

no competition.

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Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
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Additional Tags:	im too lazy to list all characters , Violence , Violent Thoughts , Killing games , Murder , Major character death - Freeform , gore warning lol , tw , Smut , Eventual Smut , Fluff and Smut , nightmares a whore , Feelings , Angst , Anxiety , Paranoia , Underfell Sans (Undertale) , Horrorale Sans (Undertale) , Dusttale Sans (Undertale) , Xtale Sans Cross (Undertale) , Dreamtale Nightmare Sans (Undertale) , Dreamtale Sans Dream (Undertale) , Alternate Universe - Inktale (Undertale) , Alternate Universe - Swaptale (Undertale) , Ecto-Genitalia (Undertale) , mitski supremacy , Inspired by Melanie Martinez , tw for foul language , Cussing , horror is a hotheaded bitch , dust is bad at feeling , error is a germaphobe , genuine character structure , yn has emotions , ink is not emotionally stable , dream has superiority issues , Emotional Manipulation , Emotional/Psychological Abuse , swap is manipulative (and gay) , ink is aro , You Get Your Ass Kicked , Brief Relationship , Fear of Death , Fear , It's Not Paranoia If They're Really Out To Get You , Insanity , Cruelty , Slow Burn , Voyeurism , Vaginal Fingering , Finger Sucking , biting kink , Size Kink , Praise Kink , Mildly Dubious Consent , Rough Sex
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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Nightmare and his crew are conducting what is essentially a killing game in order to gain a new recruit. out of about twenty three, only two stand promising. that being you, and another girl. the rules are simple, and quite similar to the hunger games. (thanks to cross' obsession with movies.)

you had agreed to participate in order to fend for your mother and little brother. lets hope you dont slip up and break your neck, yeah?

Notes

hey lol! if you know me and ur reading this shut up no you dont?anyways i posted this on amino but spreading my fruity agenda is important to me so?! anyways, updates will probably not be VERY frequent. i expect once or twice every week :) (unless i forget pls let me be)

i'll be shocked if anyone reads this since the undertale fandom is as dead as my father (probably a good thing that fandoms cursed as balls)

△!!tw for violence, cussing, gore description, description of fear, murder, emotional turmoil, and SA.△!! (this will be added each chapter.)

enjoy!!

Chapter 1

1.

this was but a sick game constructed by a equally, if not more, sick being. a game in which the participants tear each other apart until one is left standing, with the opportunity to join the ‘bad sansas’. although, none of the participants were particularly..promising. they were all scrawny, weak easy targets, likely to accommodate inks sick obsession with traumatic backstories and constant hunger paired with the classic inescapable suffering. that was just nightmares guess, though.

only two he had hope in. a tall blonde, with a hefty, slight muscular build that was definitely the result of lugging a axe around as what was at that point? a hobby. and you. you were fast. comparable to a squirrel, but also a hawk as you preferred to attack and eliminate from range, or swoop down in a quick slash. or simply avoid that ordeal all together and use your bow. if his bets are correct, you’d have the upper hand as the blonde wields a closer ranged weapon, unless she is capable of throwing the axe.

nightmare shrugged it off, deciding to finally pay attention to the obnoxious skeleton thats been trying to obtain his attention for the past half hour in many..creative ways, apparently, judging by the shattered glass and wall panels shoved in all different directions, curled in this weird pattern. is that supposed to be a word? “boss!” horror barks in irritation, hiss trailing his voice as he desperately tries to hang onto that respectful tone — although, it’s proven futile, as he loses his shit and his axe is already in the willow tree outside the lounge window. “..what.” is all nightmare says, watching as dust and horror watch in seething anger, horror having to pace slightly, humming in clear irritation. nightmare gets bored quickly, though, attention turned back to the book on his lap. “the first participant arrived. a half hour ago.” dusk voiced plainly in a deadpan voice to mask his agitation as he picked stickers off of his jacket, horror already gone to retrieve his axe. nightmare blanked for a moment, jumping to his feet as he facepalmed, groaning. [more at himself for his amazing ignoring skills but..] “why didn’t you say so? go, fix this up. i’ve gotta deal with this.” nightmare says, throwing the book straight at horrors forehead, knocking him right off the window sill. before he exited, he paused briefly, peeking from behind the dismantled corner. “which one was the first one again?” nightmare asked, blinking a few times as dust stared in disbelief. “y/n.” dust said as he rolled his eyes, sounding dead as per usual. “k.” nightmare said plainly, stretching as he made his way down the hall, relishing in the pops rolling down his spine.

once he made it to the waiting room, error watched in disgust as you clawed through everything that underwhelming room had to offer without any filter whatsoever. nightmare only hummed in half confusion half discomfort to catch your attention, watching you stop like a dog that just got caught eating of a plate. “finally. you’re glad my schedules cleared, or else i wouldn’t have babysat this sad excuse for a sentient being.” error said, tone salty as he opens a portal, crochet needles glued to his hands while he points lazily. “also, next one comes in around..five and a half hours. so figure your damned life out and stop being a dick..” error said as he yawned, getting ready to leave. he would’ve killed this mistake of a

motherfucker if he wasn't so damn useful. "of course, glitchy. do make haste in..well. fucking off and get back to your weird old lady shit." nightmare said as he assisted in pushing the skeleton into his portal via tendril just to be nice, clearing his throat straight after. alright..professional. "apologies for my tardiness. ready for the training room, squirrel?" nightmare mocked teasingly as he bowed slightly, motioning his hand in a 'follow me' motion. you couldn't help but laugh. you weren't known for being nice for the sake of..well. anything. "ahh, shut up. lets go already, octopus. heard you have some great weapons, yeah?" you asked, questions spilling out by the second as nightmare scribbled down everything he needed to order on the notepad he stole from where error had been sitting without anybody noticing.

once you and he arrived, he stopped abruptly at the entrance, seizing your spill of questions swiftly as he turned to face you. how he towered over you was hilarious. "i'll be honest, squirrel." he spat out the last word in a 'playful' teasing tone as he noted one last thing. "i was NOT listening. but. i'm exited, as you described potential in that letter." nightmare complimented, still managing to sound mean as he hissed it out, crouching over tauntingly to face you.

"lets hope for the sake of not disappointing these expectations, alongside your mother and little brother that you dont fuck this up and die, yeah?"

it went silent for a few moments, terror spread across your face for a uncomfortable amount of time before nightmare snorted, breaking into booming laughter. "i'm just playin, kid. cmon." he said, and with that, he dragged your stiffened body into the training gym, that dumb look of shock plastered on your face.

you must remember that he is literally a..well, a bad guy. the embodiment of negativity. why would he be nice?

settling in

Chapter Summary

what the title says

Chapter Notes

note : its 4:44

anyways, you mess around and stuff:) thats all. you warm up to nightmare, nightmare tolerates your existence, yada yada. cooler stuff happens tomorrow:)

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your muscles are burning. you're a hundred percent sure that you're about to fumble and die before the games even begin! grunting in both frustration and exhaustion, your clammed hands grip the sword in your hand tightly, in fear of dropping the item. he was supposed to be going easy on you. this is a training session after all.. hopping above one of nightmares tendrils, you swiftly move to get on top of it, stabbing clean through one as it retracts sharply, nightmare hissing in pain. you, just happy to finally have the opportunity at a good attack as your left leg hooks under to support yourself, your body using this goopy mess as basically a chair whilst you raised your sword. instead, he vanishes, leaving you tumbling to the ground as you essentially attacked air. "asshole!" you spit out, coughing as you use the sword as a support stand, wiping sweat from your forehead. you definitely looked beyond a mess. nightmare only let out a dry chuckle, tendrils flicking outward in excitement as he made haste in kicking the sword from your grasp, harsh metal scraping against the marble floors beneath as it slid and hit a training dummy.

"very impressive, for such a mere being.." nightmare muttered as he sized you up, pushing your chin up via tendril. he had noticed from..basic observation that the sword wasn't your weapon. you were too jittery. something heavier, and brutal would be much more fitting for such a..chaotic persona such as you. such as an axe, or one of those oversized hammers — which makes him wonder why the bow was your choice. but how you were unreadable was promising. "get up. i'll show you to your room, yes?" nightmare says as he forces you up by pushing a tendril under your stomach, more tossing you up in an upward direction than actually helping but..it's the thought that counts, i guess? you simply nodded, following him out of the gym and up the stairs. the place definitely wasn't small, that's for sure. occasionally, there'd be yet another sans, conversing or pacing in a corner scribbling

something down anxiously, avoiding eye contact with the both of you. especially nightmare. which, nightmare had this.. chilling aura. depressing, almost. he was honestly a dick, but that opinion was probably just rooted from your irritation from sucking ass in the training room. he could redeem himself, you thought, slightly hopeful. but you were aware of how he acted, his team and previous..everything. and, speaking of the team, error was incredibly underwhelming! from what you heard, he was this big bad fuckwad who ate code like goldfish and murdered with strings like a coked up puppeteer! but this asshole sat there and stared in disgust as he crocheted as if he was someones mom, disappointed their kid got back five minutes after the streetlights went on! yet still, you couldn't help but wonder who else could surprise you..

nightmare paused at one room, you stumbling to stop with him as you waited, him about to say something before he murmured, 'wait' moving three rooms down as you blinked in confusion. "i almost forgot i changed your room. you used to be across from horror, but he'd probably eat you. alive.." nightmare said with unnerving causality as he rolled his eyes, you staring up at him in both concern and fear. and also immaturity because it took so much strength to not make a dirty joke. "anyways, you're here now. also.. shower, please.." nightmare commented insultingly as he gestured at the keys that were already inside the keyhole before teleporting off to god knows where. "eat shit.." you muttered, directed at that comment. which, was probably justified regarding the obscene amount of sweat you're covered in, but damn okay. fumbling with the lock, you entered the room, breath catching in your throat as you observed. i mean..no complaints seeing as this could definitely be your last week alive but damn. this was a kind of luxury you never thought you'd ever have the chance to experience. being careful to close the door, you put your keys on a weird shelf thing, locking the door behind you as you briefly remembered horror. you took a second and noted the bag your mother said she'd leave in your room, happy that you wont have to ask anyone for anything that would be considered tmi. looking around a little, half of everything in that room was foreign to you, you either just not knowing what it is, what the hell the purpose was anyways, and just complete cluelessness. shrugging , you entered the shower and allowed yourself to relax before you had to either train again, or go and eat.

it had been a few hours of you sprawled on your bed, flicking through Netflix aimlessly at an attempt to find something that would be finishable in just a week. but, knowing better, you choose one you probably won't even bat an eye at, laughing quietly before damn near falling off your mattress at the sound of a twig snapping sharply just at your window, head swinging back to look out. a blue glove hangs off of one of the branches, swinging back and forth steadily as you pull open the window in confusion as you looked around. "free glove, i guess." you say shrugging, snatching the glove and closing the window. and without warning, a dirty looking skeleton busts your door open in the most obnoxious manner possible. "come eat. and hurry." he said simply, leaving while also leaving your door open. you rolled your eyes as you hopped off your bed, following closely behind in a brisk jog, stopping briefly to throw the glove back into your room and close the door. "wait!!" you yelled at the skeleton who just exited sight, sighing because you have not a single clue where you are. did he just.. expect you to somehow figure it out? pull the directions out your ass? you simply groaned, running to catch up with him with no avail, having to just guess. and now, you'd been taking random turns for the past seven minutes, convinced that the building was just a endless nightmare of just..stuff that was expensive?? every time you thought you were getting somewhere you just ended up in another long hallway,or another series of medical rooms and

bathrooms. after another like, three minutes, you paused, the air getting thick and uncomfortable as staticky noise rose, hissing behind you as you turned your head frantically to find the source. turning around, nightmares gaze bored into your eyes, looking pissed and confused at the same time. “it’s been like..10 minutes. did edge not lead you to the kitchen?” nightmare spoke, voice trailing with irritation as he looked down at you. “i-“ you began, starting your defense but he held his hand up, cutting you off. “shut up. sorry. shut up. cmon. choose a sleeve so that you can get fed and so i can go to bed.” nightmare sighed, as you simply huffed, grabbing his left sleeve with attitude, a pissed expression on your face. “brace yourself, squirrel.” that nickname was gonna be the death of you. you swear- what the fuck. for a split second you see the literal gaps between time and space before being set in a kitchen with a few rough glitches. a mortified expression is plastered on your face as your hand yanks up sharply to cover your mouth, face going green. nightmares expression twisted into one of half fear and half concern as he tugged his arm back to get your grip off his sleeve. you let go, both hands slinging to your side lazily as your mouth gaped open at the display of food in front of you. nausea who? “WHOA!” you gasped, running toward the table.

nightmare just wanted to know how you switched from nausea, to the look of a ravenous wolf in under thirty three nanoseconds, thats all. he could only watch in disbelief as you ate as if you hadn’t in weeks. which, now that he thought of it could definitely be true, regarding that you came from horrortale. humming, he picked up his book from his chair and sat down, flicking it open to his saved spot, kicking back. “so. you’re from horrortale, correct? how come nobody there is aware of your existence?” he’d question, pausing your bite of food. you simply swallowed, laughing nervously as you set your fork down, suddenly socially aware. “ah..well. i..hid.” you said simply, watching nightmare raise a brow bone at this, not believing you as he leaned in. “can’t be that simple. what’d you do?” nightmare interrogated, interested. it wasn’t like the two other already present game members or other sanses were down here, so he expected a clear response. “no, i mean it! i hid, constantly!.. behind a waterfall, behind rocks, and behind more rocks!” you said, sounding agitated but still trying to be respectful as he could tear you apart any moment. he simply hummed, obviously not satisfied with the answer but sucking it up. nightmare stood up, closing the book with two fingers and swiftly setting it down, motioning for you to stand with him. “cmon. it’s late, and i have things to do. ill take you to your room since edge is a lazy fuck.” nightmares octave rose at the last sentence, making sure the edgy looking skeleton in the other room heard, a faint ‘fuck you’ being heard.

the walk to your room was quiet, and tense. for him anyway! you were too busy observing him like a hawk, interested in how the fuck he worked. you’ve already almost bumped into a wall twice staring at him, and honestly? highkey worth it. he was just so..fascinating. and- “weirdo.” he said in a singsong voice, whistling as he turned a corner, laughing as he watched you stumble and trip a little. catching yourself, you shot him a look, pouting. “ahh, shut up!” you said, playful as you sped to walk in front of him, swinging so that you were faced backward. “hey, obviously you had questions about my au, yeah? ask.” you said, watching as nightmare rolled his eyes, stopped abruptly just to watch you pretend not to lose your balance. “okay. how are you alive?” he asked invasively, crouching over to your height. you stammered, about to answer as he started walking again. “how did you get food? water? ah, the waterfall. almost forgot.” nightmare said, chuckling lazily as he looked down at your frustrated face. “how’d you filter the water? how’d nobody go behind the waterfall? h-“

before he could continue, you ‘accidentally’ stepped on his foot, stopping the both of you. “jeeezzzz..” you groaned, making sure to glare up at him before you’d answer. “usually, my family and i didn’t get food. how i’m alive is a mystery.” you’d say, gaze drifting as you crossed your arms over your chest. “and, how we filtered water was by hijacking the electricity from one of the Temmies shops in order to boil water. and people did go behind the waterfall. especially sans.” you said, laugh airy but nervous as you continued. “i bumped into him as i was getting ready to leave. shit, if i wasn’t fast i would’ve been left with more than just a scar.” you laughed, nightmare simply clicking his tongue at you to urge you to continue. “thats all. i went hungry very often. and eating monsters wasn’t an option considering how y’all dust. very strange, by the way.” you comment, nightmare blinking before beginning to walk again, stretching. “interesting..so how, then? if you had basically no way of fighting, or eating..why are you..” you hummed at this, expecting it really. “horrtale isn’t my original au.” you said, stopping at your room and whipping out your keys. nightmare hummed, suddenly regretting not stopping for just a bit longer. “thanks for telling.” he muttered, clearly annoyed he couldn’t have gotten more out of you. you simply flashed a shy smile, unlocking your door and sliding into your room. “goodnight.” you said sheepishly, closing the door as fast as possible.

“goodnight?” nightmare murmured, blinking. he was genuinely mortifying. you don’t say goodnight to nightmare fuel. freak. instead of returning the gesture, he’d just resort to insulting you for being nice instead of feeling happy about it because it was temporary. your presence was temporary.

UPDATE !

hi !! i'm gonna put this story on break, even though it like has been all summer but like -- anyways. it should start back up around after the time school does, (aug 25th - sept 25th) or maybe sooner if i can !! i'm just swamped right now haha andd i don't wanna put a rushed chapter out ig

byeee !

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