heating up her body and hands, she found she had regained some feeling in her fingers, and with semi-working hands she quickly picked up the envelope from her purse and held it out to him.

*Just take the money, get the hell out of my way and let me go home asshole,* Frisk thought and waited, her hand still trembling and raw and upon closer inspection, she also noticed it was bleeding probably from when she knocked on the door.

She expected to see that look of complete disbelief on his face. It was the look she *wanted* to see on his face after the two weeks he put her through. Was it just a teeny bit petty? Frisk knew it was, but the skeleton obviously hadn’t lost or been told “no” in a long time and even if the price was high Frisk was happy to pay it.

….She’d worry about next month when it came.
But Sans look of disbelief never came over his face. Instead he simply looked at her and then at the money and then at her again.

And then he broke out into a fit of deep laughter. Frisk stared at him, now feeling her own look of disbelief come over her face.

“Oh my poor little lady,” he said through his harsh laughter. Frisk winced at the name. “You didn’t read my final letter to ya did ya?”

Frisk blinked and as her clattering teeth began to settle down she managed a longer sentence.

“W-what are y-you ta-talking about?”

Still chuckling, Sans rubbed his hand over his face.

“The letters I taped to your door Dollface? You didn’t read them?” his laughter got even louder. Frisk felt her annoyance begin turn into anger. Stressed-out and sleep deprived anger.

“No I didn’t read them,” Frisk hissed. “I tore them up.”

She didn’t know what she expected but she certainly didn’t expect him to howl with laughter. Now seething Frisk shook the envelope full of cash at him.

“Just take your money so I can leave-” she began but halted as Sans waved the money away.

“Put that away dollface, I wasn’t actually gonna collect on that. Never really was plannin’ on collectin’ a fee to begin with,” he said, shrugging. “When I realized ya were not only not takin’ me up on my date offer, but also gettin’ pretty pissed off at my...unsuccessful attempts to impress ya, I threw in the towel with an apology note yesterday. Thought I might go at this another way, ya know?” he explained winking.

Frisk could only stare at him, feeling all her emotions and thoughts drain from her mind as his words sank in.
“W-what? You weren’t gonna collect?” she finally asked as the seconds slowly ticked away. Her body was now only slightly trembling and her hands were painfully warm now. She was beginning to feel the frostbite on her flesh.

Sans nodded his head, an amused smirk on his face and when he spoke next his deep voice was light and pleasant, carefree and easygoing.

“Yeah, I’ll admit I screwed up big time wit’ that whole fee thing, but in my defense you probably would have never given me the time of day if I was just some ugly monster on the street, but I honestly think I know a way to git ya to give me a chance,” he said, shoving his hands into his pockets and leaning more heavily on the door.

And with that statement Frisk felt the strangest combination of rage and relief fill her mind and SOUL. Her immense relief was making her strained body incredibly relaxed and a sort of sleepiness combined with the pleasant warmth of Sans’ house entered her. However the mind-blowing rage that was brewing was enough to make her head feel like her brain was going to boil into liquid and drip out of her ears.

Was this all a big joke? Is this fucker kidding me, Frisk thought as her glare intensified tenfold as she stared down the skeleton who still seemed tickle about the whole thing. You mean for the past few weeks I pawned everything I owned. I don’t have any of my mom’s jewelry left nor any of the gifts my parents gave me as a kid. I fucking opened tabs I can’t pay for. I put my neighbors through hell. I put myself through hell and because of what? Because this fucker wanted to date me?

“So you really got all that money too?” Sans whistled. The soft sound felt like a drill in Frisk’s ear. “How’d ya manage that?” he asked.

Frisk just stared at him, feeling her hatred grow with every second she had to see his big stupid grinning face.

“I pawned everything I owned and my neighbors gave me everything they had,” she spat back, feeling completely exhausted now and made a move towards the door. “Now move. If you aren’t taking our money I would like to leave now.”

Instead of moving, Sans gave her a lecherous wink. “But baby it’s cold outside and ya still look like a chuck of pretty ice. Why don’t ya stay and warm up first?”
Frisk shook her head, feeling just a little twinge of fear when he didn’t move. And that fear forced the sour and sharp voice she tone on him for the past few days to disappear.

“No thank you, I have to-”

“We can talk ‘bout improvements to yer apartment building, dollface,” Sans quickly interrupted and despite herself Frisk felt one of her eyebrow rise at his comment.

*Yeah okay whatever, jerk. Ya did such a good job with the park*, she thought but didn’t interrupt him with that fact. She’d let him finish and then calmly and politely tell him "no".

“Durin’ the last two weeks I’ve been busy too. As yer new landlord it’s my responsibility to take notes and improve the area that I think need fixin’. Why don’t you and I sit down, drink somethin’ warm and discuss what ya think needs to be done ta help improve you and yer neighbors’ lives?” Sans offered.

And before Frisk could quietly tell him she really wasn’t the person to discuss building maintenance with Sans’ smile got a little sly. “Okay fine I have an alternative motive in this. Ya weren’t too pleased wit’ them gifts and I can see why. Kind of a tasteless tactic to use on ya when I’m sure yer just seeing me as the asshole who’s gonna hurt yer pals if he doesn’t git his money, am I right?”

Frisk blinked. *Okay. Was not expecting a confession that blunt*, she thought and took another look at Sans. Even though his body was in a relaxed position, his sockets were solely on her watching her just as closely as she was watching him. *I guess he can evaluate and analyze his actions. And the money...he seriously didn’t want it?*

A small bit of joy entered Frisk’s body as her enraged disbelief cautiously began to melt away along with a tiny bit of the icy cold still clinging to her body. At least her trembling was a little bit under control now.

*If he’s telling the truth my neighbors will get their money back and I might be able to buy back my jewelry.*

“I wasn’t too smart with my first attempt to impress ya-”
“Second,” Frisk quickly corrected him quietly. Sans’ smile kind of faltered. “The first was in the bathroom,” she explained and to her surprise the skeleton actually blushed and looked away before he let out a more embarrassed chuckle.

“Okay, twice I’ve been the asshole, but this time I think I’m gonna git it right,” he looked back at Frisk and now his smile seemed a little more pleading. “Look I know fucked up wit’ ya, but I really like ya and yer rejections these last few weeks have been brutal, and yes I deserved it completely,” Sans quickly added. “But truth be told, they helped me see that I’ve been goin’ at this in the wrong way.”

Does he seriously think he can still woo me into being his, Frisk thought and maybe there was something in her face that portrayed that thought because Sans nodded.

“Yeah I know, but this time I ain’t lying or makin’ something up to get ya,” he let out a small laugh. “Let’s make a deal. You’re still pretty cold, right baby?”

Frisk nodded. She couldn’t lie about that. She was cold and her body was still giving out tale-tell signs it was.

“Well how about ya stay here for about twenty minutes to warm up and in that time we talk. It can be ‘bout anything really and in that time if I hadn’t changed yer mind to give me a chance, I’ll admit defeat, apologize, leave ya alone and just be yer new landlord and hopefully yer friend in the future. After all a guy can only take so many rejections until it drives him crazy.”

Another countdown? Frisk thought. This is about the most insane thing I’ve ever heard and the strange thing is, if this guy wasn’t a criminal and a complete lunatic, I might actually be flattered he is this interested in me.

She looked down at the envelope full of money that he could have taken if he wanted to but didn’t do. Twenty minutes of just talking to him? And he’ll really leave me alone afterwards? I guess I can do that, Frisk decided and nodded.

“Well it is cold outside-”

Almost immediately Sans pushed himself off the door and wrapped his arm around Frisk’s
shuddering shoulders as he led her to the richly furnished living room. This room was even more heated than the little entryway they were both standing in and a small childish delight overtook her mind for a second when she realized why.

His fireplace had a small fire going and the couch he led her to was facing the crackling fireplace. Frisk couldn’t help but grin. She had always lived in apartment buildings since she was just a kid. She never seen a fire in a fireplace before in person and when Sans and her sat down, a pleasant warmth started to warm up her limbs that were still frozen to the bone.

Frisk let out sigh before she could stop herself and nearly slapped a hand over her mouth, looking at Sans, praying but knowing he heard it, but instead of commenting Sans scooted until there was some distance between the two of them (guess the guy’s finally learned about personal space too, Frisk thought) and leaned lazily on his side of the couch almost resting his entire upper body on the armrest as he looked over at Frisk with an easy smile.

“Yer neighbors were pretty upset and terrified ‘bout my…” he paused as he considered his wording. Frisk frowned. “Joke huh?”

*Just twenty minutes,* Frisk told herself before she forced herself to nod. “You could say that.”

Sans chuckled, causing Frisk’s frown to deepen. *What was so funny about tormenting a bunch of poor frightened people?*

“I honestly did not expect you to go all the way wit’ collecting every penny, but I suppose that’s why I like ya. I love me a challenge, and baby and if you ain’t one I don’t know what is.”

Now Frisk really couldn’t help but feel satisfied and smug with herself. She may not have gotten his look of disbelief but his shocking confessions were close enough...even if she didn’t expect him to be so...blunt about losing to her. That seemed a little out of his character.

“You would be surprised what you can accomplish with enough determination,” Frisk couldn’t help but tell the skeleton. It was something her mother always told her whenever Frisk began to doubt her abilities and it was something Frisk always heard echoing in her mind whenever those doubts began to rise.

Sans’ lazy smile got just a little tighter. “Yeah I noticed yer a pretty determined lady. I mean ya have to be determined when ya….rejected all my gifts and my date offers. Never back down, never
craved in. That’s…” he trailed off for a moment. “That’s determination alright.”

Frisk nodded, unsure of what to say to that and maybe talking about it wasn’t the best option either. Sure he seemed pretty at peace with his failed attempts but she was alone with him in his house so maybe they should change the subject.

“So um...how’s Papyrus doing? I haven’t seen that guy in a while.” Frisk offered what she hoped was a joking smile. “He still fixing our park?”

Sans scoffed and rolled the lights in his eyes. “Yeah, he’s still gonna do it so tell yer neighbors we ain’t liars. The weather’s just been too cold fer our workers and while they’re used to cold weather in Fell City, this type of cold is somethin’ even they would struggle with. We’ll get started wit’ it when the temperature gets a little warmer.”

Oh, Frisk thought. That makes sense.

“So where’s he now?”

Sans cracked his knuckles. “He’s in Fell City wit’ my older brother.”

Frisk’s eyes widened. “You have another brother?!”

Sans nodded. “Oh yeah, and trust me he’s a bit of control freak. Everything is time and schedules wit’ that guy. Never relaxes enough to smell the roses-”

Frisk jumped as a loud ding was heard. Sans stood up. “Kitchen timer,” he explained. “Was makin’ some hot chocolate before you came in. I’ll make you a cup so you warm up faster.”

I’ll watch you make it, Frisk thought as she nodded her head and stood up, following him into the kitchen. If she saw him mix one thing that wasn’t...innocent looking Frisk was gonna bail on him and run for the door. But as they entered the large and extravagant looking kitchen, everything Sans did seemed normal.

The saucepan was on the low-simmering stovetop, all the cocoa powder at this point dissolved into the boiling water. Sans gave the liquid a few more stirs with a spoon before he grabbed two mugs and poured the cocoa into the cups without spilling a drop.
And if he noticed Frisk’s constant surveillance of him, he acted like he didn’t.

*Hot chocolate and easy conversations,* Frisk thought as he handed her her cup. It felt so warm and lovely against her frostbitten hands. *Maybe if he didn’t do the shit he did two week ago, I might actually becharmed enough to go out with him.*

“Marshmallows?” Sans said and held a small bowl of the puffy white things up to her. Without thinking, Frisk grabbed five of them and plopped them into her drink and quietly they both went back into the warm living room.

“Now where was I…” Sans muttered before he took a sip of his cocoa. Frisk quickly followed and took a sip of her own drink. It tasted like a good cup of cocoa. “Oh yeah my brother. God, when we was growing up he was constantly gettin’ on my case about every little thing. But then again, I was kind of a bad kid myself. Had a really bad drinking problem that needed to be dealt with and he helped me through it.”

Setting the cup on the table, Frisk began to pull of her coat. That cocoa was really doing the trick. She was warming up real quick, though maybe it wasn’t the best idea to drink something warm at a stranger’s house on a cold day. The wind would feel even worse when she stepped out into the cold for a second time with a relaxed and warm body.

She grabbed up her cup again and took another drink from it, swallowing one of the chocolate soaked marshmallows in the process. “What’d he do to help you?”

Sans smirked as he took another sip from his drink. “Oh, ya see my brother’s a bit of an inventor. Can invent anything and one of his inventions was this sort of collar that he put around my neck.”

Frisk frowned, horrified, feeling small sweat beads rolling down her forehead. *A collar?! He put a collar around his brother’s neck like Sans was some kind of dog? That’s...that’s sick!*

Sans saw her expression and shrugged. “Now I know what yer thinkin’: how does putting a collar around somebody’s neck make them do anything, right?” Sans laughed and suddenly Frisk began to feel a lot more warmer. Hotter. And she started to feel dizzy.

What’s...what’s going on? Frisk thought and didn’t even notice when Sans gently pried her cup out
of her hands, setting it down on the counter. And suddenly Frisk lost movement in her arms. And legs. Her body felt like jello. And then a fuzzy sort of panic overtook her as Sans stood up and gently moved her body so she was laying down.

“No...somebody...he..lp,” Frisk said weakly but Sans ignored her interruption.

“Those damn marshmallows, that's why I never eat them. Always make me sick...now what was I sayin? Oh yeah: I can’t tell ya how it works. It’s too hard to explain, but I’ll show ya,” he said, his voice still easygoing but his pitch-black eyes told a different story.

Reaching into his pocket, Frisk watched dazedly as he pulled out a very familiar piece of jewelry. Her red ruby heart charm. The one she had pawned, only Sans had added something new to it. While the leather piece her charm dangled from was decorated with mini-red rubies there was no denying it just looked like a dog collar.

Sans smirked and looked at her beloved charm, pinching it between his index finger and thumb, lightly rubbing the smooth edge.

There was fear. More fear than Frisk could ever imagine she could feel, but at the same time it was a numbing kind of fear. Like waking up from a nightmare and still feelings the effects of it. She tried to open her mouth to say something...anything, but nothing came out.

“Truth be told I was pretty goddamn pissed wit’ ya. Those gifts were expensive and I took time out of my day to give them to ya and what did ya do? Fuckin’ rejected every one of them and my date offers,” his smile got even more cold and Frisk knew she should have felt terror as he leaned over her, but whatever drug Sans’ put in her drink was working to make sure she was as calm as can be.

“Like I said, after so many rejections I realized I needed to change up my game, cause if you reject me one more goddamn time I think I’m gonna go crazy. But then I realized what the problem was…”

Reaching down Frisk could only watch as Sans lightly tapped a clawed finger to her chest.

“Look I love how tough ya are, but too much of that damn determination is gonna ruin us. Hell, it almost ruined you,” Sans chuckled. “Ya pawned yer jewelry, you used up all yer money and if I didn’t adore ya, you’d honestly be fucked, but luckily that ain’t the case. But I am curious if I had been serious about gettin’ yer money, how were ya gonna pay my fee for next month? Or the month
after that? Or the month after that?

Frisk closed her eyes as warm tears leaked out the corners of her eyes.  **Why me?**

“See? That stupid determination of yers would have gotten somebody killed, but I think I found a way to control it so you don’t let it screw you over again.”

And with that Sans latched the collar around her neck. The leather was smooth and Frisk felt the warmth of her charm resting lightly on her skin.

“See this ring?” Sans asked and held up his hand for her to see. The only thing Frisk could do was look, but from the way her vision was starting to fade she knew she wouldn’t even have that for long. On the skeleton’s wedding finger was a golden ring with a red ruby stone.

“Think of this as a way for our SOULs to connect. If I feel you might be makin’ a bad decision, this ring will send my feelings to your colla...um necklace. I’ll always be lookin’ out fer ya this way,” he explained and that was the last thing Frisk heard before everything went black.

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

When Frisk woke up she was in her own bed and the brief relief that everything that happened between her and Sans was simply a nightmare was short-lived when she felt something on her throat.

**The collar…**

Reaching up in a blind panic, Frisk jumped off the bed and went to tear it off but as soon as her fingers touch the band she heard something echoing in her head.

**Leave it alone, dollface.**

She paused for just a second before she shook her head and tried to rip it off her throat. A surge of unbearable pain rushed through a deep part of her chest, shocking her nerves and stiffening her muscles for a second. And then just as quickly as that horrible bout of pain came, it went leaving no lingering sting behind.
“Yeah that’s what happens,” Sans said. Frisk spun around and was just about to open her mouth to scream when another echoing suggestion made it’s way to her mind.

Don’t scream, dollface.

And just like before, that same horrible shot of pain erupted into her chest as soon as the first syllable left her mouth, only this time the pain was even worse. It took her breath away and brought her to her knees. And all she could do was stared up at Sans who clinked his tongue almost disappointedly and bent down to her level, putting on finger under her chin.

“Yeah I remember my first day wit’ that thing around my neck. It was pretty painful, but I shaped up after a few days. Wit’ you, it might take a little bit more, but don’t worry, I ain’t givin’ up on you. We’ll fix yer problem together.”

Frisk swallowed and looked around her room for some weapon to attack him with, but even as she did she knew she had nothing. But there was something on her dresser that made her blink.

All her jewelry she pawned plus Sans’ gifts were on her dresser, glittering almost as though they were happy to see her.

This can’t be happening, she thought and looked back up at Sans. The skeleton quietly stared back at him.

“Now I would take you out, but it’s too cold outside, baby. Why don’t we spend a nice quiet evening together? I have a nice dinner cooking for both of us” he purred, running a thumb over her lips.

Get dressed and be in your living room in five minutes dollface, the echoing voice ordered and even as the first negative thought began to form in her mind, Frisk felt another jolt of pain hit her.

This one made a string of drool leave her mouth. Sans stood up, helping Frisk on her feet as well.

“I’ll be waiting fer ya, little lady,” he said with a wink and left the room.
Hurry up, dollface.

Frisk tried to cross her arms and stand in the middle of her room. She couldn’t give it. She could fight whatever the hell Sans was doing to her. She could beat him-

The pain that entered her chest area was so horrible that Frisk quickly found herself running to her closet, noting with some shameful relief that the jolt left her as soon as she started moving towards her clothes.

*I’ll play along for right now,* Frisk thought as she picked out her blue and red sweater dress. *And when he thinks I’m trained and takes this fucking thing off me, I’ll make a run for it.*

The silence that greeted her was blissful until she heard that echoey voice that was beginning to sound more and more like Sans begin to laugh.

*Sure dollface, that might work.*

Chapter End Notes

Frisk should really stop taking things from strangers! ^^

Should be updating the next chapter of my main fic in the next few days! Gonna get some sleep now! <3
Okay, first off, I want to apologize to all my readers for not responding to any comments any of you may have left me in the past two weeks. I feel like shit that I have people taking time out of their day to respond to my story and while I have read all of them, I'm ashamed to say that my job has overworked me to the core and I haven't had the energy to respond. It's a pathetic excuse and I apologize once again. Now that I'm a little more well-rested I should be getting around to respond though.

As always thank you all for your love, support, comments and kudos. I love you all!

And if you have time, you should definitely check out this two amazing pieces of fanart by the talented and lovely Beuofu

https://beuofu.tumblr.com/post/159789411503/another-doodle-of-the-fic-sooner-or-later-youre


Also I have recently be given two new pieces of artwork by the extremely talented and wonderful NoMoreNoodles!

https://nvwednesday.tumblr.com/post/161997142971/this-is-just-a-thing-from-staringbacks-amazing

https://nvwednesday.tumblr.com/image/161997142971

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sans happily showed her just how much control he had the very same day he put the collar around her neck. And it didn't even involve fucking her into the mattress.

Not that she was complaining by any means, it’s just that from the first time Sans and her met, he didn’t exactly hide the fact he...wanted her, but to Frisk’s surprise he didn’t fuck her against her will on that icy night after he teleported her home.

No, his first show of power was forcing her to sit down at the table with him and eat the dinner he cooked. And while she didn’t know what a skeleton ate exactly, she didn’t expect him to cook...hot dogs. Yeah, hot dogs.

If the situation weren’t so terrifying, she would have wondered why he cooked hot dogs, and Frisk had to give it to Sans, they weren’t half-bad. In fact they were pretty damn good. But they would
have been better if he didn’t blatantly order her to eat them and when she flatout refused, even calling
him a very nasty name while she was at it, the good ol’ shock collar reminded her who was in
charge.

The pain was just as awful as those first few times, and after she regained her composure, still
amazed those terrible shocks didn’t leave any lingering symptoms of pain, aside from making her a
little out of breath with a more tired body, Frisk begrudgingly started eating her meal.

And the conversations they had that first night were just a little one-sided. Frisk spent their entire
first evening going through a mixture of violent emotions as she spoke to him.

First, with anger still boiling in her blood, she demanded that the skeleton take the collar off her.
When Sans looked at her with an amused shine in his eyes, her anger became a bit more wild and
just as she was about to stand up and hurl her plate of food at him she heard that little echoing voice
inside her head calmly suggest that she sit down and relax NOW!

She was gonna ignore that voice too until just a tiny surge of something that wasn’t quite pain just
yet hit the middle of her chest. No doubt a threat of what was to come if she didn’t obey and one
look at the skeleton who was leaning in his chair, his face intensely watching her every move, told
Frisk what would happen if she decided to keep standing.

Feeling defeated and disgusted with herself, Frisk sat down and her anger started to turn a bit
desperate. She couldn’t fight him back physically, she needed to reason with him. As laughable as
that sounded that was the only thing she could do.

*Maybe I should try a nicer tone. Try to get him to understand why he can’t do this,* Frisk had
thought. Sans must have heard that thought too because he chuckled but at least didn’t interrupt as
she began to speak.

And her words lost their demanding tone as she tried to explained to Sans that he had no right to do
this to her. She was a human with her own mind and free-will, not a dog that needed to be trained
into following his every orders and to his credit, Sans did listen patiently and quietly but when he
didn’t respond, only leaning back in his chair, tapping his finger to his chin mockingly, as though he
really were considering what she was saying, Frisk’s words started to become even more desperate
and her eyes began to sting.

The feeling of hopelessness began to settle in but Frisk fought it. She wasn’t going to give in and let
him win. He wasn’t gonna turn her into a pet. There had to be a way to get him to understand.
There had to be a way for her to get this collar off.
But as Frisk spoke, trying to retain her calm and reasonable tone, the panic and terror overcame everything else and her voice started to shake. And when her voice finally broke and she went to full on just begging him to take the collar off, Sans finally reacted. He walked over to her and kneeled down beside her.

Even when he was kneeling, Sans was taller than her. It was just by a few inches but the reminder of how much bigger and stronger he was wasn’t lost on Frisk.

*He could crush me*, she thought forced back a sob. *He could kill me. He could do whatever he wants with me and this time I can’t even stop him. Not that I would stand a chance, but at least before I could fight back. Now if he wants to hurt me himself I can’t even do that.*

Sans hummed quietly at that thought, the amusement disappearing from his sockets as he took her hands in his massive ones. She looked down. They nearly swallowed hers. His gold rings glittered as they always did, reminding Frisk just how wealthy he was, but her eyes were drawn to the single ring on his wedding finger.

That ruby ring. The...fucking 0ring that connected her mind to his. If this collar has a leash it would be that ring. But thankfully Sans must not have heard that thought or maybe it had been her subconscious thinking it as opposed to her conscious mind because he didn’t turn his gaze to look at the ring.

Instead he focused his intense stare on her little hands instead of her or his ring.

The focus of his attention should have brought a small relief to her that at least he wasn’t staring into her eyes, but all the same she started to shake when he began to massage her tiny hands with his sharp thumbs.

“Hey don’t be scared, dollface. Yer my lady and I ain’t never gonna hurt you” he said and just the way he said it….his voice was laced with greed, lust and possessiveness….Frisk’s shaking intensified and she could only watch as he brought her hands up to his sharp smile and pressed them to this mouth.

*He’s kissing my hands,* Frisk thought with horrified fascination. And she actually could feel a sort of warmth coming from his mouth and with a shuddering gasp she pulled her hands away from his gentle grasp and put them behind her back, clasping them together.
She glared at him, hoping her stare wasn’t overshadowed by the tears that would fall at any moment.

“How...how can you not expect me to be scared of you?” she blurted out not caring how weak she looked to him. The amusement in his sockets returned and the red lights glowed even brighter with pleasure.

She knew she should stop talking. She knew there was no way to convince him and at this point she was just going to end up crying in front of him but….but what else could she do? Take it? Give up?

“You put this collar around my neck, you can hear my thoughts and whisper things into my mind...if I don’t listen to you, I get shocked. How is that not scary?! Why shouldn’t I be terrified? I’m not your lady. You want me to be your fucking pet and I am not going to play fetch for you!”

And with that Frisk pushed her chair back, wanting to get away from him and that cold and proud grin on his face. She knew she couldn’t get far, not with her collar and Sans’ incredible ability to appear at anyplace just by thinking but...but....but still....even if it were just for a few seconds where she didn’t have to see him, the consequences would be worth it.

Unfortunately and predictably Sans knew what Frisk was trying to do and was ready. He easily stopped her by putting his hands on the armrests of her chair, effectively blocking her in.

“Nooo...”she wailed and pathetically tried to move one of his bulky arms out of her way. “Just let me go Sans. Just leave me alone, please!”

The skeleton laughed, not loudly but the light-heartedness of it made Frisk sent a chilling shiver down her spine. He was acted like this whole situation wasn’t a big deal. And maybe for him it wasn’t.

His voice was softer and warm as he spoke in a soothing tone, one of his hands reaching up to gently pinch her chin between his thumb and index finger.

“Now don’t blow this out of portion. It won’t be so bad, dollface. If ya just...take my suggestions every now and then I know you and me can be happy. Just give it some time, baby. I promise you’ll be happy, happier than you ever been if you just...” he had paused, chuckling a little before he
finished his sentence. “...just go wit’ the flow. Just relax and let me do all the work. Let me take care of ya.”

Her despair and terror was still gripping her mind, but all the same she felt her eyes narrow at how...casually he said that. *Just listen to everything I say and we’ll both be happy. Just give up your free-will and things will be peachy.*

And Frisk couldn’t really help what her mind spat back out towards Sans.

*I’m gonna get away from you Sans. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you.*

The collar of course must have either told him or given him some insight on how she felt about his easy-going response because his amusement disappeared and she found herself staring at his pitch-black sockets.

His grip on her chin tightened painfully and when she tried to move her head away, he jerked it back into place so she couldn’t break eye-contact with him.

“You ain’t gonna escape me, dollface. I don’t let the things I want leave me,” he had growled. Frisk hated it, but she felt herself shrink in her chair as Sans straightened himself up to tower over her making her feel even smaller.

“And don’t think you can leave me when I ain’t around either cause even if I ain’t here wit’ ya, this collar...” he paused, letting go of her chin to pinch her beloved heart charm between his fingers, “...will follow my instructions and make sure you stay in line. Yer stuck wit’ me forever, dollface. Might as well git use to it.”

Frisk could only stare at him. All the words in her mouth dried up and in that moment she tried her hardest to keep her mind blank so he wouldn’t see anything else, but even she knew keeping her mind empty was a near impossibility.

Even though she wasn’t educated about the different functions of the brain she knew the mind could either be your best friend or your worst enemy. She couldn’t count the number of times she tried to force a catchy song out of her head, only for her mind to rebel against her and keep teasing her with it’s melody.
And she also knew thoughts worked the same way and her belief was confirmed when another “I hate you, Sans” slipped by the blank wall she tried to build in her mind. Not even a second after that thought was created, the red lights in Sans’ sockets returned only they were flickering uncontrollably.

“So here’s how things are gonna work around here. Ya don’t touch that collar and ya don’t try to git somebody else to take it off fer ya either. Ya don’t leave this place unless I’m either wit’ ya or I give ya permission to leave. Ya ain’t gonna talk to nobody or answer yer door fer nobody unless I tell ya ya can and if ya don’t obey, yer pretty collar is gonna do something like this-”

Sans snapped his fingers. Frisk’s eyes had widened but before she could tense her body up to prepare herself for the pain, the shock came hard and fast. She let out a scream that turned into a cry of help only to be halted by another painful shot.

And all the while Sans held onto her chin so he could watch as her face twisted into an expression of agony. She was panting and breathing heavily and would have collapsed on the ground if Sans weren’t holding her steady.

“This can’t be happening, Frisk thought only to have Sans’ sadistic smile grow. This can’t be my life. I need to-

“Ya don’t need anythin’ but me, dollface,” his face softened and his voice softened too.

The fact the skeleton kept going back and forth from being a cold prick to a gentle man was not only terrifying but it was beginning to remind Frisk of her….ex-lover.

Derek could change from being the most lovable man in the world to being the guy who beat her unborn baby out of her from an unprovoked punch in the stomach.

Mean and nasty to sweet and loving. That was Derek.

Sans was a little bit different. Smug, cold and controlling to soft-spoken, easy-going and controlling.
“I understand this might seem...unfair, but please...just...just give it time. You’ll see that I’m not a bad guy.” When she didn’t respond, only offering a snort of laughter, Sans rolled the lights in his sockets and continued. “Now then, ya understand those simple instructions? They seem reasonable and easy to follow, right?”

_Fuck you_, she couldn’t help but think but instead of a shock all she heard was a deep sigh of annoyance. Sans rubbed his hand over his face tiredly.

“This whole thing is gonna be a fuckin’ trial of my patience, but-” he paused once again, only to leaned down, moving closer to Frisk. Frisk closed her eyes, waiting for something. A slap, a bite, another terrible shock, but when she felt his cold bony teeth touch her forehead, she cracked open an eye in surprise. “...yer worth it, dollface.” He ended.

And with that, he straightened out his shirt and winked at her. “Gotta git goin’, but I’ll be back early tomorrow morning. I got a nice surprise fer ya. Be sure yer up to greet me, huh?” And with that statement, his smile became more of a smirk. “Unless you prefer me to wake you up in bed.”

“I’ll be up.” Frisk had quickly said and received a pleased smile from him that made her want to vomit.

And when he left, she waited a good two hours before she tried to open the door to her apartment.

Rushing to the door, hope raising to high levels, she reached her hand out. Her hand didn’t even touch the doorknob before the jolt hit her.

“No,” she had wailed before she tried to tear off the collar again only to have another jolt knocked her to her knees. She closed her eyes, readying herself to hear Sans’ condescending voice or his cruel laughter enter her head, but all she got was silence.

_You insane prick_, she viciously thought not caring at this point what happened. His voice didn’t respond.
Well at least he’s letting me have my thoughts when he’s away, Frisk had thought hatefully, steadying her breathing and willing her exhausted body to stand up. And when she felt she had recovered enough she tried to call out for help, but as soon as she opened her mouth to do just that another horrible bout of pain made her collapse on her stomach.

She chuckled weakly when she realized she couldn’t pull herself back up.

Go with the flow, huh Sans? she thought to Sans. Sans still didn’t respond in her mind.

She felt a little frustrated when he didn’t answer but thankfully the exhaustion was taking over her body so she would able to fall asleep easily instead of staying up half the night in a panic. She needed her rest if she was gonna come up with a plan to escape.

How come you’re ignoring me now, you prick? I know you can hear me. You heard my thoughts plain as day when you were here.

Frisk felt her eyelids get heavy. She knew there was something about that thought that was extremely important. Something that didn’t sit right with her but with an exhausted body all she could have done was promised herself she’d think about it later. And then she fell asleep on the floor.

And the next day when Sans came, he really did have a surprise for her. A horrible and degrading surprise for her that made her feel even more like she was his property.

He didn’t like her wardrobe or her “filthy rags” as he put it, so he threw every piece of clothing she owned away and replaced them with more expensive and admittedly nicer clothes. But…

It reminded Frisk of a doll she used to have when she was maybe four or five years old. Miss Buttons. There wasn’t anything really that special about the doll. It was made out of plastic so it wasn’t soft like Frisk’s teddy bear or colorful like Frisk’s ragdoll, but Miss Buttons did have one thing Frisk’s other toys didn’t have. The company who created the doll also created thousands of little outfits for her to wear and while Frisk’s parents could only afford to buy Miss Buttons just a few pieces of clothing, Frisk spent hours upon hours dressing the stupid thing up and mismatching the clothes just for fun.

Frisk knew how Miss Buttons felt now. Frisk knew how it felt to be a doll.
But Frisk opted to watch as opposed to say something and even tried her hardest not to think of anything mean that might offend the skeleton. He was in a good mood but she was terrified that the wrong thought would send a painful shock to her body. Her body was still weak and she was terrified that another bout of pain might rendered her unconscious. That was a position she never wanted to be in again. Unconscious in front of Sans.

Granted he didn’t do anything to her that first night, but she didn’t kid herself into thinking it was never gonna happen. She knew that eventually if she didn’t think of a way out of her collar she would eventually be raped. And continued to be raped again and again and again.

_Yer stuck wit’ me forever, dollface._

And that would be the case unless she was able to come up with a plan to escape. A plan to escape that Sans didn’t know about, which seemed impossible, but….Frisk knew there had to be a way. There just had to be a way for her to come up with a plan without his knowledge. But how?

But she didn’t think about how that second day. That second day she tried to remain neutral and keep her mind in a somewhat peaceful state to all the pleasant things Sans was saying and it seemed to be working.

She focused all her attention on the clothing he bought her. There were packages of expensive clothing she opened and while each package contained a different outfit with it’s own unique style all the colors were the same. _Black and reds._ Those were the two colors that instantly attacked her eyes. Sweater dresses, formal dresses, nightgowns, pantyhose…bras and panties. All of them black or red, or a mixture of both.

And there was something extremely disturbing about those colors and Frisk knew what it was. Sans’s suits were always _black and red._ And now all of her clothing were black and red too. They matched. So when they went out everybody would know who she belonged to.

Everybody would know she was the property of Sans Gaster. And when Sans read those thoughts in her mind, he shrugged.

“Ain’t nothing wrong with lettin’ people know we’re together, baby,” he had said. Frisk didn’t respond and tried not to think too long or hard about his words or how he didn’t correct her on her theory that Sans chose those clothings just for the sole purpose of showing everybody he had ownership over her.
But despite all that, getting upset over clothing wasn’t worth putting her body through pain. And Frisk almost succeeded in keeping a cool head and a calm mind, but...

...but all her efforts flew out the window when Sans held out a simple, but pretty red and black striped sweater dress for her to wear, ordering her to “take that trash off and put this one on.”

A deep sense of humiliation bloomed harshly in her chest as Sans placed the dress in Frisk’s arms. And then without thinking Frisk threw the damn thing back in the skeleton’s grinning face.

“I’m not a doll you can play dress up with, you sick freaahhhhh!”

The shock that erupted through her body was just as painful as the others had been, but thankfully it didn’t knock her out. But it did do something just as bad. Maybe even worse. The shock wouldn’t stop until she grabbed the dress back from Sans, who was holding it out patiently for her to take, and put it on. The pain was so bad and so constant that Frisk didn’t even care when she took her clothes off in front of Sans and didn’t even flinch as he ran his tongue over his lipless mouth as he looked over her body when she frantically tried to put the dress on.

And when she did the pain instantly stopped.

She had to fight back the tears as Sans helped her adjust the material. He grinned at her.

“See, dollface? If you just go wit’ the flow everything’s easier. Everything’s nicer,” Sans purred and wrapped his arms around her tiny waist from behind as his whole body nearly encompassed hers. She shuddered and closed her eyes.

*Here it comes*, she thought to herself and waited for his hands to play with her body. To violate her. To fuck her. He hadn’t done it that first night, but this was the second day. Of course he wouldn’t wait. Why would he? But all he did was rest his chin on top her head and sigh in delight.

“How come you don’t wear red and black colors more often?”

“W-what?” Frisk asked. She wasn’t expected a question about her choice of clothing. She was expecting him to throw her on the bed, rip her new dress to pieces and finally do what she knew he
wanted to do.

Sans chuckled. “Relax, little lady. I ain’t gonna do anything to ya, At least not anything too bad.”

Frisk blinked as his words settled in. She wasn’t stupid enough to feel relieved.

She closed her eyes and gritted her teeth as he buried his face into her hair.

“Yer puttin’ up a good performance, but I know yer still scared of me,” he explained, his voice slightly muffled. His warm breath tickled the top of her neck. “That ain’t no good. When we do fuck, I don’t want ya to be scared. Takes the fun out of it. And normally I ain’t a patient guy….at least when it comes to waiting fer something I really really want.”

Frisk trembled in his hold as Sans finally moved his hands up to cup her breasts in his large hands. He gave them a light squeeze and moaned out a chuckle.

“Ya know how hard it is fer me to control myself when I feel how soft yer pretty little breasts are?” he asked and to her horror his voice started to pant with excitement.

“Sans…” she managed to find her voice. She tried to sound firm as she moved her hands up to his and tried to pry his hands away from her chest. She did managed to move them away from her upper body but she knew it was only because he let her move them.

They now rested on her stomach.

“Stop it, Sans. Get off me.”

His chuckling got deeper and much darker as he pulled her even closer to him. His ribs poked her back. She cringed as he dipped his head low until it rested on her shoulder and gave her neck a lick with his gooey long tongue.

Despite the unwanted attention, Frisk felt her body give out a slight shiver of something that wasn’t quite disgust. Her self-worth fell while her self-hatred grew.
This whole situation was…sick. Sick and insane and still so unbelievable and yet despite all that Frisk was still baffled on how could her body could respond in an almost positive way to his tongue. She knew her weak point was her neck, but damn it…for real? She knew from the many times Derek…forced himself on her there were moments that were…pleasurable for her but with Derek she thought she was in love with him. That was until she woke the hell up and got away from him.

With Sans there was no love. So…why did her body respond that way? Wasn’t her situation degrading enough? How weak was she that she couldn’t even control her body’s reactions towards somebody she legitimately hated and feared?

Sans, on the other, wasn’t exactly displeased with the way she responded.

**Your neck is sensitive isn’t it?** his voice echoed in her mind. **Yer legs almost gave out from a little lick. That’s adorable, dollface.**

A hot shameful blush came over Frisk’s face as Sans chuckled.

**Stop it, Sans,** she pleaded in her mind, hoping her thoughts had more of an effect on him than her actual words would. Instead they only seemed to further excite the skeleton.

“Blushing too?” Sans’ real voice and laughter made Frisk’s shame grow. It was bad enough he called her out on the most sensitive part of her body, but his laughter only made things worse.

His laughter was a constant reminder that she was nothing more than a little doll for him to play with. Or at least she was until she found a way to escape her collar.

“That’s pretty cute too. I wonder how deep that blush can get,” he whispered in her ear. She stiffened when she felt his teeth lightly graze her skin. “Wonder what would happen if I bite yer neck. Would ya moan?”

“Sans. Please. Stop it.” she said, forcing her voice to get louder. His teeth withdrew but he continued to hold her.

“That’s the problem, dollface. How can you expect me to stop when you look this delicious? And
after ya gave me that little peek show when ya undressed too? That’s just cruel.”

Frisk whimpered as the skeleton’s sharp fingers began to slowly crawl down her stomach until they rested on her thighs. “Not nice to tease a man like that.’’

Frisk felt something...poke her back and it wasn’t his ribs. And she finally snapped. Face on fire, she just wanted him to...stop making her feel so helpless. She’d much rather him just just just….do it than torture her with the thought of raping her. At least if he did it, she wouldn’t be holding her breath and wincing over every touch he gave her, wondering if this moment was the moment where he finally gave in and raped her.

“If you’re gonna do it, then just do it already! ” she screeched, but all she got was a round of rough laughter and a kiss on the top of her head before he let her go completely. She spun around to see him reaching in his pocket and pulling out a cigar. He lit it and puffed out a fog of red smoke.

“Oh come on, dollface. Lighten up. I was only kiddin’. Like I said, we’ll have our fun when yer ready, but until that day comes why not git to know each other a little better? We can talk and you’ll see I’m quite the catch.”

Frisk swallowed. Her hands shaking and her eyes nearly flooding with tears. She needed this collar off of her. She needed a plan. This was not going to be her life. And she wasn’t going to give in. And she wasn’t going to remain silence if she could help it.

She just….wouldn’t be aggressive when she spoke. Maybe if she used a calm and reasonable voice and continued to use it, maybe she could get through to Sans. Or at the very least, if that didn’t work she would still be able to speak her opinions without getting him angry enough to shock her.

But at any rate the thought of remaining silent when she had so much to say was more than she could bear. Even if he could read her thoughts, she didn’t want her opinions to end in her head. And so after a deep breath, calming herself down, Frisk forced her voice to be sweet and calm.

“Sans you....you really ...you think it’s okay that you’ll eventually rape me?”

And as she finally said it outloud, voicing her biggest fear, the tears fell. But at least they were silent tears. Not tears that were accompanied by choking gasps or loud sniffles.
Sans grunted, either in annoyance or anger. Frisk didn’t know, but she tensed up her body just in case he decided she deserved a shock for that comment.

“Jesus woman, it ain’t gonna be rape,” he grumbled, taking a deep drag from his cigar. “Rape is when somebody doesn’t want to fuck and the other person is forcin’ them too. That ain’t gonna be us.”

Frisk opened her mouth to speak but a warning popped into her head.

*Be careful what comes out of your mouth.*

Frisk ignored that voice and looked straight as Sans who was beginning to look more than a little angry. The good mood he was in only seconds earlier had disappeared.

“I don’t...I don’t want…you...”

Sans growled lowly, throwing the half-smoked cigar on her carpet, and stomped it out leaving an ugly burn mark on the carpet. But the collar didn’t shock her and Sans didn’t make a move towards her.

“Yer just saying that cause you ain’t givin’ me or yerself a chance. Once you accept this...small change, things’ll get better. I promise ya they will.”

And before Frisk ask how he could think what he was doing to her was anything but a “small change”, Sans stepped away from her and took a golden pocketwatch out of his jacket’s pocket and swore heavily when he looked at the time. A tint of light red smoke began to pour faintly from his left eye socket.

“Fuck. I’m late. Gotta have to attend a business meetin’ in a few minutes,” he muttered more himself than to Frisk. Frisk winced when she heard the anger and stress raising in his voice. He looked back at her expectedly.

“I gotta go, dollface. Work and all that, but you stay inside the apartment today. It’s still too cold for you to be walkin’ outside. But don’t worry, if tomorrow is warmer, we’ll do something outside.”
Frisk couldn’t help the next words from leaving her mouth. “Thanks for the warning. And don’t concern yourself with me,” her voice dripped with sarcasm. Sans tilted his head at her tone, but allowed her to continue. “I’ll just love being forced to stay inside my apartment like I were a prisoner.”

Frisk didn’t expect the stress on the skeleton’s face to leave him nor did she expect Sans to laugh.

“Hey if yer wantin’ to go out on a day like today, I’m grateful that collar is around yer neck. It’ll keep you from makin’ a stupid decision like that.”

Frisk frowned and crossed her arms. “And so what am I supposed to during the time you’re away? I can’t talk to anybody. I can’t go anywhere. Do you expect me to wait devotedly for your return?”

Apparently out of everything she said to him, those word were the ones to reach him because the lights in his sockets dimmed as he hummed thoughtfully.

“Y’know I hadn’t really thought about that. It might get borin’ here all by yer lonesome…” he paused, tapping his foot against the burn stain he just made on her carpet. “I’ll bring something fer ya. Ya like to read?”

Frisk didn’t answer but that didn’t seem to bother Sans in the least. “Yeah smart girl like you probably does. I’ll git ya some books or somethin’ when I come around tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?”

Sans nodded. “Yep after my business meetin’ wit’ Don...um with some human land owners, my oldest brother expects me home, but I won’t be busy all the time. Tomorrow we can spend the whole day tomorrow,” his voice held a sort of excitement that reminded Frisk of a child whose parents told them they’d be going somewhere fun for the day.

It unnerving and she didn’t say anything when Sans paused. She just looked away from Sans, opting to stare at the ground. Her stare was redirected back to him when Sans reached out and placed one of his hands on her cheek.

She winced but didn’t pull away. Why leave this wonderful day on a sour note?
“I know this day hasn’t been a good day fer ya. Yer still reelin’ from these changes, but tomorrow will be different. Tomorrow we’ll talk and you’ll git to know me better and I know you’ll feel happier about this whole situation.”

*Don’t like dolls with sour faces?* Frisk mentally asked him. Sans shook his head and answered her snarky question out loud.

“I don’t like to see my lady unhappy, but this really is the only way, ya know?” he said and leaned towards her, pressing his mouth to her lips for a kiss. Frisk didn’t pucker her lips, standing straight as a statute as Sans gave her a quick and thankfully dry kiss.

And with that he vanished into thin air.

And when he vanished Frisk stood in the exact same spot Sans left her in for a good few minutes still feeling his hard mouth on her lips before she calmly walked over to her dresser’s mirror.

She stared at her reflection. She saw a teary-eyed woman wearing a black and red dress with a dog collar around her neck. The reflection stared back. And finally Frisk moved.

With hot tears of rage sizzling down her face, Frisk balled her right hand up into a fist and punched her reflection right in the face. The miserable face in the mirror cracked in half and so did the skin on Frisk’s knuckles. And even though she felt a trickle of warm blood oozing down her hand, there was no pain. Frisk was too pissed to feel anything but complete hatred.

And the worst part was it wasn’t even for Sans. It was for herself.

She gritted her teeth at the mirror. Her cracked reflection gritted it’s teeth back at her.

*You stupid weak woman,* Frisk thought hatefully to herself as she punched the mirror again. More cracks appeared. Blood spattered not only on the mirror, but on the dresser as well. The cut on her knuckles got deeper but still Frisk couldn’t feel anything but hatred.

*You just stood there and did nothing when that monster laughed at you!*
She punched the mirror again. Shards of glass fell unto the dresser, revealing bits of the wooden frame that held the mirror up. And when Frisk withdrew her hand she wasn’t even alarmed in the slightest to see a large piece of the mirror sticking out of her fist. It didn’t hurt. Nothing hurt. And now a lot of blood was squirting out of her hand and staining her carpet.

You didn’t yell a Goddamn thing at him!

She punched the mirror again. Blood spattered back at her this time.

You just stood there when he touched you! You just cowered and meekly begged him to stop! YOU DIDN’T DO ANYTHING TO STOP HIM!!!

Most of the mirror was gone now so her fist hit the wooden frame. The glass that was embedded in her knuckle sank deeper into her flesh. Helplessness, hopelessness and anger swirled in her mind.

How could you just stand there?!! She screamed at herself even though she knew the answer. Even if she did fight him and even if she did tell him everything that was on her mind in the most hurtful, hateful and most poisonous way imaginable, Sans would still win. That ring he wore on his finger and the collar she had around her neck ensured he would always be the winner.

She couldn’t see a way out. He not only effectively beaten her, but he did a thorough job as well. How could she beat somebody who not only had complete control over her body physically, but knew what she was thinking as well? How could she even try to come up with a plan when her capturer knew what she was planning at the same moment she was doing it?!

Now feeling the pain in her hand and seeing how much of a mess she made, both to herself and to her room, Frisk sank to her floor, trying but failing to avoid stepping on the bits of broken mirror that fell to the ground and curled herself into a ball. She openly sobbed, nursing her wounded hand to her chest.

She didn’t care that Sans knew what she was doing. She didn’t care that he could read her thoughts at that exact moment and see how pathetic she was. She didn’t care about how badly her hand was hurting. All she cared about was that feeling of hopeless helplessness that was growing in the pit of her chest. She only had the collar on for a single day and already she couldn’t see a way out.
And with those feelings of helplessness and hopelessness making her so sick she could vomit, Frisk pulled herself off the ground, wincing when she felt the piece of mirror she stepped on go deeper in her foot.

Frisk hobbled over to her bathroom, leaving a bloody trail following her, and spent a good amount of time carefully pulling the glass from her hand and foot. She concentrated on the pain as opposed to those horrible feelings, sniffing every so often and wrapped up her injuries.

And then she spent the rest of the day cleaning her home, because that’s all she could do. She cleaned every area and every inch of her home viciously pretending ever strain, every bit of dust, every spill on her floor was Sans’ face. She scrubbed the dishes so hard the flower patterns came off the surface. She carefully picked up every piece of glass on her carpet.

She deliberately pushed her injured so hard in her merciless cleaning that it began to bleed through her bandages, causing her even more pain. She replaced the bandages with clean ones only to overwork her hand again and replace those bandages with new bandages.

And all the while she tried not to think too long and hard about anything but even with the pain throbbing through her hand, not thinking about how fucked she was was hard. And not thinking about anything that might drive Sans into a violent rage was even harder. Trying not to think gave her a headache. In a way it was kind of funny. Trying to think about anything creates headaches. Who knew?

And when she was done completely done cleaning as in there was nothing else to clean, Frisk felt grimy and sweat was pouring from every pore in her body despite the freezing cold weather outside, and her hair felt like it was caked with dirt. Her hand was screaming for mercy and to her delight her new dress was completely ruined and smelled like bleach and dirty sink water. She was utterly a disgusting mess but her home was clean. Sparkling clean. Cleaner than it had ever been.

She laughed only to start crying weakly as she stared around her clean apartment. There is still a shock collar around my neck and I’m still Sans’ little pet, but hey! At least my apartment’s clean!

She limped over to now immaculate bathroom and took a slow extremely hot shower, applying a good amount of soap into her injuries just so she could feel even more agony.

Anything that could distract her from her new reality was a blessing. Unfortunately her attempt didn’t work and soon Frisk was sobbing once again. Loudly. But luckily the water was there to wipe her snot and tears away. And she didn’t get out not even when the water turned icy cold. She
stayed in the shower, shivering for another good ten minutes until she finally decided she punished herself enough.

And when she got out she dried her skin so hard some areas of her flesh began to turn a raw red.

Afterwards she put on a black nightgown that was way too revealing and ate some dried noodles. Even if she knew how to cook them, she wouldn’t have been in the mood and when she was done eating, she laid down on her bed staring at the ceiling.

She fell asleep feeling so hopeless. All this day showed her was that Sans really was in charge.

But on the third day everything changed. And it was all because of Sans. He didn’t even realize what he was doing and Frisk almost missed it.

She woke up early feeling even more hopeless than before, and got out of her see-through, not wanting to give Sans another look at her body….not that it would matter anyway. Frisk knew it was only a matter of time before….it happened. Now the thought of escaping

Her hand was screaming with pain and she delicately changed the bandages once again and when Sans came knocking on her door, he looked like he was in a good mood. He even brought some food from Mr. Vel’s diner in one hand and was holding a large cardboard box in the other. The covered food smelled pancakes and after only eating dry noodles yesterday Frisk’s stomach rumbled at the delicious smell.

And Sans seemed to be in a good mood that morning, giving Frisk a kiss on the lips (like they really were a couple and not a master greeting his pet) before he slightly and with all the gentleness of the world, pushed Frisk back so she wouldn’t see the outside from her door before closing it.

He dropped the cardboard box on her floor with a grunt, the loud thumping sound told Frisk that whatever was in the box was heavy, but before she could ask what her newest gift was she saw Sans staring at her hand.

He dropped the food to the ground.

And before she could come up with a lie he grabbed her hand with a vicious snarl and squeezed it. Frisk let out a squeal of pain and tried to jerk her hand back, but his grip only tightened. His rings
pressed into her wound and blood seeped through the bandage at a quick pace and a few drops fell on her carpet.

“Sans! What the hell are you-”

“What the fuck happened to yer hand?!” he growled and before she could even try to made her mind a blank wall, the image of herself punching the mirror flashed in her mind. Sans’ sockets widened, the red lights become so bright with disbelief that it nearly blinded her, an expression she had never seen on his face until that moment and in that second she realized something.

She realized something so wonderful that hope bloomed in her chest. But so did self-disgust for how quickly she had allowed herself to think there was no way out when there was.

But she halted herself before she could give her discovery a complete thought. She couldn’t let Sans know she noticed his stupid mistake. And so she gave him another image of what happened the day before. Her mind replayed the entire day after he left. She showed him every punch she threw out that mirror.

And with every second Sans stood there holding her bleeding hand, his grip tightened until she thought it would break. And she was happy about that. She on the pain to ensure she didn’t even give herself a chance to think about what she just figured out.

“You...you...did this to yerself?!” he bellowed and Frisk hoped that none of her neighbors would come knocking. She didn’t want them face to face with Sans who already seemed ready to put her through a wall.

“Sans please calm down. The neighbors-” she begged only to receive a faceful of red smoke from his pitch black sockets. His body was trembling with rage.

“I don’t give a flyin’ fuck about yer neighbors,” he roared and dragged her into her room. Real panic erupted into her as he shoved her on her bed but he didn’t crawl up on her and pin her body to the mattress. He was simply placing her there and turned to look at the mirror as if to see if her thoughts were telling him the truth.

And when he saw the broken mirror his anger doubled. He turned to Frisk who was struggling to get off her bed. His massive body was hunched over in a defensive stand, he was panting and his huge hands were in fists. He truly did look like a monster in Frisk’s childhood nightmares.
But even though he looked terrifying and ready to personally murder Frisk, his words continued to confirm that Frisk’s discovery was something real. And more hope bloomed in her chest.

“Ya stupid bitch! Why the fuck would ya hurt yerself like that?! Are ya fucking insane?! Ya could have seriously fucked yerself up and nobody would have been able to help ya!”

Frisk’s heart nearly stopped when she realized she was starting to think out her discovery and if he knew what she knew, that was it for her. She really would be his pet until the day she died.

And when she looked at Sans, her horror grew. He must have heard the beginning of her thought because he paused slightly in his heavy breathing and the lights returned to his sockets. But before he could even say anything or push her mind harder, Frisk jumped out of her bed and rushed towards him.

And he made a sound of genuine surprise as she wrapped her arms around his waist and pressed her face to his chest, feeling his ribs poke her.

“I’m sorry,” she muttered and replayed the images of herself crying into the shower as the blood ran down her hand and flowed prettily into the drain. Before she didn’t want herself to look pathetic but now that was all she wanted the skeleton to see her as. Pathetic. Helpless. And it seemed to work because Sans’ breathing leveled out and she felt his arms gingerly wrap around her shoulders. The possessiveness of that hold was not lost on her but she didn’t care. She kept that shower scene in her head and if seeing her naked when Sans read her mind helped distract him from her real thoughts then so be it.

“I’m sorry Sans. I just...I just needed let my anger out-”

She felt Sans’ hold tightened. “But doin’ that to yerself-”

Frisk looked up at him and gave him a weak smile halting his words.

“I know it was stupid, but can you believe that after I was done letting all that anger out things didn’t seem so bad? I mean, there are still a lot of things I don’t like, but they were nowhere near as bad after I let all that anger out.”
Sans didn’t say anything and Frisk actually felt his presence in her mind as he unrelentingly began pushing and probing her for any traitorous thoughts. She pushed back with an image of herself cleaning the whole apartment.

“I’m still gonna fight you on a few things, like not having sex for awhile and getting angry a lot but I think...if you’re nice to me and treat me good-”

Sans chuckled lightly. Frisk gave a sigh of relief at the sound. “I’ll treat ya like a goddamn princess.”

Frisk wrapped her arms even tighter around his body, trying to ignore how uncomfortable this hug was.

“Well as long as you remember I’m gonna get angry sometimes and don’t hold it against me-”

“And just as long as ya keep to my rules, I think I can endure some mean words every once in awhile,” Sans laughed and pulled back, titling Frisk’s head back so they were staring straight at each other. Frisk pushed the image of herself getting shocked by his collar when she refused to eat. Sans laughed again and Frisk was surprised to see a small blush hitting his cheekbones.

“Remember, my own bro put that thing around my neck. I know what yer goin’ through. I’ll be patient.”

Frisk nodded. “Well just keep in mind that I’m gonna lose my temper a lot. Like right now. I’m starving and I think you just ruined our breakfast when you threw everything to the ground-”

Sans scoffed. “Pardon me I was was pissed and horrified to know that my lady was hurtin’ herself.”

Frisk smirked and fully pushed herself away from him. His body was completely calmed down. “Well I am hungry. Think you can get some more of those pancakes from Mr. Vel’s place?”

Sans rubbed his head and once again Frisk felt his presence shifting around in her head but she pushed up an image of a stack of pancakes in her mind. And after a few seconds he nodded again.
“Sure thing. Be back in a sec.”

And when he vanished, Frisk waited a good five minutes before she let out a squeal of weak laughter and finally let her discovery bloom in her mind.

“You can’t hear my thoughts when you’re far away from me, can you you stupid prick?” she cried out, feeling the hope raise in her chest. “That’s why you didn’t answer me in my thoughts that first night! That’s why you didn’t know what happened to my hand!”

The huge smile on her face hurt so bad but she couldn’t stop grinning. She found a loophole thanks to Sans’ temper and it was gonna be her ticket to freedom!

_The collar follows Sans’ instructions, but he has to be near me to actually listen to my thoughts! I just have to…keep Sans away from my real thoughts like I just did and when he’s gone I can come up with a plan to escape!_

Frisk’s smile vanished as a thoughtful frown came over her face. That was going to be difficult though. She nearly gave herself away.

Pondering how she could keep him from figuring out her newfound secret Frisk walked into her living room and opened the cardboard box he left on the floor. There were tons of books. And they weren’t just random books either. All of them fell into the fantasy genre: Frisk’s favorite type of literature.

_He must have seen my book collection when he was throwing away all my old clothes_ , Frisk thought as she shifted through the books.

She picked one one of them up and read the title: _The Illustrated Brothers Grimm Complete Fairy Tale Collection_.

Frisk’s wide smile came over her face again as an idea began to form in her mind.

Chapter End Notes
Looks like this Frisk may have the upper hand! ^^

Comments are always welcomed!
Oh my God, it’s been more than a minute since I updated this! If anybody is still waiting on this, thank you all for your patience, support, love and kudos.

Also if SpaceTiger is reading this, a big shoutout to them and hope everything is going fantastic for your big day, lovey, and I want to apologize that I won't have the latest chapter of Sooner or Later done with before your wedding, but I hope this chapter tides you over until then. <3

Also, a big shoutout to ShiningWings for beta reading a MAJORITY of this chapter. If you spot any grammar mistakes at the end, that's all me! ;)

Also TO ALL MY READERS, PLEASE read the ending notes before you click off to this story! ^_^

Also once again, has anybody else played the game CUPHEAD? Cause I just started playing it and I love it!!!

“I knew you were smart, but I really didn’t take ya for a bookworm, dollface,” Sans said, lighting up a cigar and placing his black shoes on his little lady’s brand new black coffee table as he leaned back on her brand new red couch, taking a deep drag before letting out a wild puff of red smoke that hung heavily in the air before dissolving.

The large skeleton felt his SOUL flutter as his little lady shot him a mocking albeit sexy smile and followed his lead by placing her bare and extremely cute feet on the table right next to his, and leaned back on the couch as well.

Sans couldn’t help but smirk as he watched his little lady try to get comfortable, shifting and wiggling her body all around, only to give up, let out a small huff of annoyance and reposition herself so that her legs were crossed on the couch, and as opposed to leaning back, she opted to lean forwards into a hunched position, placing her elbows on her knees, and resting her chin in her hands.

“Nobody asked you, Sans,” the little lady growled playfully before once again moving around, this time to grab the newest of the books he’d gotten her to rifle through the pages.

He remained silent, only chuckling in response. After three weeks of visiting her, Sans knew her routine by now. He’d give her some new books every few days and she’d spend a couple of
minutes reading one or two pages and if she knew the story she would tell him all about it.

As the skeleton waited for her to finish and turn her attention back to him, he sat back and smoked his cigar, watching her with a fond and adoring look on his face.

She looked like a cute little doll sitting like that and the new furniture he’d gotten her a week ago only further emphasized how much smaller she was compared to him. Hell, the new red couch she was currently sitting on must have been two sizes larger than her old one, but then again everything he got her was bigger, and yes while she did complain that the new furniture required her to climb or hop on, it was a vast improvement over all that old shit she had and Sans knew that she knew that.

The monster was even courteous enough to probe her mind that day he teleported her old shit out of her apartment, taking it to Fell City’s dump before bring in the new stuff, just to make sure she was complaining just to complain and to his relief she was. Of course, if she had some kind of weird attachment to one of her old pieces of furniture, he wouldn’t have chucked it, but she didn’t say anything, so everything went.

It was for the best anyway. Not only was her old furniture worn down, lumpy and horrible as all hell, as well as beneath her, but the chairs, her tables, her couch and her …bed were all way too small for Sans to fully get comfortable on. Of course, he hadn’t been invited into her bed just yet, he’d made a promise to wait until she was ready, but when she finally welcomed him into her sheets, well …he didn’t want their first few minutes to be just figuring out just how the hell they both were gonna fit on a tiny worn down little bed. He wanted it to be perfect. No fuckups, no hesitation, no fighting, no fear, no tears, no pleading, no nothing except her willing little body lying on a bed meant for two, waiting for him to join her.

But waiting for that to happen …it was becoming nearly unbearable.

During the three weeks since those first fucked up days when his little lady had nearly broken her pretty hand in an admittedly understandable, but terrifying rage and after wrapping her arms around him and resting her head on the skeleton’s chest to calm his own rage down, they came to an agreement.

Just treat me nice, be patient, and be understanding when I’m not happy.

That was the gist of it and while Sans didn’t quite understand why his little lady was worried about shit like that, he was quick to agree with it just for her sake. Of course he was gonna fucking treat her good and be patient. He was already spoiling her with the most expensive jewelry, clothing and replacing her furniture, giving her the lifestyle that she deserved. And more importantly, if he wasn’t
being patient, he would have just thrown her on that bed and ripped her clothes off, but she’d wanted to hear it out loud, so Sans was happy to oblige that day.

Strangely, after that odd sort of peace treaty, things between them had changed for the fucking better.

Now whenever his little lady opened her door to let Sans in, her thoughts were no longer hateful and while they still remained sad and slightly bitter (he was working on that though) Sans never detected the same miserable amount of resentment he felt those first few days. In fact most of her thoughts had some kind of catchy jazz music playing. It was actually kind of interesting and adorable.

And what was better was that the collar hadn’t shocked her since she had wrapped her arms around him that day. Well, at least that he knew of. Her being shocked never happened when he was visiting her and he was happy about that. He hadn’t liked the way her teeth gritted together when that surge of agony hit her SOUL and he had HATED that look of spiteful accusation in her eyes every time it happened.

Then there was the fact that his little lady’s smiles were occurring more often.

She wasn’t afraid of touching him anymore, either. During his visits, she always seemed to lean into him whenever she was showing him a passage from one of those books to explain the odd and somewhat eerie human folk tales, going into some of the greatest details the skeleton had ever heard, with fucked up or beautiful imagery in her head to go along with her explanations.

Sans also found it hard to be patient when she had started wrapping her hand around a few of his ring fingers and played with the gems on them as she spoke about her younger days. She told the skeleton about her love of baseball when she was a kid (which prompted him to tell stories of his childhood), her old chorus teacher and her parents. Oh God, Sans felt so much love flowing through her when she spoke about her parents and the deep pain and sorrow when she told Sans the brutal way they died. It reminded the skeleton of how much he suffered when his own mother was killed, but he at least had his brothers. His little lady had had nobody. He couldn’t imagine facing that tragedy alone and even though he did turn to drugs and heavy drinking when he got older, Wings was able to pull him out of his funk.

But for much as his little lady talked, Sans found she was easy to talk to, too. He didn’t want to bring up his past, but seeing how easily she spoke about her pain and tragedy, he finally (and nervously) began to talk about his own upbringing, watching her face closely and listening to her thoughts to see if he disgusted her with his tales of his poverty-stricken early life, only to receive looks of understanding and sympathy.
Sans had felt like their SOULS were connecting, but one of the toughest moments for him to maintain his lust was the other day when his little lady had FINALLY kissed him back …

It felt right. Everything they shared between them had felt so right but when she finally kissed him back after nearly three weeks of being cold and unresponsive to his small intimate acts, Sans had almost pulled away from pure shock when he felt her hands rest themselves on his shoulders and when she opened her mouth, actually pushing her tongue against his, he nearly gasped.

It only took a second for him to shake off his shock and when he did, he took full advantage of her sudden mood shift. As he got a little more forceful, wrapping his own arms around her tiny body, lifting her body up effortlessly to his level, he carelessly and distractedly probed her mind, half of him curious to see what she was thinking, while his other side was laughing in victory, completely uninterested in everything but their first kiss and before that side completely won out, he felt a small bit of fear, a large amount of uncertainty, and a surprising warmth of enjoyment pumping into her mind.

One of her hands had moved away from his shoulder to lace the fingers of his ring hand with hers and while she did that, Sans tore himself away from her mind completely and took the opportunity to push a little bit of his red magic into her SOUL, massaging it gently. Almost instantly he had heard her gasp, her hand leaving his to grip his shoulder again as she instinctively pressed herself closer to him, pushing her tongue more aggressively into his mouth.

For one second, Sans thought he had done it. He thought he had finally made her feel that same spark he had felt all those years ago the very moment he met her, and that everything would become perfect and right because she finally loved him back and their SOULS would finally be in harmony together and the feeling was so incredible that he felt himself getting lost in her taste and touch.

His happy ending. Having her.

But...

...but then she pulled away. He had been dazed and confused, still drunk off her taste when she had pulled away and when he had gathered his thoughts enough to look into her mind, he saw a mixture of both confusing and pleasurable thoughts with just a dab of disappointment as she smiled up at him and said goodbye for the day, her face scarlet red.

And if he were being truthful, he almost lost out to his lust the other day after that kiss. He had almost started to move to grab at her and drag her to the bedroom, his lust and desperation for her almost taking over his logical side, but he stopped. The only thing that stopped him and forced him to
move away from her, despite the growing warmth rapidly building in his lower regions, was that his little lady wasn’t fully happy yet.

If he took her without her consent, it would be all over.

But ...he had told consoled himself by reminding himself that the day would come when she would become his as he was hers. She was getting there, slowly, yes, but also surely and it would be worth the wait when she finally did love him as much as he loved her.

And Sans was sure his little lady was close and once he had shown her that they could be happy together, that fucking collar could come off her throat and they could be a normal couple that went out on dates. And laughed together. And perhaps, someday, maybe ...a family.

Hell, if Sans were being truthfully he never even wanted to put the collar around her neck like she was his “pet” as she had so roughly put it that day when he had bought her her new wardrobe, but it was the only way to get her to be his.

Before the collar, she had just kept rejecting him and with every rejection and every nasty little thing she told him, he felt himself get more desperate for her, but no matter what he tried, nothing worked. She kept sending back his gifts and yet he couldn’t stop himself from sending her more, with a delusional hope that one gift, just one would change her mind about him. But he could tell that she wasn’t even opening them. Her rejections had hurt, but not as bad as Sans KNOWING her rejections were justified.

She didn’t dislike him for being a monster. She HATED him because of what he had done to her in that shitty nightclub’s bathroom, and then when he’d threatened her with that bullshit protection fee in order for her to come to him.

But still, despite her constant rejections, he had hoped that her determination would crumble and she would come to him during that two-week deadline. It didn’t. And with each rejection and the knowledge that she HATED him because of what he had done, Sans thought of the collar. The same collar Wingdings had used to control him when the middle skeleton was a drug using fuckhead. Sans had gotten it out of the shed, pulled it out of a dusty box that hadn’t been touched in years, and took it to their house in Surface City.

Part of him was whispering don’t do it. That little whispery voice was telling him to do things the right way. Win her the right way. The other part was screaming at him, reminding him that he had fucked up so badly that this was the ONLY way he could ever have her. And he wanted her so bad. He’d do anything to have her.
That whispery voice had won out. Sans had even taped an apology to her door, explaining what he had done, hoping that would at least change her opinion of him a little bit. He was hoping that the next time he saw her, she wouldn’t walk away in a huff or glare at him hatefully.

But then everything changed.

The day before the “deadline” until the protection fees were up, his little lady had come to his door in that cold weather, nearly frozen to death with a triumphant smile on her face as she held out that envelope full of money that was a little less than pocket change to Sans.

Sans had realized something in that moment that crushed his SOUL. His little lady never even read the letter. Not only did she not want his gifts, but she didn’t even want to hear what he had to say. That’s how bad Sans had fucked up.

The whispering voice inside his head vanished and that desperate lust-filled side that would do anything to have her at any means overtook all his logical thoughts.

She was watching him so intensely make the hot chocolate that she didn’t notice when he used a tiny bit of his magic to levitate that powder drug onto those marshmallows.

Hell, he knew he wasn’t being fair, but it was necessary. After all, if he hadn’t put the collar around her neck, he knew for a fact he wouldn’t be in her apartment at this very moment, with her leaning closer to him, resting her head on his upper arm, her hair brushing against his jaw as her hand played with the many rings on his hand.

“Anything interestin’ in that book-”

“How is Papyrus doing?” the little lady asked as she pinched one of the golden rings on his index finger and slowly began moving it forwards and backwards on his digit.

Sans saw colorful images of flowers assault her mind and chuckled, taking a moment to enjoy how sweet her hair smelled and how soft and silky it felt against his face.

*Must be that new orange-scented shampoo I got her*, Sans thought smugly before he answered.
“It’s still too cold outside to be working on that park, dollface,” Sans explained and frowned slightly with a rush of disappointment filled his little lady’s mind. All those beautiful flowers disappeared from her thoughts and was replaced with the image of that broken down park.

“Ya really do love flowers don’t ya, huh?” Sans asked and as he asked it he began thinking of all the different flowers he could bring her when he visited her tomorrow.

*An Echo Flower will make her smile,* Sans thought and just the idea of seeing her smile brought a blush to his face. *Goddamn how pathetic am I? Getting all excited for a fucking smile.*

“Yeah, I do …” she said, her voice dropping and Sans felt a string of nervousness began to built in her. What she was nervous about, he couldn’t tell. She kept thinking about that damn park-

“...Did I ever tell you my ex-boyfriend, Derek?”

Instantly a jealous and horrible rage began to fill Sans’ body. Yeah, the little lady did mention having an ex-lover when she was younger, and while she didn’t flat-out say it, the brief images she had in her mind told Sans that fucker took her first time and that pathetic little human should thank his lucky stars the little lady had broken it off with him, because if they were still together when Sans had seen her again, it wouldn’t have taken long for that fellow to meet an untimely and very violent death.

“Sans?”

Sans didn’t answer for a second, his jealousy briefly taking over. If that fucker had still been with her, Sans would have made his last moments of life linger painfully for even touching what was his. Sans knew it wouldn’t have made a difference that his little lady never even heard of him until a month ago, but that fucker should have known from the start that Frisk wasn’t meant for him. He should have known that she was meant for another man and that he should have just left her be.

*Maybe I should go out later today and find that son of a bitch*- 

“He’s dead, you know. He was killed a few weeks after I left him. I heard rumors that people broke into our old apartment, slashed him up good and threw his body into a dumpster.”
As the new information sank in and his jealousy fizzled, he was distantly aware that his little lady had moved from playing with the rings on his index finger to absently tapping the rings on his middle finger.

“Tough break,” Sans said after a few seconds of trying to compose himself as little chuckles threatened to come out. Yeah, her words and thoughts weren’t exactly sad when she told him that, but it probably would have been in poor taste if he started laughing.

A small little bitter smile that wasn’t pleasing to look at in the least soured the little lady’s pretty face as she gripped and squeezed his middle, index and ring fingers together.

“Derek, he didn’t start out mean, but he became that way the longer we stayed together,” she said quietly. “Guess he changed with the city.”

“What do you mean by that, dollface?” Sans asked, feeling the rage begin to build up again.

The little lady looked down, not answering, only playing with his rings as images flashed into her mind. Horrible images that shook Sans’ bones and made his bone marrow boil. A younger Frisk with a beaten face. A younger Frisk with blood running down her nose. A man screaming, slapping and punching at her. And then just for one instant, Sans saw a younger Frisk with a big swollen belly and blood running down her legs as she laid on the floor heaving, fighting to breath.

Sans gasped, his sockets widening as all her pain and agony from her past filled his SOUL to the brim and without even thinking, he pulled away from his little lady just as she began to play with the ruby ring on his ring finger that connect her SOUL to his.

If he had been angry before now he was completely enraged. The red smoke poured from his socket as all those images refused to leave his mind.

*How fucking dare that fucker do that. How fucking dare that asshole touch her like that. How fucking dare he hurt MY little lady like that,* Sans thought as he unintentionally glared at his little lady who took one look at his face and the smoke and his black stare and moved away from him until she was at the very end of the couch.

“He’s lucky he’s dead,” Sans growled finally. *That fucker got off easy.*
The little lady almost looked startled by the comment before she took a deep breath. Her mind was scared now. Scared, but determined.

“You are kind of like him sometimes-”

Finally Sans’ temper exploded and he shot up from the couch to tower over her. The little lady cowered as Sans bent down and grabbed her chin.

“I never touched ya like that! I ain’t never beat ya and I would never harm ya and I would have never killed our kid.”

The little lady narrowed her eyes. “Derek was controlling-”, she began only to stop and tap her collar. “-and so are you. He didn’t trust me, always called me a whore, and I couldn’t go anywhere without him. In that department you and him are two birds of a feather, Sans,” she hissed.

Sans growled again. The red smoke pouring from his socket becoming heavier and quickly filling the room. “That ain’t why-”

“Take the collar off, Sans,” she said, her voice not pleading nor angry nor sweet. It sounded logical and calm and perhaps it was because of that that Sans didn’t interrupt, but her tone in no way soothed his temper which was now nearly boiling out of control.

The massive monster knew he needed to leave and fast because if she said something or even tried to compare him once again to that asshole, Sans absolutely knew he was gonna destroy every single thing in her house and prove, not only to her but to himself, that he was indeed a little bit like her ex-lover.

And there was a tiny bit of him, that small whispery logical part, that knew she was right. He couldn’t really argue with the fact that he was controlling. He’d put a fucking collar that controls what the wearer does and lets the ring holder know what the wearer’s thinking around her throat. If that ain’t controlling, Sans didn’t know what was.

But....

But his reasons were different than that asshole’s! If Sans took it off, she’d leave him. He knew she would because why in the fuck would she want to be with him? He couldn’t bare the thought of that.
After what happened that rainy night ten years ago, the thought of losing his little lady again was unbearable. It was so painful that it made his SOUL ache.

“Maybe I should have stated that differently. You aren’t exactly like Derek, I get that, Sans,” the little lady began. Her mind was nothing but fear and determination. Her state of mind followed her words completely, giving the skeleton the impression that everything she said was free of deception.

“You are grabby with my body, but you can stop yourself, something Derek had no control of and I honestly…” the little lady frowned and took another deep breath, “I do feel like you care about me and there are moments like yesterday after that kiss when I get the feeling we can be good together-”

Through his rage, Sans felt victorious.

“See, dollface?! You felt it too-”

“But Sans, it isn’t going to be real love if we build ourselves up like we are now. At some point, I’ll just say and do things automatically because of this collar and that’s not love. That’s artificial. That’s half-fake and half-real and that can’t be what you want.”

The red smoke pouring from his socket stopped. He swallowed, feeling his anger dissolve a little as a sort of exhaustion hit him.

His little lady grabbed his ring hand and he obediently followed her suggestion as she pulled him down so he was sitting by her again.

“You know I’m right too, don’t you?” she asked, her quiet voice not smug and not quite begging either. If he had to guess, and he would because looking in her mind honestly felt a little sickening at the moment, she sounded hopeful.

She waited for him to say something but Sans didn’t know what to say. He knew she was right, that fact was always at the back of his mind, but he never allowed himself to think too deeply about it, and hearing it aloud, coming from his own lady’s mouth, didn’t make him feel too great about what he had done, not that he ever really felt all that great about the collar in the first place. Sure, he felt secure in that she would be there waiting for him every morning, and not going out in that crime-infested city of hers without him present, but that was all he got from the collar.
“You’re right, but it ain’t that easy, dollface,” he finally said.

To his surprise, his little lady nodded.

“It isn’t, but when are relationships easy?. Take the collar off, Sans. Let’s try this the fair way. The good way, the hard way. Let’s give ourselves a real second chance, huh? Let’s start over from the very beginning.”

And with that, Sans watched as his little lady held out her tiny hand with a sweet but unsure smile on her face. A small blush tinting her face.

“Hi. I’m Frisk Determ the human.”

Come on, Sans , her mind gently urged him. My dad once told me that everybody deserves another chance. This can be ours.

A second chance? That sounded amazing. To do everything the right way and when he probed her mind, there was uncertainty, but there was also a great amount of excited hope rushing through her SOUL too.

He looked at the red ruby ring on his finger. Give up the ring, take off the collar and start again. Reset to the beginning. When Sans looked back up, his little lady still had her hand up, patiently waiting for him to shake it.

He wanted to. He so badly wanted to.

But…

But he knew he would fuck that second chance up too, because that’s what he did. Sans the skeleton always fucked things up, and then what? She’d leave, and she was the only thing he truly wanted and needed.

Without the collar there would be no reason for her to want him. He wanted to tell her all that, to
make her understand, but he couldn’t because that would make him sound pathetic and even if she were right and ended up developing a sort of ... generic love for him, that was better than nothing. That was better than what he would end up with if they did try things the hard way.

“I’m sorry, dollface. I’m really and truly sorry.”

He watched her face fall and her mind go completely blank before a sharp sting cut through her SOUL and Sans winced feeling her pain fully.

After a second of horrible silence, she nodded and repositioned herself so that her back was facing him and she hugged her knees to her chest. “Yeah, so am I”

After Sans quietly left for the day, saying goodbye without giving his usual kiss to go along with it, Frisk stood in the mirror feeling a heavy pain in her chest as though her heart was breaking.

Well, she thought to herself as she stared at her expressionless face, I tried. I tried one last time to get him to take this fucking thing off.

Tears started to blur her vision as she looked away. And the worst thing was I actually meant that. I meant every fucking word I said and he rejected me. Now I know how he felt, she thought as a small sobbing laugh left her throat as she turned away from the mirror and began walking around her apartment gathering up every expensive piece of jewelry he either gave her or she owned knowing she was gonna need it in the very near future.

She hadn’t been lying to him. She would have given him that second chance because she did feel something stirring inside herself for him. He was an asshole, but during their month together, he had proven himself to be more than that.

He had kept his word and hadn’t tried to touch her without her permission, which made her realize there was something more to his intentions that just making her his little whore. He wanted something more than that, and he was willing to wait, and she couldn’t ignore that. And even though he could be vulgar and a little too handsy with her at times, more often than not he had been kind, easy-going and pleasant to be around.

He’d listened to her childhood stories, which were supposed to be just another effort to block him out
of her mind and conceal her real thoughts of escaping him, but she never expected him to be so...interested in her life. She found herself wanted to share her memories with him.

And to hear his own stories...and Frisk thought her life was fucked up. That poor guy had so much pain as a kid; she was a little surprised he even shared them with her. Or the fact that his voice could become that quiet and thoughtful and sad. A few of his tales, especially tales about his mother, nearly broke her heart.

And then there was that kiss the other day, when, for one moment, everything felt so right being with him, his odd magic caressing her SOUL, and despite the fact that kissing him had only been a test to see if she could get away with calling him an asshole in her mind and him being too focused on her intimacy to notice (which had been a success) she couldn’t deny how good it had felt.

It felt so good that she completely abandoned her test, pulling her hand away from that fucking ruby ring leash of his to grip him tighter and kiss him harder.

Of course, there was also the possibility that perhaps she was developing feelings for him because he was the only person she had talked to in over a month, which terrified her to no end. That her mind was becoming her own enemy.

A second chance...

It came to her the other night. If she could convince him to take the collar off by telling him about Derek and showing all his abuse then maybe she could solve all her problems. She’d give him a real second chance and if she realized that it really was just the month being locked up and only seeing him, she’d bail. Leave town. Escape him.

However, if she truly did have feelings for him...well then they could go from there, but when she had made her offer, the stupid skeleton had rejected it, which meant she only had one option left:

I got to leave this God-forsaken city and make sure that skeleton never finds me.

And that plan was more than fine with her, even though the aching in her heart was causing the tears to leak down her face.
Why didn’t he say yes, Frisk pitifully thought as she wiped the tears from her eyes before she hardened her face.

It doesn’t matter why he didn’t say yes, Frisky. That’s in the past now and you can’t worry about the past if you want your future, that little voice of hers whispered and Frisk was surprised to find that it sounded just as heart-broken as she felt.

Stifling back her tears, Frisk tried her best to ignore the pain in her chest that only seemed to be growing and started thinking about her escape plans.

As she did thought about what she was gonna do, she started to pack a small amount of clothes. She wished Sans had bought her less flashy dresses, wearing these clothes in public pretty much put a target on her back for any thug that might mistake her for a wealthy lady, but they would have to do until she left the city and found a place far away from him. Of course, before she left Surface City, she would have to pawn her jewelry for cash, and use the money for a train ticket, and find a nice quiet place to settle down in where nobody knew her. A fresh start.

But before she could even think any of that, she needed to get that ring and she thought she knew how.

During the past three weeks, she had experimented on which ways were the best ways to distract the massive monster enough so she could swipe that ring away from his hand when he wasn’t focused, and now that she knew what it was she was gonna put her plan into action.

She just needed a few days to prepare herself. Get everything ready so when she did get that damn ring all she had to do was walk out of the apartment. Until then, she didn’t even want to see Sans and so tomorrow when he came over, she was gonna do everything in her power to force him out of her house as quickly as possible.

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

“So this is what we monsters call an Echo flower seed. They’re really popular where I come from. Papyrus and I thought ya humans might like ‘em too so we’re plannin’ on plantin’ a lot of them in the park. I ...um ... I thought you might like to have the first one, dollface.”

His little lady stood on one side of her brand new table while Sans nervously stood on the other side. On the skeleton’s side of the table was a blue flower pot filled with soil and between his thumb and index finger he held up a blue Echo Seed for her to see.
He waited for his little lady to ask him why the flower was so special. He waited for her to ask him why the flower was so popular with monsters. He waited for her to ask him why they were called “Echo Flowers”. He waited for her to ask him anything and when that didn’t happen, he desperately waited for her to respond at all, but when all he received was a blank stare and a detached sort of interest going through her mind at what he was saying, Sans swallowed, feeling small beads of sweat running down his face.

When he left yesterday, Sans knew he had hurt her. Badly. Hell, he knew he broke her heart, not only because of what the ring showed him, but because when he got home to his brothers, he could actually feel his own SOUL aching painfully from his actions. If he had fucked up so bad he was reeling from what he did, he couldn’t even imagine what his little lady was feeling.

And with his SOUL suffering as badly as it was, Sans couldn’t afford for his elder brother to notice something was off about him, and honestly when it came down to it, the massive skeleton just wasn’t in the mood to enjoy the company of his brothers when he knew his little lady was alone having dinner (something that hadn’t really bothered him until now, she barely ate a alone was it was, but still ...) and skipped dinner, muttering some half-assed excuse about feeling tired and headed off to bed, hoping tomorrow would be better.

No, he went to sleep knowing things would be better in the morning, mostly because nothing worse could top what happened between them earlier and ...he had a unique gift for his lady that would bring her spirits up if she were still feeling upset.

After he woke up, got ready, did the jobs Wings assigned him to do, the skeleton stopped by his new shed in Surface City to grab the flower supplies he needed for his lady’s surprise and when he teleported to her door, he was already beginning to feel a little better, confident that today would be a less stressful day than yesterday.

However, when he knocked on her door, hoping that his little lady was in a better mood herself, what greeted Sans wasn’t comforting. His little lady looked horrible if that were possible. Her hair was messier than usual, her pretty and usually expressive eyes were dull and her mouth was in a straight unreadable line.

Her thoughts were no better. He wasn’t greeted to any jazzy music or images of what she had read the night before going through her mind. All he got was an alarming amount of random dark thoughts that stemmed from the events of yesterday to tragic moments from her past, some of them involving that asshole Derek. That alone started to break down his decent mood, but he ignored it.

However, things only got worse from there. When Sans tried to speak to her, tried to joke with her to lighten her mood, she only gave him one word responses and really didn’t seem to be in the mood
for conversation. And he fucking tried. Sans spent a good fifteen minutes trying to get her to smile on his own before he resorted to his gift, but now, as he stood at his side of the table, the echo seed between his fingers, he felt his stress and annoyance levels spiking to a disturbing level while his temper and impatience began to get the better of him from her lack of ...of reaction to anything.

Yes, he understood why his lady was acting like this, but he still couldn’t help the agitation and annoyance that was building inside him every second he was forced to stare at her hopeless face and listen to her equally bleak thoughts. A part of him wanted to scream at her to just be happy.

_Just fucking be happy. Why is that so hard?! Just fucking smile already!_ Sans wanted to scream at her. And he understood. He really did, but since she knew that he wouldn’t take the collar off until he wanted to take it off, why act like this?! Why look at him like that? Why be so miserable when she knew somebody LOVED her?! She should know better than anybody that love was so rare in this world and shouldn’t his LOVE be enough for her?

_She_ was more than enough for him, so why couldn’t it be the other way around?!

He wanted to scream that at her, but he couldn’t because he already did enough damage to her and if he could get her to smile just once today, he knew his anger would disappear. That if he could at least make her a little bit happy after what she showed him yesterday, he knew these selfish and asshole thoughts of his would leave him.

If he lost his temper he’d lose the only chance he had for at least the day to make things remotely right between them.

So instead of losing his temper, the skeleton pushed down all the anguish, guilty and painful emotions that were brewing in his SOUL and simply cleared his throat when she said nothing,

Sans reached a hand down to the blue pot and dug a small hole into the soft soil with his digit. He carefully dropped the seed into the dirt and delicately covered it up.

He looked back at his little lady and saw that while she still have that expressionless look on her face, she was at least leaning forward watching his movements.

_Okay, you got her attention Sans, let’s get her to smile_, he thought to himself, his temper easing a bit as he shot his little lady a sly smile and winked at her.
“Now watch this.”

He put his hand over the soil and poured just a little bit of his magic into it. And Sans’ SOUL sang as he watched his little lady’s eyes widened as the bright blue glowing color of the Echo flower began to poke out of the soil and started to bloom at a rapid pace until a full grown flower stood at attention.

His little lady stared in awe and wonderment at the plant. He focused in on her thoughts and was deliriously pleased to see that her mind was becoming lighter and images of flowers flashed through her mind as though she were trying to find a human flower that matched the one in front of her, but when she couldn’t, her mind went blank as she completely focused on the blue flower and took a cautious step towards it. Sans felt his SOUL beat even faster.

Finally the gloom broke in her mind and a small smile graced her pretty face. Sans’ blushed at the sight. She was so beautiful when she was happy. She was so beautiful when she smiled.

“It’s amazing, Sans,” she said quietly.

Grinning victoriously, Sans reached over and gently flicked the flower.

*It’s amazing, Sans.*

Her eyes nearly popped out of her head with amazement. He watched as her mouth fell open as the flower repeated her sentence to her

“Di-Did that fl-flower just-?”

Sans chuckled. “They are called Echo flowers fer a reason dollface. Go on. Give it a try fer yerself.”

And his little lady did.

“This can’t be real.”

*This can’t be real.*

“It’s like magic.”

*It’s like magic.*
“It’s beautiful, Sans.”

*It’s beautiful, Sans.*

Sans chuckled, sighing in relief as his little lady continued to play with the flower, feeling all his stress leave him.

“I was worried about ya, dollface. You were so gloomy this morning, I didn’t know what to do if this flower didn’t do the job,” Sans admitted as he walked around to her side of table where the couch was and sat down with a satisfied smirk on his face.

His smirk disappeared when his lady turned around to face him, her face hard and whatever softness her eyes had in them a moment earlier was gone, replaced with a look of cynical disbelief.

“Why do you care?” She asked coldly, crossing her arms. The question was so out of the blue, that Sans could only think of one response in it’s rawest form that he never really spoken out loud, but always assumed she knew.

*Because I love ya,* Sans wanted to say, started to say, but her cold tone and the tears that were building behind her eyes halted all his words.

“Why the *fuck* do you care about what I’m feeling? You didn’t care yesterday,” she spat and turned her back towards him, her shoulders started to shake.

Sans felt himself get cold (since when could he feel cold?) as he watched her flick the flower.

*You didn’t care yesterday.*

The plant sounded like it was mocking him and for just one second he wanted to pick the plant up and hurl it across the room, but a soft sound broke his building rage.

She was crying. Sobbing. Her shoulders were shaking even harder now and she was covering her
face with her hands. He gulped, feeling the sweat forming on his forehead again as panic and annoyance and guilt and desperation and pain settled once more in his SOUL. Through the ring he finally realized just how badly he broke her heart yesterday when he told her no when she made her offer and he felt ashamed.

And yet he knew he wasn’t gonna take the collar off. He couldn’t. And so he got off the couch and wrapped his arms around her tiny body, trying to console her as best as he could. She stiffened for just one second, before melting and completely relaxing in his hold.

“You’re one of the only thing I do give a fuck about, Frisk,” he whispered, and once he started talking he found he couldn’t stop himself. His voice became rougher and his words flowed quicker from his mouth.

I need to make her stop crying. I need to make her understand why. I need to make her smile again, he thought feeling the desperation hit him.

“I can’t stop thinking about you. I never could stop thinking about you that first time we met,” he said and gave a little bitter laugh.

“Believe it or not, we met before ten years ago-

She turned around so quickly and so suddenly that Sans almost didn’t realize her lips were pressed against his until her tongue licked impatiently at his lipless mouth. He opened his mouth automatically, materializing his deep red tongue so hers had something to play with.

Despite the tears he felt running down her face, he wrapped his arm around her waist, pressing their chests closer together until he swore he could hear her SOUL beat. She tasted so good. So so good. So right. It was bliss. Complete and utter bliss.

This was the proof she needed that showed they were meant to be.

How can a kiss make all Sans’ pain melt away? He knew she had to be feeling the same thing because if it didn’t so right she would have stopped. But she didn’t stop. Instead she pushed him onto the couch, breaking their kiss only for a moment to straddle his hips, stretching her legs out wide to completely mount him as she grabbed his cheekbones with her tiny hands and pressed their lips together once more, kissing him much more aggressively.
He groaned into the kiss, wrapping his arms around her waist once more as he felt his magic begin to build in his lower regions. The skeleton’s excitement grew as his little lady grabbed his ring hand and moved it from her waist so it could cup one of her breasts, keeping her hand on top of his as she began to grind on him.

Sans groaned, closing his sockets as his little lady began to pepper kisses all over his thick neckbones. He squeezed her clothed breast, eliciting a squeal from her as he lost himself in her touches.

Maybe their love wouldn’t be generic or half-fake. Maybe it could be something as wonderful as this. She could be happy. They could be happy.

“F-Frisk,” he moaned as she grounded herself even harder into him, his magic materializing his cock much faster with her heavenly touches. “I l-love y-”

A soft click caused his sockets to open but before he could figure just what the hell that sound was, he felt something very familiar wrap around his neck.

It had been years since he wore that fucking collar and even though he had softened the leather for his little lady and decorated it with little rubies to match her red heart ruby that dangled from it, he knew that’s what was around his neck at the moment.

But before he could react, Frisk clicked it closed and stumbled off his lap onto the ground. Her face bright red, her hair a wild mess now and her eyes wide with fright.

And in her hands was his red ruby ring. His leash. Sans’ sockets widened as realization hit him, and he was surprised that rage wasn’t his first emotion. Panic. That’s all he could in his SOUL as his little lady scrambled away from him.

No, Sans thought. No no no no, were his only thought as he stood up but before he could even think whether it was faster to rush her or teleport behind her to get his ring back, his little lady made the first move.

She put the large ring on her pinky and ring finger.

“D-don’t come near me, Sans,” she ordered, her eyes still terrified, her voice unsure.
And without thinking, Sans took a step towards his little lady. And a surge of pain shot through to his SOUL bringing him to his knees.

*Oh no. Please no. Anything but this,* Sans begged reaching up to grab at her beloved heart charm. *I can’t lose her. Not again.*

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so this is the first time I've ever done this before, but I want you all to decide how this one ends. All you lovelies had so many great ideas on how to end this one that I just couldn't decided on which route to take, so I'm leaving it up to you! <3

So here are your three very vague choices:

Should it end happily? Should it end tragically? Or should it end neutrally? Let me know in the comments and I'll be tallying up the scores until Dec. 5. <3

Thank you all for your love and support.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!