

A Winding Path

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A Winding Path

by [Absent_Enigma](#)

Summary

Healing from the past isn't a competition, nor is there a time limit. There's always a chance that adding new experiences to one's life, and getting back into a society, will bring up old traumas.

Notes

Continuing on with this series.

This fic is going to be a chunk of shorter drabbles/chapters. Kind of snapshots of daily life and progress the Underfell brothers are making, mixed in with relationship exploration. Ch length will vary (100-1000+). Ch count expected to be 20, but could be more.

Moonlight

Chapter Notes

Don't mind me. I just wanted to do more short, prompt based chapters for this series again (I am going to try and not overthink it like I did for the chapters in the last part).

Additional tags: cuddles, nuzzles and kisses, soft fell boys, pinch of angst

Warnings: none

Reader POV 2nd

The moonlight was filtering through the curtain where it wasn't quite covering the window. No doubt it was Sans' doing. You were almost certain of it, as the light fell straight across his face. The moonlight illuminated the many cracks in his skull that had healed over, but also gave his ruby eye lights a brighter appearance as they stared at you.

There weren't any words said.

Only two sleepy bodies snuggling closer to one another.

With a happy little sigh, you reached up and rested a hand on one cheekbone, at the edge of the still somewhat dulled fanged grin. One tooth was missing but Sans hadn't said anything of it the whole time he'd been here. It might be a sensitive subject, considering how filed down Sans' other fangs had been to begin with.

Sans' sockets hooded then, eye lights growing hazy as he leaned into your touch and nuzzled lightly. He kept his face perfectly in the patch of moonlight.

"It's too early." A soft kiss to the cheekbone, and you settled back against the bed. "Go back to sleep."

Sans issued out a noncommittal grunt but caught one of your hands to press to his closed teeth. Then, Sans let go and sagged back onto the bed, out like a light almost as soon as his skull hit the pillow.

Showoff.

It amazed you even now how Sans could fall asleep in an instant practically anywhere.

Just as you were about to lie back down as well, a hand lightly rested on one of your shoulders. Moments later, there was a light puff of air that ghosted across the back of your neck.

Sans was curled in on himself in front of you, so that meant the other skeleton in the house had either just woken up or had yet to fall asleep.

Turning over slowly so as to not disturb Sans, you leaned your head back to find Papyrus staring down at you. The peek of moonlight cast the back of his skull in a soft glow. His sockets were darker for it, making the crimson of his eye lights bright and watchful. Papyrus' hand slid down to your waist, claws gently hooking into your shirt.

"You should get some sleep too." You told him, aware of the fingers beginning a light caress.

"It is not that late. My brother will sleep any time of the day, for as long as he likes, if there is no interference." Papyrus' fangs twitched up into something like amusement. "You, however, are still awake, as am I."

"Got something in mind?" You questioned, aware of the way those claws tightened in your clothing.

"Yes." Papyrus leaned in close to offer a lingering kiss, careful with his fangs as he moved across the bed to hold you close against him.

Sans continued to sleep on the other side of the bed, snoring softly.

Later on, you briefly woke to Sans rolling over with a grumble to settle against your back. Papyrus had dozed off with his skull resting over your head, sharing the pillow, his arm lightly locked around your waist.

Low rumbling from both monsters lulled you straight back to sleep.

Umbrella

Chapter Notes

Additional tags: Does absently touching bare skele ribs need a tag?, an umbrella's outer appearance doesn't matter, shenanigans, good natured humor, UF Sans is a shit, UF Papyrus threatens US Papyrus over the phone.

Warnings: none I can think of other than the above threatening.

Reader POV 2nd

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was a rainy day.

But this didn't prevent Papyrus from going out early on his self-imposed patrol of the grounds around the house. You clung to Sans sleepily as you watched the bigger monster get out of bed and slip out of the room to get ready for his day. With a yawn, you rested your cheek carefully to Sans' sternum. For whatever reason, he decided to go to bed last night without a shirt on, scarred bones on display. Fingers splayed across ribs as you absently traced them, one of Sans' hands resting against your lower back. You were comfy, so you ended up dozing straight back off, not too worried about the larger monster.

Papyrus liked to get up far too early but he always insisted on it in order to get to all of the areas he patrolled daily.

By the time you woke up for the day, there was a torrent of rain cascading down from the sky. You hadn't thought a deluge was in the cards for today, so you altered your earlier plan of going to meet Papyrus outside, and instead went for heating up some leftovers. Depending on when he left, Papyrus may or may not be back for another few hours, depending on whatever plans were in his mind at the time.

The front door opened an hour later, almost right on time for Papyrus to take a lunch break.

When you looked up from a book you'd been reading, you slowly put a bookmark in it and set it aside to stare at one of your date mates.

Papyrus was sliding off his boots, growling under his breath as he shut and locked the door.

That wasn't what had your attention.

It was the bright, frilly pink umbrella that he held in hand.

Oh stars.

That fierce expression coupled with that pink monstrosity of an umbrella was such a contrast. Where in the world had he found it?

Papyrus finally noticed you staring at him. Crimson eye lights flickered at you before they focused on the umbrella. He fussily arranged it onto the floor on one of the winter boot trays to allow the umbrella to dry without it soaking the floor. After removing his lightweight jacket, and hanging it to dry, Papyrus crossed the living room in a few long strides to loom over you with crossed arms.

“Welcome back.” You tried your best not to look at the umbrella lest you laugh. It wasn’t that there was anything wrong with the pink umbrella or Papyrus using it. You just hadn’t expected it.

“What was that look for?”

Wow, Papyrus going right for your throat with that archly stated demand, a scowl tugging at either side of his jaw.

“I was just wondering where you found that umbrella.” Might as well go with some honesty. You were curious.

“Rus and Sky had spoken of them a few days ago. I made it known that I wanted one, as I did not find one in the house. From what I heard, they are better functional than the ones that were underground.” Papyrus explained, not moving from where he stood, though his eye lights moving indicated he’d cast the umbrella a look. “Though not to my tastes, it serves its purpose well enough. Rus did seem rather amused when he delivered it the other day...”

You couldn’t hold it in anymore, and as if the universe decided it was just about time for you to laugh, Sans’ comment nearly sealed your fate.

“nice umbrella, boss. very chic.” Sans picked up the drying umbrella, twirling it in hand over one shoulder as he smirked up at his brother. “ya gonna wear a dress ta match on yer walks in the rain? give yer fashion sense a bright ‘n frilly update?”

Papyrus calmly picked up his grinning brother by the hood, took the umbrella from him, and opened the front door with a yank after first unlocking it. He tossed Sans out the front door, past the porch, and straight into the downpour. Then, Papyrus slammed the door shut, stomped over to the boot tray, and set the umbrella down just so to allow it to finish drying.

That was it.

That broke you.

Papyrus swung his skull around to watch as you dissolved into a fit of laughter. The stern, grumpy expression softened just a little, but it didn’t save you from retaliation. You were still laughing when Papyrus gently picked you up, opened the front door again, and deposited you on the porch, but his pointed slam of the door meant he was irritated by the teasing and the humor found in his umbrella.

Sans came out of the rain seconds later. With a grin, he flopped down near you, his soggy clothes making a wet plopping noise, which caused another snort of laughter to emit from you.

Inside the house, Papyrus' raised voice could be heard screeching at someone, presumably Rus, based off the threat that was being made. Papyrus was quite loud right now, which made it lucky that you lived in the middle of nowhere. Some monsters and a great deal of humans would likely be concerned if they heard him. Sans just seemed amused as he wrung his jacket out.

“I AM GOING TO MURDER YOU, YOU LAZY SACK OF BONES! YOU DARE TO MAKE FUN OF ME, THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE PAPYRUS? NO. NO, THAT IS NOT A THREAT. IT IS A PROMISE. NO. I DO NOT CARE ABOUT THAT. NO PRISON CAN CONTAIN ME AND-“ A disgruntled growl accompanied by stomping boots. “VERY WELL. BUT IF YOU INSIST, FAR BE IT FROM ME TO MAKE YOUR BROTHER SAD BY BRINGING HIM YOUR DUST. NO. I AM NOT DONE! YOU DO NOT GET TO SLINK OFF THAT EASILY. NO, I DO NOT NEED A REPLACEMENT UMBRELLA. THIS ONE IS PERFECTLY FUNCTIONAL, EVEN IF IT WAS A JOKE ON YOUR PART. WHAT I NEED IS FOR YOU TO COME OVER TO THE HOUSE, THIS INSTANT, SO THAT I MAY BEAT YOU TO WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR MISERABLE LIFE WITH THE ONE I HAVE!”

The umbrella remained in the house for a few days, closed up, as if Papyrus was hoping for Rus to show that he might follow through with his threat. But every time it rained after that handful of days, it was gone, Papyrus taking it with him.

An umbrella was an umbrella so long as it kept the rain off one's person.

The color and style did not matter.

Chapter End Notes

The Great and Terrible Papyrus will hear no words or jests against his free umbrella.

Sans eventually gets a skull covered umbrella that he thwacks his brother with when he's out on patrol. Gotta keep him on his toes.

Test Drive

Chapter Notes

Additional tags: testing limits of comfort, uncertainty, nerves, reassurance, nervous ticks, compromises

Warnings: mentioned/implied instances of past abuse, panic, brief trouble breathing, being broken out of a memory before it spirals

POV: UF Papyrus 1st POV

Trees pass by at an unnervingly quick pace, far quicker than when I went about my daily patrols.

Still familiar, but being in an enclosed space was not making this...experiment of my brother and y/n any easier. It brought forth unpleasant memories. Being unable to exit a moving car made it seem like I couldn't get away if I really needed to. Even though I knew y/n specifically told Sans and I before leaving that they would pull the car over the moment we needed to get out.

My hands curled in on jeans tightly, the fabric pulled taut across my femurs as my fingers dug in.

Maybe a drive in the general direction of the city wasn't the best idea. Not while I was still so on edge, even after so many months of living in safety. But Sans had a point when he talked me into this the night before. We couldn't spend all of our time at y/n's home and the surrounding wilderness, avoiding interaction with anyone else.

I knew that.

I knew, and yet Sans' own unease reflected my own, even if his tells were greater than my own.

Fidgeting, restless shifting from foot to foot, and sweat beading on his skull as his eye lights flickered within sockets.

But then Sans had spoken.

"gotta go for it now when we can, bro, or it's only gonna git worse fer us when we do end up tryin' ta go somewhere with humans and monsters, and we ain't prepared fer it."

All of it made sense, the idea from both y/n and Sky. A slow process to introduce my brother and I to the world around us. To interact with others in open spaces, but where it was not many people. To visit places that were not just our date mate's home, or the surrounding area.

I had doubts.

Namely, doubts over my own reaction to an unknown situation, even with forewarning of where we were to go.

Sans had to have been feeling something similar, though he seemed to be doing a little better than myself at appearing outwardly calm in the back seat of the car, going as far to nearly falling asleep. Yet his eye lights gleamed beneath half hooded sockets. My brother was wide awake. I knew that Sans was attempting to put me at ease by *appearing* at ease.

It was not working.

All I could do was think of the road ahead of us, as short as the drive was to our destination to a small diner, and what could go wrong on the way there. This had me formulating plans for those possible instances, even if none of them came to pass. But it wouldn't do to be entirely unprepared.

Nothing good came of not knowing ones surroundings, and any danger that could be in the immediate vicinity.

...The ride in y/n's car was eerily reminiscent of when my brother and I had been taken to *that* place. The one with no hope for escape with how little power we had at the time, dazed and confused, and unaware. The darkness of the vehicle, and the way we were restrained. Forcing myself to hold firm in the darkness, despite the pain it brought, to ensure that Sans did not get thrown against the side of the vehicle's walls, and dust from the force.

This wasn't the same.

I could see out the windows.

Sans was safe, and so was I.

Y/n would stop the car if need be.

My claws, which had almost grown back fully, threatened to stab through my gloves and into my jeans, to the bone. I couldn't shake the thought of that place now that it was back in my mind. That place that still visited me in my nightmares. Some that I kept to myself when I was able to.

Sans had enough nightmares to last him this lifetime and the next. He did not need to know how deep and cutting those nightmares were to me some days. The threats being brought forth in those dreams, the ones that threatened Sans' toward life were I not to...cooperate.

The sound of cracked and broken bones...

"Papyrus?"

I closed my sockets briefly, noticing that I had stopped breathing. Not that I needed to, but it did assist with magic circulation, as well as helping to not unnerve the monsters and humans around me.

”I’m going to pull the car into a parking lot of a nearby park, all right?”

I must have made some noise of consent, because next I knew, y/n had made the car take a sharp turn, before it came to a halt. It was only when the car’s ignition was turned off that I attempted to open my sockets. As y/n said, we were now in an open space with a park nearby, but not a park like the abandoned theme park I’d seen before that was within walking distance from y/n’s home. This was a smaller area, with a lake and a building close by that was half exposed to the elements with a roof over it all.

Within seconds, I assessed the immediate area.

There were a few monsters heavy with children in striped clothing racing about in obvious delight. I could see a few humans further along, but they were far enough away that I did not count them as a threat to the three of us.

For now.

Were they to come closer, I may end up changing my mind.

Sans had unbuckled, and was peering out the window, his scarred visage taking in the sight without too much concern.

That was...good.

Sans was still tense, but I did not see any sign from him that we needed to be worried for our safety.

“papyrus.”

I heard Sans say my name, but I couldn’t respond while I sat ramrod straight in the car seat, my skull almost brushing the top of the car’s interior. My phone buzzed with a message, and I took a few minutes to gather myself before I could take a look at it.

Human y/n: *Would it be fine with you if I held your hand? Or do you need some space?*

I put the phone away and grasped y/n’s right hand with my left before they could even move it closer to me. Another few minutes passed before I was able to take in a breath and then another, all the while being careful to not squeeze y/n’s hand too tight.

Sans didn’t say anything but I heard when he moved closer to the back of the passenger seat. To let me know that he was there, and that we were only at a park, where we were in no real danger.

My right hand raised to brush nervously against my sternum, before I rested my palm lightly to my cervical vertebrae, hidden beneath my scarf. The scars were still there, as were the nicks and divots in my vertebrae, from where I was punished for going against what was ordered of me while I was a prisoner. From the damage I took in Sans’ place, when he began formulating our escape.

“boss!” Sans suddenly barked. “the ice river!”

Ice.

A river.

Yes.

A flowing river half covered in ice...

The first sight we took in as Sans and I escaped to freedom.

An icy...river.

I jerked in place, as though burned, and craned my skull to the side to meet the ruby glow of his eye lights.

"s'fine, ya here me?" Sans asked.

When I started to turn my head away, Sans reached out and caught me, holding me firmly in place with a hand on either side of my skull.

"look at me, kid." Sans said firmly, dropping one hand to pry mine away from my throat.

I bristled at being addressed as such, as Sans had not called me as such since I was a sullen teenager just out of stripes. But the comment served its purpose, because I was paying attention now.

"there ain't lv in any of 'em." Sans said, his voice still demanding I listen. "no one's gonna do a damn thing ta us here."

Yes, I knew that, I just...

I couldn't help but feel something would go wrong. My shoulders slumped, losing their tenseness. I was not entirely reassured, but I trusted my brother. What he had said was basically his version of it being safe. I settled back into my seat as Sans let go of me and sank onto his back across the backseat.

Some time passed before y/n spoke.

"Do you want to go back to the house? Or should we ask Sky if he could come here to meet with us?"

"up to ya, paps." Sans said, sounding indifferent.

I knew better.

He was curious to see more, though no doubt my brother was ready to use a shortcut at a moment's notice, if things became too much.

"I- My fingers lightly skimmed over the back of y/n's hand, from where we still had them linked together. "We agreed to meet with Sky, so yes, call him."

I would not deny the monster that resembled my brother another chance to speak with us, without Sky's overly protective brother around. Whatever demons lingered in my mind would be kept at bay today. I was going to continue to try to get past my own discomfort with unfamiliar places. I knew it would not be instantaneous acceptance, but I would take this park as a step in the right direction.

I *was* the Great and Terrible Papyrus.

What happened in the past to Sans and myself would not hold us back from exploring this universe that was not our own.

Towering

Chapter Notes

Additional tags: Papyrus makes good use of his discovery of online fashion catalogues, Sans is glad his brother is doing better but won't *not* be a shit, consent talk about sharing photos taken without another's knowledge (basically it was just Sans taking pics of Papyrus preening in front of a mirror wearing new clothing), aesthetic appreciation, fluff, kisses/nuzzles

Warnings: none

Reader 2nd POV

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sans was up to something.

You could see it in the way his grin was a touch wider than usual.

Sans was loitering in the kitchen, even though he had no reason to be in there. Not even for a snack, as he went nowhere near the pantry or the fridge. But he seemed to be hyperaware of where Papyrus was in the living room, as if Sans expected his brother to spot him.

Why that would be a problem, you weren't certain. You were just a spectator, currently petting Chaosmaker. The feline didn't seem perturbed by Papyrus' impatient back and forth pacing, not Sans' watchful lurking, so you decided to wait and see what was going on.

The answer soon came in the form of the doorbell.

Papyrus stalked over to the door immediately. Instead of the hostile presence to whoever was on the other side of the door, Papyrus merely nodded, said something dismissive (was it Rus out there?) and accepted a large rectangular box. The moment the door was closed and locked, Papyrus spun on his heel to glare at what was now an empty kitchen.

O...kay?

Papyrus muttered something under his breath, before tucking the box under an arm and walking over to the couch you were on.

"Everything okay?"

"My brother is obviously up to some scheme, but otherwise, all is well."

You almost missed the softening glow of his crimson eye lights as Papyrus leaned over.

He carefully pressed his sharp teeth to your forehead, drawing back a little to nuzzled the top of you head. Then, he was off, to shut himself in the guest room with the box.

Chaomaker wriggled out from beneath you hand, feline tail flicking in the air as she wandered off into the kitchen.

Going back to your laptop, all was silent, until it wasn't.

Sans popped out of nowhere, right by your side, and leaned in.

Moving the laptop out of tjhe way of as hand landing on your thigh, you sent him a quizzical look.

The smile Sans gave in return ought to be illegal as he gleefully held up a smart phone. He still only used the flip phone to message and call you or his brother, but he used the smart phone to browse the web for information he was curious about, and to communicate with Rus via a messaging app. As soon as you saw the photo album, you knew

"I hope you're not using the camera function for evil."

"aw, sweetheart, i ain't doin' nothing illegal." The perma grin stretched. "just helpin' my bro out, since he's too shy around ya still. thought i'd show ya what yer missin' out on."

"I don't think your brother would appreciate you showing me something he wants to be private." You told your date mate warily.

"the pics of him ain't from him bein' outta the shower or anythin'." The grin wavered a little, but Sans let out a sigh as he put the smart phone away. "just him in some new threads."

"Which Papyrus can wear around me if he wants." You wrapped Sans in a hug and he went willingly enough.

A soft purr started up in the silence, before Sans brightened a little and smirked.

"wanna see an old pic of my bro as a babybones when he was all cute and tiny? s'from an old polaroid."

"He was tiny?" You teased.

Sans produced an old, wrinkled polaroid from his inventory and held it up.

You held the back of his hand in the palm of yours, since Sans seemed loathe to actually let go of the photo.

Papyrus was indeed tiny, hardly half the height of his brother standing alongside him in the pic, wearing a little striped shirt and pants. Instead of a scowl you usually associated with Papyrus, there was a happy grin of fangs, little crimson eye lights looking up at Sans with what looked like awe.

"SANS!" Papyrus slammed a door open. "You had better not have shown those photos you just took!"

"nah, boss, just showed them a pic of ya when ya were a little kid." Sans said lazily.

"Which one?" Papyrus sounded exasperated.

"the one where i told ya fluffy bunny visited the alley and left ya a battered copy of their new book." Sans answered.

"That one is...acceptable."

You caught a fond look cross Sans' face before he sighed and slid the photo back into his inventory.

"Well, it was that or show 'em your candid shots in front of the mirror, but y/n here didn't wanna look without permission from ya." Sans sighed as he snuggled closer to your side.

There was a brief intake of air, but Papyrus had yet to come out of the hall.

"Papyrus?" You asked, when the silence went on long enough that Sans had oozed over and onto your lap to doze off.

Your other date mate finally seemed to make up his mind.

Papyrus entered the living room, and came around the back of the couch to stand in a clear space between the coffee table and a chair, where you could see him.

Oh.

So *that* was what was in that box Papyrus had brought inside the house.

Papyrus had been wearing his scarf, elbow length red gloves, a sweater and jeans before. The scarf and gloves remained. But now, Papyrus was wearing a tight black cutoff tank top that hugged his ribs, the tears at the bottom of the fabric either deliberate or part of the fashion, showing off spine and a hint of iliac crests. The snug black leather pants held a few belts, the pants tucked into knee high red boots with a generous heel, and plenty of buckles. That must have taken awhile to lace up.

The overall aesthetic was very appealing.

When you looked up to meet Papyrus' eye lights, you saw that they were averted, a faint flush of crimson across his cheekbones. You carefully nudged Sans up enough to slide out from beneath him.

Sans grumbled his disapproval of this but turned over and grasped the blanket you just draped over him.

Right now, you only had eye sleep for Papyrus and duel insecurity and confidence that he was radiating.

Papyrus was a little stiff when you hugged him, but he relaxed bit by bit as you pet the back of his ribs through the snug top.

"You look great." You told him, stepping back to look Papyrus over again. It seemed like that was the magic word, because Papyrus' entire demeanor changed, the uncertainty fading into that confidence that was making more and more of an appearance.

"But of course." Papyrus posed, a hand on his puffed out chest. "The Great and Terrible Papyrus will only wear the best. These boots were specifically chosen to-" Papyrus began a long and lengthy speech about fashion and how the variety of options available to him would allow him to pursue appropriate attire for himself now that he was not cowering like a child (as much) anymore.

You wondered about the nervousness from before, but didn't ask, not wanting to ruin his good mood. Papyrus seemed to like the way you looked at him with appreciation for his chosen attire, as he took many opportunities to strut around the living room and pose.

Those pants and boots really highlighted his long legs.

You heard what sounded like a low chuckle from Sans, but a quick check showed his sockets closed. You turned your attention back to Papyrus, and a stroke of brilliance washed over you.

"Hang on a moment, let me go get something." You told Papyrus, before he could launch into a recounting of how he found these particular boots. One quick trip to your bedroom closet, and you returned, holding out a jacket. "I was going to wait to give this to you on our next date, but I think it would be more appropriate to give it to you now."

Papyrus slowly reached out to take the jacket, a frown touching his teeth as a little hesitant look crossed his face. It was gone almost immediately as he inspected the jacket, eye lights roving over it. It was slightly shorter, and would show off a few inches of Papyrus' spine if he wore only the jacket.

Not that you would expect him to.

He seemed to like to layer his clothes when he could, apart from what he wore right-

Papyrus' eye lights flared a deeper crimson as he slid the jacket on, all without breaking eye contact with you.

Oh wow.

Now that right there was some impressive preening.

Papyrus arranged the jacket over his shoulders just so, and turned to admire himself in the mirror near the front door. He turned this way and that, approval in his expression. That there were little rounded spikes on the jacket seemed to make Papyrus appreciate the jacket even more.

You were not prepared for Papyrus to easily scoop you up into his arms and kiss you. That was always a shock, since Papyrus seemed to be more invested in nuzzling you, worried about his teeth accidentally cutting you.

Taking a breath, Papyrus held you close to his chest as he nuzzled you between throat and shoulder.

"guess you didn't need my help after all, little brother." Sans drawled, a yawn punctuating his words.

You glanced over Papyrus' shoulder to find Sans had rolled over and onto his side to watch, the blanket still over him.

"Rus said he's waiting to hear back from you about some schematics." Papyrus turned around to fix his brother with a cross look, but the intimidation factor was lost with the flush of crimson covering half his face.

"if ya want some alone time with y/n, all ya gotta do is ask." Sans said with another yawn, fangs flashing as one hand moved backward to idly scratch in the vicinity of his tailbone.

Papyrus let out an incensed sound, no doubt about to lecture his brother on being appropriate, when Sans sent you a grin and a wink, before he vanished from the couch. Papyrus' attention was drawn from Sans and his new whereabouts when you leaned your head against his shoulder. Papyrus nuzzled the top of your head, a quiet purr rattling in his ribs.

"Tell me more about the boots?" You held back a laugh over how eagerly Papyrus launched straight back into his story of the 'vicious' and 'wonderful' design of high heels and stilettos, the range of footwear they spanned, and how he absolutely *must* have as many intimidating pairs as he can to intimidate any future foe.

Chapter End Notes

Note: Papyrus has some spending money because Sans was quick to find a way to make some money by helping Rus with some scientific side jobs (over the internet, for now). Papyrus wants to find ways to contribute, but hasn't yet found a way apart from patrolling around y/n's house-he'll eventually find something, but it will be some time before he is comfortable around others (aka monsters that aren't other skeletons and humans other than y/n).

Bait

Chapter Notes

Additional tags: fighting, swearing, disagreements, coming to an understanding (off-screen),

Warnings: none apart from Sans swearing and fighting dirty-Rus is lucky he's got so much HP

UF Sans 1st POV

[This would take place before the previous chapter, hence why Sans and Rus are corresponding.]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

I was a fuckin' idiot.

Even Papyrus knew better than to let your guard down around another monster, especially when being taunted, and I was the one to teach him that.

But I knew some tricks that my bro didn't, and that helped me with my current situation.

Delivery boy was lucky he had so much HP, otherwise some of my attacks, while low in intent, might have otherwise dusted him if his HP was anything like mine.

So why was I a fuckin' idiot right now? 'Cause I let my guard down for one second, all because I was pissed off that Rus didn't seem to care that I was trying to put scratch on his unscarred bones. And in that one second, Rus was able to turn my soul blue.

Eh.

I was already losing my energy.

Been awhile since I last had a good workout where someone wasn't actively tryin' to kill me or my bro. I felt vindictively pleased over the way Rus' chest was heaving. He clearly wasn't fit like Papyrus, who was probably out on another one of his daily patrols.

Damn.

It didn't occur to me that Papyrus might walk in on me and Rus' little disagreement.

"how about we figure out an understandin'?" I drawled aloud. "fore my bro shows and decides he needs ta get a workout in too?"

"sure you're not gonna just continue your own workout?" Rus questioned.

"nah. too much effort to do that again." I said dismissively.

"what understanding did you want before you decided to try and shank me?"

Rus wasn't at all affected by my KR, unsurprising since he had no LV like me or Papyrus.

"you know, i did mean it that you and your bro are going to eventually need to go to the embassy to get some things straightened out." Rus said.

Not this again.

"ain't goin' anywhere where ya ain't gonna let me form any bone attacks." I said dismissively, testing them hold on my soul.

"you're not going to be attacked in embassy." Rus noticed and gave me a searching look. "we've got guards and check ins. anyone problematic is gonna be outside."

"well, let's have a chat, pal, and get things straightened out, yeah?" I wanted this done and over with as soon as possible. I was more than ready to get back to y/n's home and take a long nap to replenish my magic that I'd gone through. Damn. Rus was like fighting the laziest version of my brother where he didn't even try to defend himself or dodge out of the way. Rus had only taken the hit and retaliated in return with bone attack patterns that Papyrus would have been jealous of and immediately demand to replicate, if he would ever admit it.

I scowled through the entire exchange with Rus, as he refused to let up on the blue magic wrapped around my soul right up until our discussion was coming to an end. As Rus released my soul, I straightened up (nowhere near as tall as Rus, gangly bastard that he was).

"-and don't go harassin' my bro or our date mate. got it?"

"gonna be running into them now and again but i get it." Rus was back to slouching and indifferent as he stuffed his hands in his hoodie's pocket. "but i'm gonna say it again. you and your bro are gonna have to eventually meet with the queen, and have a little chat at the embassy." Rus gave a pointed look around at the bone constructs that were littered around the area that had not yet dissipated. "guess it's gonna be a bit longer. but about gettin' a job? get an email and send one to the one i gave you."

"ya didn't." I pointed out shortly.

"check your pocket."

Rus disappeared from sight before I could think to say anything else to ask.

I absently let my bone constructs break into nothingness as I played the information I'd learned.

A queen?

That was...different.

I had more questions now, but some of those could be answered once I got an email and played the game with Rus. Still thinking, I didn't notice Papyrus sneak up from behind me."

"SANS!"

I jolted and shortcut away, hearing Papyrus complain about it before his voice was shut out in the brief trip I took through the void. Then, I was in front of y/n's house, grimacing.

Well...that was another discussion I wasn't interested in having.

My bro didn't need to hear about what went down between me and his doppelgänger. Sighing, I decided to take that nap, before sending an email to Rus to figure out what needed to be done to get me to have a job. While I wasn't sure my brother was ready to do anything job wise other than patrol, I was willing to make it easier on him by getting a job.

Surprise surprise.

But this was a work from home job with technology and so long as Rus let me in on it before I needed to be in the city, I could help provide for y/n, so they didn't have to keep using their money to buy things for my brother and I (Paps was already all but ready to buy as much new clothing as he could, ready to get his fashion on).

...

The nap was a fantastic idea.

Not only did I get to rest on y/n's lap, I also avoided being cornered by Papyrus to find out why I'd shortcut back to the house so quickly. And when I was less fuzzy, I was intending to do some research, so that I could more or less get through the rest of my day without any intrusive thoughts.

Those I would leave for another day.

Chapter End Notes

Rus intentionally goaded Sans into fighting with him. Kinda leaving off the why for now. It'll be explained later (Rus isn't entirely an asshole, even if he's judge-y bastard sometimes (especially re:higher LV)).

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