

Not So Empty in the Warehouse

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Not So Empty in the Warehouse

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Y/n loves helping people, so they started a homeless shelter/food pantry/job search center for minority/marginalized groups. Their business starts up quicker than expected, thanks to the monsters emerging - but things get a little more difficult to manage when twelve skeletons make their way into y/n's heart... and continuously sneak an adult toy into/steal it from his room. Who keeps taking it? And, who keeps putting it back...?

(I'm low-key tired of Xreaders where the reader uses feminine pronouns... not that there's anything wrong with them! Anyway, here's a story where the reader is gender neutral/masc leaning. Reader uses he/him and they/them.

I'm leaving this unfinished at the moment, sorry to disappoint! I hit a block, sadly. I have more chapters planned, but at the moment, I can't figure out how to write them. I'm not going to orphan this work but it's going to be a while before I publish the next chapter (~a few months maybe?)

Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

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Lust - UL! Sans

Pink - UL! Papyrus

Prologue/Intro

Three months ago, you had finally graduated college. You'd been on the brink of quitting multiple times. The only thing keeping you from doing so had been the fact that if your project failed, you'd have no backup plan without a degree. So you got your degree, sought (and successfully took out) a loan, and bought a warehouse.

Your friends had been hesitant to help, at first. When they saw how many volunteers showed up to help build, though, they had no trouble pitching in. The warehouse was about the height of a Costco, and had almost two times the amount of floor space, so you'd needed all the help you could get. Your plan was pretty straightforward - save the tiny second floor room for personal needs, and transform the first into someplace livable.

The warehouse was divided into three sections; the living space, a help center, and the dining/kitchen areas. You'd started renovating the living area by installing better insulation in the walls, setting up a better air conditioning and heating system, and tiling the massive floors. There needed to be some plumbing work done, since more bathrooms were being added in (you never could stand porta-potties).

Then, you worked with one of your architect friends to plan how you'd set up the "bedrooms". New walls were erected for privacy, further dividing the living area. Each bedroom had two bunk beds. There were about 20 bedrooms, total, meaning you could house up to 80 people. More, if people were willing to sleep on the floors. In the middle front of the living area was a large, empty space filled mostly with used couches people had thrown out or donated. This was where people would spend most of their time.

After adding sheets to all the beds and buying extra sleeping bags for the bedrooms, you worked on the kitchen. It would be big enough to cook everyone a full three meals a day, but small enough so it didn't take up too much space. The dining area was similar to the massive living room - mostly donated or thrown away furniture. Most of it was in pretty good condition, actually. It reminded you a little of an IKEA. You did have to buy lots of cutlery, unfortunately. That's what Dollar Tree is for.

After wrapping up construction on the kitchen, some of the volunteers had surprised you by setting up a help center for job searching, and another for foster care. It was a nice surprise, and a lot less work for you. But it wouldn't last forever. Summer was ending soon, and most of the volunteers would have to go back to school or work. You, just out of college, were beyond broke.

Flash forward to the present, you own a homeless shelter bigger than a Costco in the middle of nowhere, with dwindling money and even fewer volunteers. You would open to the public in a week. That was where your marketing degree came in. You'd ended up calling it The Warehouse, for simplicity's sake as well as to humor yourself. You hoped it came off well.

With a sigh, you opened your industrial-sized fridge and walked in. It took you a minute to find the sodas you were looking for. Once you found a 12 pack, you grabbed it in both hands

and headed back outside. There were still a few people there, putting away new silverware and similar things. You waved at a few of them as you passed, offering sodas to the ones you knew well.

You stopped by the help center to check in on how the advertising project was going. Your friend from class had gotten you a billboard on the side of the highway as a joke, but it had actually pulled in a few volunteers. You had just finished repurposing it to advertise the center. After wrapping up goodbyes to everyone, you headed upstairs.

Back in your room, you flopped onto your bed. Your spine cracked when you twisted your back just the right way. Pulling out your phone, there were a few more notifications than usual. Your mom had sent a link to a news article. Curious, you clicked on it.

MONSTERS EMERGE FROM EBOTT

Startled by the bold text, you scrolled down and saw a video. A small child, holding the hand of a sweet-looking, anthropomorphic goat lady, was explaining something to a reporter.

“...they’ve all been stuck down there for a long, long time! I fell down and made lots of friends, like Toriel and Papyrus and...”

You’d heard the stories that surrounded the disappearing children near Mt. Ebott from the neighboring town. You didn’t know any of the families personally, so you’d never really taken an interest in the news surrounding the disappearances. Now that someone had reappeared, though, it seemed the whole country was interested. Clicking away from the article, you scrolled through your socials.

Already, people were throwing profanities at and spreading rumors about monsters, calling them subhuman, satanic, sacrilegious. Others called them fake, experiments, aliens. Almost no one seemed to like them, except for maybe some of the families in the village near Ebott. Some recognized monsters from stories passed down and took them in like old friends.

You tore your eyes away for a moment to look at the follow-up text your mom sent you.

birth-giver

a lot of those monsters dont have a place to live. Or jobs. You know what that means, right?

It took you a second to realize what she was implying.

y/n

Oh my god!! Mom, you’re a genius. Love you.

birth-giver

:) good luck. love u too.

You almost threw your phone across the room. This... this was good! You ran downstairs to tell your team the good news.

...But they had all left.

- - -

Sans woke up on an unfamiliar couch. He blinked his eyesockets a few times to clear the blurriness. Papyrus - no, two, three Papyruses - stood above him, shifting around in discomfort. Sans rubbed his eyesockets to make sure he wasn't dreaming. Nope. They were all still there.

"SANS... WHAT IS GOING ON?"

Sans felt a chill wrack his spine. He knew about the multiverse, of other versions of himself, but never dreamed he'd meet them. A few feet away, there was a version of him with a large hole in one side of his skull, looking like he was ready to kill anyone in the room with the axe he was wielding.

"not sure, Pap. gimme a minute to get back on my feet."

Okay. The last thing he remembered was talking to the kid, and then Flowey- or, was it Asriel? - grabbing everyone. He'd managed to teleport out of the vines, and made it to his makeshift lab. The rest was fuzzy. Did he make it to the machine in time? He needed a nap, but the edgier version of his brother was one punch away from starting an all out war between the 11 other skeletons in the room.

Sans snapped his fingers and the room went dark.

"everybody shut up. i know you're confused, maybe scared, maybe even angry, but we can't afford to be hostile right now. if we are where i think we are - above ground - then any injuries will end in major headaches for us. so let's take it from the top. everyone, introduce yourself."

He turned the lights back on. Of course, all of the taller skeletons said their names were Papyrus, and the shorter ones were all Sanses.

"HOW THE HELL ARE WE SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHO IS WHO?" screamed the black-clad Papyrus.

"watch your language, Edgelord." the Papyrus in the orange hoodie commented, lighting a blunt. A small Sans in a scarf promptly told him to put it out. He responded by pulling out a lollipop.

"how about we just pick nicknames? this wacko could go by axe," one sharp-tooth Sans suggested. The Sans with the hole in his head twitched at the comment.

"SO IT'S SETTLED! NOW, I'M SURE WE'D ALL LOVE TO KNOW, HOW THE H E L L DID WE ALL GET HERE?" the Sans in the blue scarf screamed. For someone so small, he was pretty intimidating.

"i think i can explain." The original Sans sighed, slumping back onto the couch. "but it's gonna take a minute. so if ya wouldn't mind keeping your voices down-" He shot a look at the skeletons in the dark clothes. "-and your weapons away, then we can figure this out."

He begun by explaining how his universe functioned, what his timeline was like, and how the kid had chosen a peaceful ending. This earned a few strange looks from the edgier skeletons - they didn't seem to have any idea what the word 'peace' meant. Then he explained how he'd gotten to his machine in time to bring them all there.

"WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?" The Papyrus in the revealing outfit asked.

"not all the timelines are this peaceful, you know." Axe chuckled. "i may have some chunks missin' but i know me 'n pap are better off here than where we were." Some of the others nodded in agreement.

"anyhow," Classic started again. "for whatever reason, it brought half the monsters I meant it to, and when Asriel broke the barrier... my machine was gone. chances are, with all this universal jumble, the kid won't be able to reset anymore. don't worry - that's a good thing for us. now i just gotta figure out how to send some of you home."

"so... you only meant to grab axe, crooked teeth, me, the boss, and those other two freaks?" The edgy Sans, now known as Red, asked.

"not quite. i meant to grab all the monsters in sucky universes here, to a safer one. i wasn't done working on it though, so this happened instead." Classic explained. "but, be honest, would you really want to go back to that?"

Red's face shriveled up into an ugly grimace. "i guess we'll never fuckin' know, no thanks to you."

Sans sighed, grabbed a smoke from Stretch (who didn't refuse), and walked outside. He'd never meant for it to end up like this. He was in a strange place with monsters he didn't know and with no way of contacting help. This was a disaster.

He started walking, not in any particular direction. He passed neighborhoods, work buildings, and parks until he reached the edge of town. He walked alongside the highway trying to figure out where to start. When sun begun to set, he let himself relax a little. He hadn't seen a sunset since the last peaceful ending. He'd let his guard down then, and the kid - Frisk - had reset. He knew he couldn't let it happen again, no matter the cost.

He hadn't realized just how complicated it would be.

Too busy staring at his slippers to notice the pole in front of him, he ran into it. He looked up. Attached was a poorly designed billboard, advertising a temporary living shelter. A lightbulb went off in his mind. The skeletons clearly needed the space. Those had separate bedrooms, right? He teleported back to... wherever he had been with his brother before.

Three Papyruses were cooking - more like arguing over what kind of pasta to make - and everyone else was watching the news in an adjacent room. When they all sat down to eat, Classic told everyone he'd found them a more spacious place to stay, and that they'd move within the week. That seemed to ease a little bit of the tension in the air.

i sure hope he knows what he's doing, Red thought, shaking his head at his low-LV counterpart.

Understaffed

Chapter Summary

Y/n finds himself running out of people willing to support their cause. At least, until twelve skeletons show up and make life a lot more interesting.

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Quicker than you'd expected, monsters (and some humans) started showing up at The Warehouse. However excited you were about your project kicking off quickly died off when you realized that you were on your own. Most of your volunteers had sent emails or left notes about not being able to come anymore due to school or full-time work starting back up again. There were a few that would stop by and do food deliveries, but otherwise, you didn't have much help.

One of the bunny monsters had started helping around in the kitchen, having run a sweets shop herself back underground. Her sister offered to help welcome newcomers and help them feel more at home, which you were grateful for. Not many of the monsters had seen a friendly

human yet, and as much as you wanted to break that chain, seeing a familiar face was usually better received.

A week after your human volunteers walked out on you, you woke up to twelve new monsters already settled in downstairs. That made 39 total residents, including the volunteer bunnies. Up until this morning, they had done a lot of the heavy lifting.

That was about to change.

- - -

Puff shifted uncomfortably in his seat, unsure what to do while he waited for the manager to show up. He tapped a rhythm out on the hardwood. Within minutes, he could see a human walking toward him and holding a folder full of papers. A wave of relief came over him. Finally! He stood up to greet them.

“GOOD MORNING! MY NAME IS PAPYRU- ERR, CREAMPUFF, BUT EVERYONE CALLS ME PUFF.”

You stopped in front of him and shook his hand.

“Nice to meet you, Puff! Sit down, how can I help you today?”

He sat in the chair across from you. You sat, too.

“I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD SIGN UP MYSELF AND SOME FRIENDS TO VOLUNTEER HERE? WE HAVE PLENTY OF G, SO MONEY ISN’T AN ISSUE... BUT A LOT OF US NEED SOMETHING TO DO WITH OUR HANDS. ALSO, THE BUNNY SISTERS ARE VERY OVERWORKED, THOUGH THEY REFUSE TO ADMIT HOW TIRED THEY ARE.”

“I do appreciate their help, but I could definitely use more around here. There’s no paperwork you have to do to sign up, you just kind of... do what I tell you to? I don’t really have much of a system yet...” you muttered. “...but if you like cooking I can always use help in the kitchen!”

He nodded enthusiastically at that.

“Great! Well, bring your friends down here, I’d love to meet them and see what they’re willing to help with.”

Puff ran off to grab the others. He seemed pretty excited about volunteering - the team could use a motivator like him.

When he returned, there were 5 other skeletons with him. You shook hands with each of them as they introduced themselves.

“HIYA! I’M BLUE. WONDERFUL TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!!” He shook your hand violently. He had enthusiasm similar to Puff’s.

“name’s Mutt, nice ta meet ya. ‘s a little cold in here,” he added. You shook his hand - it was as limp as a dead fish. As cold as one, too, despite the fluffy jacket he wore.

“Hey~ I’m Pink. Nice to meet you, handsome.” He bent down and kissed your hand. Smooth, but a little awkward. He was dressed in much too little clothing for the temperature inside.

“I’M... EDGE,” another tall one said, shaking your hand carefully. His voice was gravelly and loud. His attire, true to his name, was all red and black, with hints of yellow here and there. If anything, you admired his poise.

“‘m axe. pleasure to meet ya, lamb,” another said. This one had a concerning hole in his skull, and probably needed some dental work. An occasional twitch from him worried you.

“It’s wonderful to meet you all, as well! I’m y/n, and I run The Warehouse.”

“AND I’M CROOKS!” said the last of the seven, shaking your hand with intense enthusiasm. His face looked very much like Puff’s, other than the crooked teeth and slightly smaller eyesockets.

You turned to Puff to ask him something.

“Is this everyone? I thought there were twelve new monsters.”

“WELL... NO. BUT SINCE WE’VE LAST SPOKEN, THE REST HAVE DECIDED TO EITHER GO PROVE THEIR DEGREES IN SCHOOL OR GET JOBS. THEY’LL STILL VOLUNTEER!! JUST NOT FULL-TIME. MOST OF THEM HAVE ALREADY LEFT FOR THE DAY.”

You’d heard of monsters going to human schools to “prove” their degrees in the past week - it was pretty cool to know that monster and human education were already merging together.

“Oh! Well, no worries. I can meet them later. Okay, so here’s the different areas you’ll be working in...”

You went on to explain how volunteers usually took shifts doing different tasks, as to not cause boredom from cleaning in the kitchen for hours, back aches from sitting at the job help center desks for too long, general fatigue from carrying stuff around, etc. Some of them seemed excited about being in the kitchen, so you assigned them to cook in more shifts than the others. The rest didn’t seem to care much about what they were doing, so you gave them about the same number and variety of tasks.

For breakfast, Puff and Edge were in the kitchen. You showed them where all the supplies were for scrambled eggs, sausage, and pancakes, as well as how to set up and refill the cereal dispensers in the main dining area. You also showed them where you kept the powdered magic (to add to the monster food - they couldn’t eat without it).

Then, you left the kitchen to give everyone else “the tour”. It wasn’t much other than an orientation and giving them a general idea of how to get around. It was pretty easy to get lost in the catacombs of the bedrooms. Well, not for you, since you built them.

Then, you gave everyone their first assignments. Pink and Blue were on food pantry duty, and Axe and Crooks would be sorting through the donation boxes. There was everything from clothes, to toys, to food and furniture. Their job was to sort it, at least for the first shift of the day. Mutt would be your personal assistant for the morning. He seemed the least willing to be there out of all of them, but maybe he was just tired...?

Your first task was making sure that everyone had adequate food. You and Mutt split up to cover both human and monster residents. There were 7 human residents, the rest monsters. You just had to check in with them and make sure they were either eating breakfast or planning to soon. Everyone was, except for the old lady who insisted she wasn't hungry. You gently urged her to go eat, finally breathing a sigh of relief when she said, "Only for you, grandbaby." She always acted like you were her grandson - it was kind of adorable.

Once you and Mutt were done making sure everybody ate, you met up with Edge and Puff in the kitchen to help them clean. You and Mutt tackled the dining room, throwing away used napkins and bringing dirty dishes back to the kitchen.

"You've been pretty quiet, are you alright?" You tried to ask.

He only grunted and shrugged in reply. "miss home. i mean, hell, i don't miss the underground. it's just a bit different here." Finally, you were getting somewhere.

"How so?"

"well, hardly anybody up here is nearly as hostile as they were where i'm from. it's kinda weird, you know? living defensively every day, then suddenly being expected to drop your guard. 's a bit of a tough adjustment, figuring out who to trust."

You pitied the guy. He'd hardly been out for a week, and had already seen the worst parts of humanity. It wasn't fair to him.

"Sorry," you apologized, not knowing what else to say.

"no, don't be. you're probably the only exception, heh. my brother trusts you, more or less, so i do too."

"Your brother?"

"yeah, you haven't met him yet. his name's black. he got a job pretty quickly, thanks to you."

"I'm glad to hear that," you softened. Nothing felt better than knowing you were helping someone.

Lunch was coming up soon, meaning shifts had to change. Axe offered to stay doing the same thing, but Crooks seemed anxious to get into the kitchen. You put him and Blue on lunch duty - they'd be making soup. Pink joined Axe in sorting through the donation boxes (they were starting to look more like donation piles) and Puff and Mutt went outside to keep running the food pantry. You would have preferred to hang out with Puff, but something about Mutt and Edge being alone together didn't quite sit right with you.

In the afternoon, you had to go through the food stores and make sure you had enough food for the week. Edge helped by writing down the number of cereal boxes, bags of vegetables, etc. He seemed pleased with himself while with helping you organize. You kept that in mind.

“Mutt mentioned earlier that he’s got a brother. Do you have any siblings?”

“OF COURSE I-“ he began, then seemed to consider something. “YES, I DO. HE’S AT WORK AS WELL. NOT AT THE SAME PLACE AS BLACK, OF COURSE. THEY HAVE... DIFFERENT SKILL SETS.”

“Oh?” You pushed, trying to get more conversation out of him.

“SA- RED DOES MORE HANDS-ON WORK, WHEREAS BLACK IS MORE INTO DISCIPLINE AND LEADERSHIP. MY BROTHER WAS ABLE TO PROVE HIS DEGREE BY TAKING A FEW TESTS LAST WEEK, AND ALREADY HAS A POSITION WORTHY OF HIM.”

“That’s awesome! Where does he work?” You asked, now genuinely interested.

“HE WORKS IN A HOSPITAL.” Edge cut it off there, not wanting to delve into his brother’s personal affairs with a semi-stranger.

The rest of the afternoon went similarly, with you asking questions about Edge or Red and him sort of brushing them off. You were fine with that - small talk wasn’t really your thing, though, so it was mostly silent after a few more failed attempts at conversation.

When you and Edge were done, Blue and Crooks were wrapping up cleaning in the kitchen. The two were apparently deep in conversation about different types of pasta.

“AND THESE ARE CALLED ROTINI! THEY’RE PERFECT FOR PASTA SALADS, OR JUST FOR A SNACK. OH! AND ANGEL HAIR IS FOR SPAGHETTI.” Blue explained.

“WOWIE! PASTA IS THE BEST!”

“WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR ABOUT TACOS...” Blue added, a gleam on his eyes.

“How’d you guys do?” You asked.

“EVERYONE SEEMED TO LOVE THE SOUP! I MAY HAVE ACCIDENTALLY ADDED TOO MANY NOODLES THOUGH.” Crooks responded.

“It’s fine! Turns out we have excess anyway,” you commented. Edge nodded in agreement. “Unless you guys want to help with dinner, you’re pretty much done for the day!”

“I’D LOVE TO HELP, BUT I’M PRETTY EXHAUSTED... I’LL COME BACK IF YOU NEED THE HELP THOUGH!” Crooks said, a little guilt shining in his eyesockets.

“DITTO!” Blue added. You nodded.

“Okay! See you at dinner, then,” you said. “I mean, to eat it, not cook it. Duh.”

“OKAY!” Puff said. The two walked toward the living area. You noticed they had practically the same bounce in their step. You chuckled.

“Funny. They’re not related, are they?” You asked Edge.

“HELL IF I KNOW,” he laughed, hands on his hips. He looked good with a smile.

“Alrighty. You’re free to go, too, you know.”

“AH, RIGHT. I’M JUST WAITING ON RED SO I CAN INTRODUCE THE TWO OF YOU. HE’LL BE HERE SOON.”

“Okay! Stick with me for a minute then, since I’ve gotta go get everybody else and tell them they’re done for the day.”

You escorted Edge around, letting Pink, Axe, Mutt and Puff know that they were free to go do whatever they wanted. Mutt mentioned something about going to a local bar before he walked off somewhere.

Before long, it was time to start working on dinner. You’d seen a few new faces come through the front, but they’d headed straight to their rooms. You guessed they were just waiting until dinner to introduce themselves. Puff and Edge had volunteered to help with dinner. They said they could make a wonderful spaghetti.

For once, all you really had to do was boil the noodles. The two skeletons took care of the rest. While you watched them, you noticed a few similarities in their mannerisms, wanting to ask again if the skeletons were at all related. You didn’t want to be pushy.

Monsters and humans started lining up to get their dinners, and once pretty much everyone was served, you sat down at the table with the skeletons. All twelve were there.

Puff introduced his brother as Classic, who tried to answer, but had a mouthful of spaghetti and ended up just getting out a muffled “h’llo.”

Edge introduced Red last. Red didn’t seem to care much, until you mentioned how Edge had been talking him up.

“So you work at a hospital, right? That’s so cool!”

His skull tinted red a little.

“uh, yeah, actually. ‘m surprised they let me in. y’know, being a big scary monster ‘n all. luckily i can use healing magic pretty well, so. yeah.”

Pink’s brother introduced himself next.

“lust’s the name, love. pleasure to meet you,” he said coolly. His smile curled into an - almost - seductive grin. You noticed his eyelight were hearts. Cute.

Blue started to introduce his brother, but then he got distracted in another in-depth discussion with Crooks. This time, it seemed to be about puzzles.

“I’m y/n! Let me just say, if I had as much energy as the half of you, I’d never need to drink coffee.”

“heh, yeah. my bro’s pretty cool. i’m stretch,” he stuck out his hand. You reached out to shake it, and a jolt shot up your arm. It had been a toy buzzer. Stretch was practically rolling in laughter. “never gets old, haha!” Blue shook his head in disapproval.

Finally, who you could only assume was Black made his way over to you.

“HELLO, HUMAN! MY NAME IS BLACK. THE MUTT TOLD ME YOU WERE PLEASANT. I LOOK FORWARD TO OUR ACQUAINTANCE!” Without asking your name, he ran off to go sit with Mutt again. You shrugged. He was probably shy.

After the final introductions, you dug in. Edge and Puff hadn’t lied. Their spaghetti was amazing. You made a mental note to let them cook it at least once a week.

After dinner, Classic offered to help clean up. They were quiet until Classic started talking.

“sorry we just sorta dropped in on ya. i hope nobody’s caused you any trouble,” he apologized.

“No, not at all! Everyone’s been wonderful, really. Axe seems a little shy, and Edge comes off pretty strong, but I haven’t gotten any trouble from either of them. They’ve all been great help.”

“good, good... uh, have you got any questions? you look like you’re just dying to ask me something, heh.”

You hesitated, not wanting to be rude. But he had asked, so you decided to go with it.

“Yeah, actually. Some of the others mentioned having brothers, are you guys all related?”

“in a way, yeah. we’re from the same family. anything else?”

You placed a hand under your chin, attempting to pick another question from the growing list. You settled on an simple, stupid one.

“I’m curious. How do you digest food?”

“well. skeletons, uh, don’t have stomachs. so we use magic.” He grabbed a mint from the bowl on the kitchen counter. “watch this.” He opened his mouth, revealing a blue tongue, and placed the mint on it. “it’s different for different monsters. for me, it just kinda... absorbs.”

“Whoa. Awesome!” You commented. He swallowed and nodded along.

“well, anyway. i wanted to talk to you about some of the others. axe and the edgier ones, specifically. try and keep an eye on them for me. i know you haven’t had trouble with them

yet, but could you try and help keep them out of conflict?”

“Of course! And, I’ll let you know the second any of them give me trouble.”

“cool, cool. thanks, y/n. and, nice to meet you.” He smiled wider, and then teleported out of the room.

“THEY CAN DO THAT??”

Conflict.

Chapter Summary

Black forgets that humans know nothing about magic. Axe appears a little more.

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

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The conflict between monsters and humans was beginning to dwindle as people learned to trust them, but it wasn't nonexistent. Part of Black's job was handling the less pretty aspects of human-monster relations. He was the public face of conflict resolution in the law force. Black was also of the only remaining members of the Royal Guard, recently having been combined with the human police force. Edge would be, too, but their height and manners were deemed too "threatening".

He and Undyne traded shifts occasionally, since humans tended to handle most of the work. They only really needed him and Undyne for conflict that a monster had started, and while that was rare, accusations were not. It was a major headache trying to keep ill-meaning humans out of monsters' daily lives. The Warehouse was the main reason there was so little

he had to deal with, at least on a local scale. A safe place for anyone and everyone made Black's job much easier. Today was Undyne's shift, so Black wouldn't have to go to work.

Y/n had just started assigning tasks for the day when Black showed up. They gave Black a questioning look before shrugging and telling him to check on everyone and make sure they were eating. Black made his way back to the living areas and rounded up everyone in the living room, politely guiding them to the dining hall for breakfast. No one protested, until he got to the bedroom of an old lady. He knocked a few times before speaking.

"HELLO? MAY I COME IN?"

"Of course, dearie."

When he opened the door, she was on a rocking chair, knitting. She didn't seem bothered by his appearance, as many humans had been upon meeting him. In fact, she didn't seem to notice him come in at all. She just kept knitting.

"BREAKFAST IS BEING SERVED, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED. MA'AM."

"Oh, sure, love! I just have to finish this row."

Black waited as she went through the process of finishing that row of loops and twists. She was humming a tune to herself while she worked. It didn't bother him, not much. At the very end of the row, she stopped and stuck one of the needles into a ball of yarn.

"O-kay! I'm all ready to go. Could you be a dear and grab my walker for me?"

"OF COURSE!"

Black walked across the room to find her walker, but it wasn't anywhere to be found.

"Oh! I do believe it's in the closet. Yes, yes."

Black opened the closet. No luck.

"Bother. Do you think y/n might know where it is?"

"Y/N IS A BIT BUSY RIGHT NOW, BUT I'D BE GLAD TO HELP! WOULD IT BE ALRIGHT WITH YOU IF I JUST WALKED YOU DOWN TO THE DINING HALL INSTEAD? I COULD LOOK FOR YOUR WALKER WHILE YOU EAT," he offered.

"That sounds wonderful, love."

Black walked back over to her, and she grabbed his arm.

"Oh, my! Such prominent bones!! I hope that y/n is feeding you," she giggled to herself.

Black 'hmped' in a small chuckle. Did she not realize he was a skeleton?

The rest of the walk was pretty quiet, aside from her occasional comment on the weather or on how strong he seemed. Black wondered if she'd ever had grandchildren. He found himself starting to like this strange old lady.

"Thank you, you young gentleman. What's your name?" She asked when they got to the cafeteria.

"I GO BY BLACK," he told her. "BUT MY NAME IS SANS."

"How creative! Well, it was lovely to meet you. I hope to be seeing you again," she said. She bent down, and reached under the table. In her hand was her walker, folded up like a lawn chair. "I was so embarrassed to have forgot it here last time. Thank you for helping me, young man."

"NOT AT ALL! THANK YOU FOR THE COMPANY," he commented. He felt pity for the old woman. She must not get many people to talk to. He wondered if anything interesting happened to her anymore.

Then he got an idea.

"WANT TO SEE SOMETHING COOL?"

"Ooh, of course!! Like what, a magic trick?"

"SURE, I CAN DO MAGIC!" He summoned a bone in midair. It was maroon, long and had a bit of sparkle to it.

"Oh, how lovely!"

Across the hall, someone looked up from their breakfast and saw a scary-looking monster wielding an attack. It was pointed at the old lady that lived down the hall. The human jumped out of their seat and began to run at the monster.

Black noticed the human running at him and dissipated his magic.

"Help her!! That monster is attacking that sweet old lady!"

From across the hall, Axe saw a human running at Black. He was getting dangerously close, with a look in his eyes that definitely wasn't screaming "I'm going to hug that guy". He knew he had to interfere, or there would be a confrontation, and it would all go downhill from there.

He teleported between Black and the angry human.

"hey. mind telling me why yer about to attack my bud over here?"

"He was- he had an attack summoned! He was about to hurt this poor old-" he gestured toward the old lady. She seemed very confused, and not at all hurt.

"I don't think that man liked your magic trick, Black," she said quietly.

The man stuttered, muttered an apology, and walked away. He kicked a piece of trash out of his way while he walked back to his seat. Axe turned to Black, staring daggers.

“pal. chum. friend,” he started. “ya gotta be a little more careful who yer summonin’ attacks around. i know ya didn’t mean ‘er any harm, but humans ain’t always the trusting’ type.”

Black ducked his head in shame.

“I SHALL USE BETTER JUDGEMENT IN THE FUTURE. SORRY, AXE.”

“forgeddaboudit.”

He teleported off somewhere else. Black turned to the old woman.

“I’M SO SORRY. I’M GLAD YOU FOUND YOUR WALKER, BUT I’VE GOT TO GO NOW. GOOD-BYE!!”

“Good-bye, Sans!”

He felt a happy rush to his soul at being called by his real name again.

- - -

Axe ended up calling Classic to explain what had happened at breakfast.

“and no one got hurt?” Classic asked, for probably the third time.

“not a soul. no human or monster. ‘cept maybe that poor guy’s dignity, heh.”

“fantastic. it’s my job to report this to y/n, so unfortunately i do have to tell him. since nothing bad happened, they probably won’t be too worried about the incident. the worst that could happen is he loses a resident, but the guy seemed pretty embarrassed after what happened. i doubt he’ll file any kind of report to anyone.”

“whatever,” Axe scoffed, under his breath. “you and i both know edge or red would’ve handled that much worse.”

“fair.”

“ok. bye then.”

“bye.”

Axe pressed the phone into its stand. Was Black stupid? Did he want to get kicked out? Axe’s face twitched. He reminded himself of your kindness. You wouldn’t kick them out over false accusations. Right?

You’d provided them with food, a safe place to live. That meant Axe owed it to you to keep the peace between everyone there. Behind your back, and everyone else’s, he’d been keeping an eyesocket on any human-monster interactions he could. There was only so much you and

Classic could do (and see) with the little time you had between shifts. He liked to think he'd prevented a few fights, though in reality, he was probably just causing further tension. Ugh. So much for helping out.

He teleported back to the food pantry and started making a pile of the food closest to expiring. There wasn't much, since most of the donations were pretty new. It didn't take long for him to put the older food in a bag and bring it out to Crooks and Puff. The line for the pantry was shorter today, so they were almost done. He'd brought just enough food to serve everyone else in line.

As the last person grabbed their bag of food, y/n stepped outside.

"Hey! I heard about what happened with Jerry. Are you okay? He didn't hurt you, right?"

Him? Hurt?

"no, 'm fine. thanks for checking in, lamb. you said the guy's name was jerry?" He chuckled to himself. "fuckin' figures it would be, that jerk."

"LANGUAGE!" Crooks commented, making Axe's laugh a little louder.

"I'm glad to hear no one's hurt! I'm gonna have a talk with him, though. If he's gonna stay here, he needs to learn the difference between a hostile confrontation and someone showing old ladies magic tricks."

"i actually had an idea on how to do that, if you don't mind me sharing," Axe spoke up.

"I'm all ears!" Axe looked at you strangely. Maybe he'd never heard the phrase before.

"what if we held a meeting in the living room? we could use the projector and explain some monster basics to humans, and vice versa. it'd be a good way to explain how we communicate, and it would help avoid further conflict."

You considered it for a minute.

"That... that sounds awesome! When do you think we should do it? I mean, obviously we've got to set up the presentation first."

"uhh. saturday afternoon maybe? nobody here works weekends, so everyone would be present."

"Okay, perfect. We can throw together a slideshow or something later today, if that's okay with you?"

"not like i've got anywhere else to be, heh."

That evening, you and Axe sat in your room, each with a blank sheet of paper, a pen, and a plan.

You tried to speak at the same time.

“so i was thinking-“

“So what if we-“

“sorry.”

“Sorry!! You first.”

“ok. so i was thinking we start with the more important stuff, like how monsters easily get into these things called confrontations. if an unfamiliar person approaches a monster too quickly, or surprises them, their soul shoots out and begins a mini battle. it can be dangerous for humans who don’t understand magic, because...”

He rambled on about confrontations, and different types of magic that monsters use. You wrote down his most important points, like how green magic is for healing, blue can be avoided by standing still, etc. When he seemed to be finished, you had a good list of points to hit on the slide.

“Thanks so much for helping me with this! I had no idea about checks. I always wondered why monsters were so much more easily conversational. I guess they just have better intuition than humans,” you said. “Okay, so what do you want to know about humans?”

“uhh. i didn’t really have anything in mind, ta be honest. alphys covered determination and all that when she came out about the amalgamates, and that was the main thing i really wanted to know.” He paused. “i guess we could throw in some tips for how the monsters can better show their intentions to humans. like, communication tips? i dunno.”

“It can’t hurt!” You said, nodding. “Okay, well. How are you adjusting to living here? I’d love to get some feedback, if you’re willing.”

He shrugged. “i’ve got food, and a place for pa- crooks to stay, and relatively little work in exchange for what it. can’t complain much.”

“Is there anything you need that you’re not getting? Be honest.”

“i could use a drink now and then,” he muttered jokingly. “but otherwise, nah.”

“You and me both, guy.” You laughed. “I could get a bar installed in the living room.”

“ha-ha, right.”

“I’m serious. It could be a huge selling point. The Warehouse: homeless-shelter-slash-club.”

“the hobo booze house.”

“The wine pantry for divorced wives.”

“the alcohol asylum.”

The two of you were chuckling like a couple of idiots. You wiped a tear from your eye.

“You’re funny. I like you.”

“one of my better traits, kid.” He joked. You winced when you checked the time.

“Oh, wow. It’s getting late. Can you find your way to your room okay?”

“yeah. i know a shortcut.” He grinned. “see ya later.”

He disappeared from the room in a blink.

“They’ve seriously got to stop doing that. It’s freaking me out.”

You stacked your notes together and got to work on the slideshow. You know you wouldn’t be able to sleep unless you at least started on it tonight. A little later, you hit the hay.

- - -

“HOW DID IT GO?” Crooks asked when his brother got back later that night. He’d just finished doing his rounds, making sure everyone was where they were supposed to be.

“he listened to me talk for a bit, and just kinda took notes. it was cool, i guess.”

“AND...?”

“and... nothin’.”

“COME ON, SANS! YOU SHOULD TRY MAKING A FRIEND FOR ONCE. I HAVE SO MANY NOW!! AND THEY’RE NOT SCARED OF ME!”

“that’s so cool, pap. ‘m happy for ya.”

“WHAT I MEAN IS YOU CAN DO THE SAME. NOBODY HERE CARES ABOUT LOOKS. YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO START OVER!”

“yeah. you’re right. thanks, pap. ‘m goin’ ta bed. night.”

“GOODNIGHT, BROTHER. TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP.”

“no promises,” he grunted out as he drifted off.

His dreams had always been awful, thanks to the kid and their RESETS. After the food shortage, they became more about not being able to provide for himself and his brother. Finally getting out of the underground meant he could fall asleep more peacefully again.

The nightmares still never went away.

Now, they were about losing Crooks to a human. Or control of himself and hurting someone. Or, the worst, being sent back home. He’d often wake up in the middle of the night in a pool of sweat. The worst nights, though, were when he couldn’t tell his dreams from reality. Couldn’t wake himself up. Papyrus usually woke to his tossing and turning, or his heavy

breathing, and shook his brother awake, reminding him that he was safe, that they weren't underground anymore.

But, tonight, he slept peacefully.

Going Out!

Chapter Summary

Black gets you and Mutt out of the house for once. No shortage of shenanigans.

Content warning: arm grabbing/passive aggressive monster racism. I'll put some asterisks (***) around that section so you can skip it if needed.

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

Creampuff/Puff/Cream - Papyrus

Red - UF! Sans

Fell/Edge - UF! Papyrus

Blue - US! Sans

Stretch - US! Papyrus

Black - SF! Sans

Mutt - SF! Papyrus

Axe - HT! Sans

Crooks/Angel - HT! Papyrus

Lust - UL! Sans

Pink - UL! Papyrus

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

An annoying ringing roused you from your slumber. Your hair was flattened on one side and there was a puddle of drool on the pillow. You picked up the phone.

“Hello?”

No answer.

“Is anyone there?”

Still nothing. You pulled your phone away from your ear. Oh, right. You'd changed your alarm to a telephone ringtone, knowing it would actually get you out of bed. Clever but evil.

You threw on a shirt with thick black and blue stripes and a pair of khaki cargo shorts. And, your favorite converse. Seeing yourself in the mirror, you nodded. You combed through your hair and started heading downstairs.

It was Thursday, which meant you had two days to finish the slideshow. You'd considered waiting until next week, and instead settled on powering through.

When you arrived in the kitchen, Black and Mutt were waiting expectantly.

"HUMAN.... Y/N. I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY," Black began. "IF I'D USED BETTER JUDGEMENT, IT COULD HAVE BEEN AVOIDED."

"No no no, don't worry about it!! Jerry's just overprotective. It was a misunderstanding, nothing more."

"EVEN THOUGH THAT MAY BE THE CASE! I FEEL THE NEED TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU IN SOME WAY. THE MUTT MENTIONED TO ME RECENTLY THAT IT CAN GET VERY CRAMPED IN HERE. SO! I PROPOSE THAT WE HAVE A DAY OUT. THE THREE OF US." He didn't make eye contact with you, instead looking up at Mutt. He nodded.

"I appreciate the offer, but I've got work to do today. Running a business, the works..." you said, not wanting to hurt his feelings.

"OH! NOT TO WORRY! EDGE HAS OFFERED TO TAKE OVER FOR YOU FOR THE DAY, IF YOU AGREE TO IT."

"Really? That's cool of him," you smiled. "Okay! I guess I'd better get everyone set up for the day, but we can head out afterwards... I'll change, too. This outfit is not meant for public eyes."

Mutt gave a laugh at that.

Back in your room, after talking to Edge and helping him organize everyone's shifts, you were busy deciding what to wear. It had been a while since you'd been able to have enough time to go out, and your wardrobe reflected it. You ended up settling on a pair of rust-red pants and a band tee you'd cropped yourself. You threw on a silver chain, too. Nothing too fancy.

Black and Mutt met you by the front entrance.

"I LIKE YOUR SHIRT," Black commented. You thanked him. You had to hold yourself back from telling him every detail you knew about the band. They walked you outside and showed you to an unfamiliar vehicle.

“m’lord just bought it,” Mutt explained. “needed a ride for work, figured it might as well be fancy.”

It was. The car itself had enough room to sit up to eight. The paint was black, with a sheen that could blind someone from a mile away. The hood ornament was comically appropriate - a skull. The carpet, like his scarf and gloves, was a blood red, and it had black leather seats. Spill proof, you noted. Convenient and classy.

“I’m glad you’re doing well,” you commented. “Financially. I mean.”

“IF YOU’RE DONE ADMIRING PENELOPE,” Black remarked, pride in his eyesockets. “THEN LET’S GET GOING!”

When you got into the car, you realized you didn’t actually know where they were taking you.

“Where are we going?” You asked after a minute of driving in silence.

“good question, y/n,” Mutt answered. “m’lord?”

“A HUMAN SHOPPING CENTER. I BELIEVE IT’S CALLED A... MALL.”

“Sweet! I haven’t been to the mall in forever.”

“YOU’VE BEEN THERE BEFORE?”

“Yeah! There isn’t much else to do around here other than just... hang out in public places. It’s a small town,” you explained apologetically. “But don’t worry! It’s easy to have fun doing nothing.”

“if you say so,” Mutt laughed.

It was starting to get cold in the car. You didn’t mind, or want to say anything, though. You’d brought this upon yourself by wearing a cropped tank top with massive holes in the sleeves. In summer.

“you ok?” Mutt asked. Shoot. He noticed.

“I’m fine! Just a little cold,” you admitted, rushing to amend your words. “Don’t turn it off though, it’ll get hot in here. It’s pretty humid today, and there isn’t a cloud in the sky for shade.”

Mutt started taking his jacket off.

“No, seriously, it’s not a long drive at all, I’m fine, really-“ He wrapped it around your shoulders, a slight grin spreading across his face. “Ohhh, that’s actually really nice...”

“perfect for naps,” he added. He put his arms behind his head and crossed one leg over the other. Quite an incredible feat for someone so tall in such a small car, you realized. He was right, though. You had to fight the urge to fall back asleep.

“WE’RE HERE!” Black exclaimed. You groaned. Too soon.

“Do you want this back?” You asked Mutt. You slammed the car door behind you and started walking toward the mall.

“nah. you need it more than i do. i’ll get it back later,” he responded. “i’d sweat to death if i wore it in this heat.”

“Fair enough,” you shrugged. You stuck your arms through the arm holes. You had to scrunch up the fabric a little to get your hands all the way through. The guy had crazy long arms!

Inside, the mall was almost as cold as the car. You were grateful for the hoodie. Black didn’t seem to know where to go, so you stepped in.

“I know a store you guys might enjoy,” you offered. “Follow me.”

You grabbed Black’s hand - his soul skipped a beat - and lead him and Mutt up an escalator. You walked past all the familiar places and stopped at a store with an entrance almost as menacing as the pair of brothers. In bold letters above was “HOT TOPIC”.

“oh, no.”

“Oh, yes. We’re going in.”

You practically ran in to check out their infamous box of pins. There were mostly funny ones, with a few inspirational quotes shuffled in there. You plucked out a couple, excited to add them to your growing collection. Sprinkled in were a few new additions - pride pins. June was behind you, so they must’ve been leftovers from pride month. You grabbed yours and shoved it in your fist with the others.

Black was looking through the band t-shirts in the back. He looked back at you for a second, then went back to work. You smiled, wondering what he was up to. He turned around and held up a shirt.

“LOOK, Y/N! WE CAN MATCH.” It was the band on your shirt. Your stomach did a backflip.

“That’s so cool! I can’t believe they sell their merch here,” you commented. He walked up to you and grabbed the pins from your hand.

“WHAT IS THIS ONE?” He asked, holding up the pride pin. “IT’S VERY... COLORFUL.”

“Oh, that’s for pride. Using pins and flags with certain colors is kind of a way to show off that you’re proud of who you are. I was planning on putting it on my travel bag.”

“THAT IS AN AMAZING CONCEPT! WHERE CAN I GET ONE?” Black asked. He was smiling.

“There’s a box over there,” you pointed in the general direction. You giggled to yourself a little.

You shook your head, trying to get the stupid grin off your face when he came back with a handful of different pride pins.

“WILL THIS SUFFICE, DO YOU THINK?”

“I think that’s plenty,” you nodded. He checked out, buying his shirt and all three hundred of the pins he was carrying. You got in line behind him to pay, but he held his hand out behind him.

“PLEASE, THEY’RE ON ME!”

“You don’t have to-“

“WHO IS TAKING WHO OUT?” He asked, turning his head to arch a brow bone.

“I-“ The look on his face said he wouldn’t be backing down. “-fiiine. Here.” You handed him the pins you’d picked out. He paid and the cashier put everything in a bag. “Ready to go?” He nodded. You turned around to grab Mutt, but he was already outside. You and Black walked out of the store.

“that was quick.” Mutt remarked.

“You didn’t go in?”

“nah. you looked like you were having fun.”

“You’re allowed to ‘have fun’ too. I’m sure Black brought you for a reason.”

“ok.”

You turned to Black for confirmation, but he was busy putting every single pride pin but yours on his shirt. You had to cover your hand with your mouth to stop yourself from laughing. He was a little confused, but he had the spirit.

When he was done, he looked up at you with a gleam in his eyesockets.

“PERFECT!”

“Perfect. Where to next?” You asked. Black shrugged and offered to let you lead. You walked down a ways, and a store on the other side of the mall seemed to catch Black’s attention.

“Y/N, WHAT IS A ‘SPENCER’S’?” He asked.

You grinned. You couldn’t refuse the opportunity.

“Oh, they have a lot of stuff similar to Hot Topic. You should check it out! Me and Mutt can hang back out here. I’ve heard they’re got more pins in the back of the store.”

“OKAY THEN!” He practically ran into the store.

You gestured for Mutt to lean down.

“This is gonna be hilarious. There’s no pins in the back of the store,” you explained. “There are... toys, though.”

“you wouldn’t.”

“I did.”

Moments later, Black walked out of the store with a smug grin on his face. Much to your surprise, he had a new bag with him. He’d bought something.

“Y/N, I DON’T APPRECIATE YOU LYING TO ME ABOUT THE PINS.” He held the bag out to you. “HOWEVER, I DID GET THE OPPORTUNITY TO PURCHASE AN ITEM. I HOPE I DO NOT DISAPPOINT.” You opened the bag. Inside was a black box with a small, white label: ADULT TOY. SIZE: MEDIUM.

Mutt started laughing. And he did not stop, especially after seeing your face turn bright red.

“he...” Mutt was now trying to speak through his uncontrollable guffawing. “that’s... that’s fucking hilarious.”

“I didn’t think he was gonna see it and buy it!!” You shoved Mutt lightheartedly. “My god, Mutt. Why didn’t you warn me?”

“hahahaaaa. your face right now is so worth it.”

Black’s brow bones were forming a crease. He appeared to realize something.

“IT WAS A PRANK!”

That sent you over the edge. You joined Mutt in his laughter, while Black’s face tinted purple and he started half-yelling.

“OH MY GOD, BUYING THAT WAS SO AWKWARD!! THE CASHIER GAVE ME A STRANGE LOOK. MAYBE BECAUSE OF THE PINS??”

You tried to picture the interaction from the cashier’s perspective: an edgy, 4’6 skeleton, wearing every single pride pin, coming into the store, going *directly* to the back and coming back with... that. It was too funny. You were doubled over laughing, now. Bag still in hand, Black grabbed your other one and dragged you and a still-laughing Mutt down the walkway. People were staring.

“COME ON, LET’S GO EAT. I NEED A BREAK FROM YOU TWO AND YOUR SHENANIGANS.”

Black left you to grab a table. Mutt ordered food for him. You got chicken tenders and fries, refusing to believe that only children should get to be picky eaters. Once it was delivered, you and the other two finished lunch quickly.

“DO YOU NEED ANY NEW CLOTHES, Y/N?”

“Umm, not really? I have everything I need, but thanks!”

“they need a jacket,” Mutt grinned.

“WHERE IS THE NEAREST STORE THAT SELLS JACKETS?”

Mutt and Black dragged you around for the next hour or so, insisting on buying anything you looked at for more than a few seconds. By the time you’d toured almost every store, Mutt looked about ready to go home. The three of you walked out the front of the store.

You remembered Black parking far away, and wished it was a little cooler outside. You attempted to shed Mutt’s jacket without success. The bags weighing down your arms proved to be too much. Black noticed and grabbed as many as he could, despite his own heavy load. He looked a little ridiculous with the sheer amount of bags he was carrying.

Once you were in the car, goods stuffed into the trunk, you reached into your pocket for your headphones. They weren’t there. You facepalmed.

“I think I left my headphones in the bathroom, back in the food court,” you spoke up.

“i can take you back there,” Mutt offered.

“No, it’s okay! I can go by myself. Just give me a minute.” Before they could refuse, you stepped out of the car and started walking. Mutt ran after you.

“there’s an easier way to do this, y/n,” he said, putting an arm on your shoulder once you caught up. You felt the wind whoosh around you for a moment, and then you were back in the food court.

“Whoa,” you exclaimed. “Cool.”

“yeah. much easier to get around that way.”

Mutt watched you navigate through the growing crowd to get to the bathroom. He didn’t lose sight of you, mostly because of his height. You saw the bathroom entrance, waved at Mutt to say ‘I found it!’, and started towards it. A stranger blocked your path.

“Do you know that guy?” he asked, pointing at Mutt.

“Yes, he’s my friend. Can you move a little, please?” You tried to push past him, but he didn’t budge.

“You’re hanging out with him by choice? He’s a monster. You don’t have to stick around him, it won’t bother him. He doesn’t have feelings.”

“Sir, please just move out of my way-“ you started. He grabbed your wrist.

“Let me get you out of here, kid, away from that freak. You’ll be safer with me.”

Mutt ran towards you as soon as he realized the situation. He stepped between the two of you, grabbing the man's arm and pulling it off of yours.

"i don't know who you think you are, to think you can judge who y/n can and can't be around," Mutt started. His face had changed to look more threatening. A spark or two flew from his glowing eyelights. "but ya can't go around grabbing people. makes ya look bad, no matter what ya intentions ya had. back off, or this is gonna get ugly."

The stranger looked Mutt up and down, and threw his arms in the air. "Whatever. Just trying to be a Good Samaritan. Kids these days, messing with stuff they don't understand..." he trailed off while walking away.

"you ok? no cuts, no bruises?" Mutt asked when the guy was out of earshot. "he didn't hurt you, did he?"

"No, I'm fine. Just hate guys like him."

"same. go get your headphones, and we'll get you out of here."

Back at The Warehouse, you, Black, and Mutt were unloading the car. You had almost all of your bags when you remembered the toy incident from earlier.

"Um. What should we do with this?" You asked, gesturing towards the Spencer's bag. Black averted his eyes. Mutt shut the trunk when everything but the toy had been taken out.

"best we just leave it in here and forget about it."

"AGREED."

Chapter End Notes

Mutt definitely didn't go back and grab the toy and hide it in y/n's room... not at all. /s

(safe version: some guy grabbed y/n and Mutt told him to back off.)

sorry this one is a bit short! I might do a fashion show where y/n tries on all the new clothes they got later.

Movie Night #1

Chapter Summary

Red finally gets some time with y/n, but it doesn't go as planned. Later, there's a last-minute movie night! The toy goes missing for the first time.

Content warning: reader gets injured/healed. I'll put some asterisks (***) around that section so you can skip it, if needed.

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

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Fell/Edge - UF! Papyrus

Blue - US! Sans

Stretch - US! Papyrus

Black - SF! Sans

Mutt - SF! Papyrus

Axe - HT! Sans

Crooks/Angel - HT! Papyrus

Lust - UL! Sans

Pink - UL! Papyrus

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

By the time you got back and unpacked your things from the mall trip, it was almost time for lights out. You headed downstairs to check in with Edge.

“THE DAY WENT SMOOTHLY! EVERYONE ATE WHEN THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO, AND AXE HELPED OUT MORE THAN USUAL. ALSO, RED CAME BACK EARLIER TODAY.” Edge seemed proud of his report.

“Thanks for running everything today, Edge,” you thanked him.

“YOU’RE VERY WELCOME. I WAS GLAD TO HAVE SOMETHING TO KEEP ME BUSY,” he admitted. “IT DOES GET A BIT DULL AROUND HERE.”

“You know, you’re not the first person to say that.” You agreed with a laugh. “We should get some better entertainment!”

“OH? WHAT DID YOU HAVE IN MIND?”

“I’m not sure! Maybe I could ask around, see what people would be interested in. I wouldn’t be against having a game room.”

“neither would i,” Red agreed. He’d appeared behind you a moment ago, you having yet to notice.

“I’m sure we could fit one in somewhere…” you considered. “Maybe split the living room in half. Adding in new walls wouldn’t be hard.”

“whoa, don’t get ahead of yourself. it’s just a suggestion. you’re busy enough as it is.”

“SPEAKING OF BUSY, I DIDN’T HAVE ENOUGH TIME TODAY TO MOVE THE FOOD TO THE ATTIC STORAGE. WITH BLACK AND MUTT GONE, WE DIDN’T HAVE ENOUGH PEOPLE TO DO IT ALL AT ONCE.”

“That’s fine! I wasn’t planning on doing that until early next week. We could do it now, if you and Red were willing to help. It won’t take longer than a half hour.”

“sounds fun.”

A few moments later, you were leading Edge and Red across a metal walkway twenty feet in the air. Red was visibly sweating. You reminded yourself to ask Classic how that worked.

The second floor/attic was so short that Edge had to crouch to fit in there. It was dark, the only light coming from your phone flashlight and the skeletons’ eyelights. You set down the box you’d been carrying and twisted yourself around. Your spine popped and cracked.

Edge snapped his head around to look at you. Red was giving you a similarly concerned look.

“What?”

Edge rolled his eyelights. Red’s shoulders relaxed.

The three of you went down and back up a few more times, and before long, almost everything was in the attic. You picked up your phone to check the time on the last trip back downstairs. 8:30. You set it down on a table to free up your hands.

Edge in front, and Red trailing behind, you made your way back upstairs again. In the attic, you realized you’d left your phone downstairs. You didn’t have a flashlight. You could kind of see, by the light the skeletons’ eyes emitted, but even that was not much to go by. You figured you could find your way around, having been up and around a few times now.

You were, unfortunately, wrong.

You walked straight into a pile of boxes. You still had a box in your arms, and weren't able to catch yourself when you fell. A box fell from the top of the pile and landed on your arm. You felt a sickening snap in your left arm. You screamed.

"Ooooh... ow." You tried to wiggle your arm. It stayed where it was. You could move your fingers a little, though. It definitely broke.

Red and Edge set down their boxes and rushed over to you.

"that didn't sound pleasant. ya weren't popping yer elbow like you did yer back earlier, by chance, were ya?"

You shook your head. Edge bent down and picked the box up off your arm. Red stretched out his arm, hovering them above your injured one where the box had been. A green flow started emitting from his hands.

"What're you—"

"HEALING MAGIC. GIVE IT A MOMENT," Edge interrupted.

Small bits of green magic floated down and were absorbed into your arm. The pain started going away, and you were able to move your arm again after a minute of sitting there.

"Whoa. Thanks," you whispered. The glow behind to fade and you lifted your arm to look at your hand. You wiggled your fingers. It looked like nothing had happened, and a few scars from long ago accidents were nowhere to be seen.

"no problem. 's my job." You stared at him in amazement.

"That's what you do for work?"

"yeah. 'm a first responder, of sorts. i take care of anybody who looks like they ain't gonna make it all the way to the hospital. it's not pretty work."

"That's incredible," you breathed. "I'm lucky you were here!" In the dim light of his remaining magic, you saw his face tint red a little.

"heh, damn right you are." Red grinned. He turned to his brother. "is that everything? all the boxes, i mean."

"I BELIEVE SO!"

"Thank you guys so much for your help. Seriously, if I'd had to do this on my own, I'd have been working for a least a few more hours."

“WE WERE GLAD TO HELP!”

“anytime.”

They turned to start walking out. You cleared your throat.

“I, uh, still can’t see.” You chuckled awkwardly.

“right. c’mere,” Red said, offering his hand. You took it in yours and he led you out to where it was light. When you got out to the metal walkway, he didn’t let go. You didn’t complain. His hand was surprisingly warm. He only pulled it away when you got to your room.

“see ya later, y/n,” Red said. He waved, walking away and then shoving his hand in his jacket pocket. Edge beckoned for him to follow. He ran off toward him.

“Bye, guys!” You waved even though their backs were turned away. They may have been intimidating, but they were full of sweet surprises. You’d never expected Red to be so gentle and careful.

You turned to go back in your room, but before you did, you saw one of the skeletons inside. They were holding something. You couldn’t tell what. You pushed open the door. He looked up and met your eyes. It was Lust.

“Whatcha got there?” You asked. You felt your face paling. It was the... thing... Black had bought earlier.

“uhh. i can explain,” he started, practically tossing the still unopened toy onto your bed. His face turned darker purple each second. “i saw mutt sneak something up here and wanted to make sure he wasn’t doing anything weird, like planting drugs-“

“Why would he do that?” You asked. You crossed your arms and arched an eyebrow.

“i have no idea. but i had to check. sorry, i should have asked before intruding. i’ll leave,” he said, making his way to the door.

“No, it’s fine!” You started. You considered letting him stay, but for a better idea. “I could use your help, actually,” you offered. “I was thinking earlier that we should do a movie night. I’ve got a projector set up, and it’s not too late yet to start one. I’d just need help moving some of the couches in the living room to face the wall where the movie will play.”

“okay!”

“And, Lust? Do me another favor.”

“sure, love, what do you need?”

“Tell no one about the dildo.”

“okie doke, darlin’.”

- - -

You and Lust were almost done setting up the couches when people started showing up to see what was going on. Some showed up with blankets and pillows from the rooms. Others, who had gone to bed and woken back up to see what all the noise was, were walking in and flopping over onto the couches.

Crooks had showed up mid-setup to help you and Lust get the couches in place. You admired your work for a second before heading back upstairs to set up the projector.

“wait, y/n! i’ve got a better idea.” Lust exclaimed, running after you. You were lifted off your feet and everything turned purple.

He was using magic to life you up to the projector.

“Okay, THAT’S cool.” You said. You remembered the pain of carrying boxes earlier. Couldn’t Red have just lifted them with magic, then...? You shrugged off the idea.

After you’d started the movie, Lust set you back down and Crooks went to turn the lights down. He left a few on, so everyone could still see if they needed to walk around during the movie.

You settled down on a couch in the second row, inviting Crooks to come sit with you. Some of the other skeletons had come out, too, and you waved them over.

Classic, Lust, and Puff shared a couch behind you. Stretch saw you from farther away and teleported onto the couch, on the opposite side of where Crooks sat. Mutt and Black sat on a couch to your left.

The movie you’d picked was an old one, but a good one. You remembered it from when you were younger. Crooks mentioned that he was seeing it for the first time. You realized that was probably the case for most of the monsters there, too. You decided to do movie nights more often.

Despite his early interest in the movie, Crooks was asleep, before long. His head started to tilt, putting his neck in an uncomfortable-looking position. You pulled on him, gently, and let his head rest on top of yours. Still asleep, he turned and wrapped an arm around your waist. Adorable.

Stretch was too busy snoring away to notice or care. In fact, most of the skeletons there were. Black was the only one awake. He was leaning forward into his hands and almost on the edge of his seat. You huffed out of your nose in a half-hearted chuckle.

Your eyes started to droop, and before you knew it, you’d fallen asleep. When people started rustling around and getting up at the end of of the movie, you were completely cuddled in Crooks’ arms. You tried to get up, but he pulled you closer.

“Crooks. Crooks!” You whispered, poking him in the arm. He shifted a little. “Croooooks. Wake uuup,” you said, poking him again. He opened his eyes, still drowsy. He pulled his

arms off quickly and started apologizing.

“SORRY!! I’M A BIT OF A CUDDLER, BUT I DIDN’T MEAN TO MAKE YOU UNCOMFORTABLE AT ALL, SORRY Y/N!!”

“You didn’t, it’s totally fine! Don’t worry, I know you were asleep. I’m a cuddler myself. It’s okay, really. It was nice.”

“OH, OKAY. WELL, I’M OFF TO BED! NYEH HEH!” He got up off the couch and ran to his bedroom. You had to laugh. He had been so careful about giving you enough space. He was so sweet!

You stayed in the living room for a few more minutes to make sure everyone left. Stretch was the only one left in there with you. You woke him up.

“do ya need help putting the couches back, y/n?”

“Nah, I’ll get them in the morning. It’s not the end of the world.”

“fair enough,” he shrugged. He vwooped into thin air. You could only assume he was going to his own room. Even after seeing them do it so many times, it still looked cool as hell. You wished you could learn to do that.

When you got back to your room and flopped onto your bed, it didn’t quite register that the toy had disappeared. The next morning, though, you noticed. You weren’t sure whether you should be grateful or scared. Not wanting to spread the word about a missing, unopened dildo (or spread the word of you owning a dildo, period) you decided not to ask anyone.

Then it hit you. It was Friday. Which meant you had to finish the slideshow. Which also meant trying to do anything else today would be pretty much pointless. You’d feel guilty for procrastinating, even if it was procrastinating by working. You groaned and rolled out of bed and undressed.

You threw on the deep purple sweater Black had bought you - it was too soft to resist - and a pair of grey jeans. You were tempted to wear your new-ish Dr Martens, too, but settled instead on a pair of old sneakers. To top it all off, you grabbed a dark orange beanie and shoved it on to cover up your bedhead.

Downstairs, Edge was already in the kitchen helping with breakfast. You tugged on him to get his attention, not wanting to mess up his egg-making. He held up a finger at you to say ‘just a moment’. When he finished cooking that batch of eggs, he turned to you.

“Would you be able take over for me again, today? I have a project I need to take care of...” You explained.

“I WOULD NOT MIND! IT WOULD BE MY PLEASURE, Y/N.”

“Thanks,” you responded gratefully. You got an idea. “What if I just... made you assistant manager? I can afford to pay you, if you need. I know it’s a lot of work-“

“I’D MOST DEFINITELY APPRECIATE HAVING AN OFFICIAL POSITION, BUT AS CLASSIC MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE MENTIONED, WE’RE PRETTY FINANCIALLY STABLE. THE ONLY THING THAT WOULD REALLY CHANGE IS MY ROLE IN ORGANIZATION, CORRECT?”

You pondered the question. “Well, yeah, pretty much,” you realized. “But you’re sure you don’t need the money?”

“ABSOLUTELY. HAVING AN ORGANIZED SYSTEM IS SATISFYING ENOUGH.” He patted you on the head and went back to cooking eggs.

“Okay. I’ll be upstairs, if there’s any emergencies. Come get me if you need my help with anything.”

“OF COURSE.”

An hour in, you remembered you hadn’t eaten yet. Breakfast should just be wrapping up. You decided to go downstairs and grab a bite from the kitchen. Crooks and Blue were in there, packing up the breakfast supplies.

“THEY CALLED YOU CROOKS JUST BECAUSE OF YOUR CROOKED TEETH? THAT HARDLY SEEMS FAIR,” Blue was saying. “WHAT IF YOU CHOSE A DIFFERENT NICKNAME, THEN?”

You interjected. “Crooks is just a nickname?”

“TECHNICALLY, YES.” He brushed off the question and kept talking. “BUT, WHAT WOULD I CHANGE IT TO? I DON’T HAVE ANY IDEAS.”

“HMM. YOU LIKE PASTA, RIGHT? WHAT ABOUT SPAGHETTI?” Blue suggested.

“NO, THAT’S SILLY.” Crooks wrinkled his nose.

“What about Angel? Like, as in angel hair pasta. That’s what we use for spaghetti. And because you’re sweet, like an angel.” You suggested.

“I LIKE IT! BUT I DON’T KNOW IF ANYONE WOULD EVEN USE IT.” Angel asked.

“OF COURSE THEY WOULD! PEOPLE CHANGE THEIR NAMES ALL THE TIME. IT JUST TAKES A LITTLE TIME FOR EVERYONE AROUND YOU TO ADJUST.” Blue said.

“If your name really bothers you that much, it wouldn’t be hard for us to make that change. I’m happy to do that for you, and I’m sure everyone else will be too,” you offered.

“W-WOWIE!! I’D LOVE THAT! THANKS, BLUE! THANK YOU, Y/N!” He said, shaking his arms in excitement. “I’M GOING TO GO TELL AXE. HE’LL LOVE IT!”

You watched him run off and felt a flutter in your stomach. You felt bad for calling him by a name that hurt him, but were excited to see him so happy. Then a thought crossed your mind.

“You mentioned that Crooks wasn’t his real name. What is his real name? If you didn’t mind telling, of course.”

“OH! I DON’T THINK I’M SUPPOSED TO SAY. BUT IF YOU ASK CLASSIC OR AXE, THEY PROBABLY CAN. IT’S NOT REALLY MY PLACE.” He explained guiltily.
“SORRY!!”

“No worries at all! Just curiosity.” You moved toward the sink, still half-full of dirty dishes.
“Need any help cleaning up?”

“I’VE GOT IT, BUT IF YOU WANT TO HELP, FEEL FREE TO PUT SOME OF THE DRY ONES AWAY!”

You did. Then, you grabbed a snack.

“I’m gonna head upstairs, Blue. Come get me if you need me!”

“I WILL!”

With your newfound energy (from both helping Angel find his new name, and the literal energy from the food), you tidied your room. When you finished folding your socks and putting them up, the room was cleaner than it had been in a few weeks. Satisfied, you sat down to work. You only had a few slides left to make.

Everything seemed to be falling into place; The Warehouse was finally starting to feel like a home.

Chapter End Notes

reader: who took the dildo that I didn’t ask for??

lust: *checks in the box to make sure there’s no drugs* guess I better put this back... or not >:)

(safe version: reader broke or sprained their arm and red healed it.)

Tysm for all the kudos, hits and comments! I’m enjoying writing this way too much
fhhavsghs

Presentation/Pink

Chapter Summary

Y/n finally presents the slideshow! Lust confesses something...

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

Creampuff/Puff/Cream - Papyrus

Red - UF! Sans

Fell/Edge - UF! Papyrus

Blue - US! Sans

Stretch - US! Papyrus

Black - SF! Sans

Mutt - SF! Papyrus

Axe - HT! Sans

Crooks/Angel - HT! Papyrus

Lust - UL! Sans

Pink - UL! Papyrus

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

It was Saturday. Slideshow day. And you'd slept in until late afternoon. You put one of the oversized hoodies from Black. It was red, with a black skull embroidered on the upper left of the torso. On the back was an anatomically accurate ribcage, also embroidered. Mutt had thought it was funny. You also changed back into the grey pants from yesterday, and slipped into some red sneakers to match the hoodie.

Edge was running things well. Lunch was already on the way when you got downstairs, and there were new donations, already sorted, in the food pantry's storage. You were relieved to see that Edge was able to do his job. A little jealous, maybe, that he did it better than you. Not wanting to bother him, you headed towards the living areas to grab Axe and show him the finished slideshow.

You found him in his room, still asleep. You felt bad for waking him up when you'd knocked, but it felt good to know you weren't the only late riser.

"mornin', y/n," he greeted.

“Good afternoon to you too! Can you come help me look over the slideshow before I present it? I want to make sure it’s as accurate as it can be, so I don’t spread misinformation.”

“yeah, ok. let’s go.”

Aside from a few terms and grammar issues, you’d gotten everything pretty much spot-on. Once everyone had finished lunch, you started inviting people to come sit in the oversized living room for the presentation. They filed in one by one.

“Axe,” you grabbed his attention. He looked at you questioningly. “Can you lift me up to the projector?” He hesitated.

“dunno, lamb. my magic ain’t exactly stable. i don’t wanna hurt ya, but i’d be willin’ ta try.”

He extended an arm and pulled your soul out of your chest. It turned blue. He pointed upward and watched as you rose, going much slower than Lust had. He was being careful.

You turned on the projector, connected it to your computer, and floated back down.

“Thanks!”

“for you, anytime.”

Once everyone was in the room, you cleared your throat and told them to quiet down. Most of the skeletons had showed up, too - all except for Blue and Puff, who were on cleanup duty in the dining hall, and Lust, who was nowhere to be found. They could still see into the living room, but you doubted they could hear you from where they were.

“Hi everybody!! I’m y/n, and today I’m gonna be clarifying some things for you guys so we can avoid future conflict and misunderstandings. I know it’s tough for some of you to get used to your new and constantly changing environment,” you looked around at the monsters. “And it’s tough for some others to get used to their new neighbors.” You glared directly at Jerry. He ducked his head when everyone followed your gaze. “But that’s what today is for! Hopefully this presentation can help clear up some things for both parties.”

“I’m going to start with something called confrontations. When you meet a new monster, your soul reaches out to them and tells them your intentions. This often leads to a mini-battle, and can be easily avoided by showing them that you mean no harm. If you accidentally wander into a confrontation, do your best to talk it out and come to a mutual understanding of peace.”

You played a video of a human and a monster going into and out of a confrontation peacefully.

“In case you get stuck in one of these confrontations, here’s some information that can help you. If the monster turns your soul orange, you’ll probably get dizzy. If they turn it yellow, you can send little pellet attacks at them to tell them that you aren’t really going to attack them. If they turn it green, you won’t be able to attack, but you will be able to heal them, and

yourself. If they turn it blue, their attack style will revolve around gravity. And, if they turn it purple, you'll only have a few places where your soul can move to avoid attacks."

"Just because a monster is attacking you does not mean that they want to hurt you. Confrontations are automatically mini-battles, but if you both show that you mean no harm, then they can end much quicker."

You clicked through the different colors of soul magic to familiarize the humans with their meanings. One person raised their hand. You called on them to speak.

"What about red?" They asked.

"Red is one of the default colors for human souls - it represents determination. Souls can be other colors, too. Monster's don't have determination, and can't turn a soul red. Good question!"

"There are plenty of different types of attacks. Some are safer than others! White is the default. Don't let white attacks hit you. If the attacks are red, don't let them hit you. If the attacks are orange, move your soul through them. If attacks are yellow, let them hit you - it will tell the monster that you aren't going to attack, similar to the yellow soul's ability. If the attack is green, let it hit you. It will heal your soul. If the attack is blue, don't move your soul through it. It won't hurt you unless you do. And, finally, purple attacks cause partial, temporary soul paralysis when you touch them."

Axe was nodding, along with plenty of the other monsters in the crowd. You were doing well. You kept going.

"Pink is the only color that isn't used in battle. If a monster likes you, or finds you attractive, their soul gains a pink spot. If you reciprocate, these spots give you the ability to have a special kind of confrontation, called a bond. What you do during bonds is between you and the monsters. Think of them like dates, but backed up by physical souls. Using pink attacks increase the level of your bonds. If you want to know more about pink magic and/or pink soul magic, look it up. I'm not going to include anything more on pink magic in this presentation."

"Back to confrontations! When in one, a monster automatically knows to do a check. What this does is tells the monster your intentions, whether you know them or not. You can also perform a check on them, to see if you can get out of the confrontation or mini-battle."

"If you have any questions about magic or confrontations, feel free to ask me or any of the skeletons that live here. They'd be happy to answer any questions you have!"

"And now, for the portion on humans..."

For the rest of the presentation, you went over some basics of human biology. Since monsters were made of magic, you knew they were estranged to the concept of everyone's bodies being more or less the same on the inside. Different monsters have completely different physical needs, whereas humans have most of the same basic needs. There were some

exceptions, of course, like medications or other tools (wheelchairs, surgeries, etc) for physical and/or mental health issues.

They didn't have many questions, only the occasional 'what's that for?' or 'would ___ be the monster equivalent of ___?'. You were more than happy to answer to the best of your ability, but had to turn some questions over to the skeletons. When you were almost done with the presentation, Lust came in through the front door. Everyone stared at him while he awkwardly sauntered into a seat.

You wrapped up the presentation with a final Q&A, and sent everyone on their ways. Axe walked with you and clapped you on the back.

"ya did great, kid."

"Thanks!! Hopefully I provided enough advice to help prevent future misunderstandings."

"i think so. some idiot's probably still gonna screw it up, but at least ya gave 'em the information they need ta try."

"True." You nodded.

Lust got up from his chair and walked over to where you and Axe were.

"hey! sorry i was late, love. they called me in early this morning. they needed a few extra hands," he explained, summoning a few purple hands mid-air to add to the light-heartedness of his apology. "hope i didn't miss anything important."

"No, not really. It was mostly a presentation for the humans, with some seventh grade human biology thrown in there for the monsters."

"oh, biology? that's always fun," Lust laughed to himself. "if you ever need a private lesson on monster biology, you know where to find me." He offered jokingly when he left to go to his room.

"He's flirty, huh?" You commented, going to tuck a strand of hair behind your ear. Axe chuckled and nodded.

- - -

Lust sighed, sinking deeper into the bed. He pressed two fingers into the ridge between his brow bones.

"YOU DON'T OWE THEM WORK, YOU KNOW," his brother remarked. "IT'S NOT LIKE YOU NEED THE MONEY, EITHER."

"i know, pap. it's not like i have a choice, though. ever since we got here, my magic has been consistently in excess, and constantly on the fritz. what else am i supposed to do with it?" he asked, not really expecting or caring to hear an answer.

“WELL... YOU COULD HELP OUT AROUND HERE! I’M SURE Y/N AND EDGE WOULD BE GRATEFUL FOR THE ASSISTANCE.”

“you know i can’t be around him as well as i do, papyrus. i can’t risk an accidental confrontation. they said it themself.”

“SO YOU DID HEAR THAT PART,” Pink winced. “I’M SORRY. HE PROBABLY DOESN’T FULLY UNDERSTAND HOW SOUL MAGIC WORKS. MAYBE IF YOU TOOK THE TIME TO EXPLAIN IT TO THEM,” he suggested.

“i- i don’t know. i don’t even know how to feel right now, pap. things aren’t the same here. it’s not as easy to talk about this kind of stuff as it was underground.” He drew his soul out of his ribcage.

“OH, MY GOD, SANS. YOU REALLY DO NEED TO TAKE CARE OF THAT.”

There was a pink tint to his soul. The spot was patchy, and covered almost half of his soul.

“i know. i can’t avoid it forever.” He admitted. “he’s going to be busy for a while, since they still have to put the couches back and get everything ready for the coming week.”

“PROMISE ME YOU’LL TALK TO HIM, THOUGH?”

Lust sighed.

“i promise, paps.”

He was going to have a tough time. You had the basics of soul magic right, but missed a few details. Lust didn’t blame you. Most monsters didn’t have a very deep connection to the passionate bits of their souls, either. He could hardly expect you, a human, to understand how pink magic worked.

In his universe, the monster population had been dwindling quickly. King Asgore had basically forcibly ordered everyone to take a drug that sent them into a sex-craving delirium. Biologically, it just sped up the creation of pink panic within their bodies. This excess of magic made pink confrontations much more frequent. Naturally, this meant everyone had to be much more in touch with the levels of their magic. Some monsters collected it quicker than others, and some didn’t make any at all.

When pink magic built up, it had to go somewhere. If it built up too much, it could increase the monster’s tolerance to it, and eventually guarantee their infertility. It was also extremely uncomfortable for a monster to have that excess magic built up inside them, thus explaining Lust’s frustrated state.

Pink magic could be spent during the bonding confrontations you’d mentioned earlier, usually to turn into pink attacks. Receiving pink “attacks” from a partner counteracted the pink magic inside one’s own soul. Anything from compliments to physical pleasure could be considered a pink attack. Pink attacks could also be platonic, but it took much more work to spend the excess magic that way.

Pink tried to help Lust on occasion, taking him to the still-under-construction Grillby's in town to get him to interact with a monster or two. It kept the magic at bay, but it was never really enough.

The only way he could spend his pink magic was on you. He'd noticed on the day you'd met. When he jokingly kissed you on the hand, his pink levels had dropped dramatically. When he'd checked you, he noticed the tiny tinge of pink on your own soul. He figured you didn't notice, and decided not to push it. Any time he was near you after that, he couldn't ignore the twisting and writhing in his soul of the magic pushing, trying to escape.

Papyrus was right. He couldn't ignore it forever. Lust threw an old hoodie over his regular clothes and followed Pink out of his bedroom.

You were still in the living room talking to Axe. Axe saw Lust and nodded in his direction. He said something to you and teleported out of the room. Pink headed into the kitchen to help Angel get dinner started. Lust swallowed hard and walked up to you.

"hey, y/n!"

"Hey, Lust. What's up?" You asked, not looking up from the couch you were trying to turn. He helped you push it.

"i was wondering if maybe we-" he stopped himself. No, it was definitely too soon. "if i, i mean, could be of any help volunteering here during the week?" You looked him in the eyes, searching for the flirty skeleton you'd talked to before. He was gone.

"Sure, we can always use the extra help!" You grabbed his hand. He looked down at it, then back up at you. "Is something wrong? You seem off."

"i'm fine! i'm a little tired, that's all-" he winced at the lie. "i had to get up early because of work."

"Lust. Come on. You were fine thirty minutes ago. What's wrong?" You asked.

You rubbed a thumb across his knuckles. His palm was sweaty. You decided to do a check. If he was being honest, his stats would show it.

You tried not to show it, but you were surprised. His soul was half-covered in pink.

"Oh, wow," you whispered. "You've got it bad for somebody."

Oh, shit. He'd forgotten you knew how to do checks. Stupid!

"Who is it? You can tell me, I can keep a secret. Is it Grillby? He's pretty hot." You laughed at the pun. "Or maybe one of the bunny sisters? They're so nice, I wouldn't blame you."

You had no idea. He almost laughed at how clueless you were. You had spent pink magic on him with your touch, and hadn't even realized.

“y/n,” he stopped you. “can i try something?”

Lust placed his other hand on top of yours. He had a lavender blush across his cheeks.

“Of course,” you agreed. Your voice was quiet when you spoke, and your heart was beating a mile a minute. Lust leaned forward and pecked your cheek with his teeth. It was sort of like a kiss.

“it’s you, by the way,” he whispered. Lust’s mouth was a millimeter away from your ear. His words sent shivers down your spine.

“No shit, Sherlock,” you laughed. “How long?”

“seven inches.” He joked, pulling his face away from yours. You shoved him in the arm.

“You knew what I meant!!”

“kidding, i’m kidding!!” He laughed. “since i met you. pink magic works in mysterious ways, heh.”

“Wow. Okay. This isn’t, uh, going to get in the way of work, right?”

“you’re the boss. you get to set the policy on dating employees.”

“I don’t pay you.”

“that works in our favor, i think.” He winked. You smiled.

“Yeah, whatever.”

- - -

A little after the presentation, Mutt had gone outside to bring the leftovers from the food pantry back inside. Heat tended to make food rot faster, and it had been sitting out in the summer sun for far too long. When he came back in to sort through the spoiled food and save what he could, he’d walked in on Lust and your conversation. Not wanting to interrupt, since you didn’t seem bothered by Lust’s proximity to you, he walked through the room and started straight forward.

Later, though, he teleported into Lust’s room.

Lust jumped a foot out of his bed.

“jeez, dude, don’t scare me like that.”

“you and y/n a thing now?” he pushed.

“we’re... working it out,” Lust cautioned.

“i don’t care what you two do,” Mutt admitted. “but you hurt them, and i’m gonna break you. capiche?” Lust gulped. With an LV as high as Mutt’s, he couldn’t afford to screw up.

“got it,” he nodded.

“good.”

Chapter End Notes

lust: what do I do with this thing?? i can't just... give it back :|

mutt: *steals the toy*

lust: no, wait, tf?

Also, just to clarify, a lot of the stuff about magic/soul magic are headcanons. It's meant to be lighthearted, don't take anything too seriously! :) /lh

Work, Again

Chapter Summary

Edge is a tad overwhelmed, meaning y/n actually has to work for once. Angel plans a sleepover. Mutt realizes something about himself.

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

Creampuff/Puff/Cream - Papyrus

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

Sunday afternoon, you woke to a concerned Red.

“hey, sorry to wake ya. woulda knocked, but the boss is in a pinch. any chance you can take over fer today?”

“Who do what in the how now...?” You asked groggily.

“edge. he’s having trouble keeping tabs on everybody. can you meet me downstairs in five?”

“Mm... I think so?” You responded, still not quite awake. He teleported out of your room. Still in your pajamas, you decided that putting on makeup while half-asleep was a good idea. You slapped on a bit of smoked-out eyeliner and a touch of blush. You put on some black shorts, paired with thigh-high yellow socks and a cropped, matching tee. You put on low-top black converse and fluffed out your hair a bit. Good enough.

Downstairs, you looked for Edge. He whipped past you, clipboard in hand, and yanked a monster kid on the arm before slamming into a wall. The monster kid had been pulled away from the wall in time. Edge, on the other hand, took a wall to the face. He stepped back and rubbed the bridge of his nose.

“OWW...” he stood there for a moment before noticing you were there. “Y/N! THANK THE STARS. I AM HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE YOUNGER RESIDENTS. THEY’RE GROWING QUITE RESTLESS. CAN YOU MANAGE EVERYTHING FOR THE DAY WHILE I,” he cleared his throat. “ENTERTAIN THEM?”

“Of course! I mean, I could just take care of the kids while you manage, but if that’s what you really prefer to do then go for it!”

“FANTASTIC! OKAY BYE!” Edge screamed, resuming his chase. In the distance, a group of kids was giggling. Edge looked like he was having fun. That made you smile.

Red appeared behind you.

“sorry if i scared ya, earlier. he was stressed ‘bout havin’ ta manage both the little ones and the big ones. soon as i said you’d be willin’ ta take over, he dropped everythin’ ta play with the kids.” Red chuckled to himself. “never imagined my bro woulda made a good babysitter.”

“Neither did I,” you commented, laughing with him. “I wonder how he runs in those heels. I’d fall flat on my face.”

“oh, for sure. watchin’ him learn to walk in those were the best weeks of my life.”

You pictured a slightly shorter Edge trying (but failing) to walk in heels, wobbling around and trying to look intimidating. Adorable and hilarious. You snorted at the image.

“That does sound hilarious.” You stretched your arms up and backward, getting the last of the drowsiness out of you. “I’d better go make sure Blue and Angel are getting breakfast ready,” you remembered.

“ok! i’ll be around. i sure as hell ain’t about to work weekends, heh.”

Blue and Angel were just starting to get things set up when you got to the kitchen. You offered to help cook. They were happy to have the company.

“I haven’t really gotten to know you very well, Blue,” you started saying. “What important things about you do I need to know?”

“I LIKE COOKING! BUT YOU KNEW THAT. I LIKE MAKING TACOS? HMM... LET ME THINK.” He placed a hand under his chin, deep in thought.

“OH! YOU COULD TELL THEM ABOUT...” Angel bent down to whisper something to Blue. Blue’s eyelights lit up. You could have sworn you saw stars in them. The look he was giving you reminded you of Black digging through the pin box.

“I LOVE PHYSICAL TRAINING! I WAS THINKING OF BECOMING A PERSONAL TRAINER, BEFORE I CAME HERE.” He said. “HELPING PEOPLE AND MONSTERS STAY IN GOOD HEALTH, WHILE DOING THE SAME FOR MYSELF IS AN IDEAL JOB, IN MY OPINION!”

“That’s actually pretty cool! If I ever get gym equipment in here, I’ll have to hire you.” Blue nodded enthusiastically.

“BLUE THINKS INSTALLING A TRACK FOR RUNNING WOULD BE BENEFICIAL TO US,” Angel spoke up. “IT WOULD CERTAINLY HELP SOME OF THE RESIDENTS BURN SOME ENERGY OFF!”

“I’ll definitely look into that, guys,” you agreed. “That’s a way better idea than trying to build a gameroom on my own. The only worry would be the cost.” Blue quirked a brow bone.

“IF YOU’D AGREED, WE’D PLANNED ON PAYING FOR IT,” he explained. “IT WAS OUR IDEA, AFTER ALL.”

“Oh. Right. Uh, I’d have to look into the property rights and stuff first. And the rules for building outside. And stuff.” You managed to get out. “But yeah! I love it. That would be awesome.”

Blue nodded and smiled.

“LET’S GET COOKING!” Angel enthused.

The two skeletons kept up a bubbling chatter for most of the time you were cooking. You wished you could spend more time with the rest of the skeletons, but you never seemed to have the time. Then an idea hit you.

“What if we did a sleepover?” You suggested. Blue looked over his shoulder at you across the kitchen. Angel jumped up and down while nodding.

“YES, LET’S!!”

“WHO WOULD WE INVITE?” Blue asked. “ALL 39 RESIDENTS CAN’T FIT IN YOUR ROOM.”

“No, just for a few of us. Probably Pink, Black, Puff, you and Angel.” You decided. “I think it would be a good way to get to know each other better, strengthen our team’s bond.”

“I DON’T KNOW... IT COULD END IN DISASTER,” Blue pointed out. “WHAT IF SOMEONE FEELS LEFT OUT?”

“No one would be left out. This won’t be the only team-building activity we do, just the first one, to see how it goes. It’ll be fun, I promise.”

“OKAY.” Blue agreed.

“WHEN WOULD WE DO THIS SLEEPOVER?” Angel asked.

“Tonight, maybe? Since everyone we’re inviting will be here. Nobody works on weekends except Lust. Black would have to leave early in the morning, but at least he’ll be there for the night.”

“PERFECT!”

“I CAN GO AROUND ASKING EVERYONE TO COME,” Angel offered. “IT WOULDN’T TAKE LONG.”

“Sounds good to me!”

Angel ran off out of the kitchen, not realizing he was still wearing his apron. He almost tripped over one of the strings, but held a thumbs-up in your direction. You laughed.

“I’M EXCITED! WE SHOULD PLAY TRUTH OR DARE.” Blue smiled.

“That game never gets old. I don’t care what people say about it being a kid’s game. It’s fun!”

“AGREED!!”

For a while, you and Blue cooked and cleaned in silence. He took care of most of the cooking (it had never been your strong suit) and you washed the pans as he went.

“SO YOU AND LUST ARE TOGETHER, RIGHT?” He pried. You startled.

“Yeah, I guess. He realized it before I did. Word spreads fast around here,” you muttered.

“COOL, COOL.” He cleared his throat. “HE’S NOT BEING... WEIRD, IS HE?” You were puzzled.

“Weird how? Weird as in flirty? I thought that was, like, his thing.” You responded.

“NO, NO, NOT LIKE THAT! WEIRD AS IN... PUSHY? FORCEFUL. YES, THAT’S THE WORD!”

“Blue, I haven’t even seen him since yesterday. I don’t think that gives him much of an opportunity to be pushy,” you said. Lightheartedly, you shoved him in the arm. “Give the guy a chance.”

“OKAY, OKAY. BUT IF HE DOES SOMETHING THAT BOTHERS YOU, PLEASE LET ME KNOW.”

His eyes went slightly darker. “BECAUSE HE’S GOING TO HAVE A TERRIBLE TIME.”

“Oookaaaayy. Anyway,” you diverted. “I haven’t gotten to talk to Stretch much, really. How is he?”

“OH, MY BROTHER? HE’S FINE. I THINK HE’S THE MOST WELL-ADJUSTED ONE HERE, OTHER THAN ANGEL. HE’S DOING WELL.”

“Good, good! He’s doing well in school?”

“YEAH! HE SAID HE’S ONLY GOT A TEST OR TWO BEFORE THEY CAN OFFICIALLY VERIFY HIS DEGREE. HE’S ALREADY APPLIED FOR A JOB, TOO!”

“That’s awesome! Where?” You wondered aloud.

“HE HASN’T TOLD ME YET,” Blue admitted. “BUT STILL! I’M EXCITED FOR HIM.”

“Me too!” You said.

“DID YOU GO TO SCHOOL BEFORE THIS?”

Blue asked. “COLLEGE, I MEAN.”

“Yeah, I did! It was pretty fun, but I am glad it’s over with.” You laughed. Memories of you and your friend group’s shenanigans popped up here and there. “I miss some of the people, sometimes. I’m glad it got me where I am, though.”

“WHAT WAS IT LIKE?” You hummed.

“The schedule was kind of insane. I have no idea how I fit social time into it, to be honest.” You recalled. “It’s a lot like life right now, actually.”

“THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT WAS CHAOS,” he commented. “BUT THERE WERE GOOD MOMENTS IN THERE?”

“Absolutely! It was the happiest time of my life, probably.”

“BETTER THAN THE PRESENT?” He asked, wilting a little.

“Never.” You said. “No memory is better than today.” That made him smile.

- - -

After making sure the food pantry was running outside, you made your way back into the kitchen. It was late afternoon, meaning the second shifts of the day were coming to a close. You passed by Mutt on the way to the living room. He looked to be sulking. You wondered what could’ve put him in such a bad mood. You shrugged it off. It wasn’t your business.

Lust burst in through the front door, taking you by surprise.

“i’m hooome,” he exclaimed in a sing-songy tone. “where’s y/n?” He asked, looking around for you.

“Here!” You waved. You had been heading toward your room to start cleaning up for the sleepover later. “How’s your day going?” He walked towards you, arms extended. He embraced you in a hug.

“fine, just fine, love. how’s yours?” He wrapped his arms around you and kissed you on the mouth. Startled, you tried to respond with humor.

“Turns out Edge makes a fun babysitter,” you told him. He smiled.

“that’s a surprise,” he laughed, letting you go. You nodded, laughing with him.

“Seeing him chase after little ones in heels was pretty funny, I have to admit.”

“bet so,” Lust agreed. “what are ya up to?”

“I was about to go clean my room for the sleepover,” you said, gesturing for him to follow you. “I’m gonna have to fit a bunch of skeletons in there, later. It’s too messy right now.”

“a sleepover? ooh, am i invited?” He joked.

“Not this time!” You said. “Regretfully, I didn’t print enough invitations.” You joked.

“aww. and i thought you liked me.”

“Nope. You’re the worst.” He smiled fondly.

Mutt watched you from across the room. His own soul was reaching out to you, couldn’t you feel it? He flinched when you noticed him staring. You tapped Lust on the shoulder and pointed in Mutt’s direction.

Lust grinned and mouthed, “jealous?” Mutt tensed. Was he? He teleported out of the room. Lust laughed.

“What’s up with him?” You asked, wondering what Lust had found so funny.

“i think he’s a little jealous, y/n. though, i’m not sure he even realizes it.”

“And why would he be jealous?” You asked.

“have you seen yourself?”

You didn’t respond to that.

“come on, babe. it’s not that i wouldn’t mind sharing. but you can’t act like the others haven’t been weird since this… us started,” he said softly. “no one’s asked about it? at all?”

“No, they have,” you realized. “But it’s barely been a day. They probably just want to make sure I’m okay.” Lust sighed.

“here’s the thing, love. me and pink, we’re more in tune with our souls than the rest. what they’re going through right now is a lot less intense than what i’m experiencing, because they don’t feel as strongly as i do.”

“But they’re not you,” you countered. “How could they all be experiencing what you are?”

He got quiet for a second.

“i mean, since we’re all skeletons, our souls have to be pretty similar.” He lied. Or, half-lied. It wasn’t entirely false.

“I guess,” you shrugged. “I’m not worried about it, though. You shouldn’t be, either,” you said. “Because if he tries anything, you’d be the first to know.”

“i know.”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this chapter’s a bit short, it’s kind of a transition-y/filler chapter. I don’t have great service at the moment, so I might not be able to post a chapter every day. Don’t give up hope, though - I’m not nearly done with this fic!!

Sleepover, Start!

Chapter Summary

Puff, Blue, Pink, Black, y/n and Angel have a sleepover! They mostly just play truth or dare.

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

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

Lust had ended up napping on your bed while you cleaned your room. You didn't make him leave until five minutes before everyone else would start showing up.

“still mad you didn't invite me,” he fake pouted. “you should make it up to me by going out with me.”

“That's a maybe. Shoo.” You pulled him off your bed and shoved him out the door. He was laughing on his way out.

Blue was at the door, sending Lust strange looks for his maniacal laughter. He had a grocery bag on him.

“What's the bag for?”

“I BROUGHT SNACKS!!” He said, opening the bag and revealing a few family-sized bags of chips. You noticed he'd gotten some of your favorites. You had no clue how he knew.

He was wearing pajamas. They were a matching set of top and bottom - grey, with little blue and white bones all over. They made him look smaller, somehow.

“Thanks, Blue!” You said. You took the bag from him and tossed it onto your desk.

Puff and Pink showed up together. They’d shared the last shift at the donation center. Pink was carrying a pack of sodas. Puff had a huge jug of water. The two of them had similar pajamas to what Blue had wore, in their respective magic colors.

“Thanks for coming!!” You said. You pointed toward the desk where the chips were. “You can put that stuff over there.” They did. Blue struck up a conversation with them about the best kinds of junk food.

Angel showed up next. He had a ziplock bag of spaghetti. “Thanks, Angel...?” He grinned and set the bag of spaghetti on the table next to the other snacks. He patted it a few times then sat on the floor with the others. He was wearing his normal clothes, minus the boots that he’d left by the door.

Black arrived last. He brought a bag of prunes. He wore black, silk pajamas. Fitting.

“Hi, Black. Whatcha got there?” You looked into the bag. “Prunes?”

“WHAT? THE OLD LADY LIKES THEM.” He defended himself. “IT’S NOT LIKE THEY AFFECT ME. I DON’T HAVE A-“

“OKAY, SINCE EVERYONE’S HERE NOW, WE SHOULD PLAY TRUTH OR DARE!!” Blue said excitedly.

“Sounds good to me!”

“HOW DOES THIS ‘TRUTH OR DARE’ WORK?” Black asked.

“Someone asks another person if they want a ‘truth’ or a ‘dare’. If they pick truth, they have to answer whatever question they’re asked honestly. If they pick dare, they get dared to do something, and they can’t back down.” You explained.

“BUT YOU GET A FEW CHICKENS!” Angel added. “IN CASE THEY ASK YOU TO DO SOMETHING YOU’RE NOT COMFORTABLE WITH.”

“YEAH! BOUNDARIES ARE IMPORTANT!” Blue agreed.

“THAT MAKES SENSE,” Black said. “OKAY! I’LL GO FIRST. Y/N,” he said, ideas already brewing. “TRUTH OR DARE?”

You decided to start off strong. “Dare.”

“I DARE YOU... TO TRY ON ALL THE NEW CLOTHES YOU GOT!!”

“All at once?” You asked.

“NO, OF COURSE NOT!” He said.

“MAYBE HE MEANS TO DO A FASHION SHOW!” Blue corrected. “RIGHT?” He asked for confirmation.

“YES! GIVE US A FASHION SHOW!”

“Okay! That actually sounds pretty fun.” You loved the idea. You’d been looking forward to showing off some of your other new clothes, but didn’t really have anywhere other than The Warehouse to wear them.

“Let me just grab my stuff from the closet.” You scooted past the circle of skeletons on the floor. It was a handful, but you laughed all your clothes into the tiny bathroom attached to your room.

First, you walked out in a cropped pink hoodie and a long black skirt. Pink, of course, loved the color scheme. You wore some black platform boots underneath, making Black and Blue look even shorter than they were.

Then, you wore a light blue jumper. It had thin straps, so you wore a light grey sweater underneath. You wore some old sandals with it. It kind of matched Blue’s outfit.

You took the opportunity to put on your favorite converse next. They were high tops, and in your favorite color. You had a matching hoodie, and wore it with light-wash jeans. Everyone liked that outfit. Black said it suited you the most.

Finally, you wore a pair of shorts (burnt orange in color) with a ribbed black tank. You had on the low-top black converse from earlier, and a long silver necklace with a skull pendant. Puff and Angel exchanged a look at that one. Everyone gave a final round of applause when you bowed dramatically.

You ran back into the bathroom and changed into some pajamas.

“THAT WAS A FUN EXPERIENCE,” Black was wrapping up. “WE SHOULD TAKE THEM OUT AGAIN SOON!! HE LOOKED LIKE HE ENJOYED HIMSELF.” Everyone nodded.

“Are you telling them about the shopping trip?” You asked. “It was pretty fun. Black did some pretty funny stuff that day.” You laughed. He glared daggers at you and shook his head. Pink looked at him and covered his mouth. You guessed he’d found out about the toy incident somehow.

“Okay, I guess it’s my turn to ask. Hmm...” you scanned the room, trying to pick out the person who least looked like they wanted to participate. Everyone looked pretty eager, so got settled on Angel.

“Angel! Truth or dare?”

“TRUTH!” He braved. You thought for a second.

“Okay. So you said your real name wasn’t Crooks the other day, that it was just a nickname. What is your real name?”

“OH! IT’S PAPYRUS. I THOUGHT YOU KNEW.”

“Huh. Weird.” You remembered Puff’s introduction. “Puff, isn’t that your name, too?” Puff looked away from you for a second.

“TECHNICALLY, YES,” he admitted.

“I had a friend with the same name as me growing up, it was awesome!” You tried to relate. “If you want me to call you both Papyrus, I really wouldn’t mind.”

“Y/N,” Pink juttet in. “WE’RE ALL NAMED PAPYRUS. EVEN IF YOU JUST CALLED ANGEL AND PUFF PAPYRUS, IT WOULD GET CONFUSING AS HELL.”

“What?” You asked. “All twelve of you are named Papyrus?? That’s kind of hard to believe.”

“NO, I MEANT—“

“JUST THE TALLER ONES,” Black corrected. “ME, BLUE, AND THE SHORTER ONES ARE NAMED SANS.”

“This isn’t just some intricate prank, right?” You joked. Everyone looked uncomfortable. Puff spoke up for everyone.

“IF NO ONE WANTS FO OBJECT, I WILL EXPLAIN. HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE MULTIVERSE THEORY?” He asked.

“Yeah, kinda.”

“BASICALLY, THERE IS AN INFINITE NUMBER OF REALITIES, ALL HAPPENING AT THE SAME TIME. THE DIFFERENCES CAN BE REALLY SMALL, OR REALLY BIG.”

“CLASSIC, MY BROTHER, WAS ABLE TO SEE INTO SOME OF THE MORE HORRIFIC UNIVERSES. HE TRIED TO HELP THE MONSTERS IN THEM BY BRINGING THEM HERE. UNFORTUNATELY, HE DIDN’T HAVE TIME TO FINISH HIS WORK, AND INSTEAD ONLY BROUGHT A FEW DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF HIM AND MYSELF TO THIS UNIVERSE.”

“So... you’re all more or less the same people? Is that right?” You asked, not really expecting an answer. “That would definitely explain some things. Like, why you’re the only skeleton monsters here, and why some of you look almost exactly the same.” You shot a look at Angel and Puff.

“SORRY WE DIDN’T TELL YOU SOONER. CLASSIC DIDN’T WANT US TO TELL ANY OF THE HUMANS UNLESS IT WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. HE THOUGHT SOME WOULD DEFINITELY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION AND USE US FOR RATHER UNETHICAL RESEARCH.” Angel explained.

“BUT WE KNOW NOW THAT WE CAN TRUST YOU,” Blue added.

“That’s really sweet, actually. It’s kinda nice to know that you guys feel like you can talk to me about anything.” You said. “But the name thing. Would you want me to call you by your real names, or just use the nicknames?”

“MAYBE IF THERE’S ONLY ONE OF US WITH YOU, YOU COULD USE OUR REAL NAMES? THE NICKNAMES ONLY REALLY SERVE THE PURPOSE OF PREVENTING CONFUSION.” Black suggested.

“YEAH, I AGREE WITH BLACK,” Pink said. Pretty much everyone else did, too.

“Okay! I can do that.” You decided. “I think it’s Angel’s turn. For truth or dare,” you clarified.

“RIGHT!!” Angel exclaimed. “HMM... BLUE! TRUTH OR DARE?” Blue was immediately ready to answer.

“TRUTH!”

“OKAY!!” Angel took a minute to think. “WHICH ONE OF US DO YOU LIKE THE MOST?”

“OHH, UNFAIR!! DIFFERENT QUESTION!!” Blue requested.

“CAN HE DO THAT?” Black asked you.

“Yep.”

“OKAY,” Angel tried again. “IF YOU COULD TAKE Y/N—“ he started, before Blue shot him a look that could kill. “—I MEAN, YOUR CRUSH... OUT, WHERE WOULD YOU TAKE THEM?”

“I’D HAVE TO SAY I’D TAKE THEM ON A HIKE! ITS A BEAUTIFUL TIME OF YEAR, AND I’D WANT TO SHOW THEM ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS AROUND ME!” Blue responded. “PUFF! TRUTH IR DARE?”

“DARE!” Puff answered. “AND A GOOD ONE, PLEASE!”

“I DARE YOU TO... GO DOWNSTAIRS AND STEAL A TUB OF ICE CREAM!”

“DONE!”

Puff stood up to leave the room, but not before you handed him your phone with the flash on. It was after lights-out. It would be dark downstairs. Some of you snuck out of the room to watch him go get the ice cream. He nearly tripped a few times, but returned with the ice cream and a few spoons.

Puff had grabbed a two-gallon tub of Neapolitan ice cream. You decided against using bowls. You snacked on your favorite flavor. Blue and Pink scooped some chocolate ice cream. Black

had strawberry. Puff and Angel scooped across all three flavors, not caring about mixing them and saying it was better that way. You tried it. You weren't sure how to feel about the resulting flavor. You shrugged. As long as they were enjoying themselves.

"PINK! TRUTH OR DARE?" asked Puff, with a mouth full of ice cream. Everyone else was pretty much done eating, except for him and Pink.

"DARE." Pink responded. He wiped some of the stuff off his face with his sleeve.

"I DARE YOU TO EAT THE REST OF THIS ICE CREAM." Puff said. His widening grin was maniacal.

"OKAY." Pink responded. He grabbed the tub from between the two of them and started scooping. You doubted he would be able to finish it. There was still more than half of it left, even after everyone'd had their share.

But he kept going. Blue started cheering him on. There were splatters of pink, cream, and brown surrounding his mouth. The soft-serve was slowly disappearing. Angel, Blue and Black started chanting, "CHUG! CHUG! CHUG!" You laughed.

Pink only had a few spoonfuls left when he started slowing down. "UGH... THAT DOES NOT FEEL GOOD."

"DON'T GIVE UP NOW!!" Blue encouraged. "YOU'RE SO CLOSE TO THE END!"

Pink shoveled a few mouthfuls in, and the room erupted in a cheer. Your ears started ringing from the volume. Then, Pink fell straight asleep.

"Sugar coma." You joked. You checked the time. 12:31am. "Oh, geez. It's pretty late," you commented. "Black has work tomorrow. We should get to sleep."

"WHAT'S THE POINT OF A SLEEPOVER IF YOU ACTUALLY GO TO SLEEP? YOU'RE A BUNCH OF PUSSIES!!" Blue exclaimed. You snorted.

"Having physical needs doesn't make people weak, Blue," you disagreed. "You'll be exhausted tomorrow if you don't sleep."

"I DON'T NEED TO NAP ALL NIGHT, UNLIKE SOME OF YOU!!" He screamed.

"WHATEVER YOU SAY, BLUE," Puff rolled his eyelids lightheartedly.

"So you don't need sleep, huh? Guess you don't want to cuddle, either," you shrugged. "Your loss." You climbed into bed with Angel, who was already under the blankets and facing you. You were faced away from the rest of the skeletons. You wrapped an arm around him. He closed his eyes and smiled.

"I DO LIKE CUDDLING," Blue murmured, hopping in after you. "OKAY, FINE!! I'LL SLEEP. BUT NEXT TIME, WE ARE CONQUERING THE NIGHT!! NO SLEEP UNTIL THE SUN RISES."

“Okay, Blue.” You laughed. He placed an arm around your waist, holding it there for a moment to see if you would refuse, then letting it relax when you didn’t. Puff turned off the lights and got into the sleeping bag you’d prepared. “Goodnight, everyone.”

“NIGHT, Y/N!”

- - -

The next morning, you woke to Angel smacking you in the face. You tilted your head to see what he was doing. He was still asleep. You stifled a laugh. Angel was splayed all over the bed, limbs spread out in uncomfortable-looking positions. You wondered how he could sleep like that.

Blue, on the other hand, had his whole body pressed up against yours. One arm was still wrapped around your waist, the other stuck out underneath the pillow. His breath brushed over the crook of your neck. It felt... nice. You almost fell back asleep before Angel shifted his position again and woke Blue. He stirred behind you.

Blue’s eyesockets blinked open, slowly, taking in his surroundings. He definitely wasn’t in his room. He reached his arms out to stretch.

“Nooo... don’t let gooo.”

He rubbed his eyesockets. He hadn’t been cuddling a pillow. It had been y/n. And they’d asked him not to let go... shit. That was adorable. He wrapped an arm back around you.

“Mmm...” you said, wriggling a little to get back under the covers. Blue considered himself lucky that you were facing away from him, because he could feel his face on fire. You were so close to him!

A pink glow started showing itself through his pajamas. Blue didn’t notice it at first, but when he did, he felt his face flush. He wasn’t doing anything bad, though... right? He wasn’t hurting anyone. You turned around in your half-asleep state, eyes still shut.

He realized he should probably get out of there or he would get caught. He may not have been doing anything inappropriate, and even if you hadn’t refused, he still felt guilty. He silently got out of bed - you protested - and walked back to his room. He noticed that Black had already left on his way out.

Back in his room, he was alone. Stretch had already left for school. He tugged on his soul, freeing it from his chest. There, if he looked very closely, was a pink spot. That part wasn’t a surprise. He knew of his crush on you.

The surprise had come to him when he realized the pink spot had gotten smaller. The way you took such genuine interest in whatever he said or did always left him on a high. He felt like he could do anything when you complimented him. And, now, he’d used pink magic on you. Did that count as you cheating on Lust? Crap.

It hadn't been intentional. At least, not at first. And, besides, it was completely platonic. Just meaningless, sleepy things.

That's what he told himself. But when he reached out and dragged a few fingers over his soul to comfort himself, it wasn't what he was thinking.

- - -

When you woke up, Blue was gone, along with Black. Pretty much everyone else was more or less awake. You got Angel to help you clean up some of the mess from the night before. You chuckled at the memory of Pink stuffing himself silly with the ice cream.

When everyone had left, you looked over at the still uneaten snacks on your desk. You felt a pang of loneliness when you saw the chips Blue had brought. You wished you could've at least told Blue good morning or goodbye before he rushed off to start the day. It was an empty feeling.

You were probably just hungry.

Chapter End Notes

rip that Blue, ayy... *hints at smut to come*

Open Minded

Chapter Summary

Classic and Stretch celebrate “graduating” college - aka they’ve proved their degrees.
Lust and y/n have an important conversation. Classic gets tipsy...

Chapter Notes

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

Mutt woke the next morning to Black rustling through his clothes. He was up earlier than the sun. Mutt groaned and rolled over to face the wall. He put a pillow over his head.

“too early...” he grumbled.

“OH, SHUT IT!! YOU SPEND FAR TOO MUCH TIME ASLEEP, ANYWAY.” Black said, far too loud for this ungodly hour of day. This was pure torture.

“m’lord. ‘m tryin’ ta sleep.” Mutt said gruffly. “keep your voice down.” Black kept his mouth shut after that. He left in a hurry once he was dressed.

Mutt tried falling back asleep after that. He’d already been awake too long. He sat up in bed, almost hitting his head on the mattress above.

He was tired of this. Tired of the routine, tired of seeing you and Lust being cute together, tired of pretending not to notice his own feelings. In fact, he was tired of everyone

pretending.

Red's face turned red every time he was even near you. Black puffed out his chest like a goddamn bird of paradise anytime you entered a room. Blue's already obnoxiously loud voice got ten times louder when he was speaking to you. It was all pretty damn annoying.

He had no idea how you hadn't noticed. Everyone made it so blatantly obvious that they wanted to get close to you, and you just took it as them being overly friendly. Mutt knew that some of the Papyrus-type personalities were that way with everyone. You, on the other hand, did not. So why was it so hard for you to see what was going on?

Mutt was more frustrated with himself than anyone else. He didn't ask for this. He didn't choose for his magic to pull him to you. And yet, there you were, perfect for him, stuck with someone else. He just wanted to take you away and protect you from Lust's disgusting touch.

Not that his thoughts were much purer, though.

"y/n..." he mumbled. "i need ya."

- - -

When Stretch and Classic got home mid-day, you found out via Puff and Blue that they had finished school and passed all the tests required to prove that their monster degrees were valid equivalents to human ones. They also both started work sometime in the next week.

"We should go out and celebrate tonight!" You suggested. "Do you know of anywhere they might like to eat?" Puff sighed and nodded.

"GRILLBY'S. IT'S JUST DOWN THE ROAD. CLASSIC KNOWS THE OWNER," he explained. "GRILLBY HAD A BAR UNDERGROUND, TOO. CLASSIC WAS A REGULAR THERE."

"That sounds perfect!"

You were still a bit tired from the night before, but you were excited to get back to your routine. Puff and Blue were just finishing up cleaning up after lunch, and Red had promised to meet you in the dining hall to grab some donations to haul upstairs since he didn't have work today.

When you saw him sitting at the table on his phone, you realized you'd never actually gotten any of their phone numbers. You never really had to go anywhere very far to contact them, and didn't have a need for it. You decided to ask anyway.

"Hey, Red!" You waved him over. He looked up, turned off his phone, and teleported over to you.

"heya, doll. howsit goin'?"

"Great, actually! I'm a little tired, but otherwise good." You told him. "I was wondering if I could get your number? I just... wanted to have it in case I ever need to talk to you while

you're at work."

"sure. here," he handed you his cell phone. "make a new contact, put in your number so i can text ya. then you'll have my number." You did. He sent you a message.

???-???-????

what do you call a skeleton with no friends

y/n

What?

red

boneless

y/n

Huh??

red

*bonely. ducking autocorrect.

You smirked.

y/n

*fucking

red

*fucking

y/n

lol

red

lol

You put your phone away.

"You ready?"

"yup. let's go." He grabbed your hand and teleported you both to the storage room. "better than walking," he pointed out when you gave him a look.

You picked up a few boxes of food, and he lifted the rest with his magic.

"Can humans learn to do that?" You asked. You started walking towards the stairwell. You had to hold the door open so both of you could walk through. When he brushed past you, your heart did a flip. He smelled like cherry and spices.

"what, lift stuff with magic?" You nodded. "i dunno. depends. some can tap into their souls better than others. feel free ta try," he chuckled. "jus' maybe when yer not carryin' a shit ton of boxes."

“How do you tap into your soul’s magic?” You asked. “It sounds hard.”

“it can be,” he admitted. “but the easiest way to start is by tryin’ ta summon an attack. blue and purple magic are easiest. what ya do is focus all yer energy into one point, and boom.”

“Huh.”

“yeah. once you’ve learned where yer magic comes from, ya can use that ta access yer soul. ‘s pretty neat.”

“Yeah, it is!” A box slipped from your hand a little. Red noticed, lifting it back up with a bit of magic. “Thanks,” you said gratefully. “Do you think you could teach me? How to use magic,” you clarified.

“i can sure as hell try.”

By then, you were outside the attic door. Despite the sheer size of the attic, there was still extra empty space on the second floor. You wondered if you could make the space into separate rooms for better organization. Then an idea hit you.

“You remember talking about getting a game room, right?” You asked. Red nodded. “I know it was mostly a joke, but we do have the space. It might be nice.”

“heh, yeah. no guarantee you’d ever see my face anywhere other than that screen, though.” He joked.

“Fair,” you laughed. “I’d have to put a lock on the door.”

“ooh, that’s plain cruel.”

“Or set up parental controls.”

“now that’s just unfair.”

“My house, my rules!” You joked. “No video games for you until you’ve done your homework.”

“damn it, i hate math.” he played along.

“And your curfew is 10:00!!”

“but there’s a party this weekend!!”

You tried to hold in a laugh, but once it slipped out, you were barely able to stand up. Red was doubled over, taking in big gulps of air.

“Speaking of going out, though,” you transitioned. “Me and a bunch of the others are going out tonight to celebrate Stretch and Classic’s ‘graduation’. Do you want to come? It’ll be at Grillby’s.”

“hell yeah. what time?”

“I’m not sure, maybe around dinner time. Angel offered to stay behind and take over cooking.”

“cool. sounds great.”

You finished putting the boxes in piles and walked with Red downstairs. You’d been up there longer than you realized. The dining hall was empty and clean.

“guess it’s too late for me to help clear out the dining hall,” Red chuckled. “not that i’m complainin’.”

“It’s fine. I should probably go get dressed, anyway,” you sighed. “Can’t go out looking like this.” You gestured to your less-than-stellar outfit. It was sweats and one of the hoodies Black had gotten you upon Mutt’s insistence.

“naw, ya look fantastic in anything.” Red grinned. “though you’d look better in nothin’.”

Your smile dropped. “What?”

“jokin, dollface, all jokes! i ain’t a perv. point was, you look good in, uh, whatever you wear.” He amended. He was sweating again. “okay bye. see ya at grillbz-“ he said and teleported away.

“So weird.”

Upstairs, you were stuck between changing into two outfits. The first, being your ribbed black tank and orange shorts, and the second option being a pair of dark jeans and a cropped blue sweater. You settled on the former, pairing it with your low-top black converse. You added a touch of smoky liner to your bottom lid to show you cared, and fixed your hair with a little gel. Then you met everyone downstairs.

“ok, let’s half of us take stretch’s car and the other half take black’s. that should fit all of us.” Classic told everyone.

“sounds great,” Stretch agreed. “me, blue, y/n, lust, red, and pink will go in mine. that leaves black, mutt, you and puff. oh, and edge.”

“perfect. let’s head out.” Black lead his party out to his car. Mutt looked at you, opened his mouth to speak, and then closed it and followed everyone to Black’s car.

Stretch waved for the rest of you to follow him. His car wasn’t parked very far. It was a silver minivan. It suited him, odd as it was.

Blue and his brother sat in the front seat, leaving you, Lust and the rest to battle over who would sit in the back. Pink and Red lost and climbed into the back. You and Lust shared the middle seat, in direct view of Stretch and Blue.

Once you got on the road, Lust started out the window. He reached over and squeezed your hand. You squeezed back. Out of the corner of your eye, you saw his smile. Before long, you'd arrived at Grillby's.

You and the other party met up at the front counter to be seated. It was a bit of a wait, due to the size of your party, but you ended up getting a table pretty close to the bar.

"this one's bigger than the old grillby's," Classic commented. "grillbz must be popular up here."

At the table, a fish monster took your order.

"Hey, punks!!" She waved, obviously familiar enough with the skeleton brothers to be using the nickname. "I'm Undyne. I'll be serving you tonight. Can I get you started on some drinks?"

Everyone asked for waters but Classic and Red. They ordered alcohol. Red, a magic beer of some kind, and Classic, a bottle of wine.

"getting wasted with style," he winked.

To your left were Lust, Pink, and Puff, and on your right were Mutt, Classic, and Edge. Across the table from you were Red, Black, Stretch, and Blue. When the waitress came back with the drinks, Classic downed his first glass in one go. Red sipped on his beer like a middle-aged woman at a family dinner party.

"on behalf of my- *hic* friend and i, let's raise our glasses in a toast." His was still empty. You were tempted to steal the bottle from him.

When Stretch clinked your glass with his, a blue slice of bread appeared above it.

"a toast to you." Classic joked.

"and to you." Stretch returned. He clinked his glass with Blue and made a tiny, orange, magic slice of toast above it. Everyone passed the joke around. Classic poured himself another glass of wine.

"and a toast to you and lust," Angel raised a glass to you. Everyone went silent. Nobody was returning it. You awkwardly lifted your glass to him and looked at the floor.

"so who's gonna say it first?" Lust asked. "you're all thinking it."

"Say what?" You asked, looking up at your partner.

"that i'm a disgusting pervert with bad intentions for y/n." He said, looking you in the eye. The way he explained it made you feel like you'd missed something huge.

"no one was gonna say that out loud, dumbass." Mutt sneered. "even if some of us were thinking it."

“I’M CONFUSED. WHAT DID LUST DO?” Angel asked, looking suddenly like he’d regretted bringing the topic up.

“lust didn’t do shit, but everyone’s treatin’ him like he’s gonna eat the poor kid alive.” Mutt explained half-heartedly. “right?” Lust glared at him.

“Whoa, whoa. Guys. What is going on?” You tried to intervene.

“lust isn’t the only one with pink magic start in’ ta act up,” Red said quietly. “he just happened ta notice it sooner.”

For a moment, it was silent again. Then, Classic downed the rest of the wine in the bottle. He grabbed the glass and stood up.

“i’m not dealing with this shit right now,” he chuckled. “we’re here to have a g o o d time, and i intend to do that.” He smiled, eyesockets hooded, and walked over to the bar where Grillby was serving other patrons. Edge swallowed his pride, stood up, and followed him. He ordered a drink for himself.

Red looked like he wanted to leave. Puff looked over at where Edge and Classic were sitting, and walked over to join them.

Then the waitress came back.

“Whoa, where is everybody??” You pointed at the bar. “Oookay, then. What can I get for everybody who’s left??” You and the remaining skeletons ordered your food, though you had lost your appetite.

It wasn’t that you were upset with Mutt for being a dick to Lust. It was more that you felt stupid not to have noticed it sooner. Mutt had been acting weird, for sure, but everybody else, too? You couldn’t have been that oblivious.

But you had been. And look where it had gotten you.

There was a bit of a ruckus over by the bar. You craned your neck to get a look.

It was a fight. Edge looked like he was trying to rip a pair of humans apart. Classic was laughing hysterically at... something. Puff was trying to help Edge, but failing miserably.

“I’ll be right back.”

You walked over to the singleton bathroom and locked the door behind you. You pressed your back against the closed door and slid to the ground. It smelled exactly how you felt - like shit.

You sat there for you-didn’t-care-how-long before you heard a knock.

“y/n? are you in there?”

You didn't want to answer. His voice sounded like too many others'. You didn't want to open it for any one of them.

"it's lust. i just want to talk. everyone's wondering where you are."

"Did you know?"

He didn't answer.

"Did you know about everyone else?"

"not really. kinda. i don't know,"

You stood up and opened the door. He paused before walking up to you and giving you a hug.

"i'm sorry this turned out so shitty. i wouldn't have taken you if i knew Mutt was going to be weird about... this."

"It's not your fault, not really. If it's anyone's fault, it's mine for being so oblivious."

"y/n. first of all, no it's not. pink magic is stupid hard to understand. second, you're allowed to fuck up. it's normal, and i'm gonna be here no matter what. and, third," he sighed. "it's not like it would bother me if you decided to be there for them in the way you're here for me."

"What do you mean?" You asked, pulling away to look him in the eyes.

"i'm saying i'm not going to make you choose. coupling up may be common up here, but i'm not against sharing you. i talked to the guys out there. they're working it out."

"Ohhh."

"yeah."

You groaned when you started putting the pieces together.

"I'm so stupid. Blue was getting cuddly with me, and Red... oh my god, I'm stupid. I can't believe I just thought they were being touchy!"

"stop it, you're not stupid. i was talking to them out there about it. most of them didn't even realize it until recently, either. give yourself a little credit," he punched you lightly in the arm. "if you're ready, we can go back out there. i'm pretty sure you don't want to miss what Classic is doing right now."

"I'm sure," you rolled your eyes. "I wish I'd had his intuition about this being a shitshow. I would've ordered myself a drink, too."

Back at the table, Lust was proven right. Classic was deliriously drunk.

"can't we all just huuugg and make up?" He was leaning on Red. Red shoved him. He just hiccuped.

“Come here, Classic,” you laughed. He wandered over to you. One of his eyelights was bigger than the other, giving him a cartoony look. He had a slight blue blush across his skull.

“heyyy y/n,” he said with another hiccup. “these dummies don’t know how ta share,” he criticized. “we- *hic* better send ‘em back to kindergarten.”

You laughed. Lust was covering his mouth with his hand, snickering.

“he does have a point,” Lust agreed. “drunk sans, what other wisdoms do you have for us?”

“i- *hic* think i’m gonna throw up,” he muttered. “‘scuse me, sir,” he said to a chair, promptly vomiting on the floor next to it. You were now full-on guffawing. Lust and some of the others were, too.

“maybe we should take this guy home,” Stretch suggested, walking over to clap Classic on the back. “whaddaya say?” Classic nodded.

“who wants ta come home now? you can ride with me, Blue, Puff and Classic. any takers?” Black, Pink and Edge volunteered. They looked ready to forget the night. They all headed out, Stretch and Puff having to help Classic walk.

“oh, shit,” Lust realized. “he just left us with the bill.” Red laughed.

“s ok. i hear the guy’s got an outstanding tab, anyway.”

It was quiet for a minute. Awkwardly so.

“Who wants dessert? I’ve heard they have fantastic lava cakes.”

When Undyne came with the cake, you ordered yourself a sweet drink. Why not?

“Sooo. Me and Lust were talking. Um, about the situation.”

Mutt and Red perked up from stabbing at their plates.

“Uh. How do I explain?”

“i’m gonna share y/n. if they’re comfortable with it,” Lust spoke up for you.

“Right. That. What he said.”

“so he’s free for us to court?” Mutt asked, straight to the point.

“I guess so, yeah.”

“cool.” Red added. He shoveled in a mouthful of ice cream and cake. Some dribbled down his chin. He wiped it with his sleeve.

That had been easier than you’d expected. You thanked Undyne when she came back, leaving a tip and splitting the bill with everyone who remained.

The drive was mostly silent, aside from a comment about the food or Classic's drunken hilarity. You wished you'd been around to see more of it, but were pretty happy with how the night had turned out.

In your room, you stripped down and put on some pajama shorts, too tired to care about getting a shirt. There came a knock at your door.

"y/n? it's lust. again."

"Come in!" You shouted. You picked your clothes up off the floor and tossed them in your laundry bin. It was overflowing. You reminded yourself to take care of it tomorrow.

"you mind if i crash up here tonight? i don't really feel like being down there with everyone after tonight."

"Sure, whatever," you said. You climbed under the covers waving for him to join you. He followed.

Lust crawled in behind you and scooted close. He played with your hair for a minute before falling dead asleep. He was snoring lightly.

"Night, Sans."

Chapter End Notes

I made a playlist of songs I like that I think the main skeleton characters would listen to! Check it out:

<https://open.spotify.com/playlist/4d2MtesKUtQm2uYE0Hq7o8?si=jp6NEkTTQvSLLRyH4iWo6g>

Puff: 1983, by Weathers.

Classic: We're In Love, by Badflower.

Edge: I Hear a Symphony, by Cody Fry.

Red: Dizzy, by MISSIO.

Stretch: Dead Inside, by Younger Hunger.

Blue: Ma Cherie, by Palaye Royale.

Black: Kill The Lights, by Set It Off.

Mutt: Little Bastards, by Palaye Royale.

Lust: Criminal Minds, by Set It Off.

Pink: Upside Down, by Set It Off.

Angel: Stupid for You, by Waterparks.

Axe: If You Like It Or Not, by The Brobecks.

There's more songs in there, too, but these are the main ones. Enjoy!

Hangovers and Handiwork

Chapter Summary

(Whaaat, a chapter mostly in the skeletons' POVs??)

Classic is hungover and confused. We find out where he and Stretch are going to work! Blue has a moment with y/n, then gets to help make plans for the second floor with some of the others. Stretch has a major problem at work.

to skip the smut, look for the asterisks! (***)

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

Creampuff/Puff/Cream - Papyrus

Red - UF! Sans

Fell/Edge - UF! Papyrus

Blue - US! Sans

Stretch - US! Papyrus

Black - SF! Sans

Mutt - SF! Papyrus

Axe - HT! Sans

Crooks/Angel - HT! Papyrus

Lust - UL! Sans

Pink - UL! Papyrus

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

Classic woke up to a dull ringing and a pounding headache. He was missing a sock, and wore only his hoodie and shorts. His many socks were strewn across the floor, but he couldn't seem to find the pair to the sock on his foot. He saw a bit of his shirt sticking out from under the bed.

Sans bent over to pick up the shirt and saw something stuffed underneath the bed with it. He reached in to grab it.

what the hell?

It was an adult toy. The black box was discreet, with only the white lettering that read “medium toy” giving away what it was. The scratches on the top told him there had been a futile attempt at peeling away the tape that sealed the box shut.

He definitely didn’t remember putting it there. He also knew it couldn’t be his brother’s. Puff was asexual, and even if it was his, Classic knew he was smart enough to keep it somewhere he wouldn’t easily find it.

So how had it gotten there?

Classic massaged circles into his skull, trying to rid himself of the hangover. He stuffed the thing back under the bed. Figuring out the mysteriously appearing dildo would have to wait. He had work today.

He undressed and hopped in the shower. He didn’t want to smell like alcohol and sweat. That tended to be a red flag, especially for new employees. Once clean, he dried himself with a (probably used) towel and put on some nice clothes. Not a suit and tie, of course, but nicer than a hoodie and basketball shorts.

Before he left, he headed to the kitchen to grab a lunch for himself. Puff and Mutt were in there, which was unusual. Usually Mutt didn’t like cooking. Maybe he wanted to be there to see y/n, since they hung out in the kitchen most of the time they weren’t running around.

Classic cleared his throat.

“hey, uh papyrus?” He started. Both skeletons turned around. “sorry. my paps. puff,” he motioned for him to come over. “that thing under the bed. it isn’t yours, by chance?” He asked. Puff tilted his head.

“THE BOX? YOU BROUGHT THAT HERE LAST NIGHT,” Puff explained. “I TRIED ASKING YOU WHAT IT WAS, AND WHERE YOU GOT IT, BUT YOU JUST KEPT LAUGHING TO YOURSELF.”

“huh.” Classic didn’t remember anything from the night before, other than trying and failing to ease the tension at Grillby’s. And the bar fight, of course. He shrugged it off. He didn’t want to know where he’d gotten it, to be honest.

“welp, i’m out. see ya later, bro.” Classic grabbed the sandwich he’d made the day before out of the fridge and teleported outside. He unlocked his car and got in. The sun was just starting to peek over the tree-line. It wasn’t a long drive, but he wanted to be early. Make a good first impression, headache or no.

Stretch was there in a minute, too. They’d decided to carpool for the day to save time and money. Not that they didn’t have excess of either. The taller one wore his usual khaki pants and a long-sleeved button down. He looked clean and professional, unlike Classic.

“is it okay for you to be driving?” Stretch asked. Classic looked up at him from the driver’s seat with bags under his eyes.

“probably not.” Classic started the car and got out of it. “be my guest,” he offered, giving a theatrical bow before going around the front and getting in the passenger seat. Stretch shook his head and smiled.

The sunrise, as usual, was gorgeous. Getting to see it on the ride into the city was even more so. The oranges, pinks and purples that streaked the sky reflected across the surfaces of skyscrapers. Stretch was basically blind, because the sun was directly in front of him for most of the drive.

They parked on an unfortunate level of the parking garage and made their way into the building. The two skeletons were greeted with nods and coffee mug lifts of respect by their coworkers. Or, rather, their soon-to-be employees.

The head of the department was retiring soon, and had had family connections with Gerson before the war between humans and monsters. Gerson introduced him to Classic, and after the interview process, the department would have not one head but two.

When Stretch and Classic got to their office, the old boss was still hauling a box or two around.

“anything we can help with?” Stretch offered.

“No, thank you. I’ve got my son with me today, he’s going to help me take the rest of my things to the car.” He turned them down. “I’m glad to be leaving these guys in good hands,” he sighed.

“They’re gonna need capable managers like you two. I’m just glad you showed up before I had to promote Bill. The guy has ethic, but his goals are far from progressive. We’d be out of business, employees, and funding if he ran the place. The only thing keeping me from firing him was the amount of work he contributed.” He chuckled. “Since I don’t work here anymore, I don’t have to pretend to like him.”

He grabbed a box off of his desk, and another man - probably the son - walked in. He grabbed the other two boxes.

“Good luck with the department, you two.” He shook them each by the hand and walked out. “And good luck with Bill.” The son laughed and shut the door behind him.

Stretch clasped his hands together and stretched his arms out behind him. “let’s get to work, then.”

For the rest of the morning, Stretch oversaw meetings between different parts of the department and checked on everyone’s progress. He introduced himself and Classic to everyone there. Bill was just about as pleasant as the old man had said.

When it came time for lunch, Stretch and Classic decided to teleport home. They could only teleport to places they’d been, otherwise they wouldn’t have driven to work.

At The Warehouse, lunch was just starting to be served. Perfect timing. After they'd both finished eating, Classic fell asleep at one of the tables. Stretch headed to his room to grab a thing or two he'd forgotten.

He packed some pens and papers into the bag he'd left on his bed. In the mirror, he thought he saw a stain from the spaghetti sauce on his shirt. He tried to wipe it off, but there was nothing there.

Stretch walked closer to the mirror and saw that his soul was visible through his ribcage. He pulled it out with magic, noticing the small pink glow on its underside.

"fuck no. not me too," he groaned. A slew of curses freely flew from his mouth. There came a knock at the door, but it was covered up by the continuous stream of foul language.

Blue walked in on his brother's tantrum and laughed. Stretch stopped and pulled his soul back into his chest, but not before Blue noticed the pink spot.

"i... have to get back to work. bye." Stretch teleported out of the room, backpack in hand.

Blue shrugged it off. It wasn't much of a surprise. He grabbed a jacket from his closet and went back out. There had been a cold front that day, and though it wasn't by much, it was a little more chilly outside.

Ever since Blue had told Y/n about wanting to be a physical trainer, they'd been trying to figure out where a good place to install a track would be. The property they owned didn't just include The Warehouse. He also owned the massive, muddy yard behind and around it. There wasn't much they'd been able to do with it yet, other than attempting to grow a little grass.

Blue and Y/n were going to scout the backyard and try to find the driest spot. He'd offered to pay for its construction, if you provided the space to build. His G was worth much more on the surface than it had been underground. As it turned out, humans really valued gold.

Blue walked through the kitchen to get out of the back of the building. You had also planned to build a back porch, but had been so busy with starting up the place and keeping up with everything that you'd yet to have the chance. The back porch would connect to the halls between the bedrooms, once it was built. Blue liked the idea of getting to sit outside and watch the sun set over the city.

You arrived outside not long after Blue had. He held out his arm for you to grab. You rolled your eyes and took it. To your right and on the far right of the building (from where you stood) was the fence that marked one of the edges of the property. There were trees beyond that, up until the road started sloping downhill and got close to the city.

To your left... was a lot of mud. When Blue tried to drag you over there, you stood your ground. You were not going to get your shoes dirty. He didn't push you to go further than where the little grass you had managed to grow ended.

Directly behind the property was a little drier, and was where you'd had a little more success with the grass-growing. Blue pointed it out, saying that would probably be the best place to

put the track. You agreed. You two started heading back toward the kitchen, feeling the increasing gusts of wind that warned you against staying outside. Blue seemed a bit nervous about something, averting his eyes once or twice.

Once you got to the back door of the kitchen, he tugged on your wrist.

“Wait, y/n...” He said, his voice slightly quieter than normal. It had started to sprinkle.

“Y/n, You’re So Amazing. What You’re Doing Here Is Going To Help So Many People. It Already Is. I’m So Happy To Get To Help You With It.” Blue gushed. “Can I Try Something?”

“Sure,” you said. He pulled you in closer to him, cupped your face with one hand. He brushed a thumb against your cheek. You put your own hand over his.

Blue replaced the hand that had been on your cheek behind your head. He pulled you in to kiss you with his teeth. His soul soared, though the kiss was short and polite. You wrapped your arms around his neck and pulled away. You rested your head on his shoulder.

“Thanks, Blue. You’re pretty great, yourself.” You chuckled lightly. He patted you on the back.

“You’re Doing Wonderful Things, Y/n. Sometimes You Need To Be Reminded Of That.” He praised. “Come On, It’s Starting To Rain. Let’s Go Inside.”

Some of the other skeletons were waiting for you and Blue at a table. You had almost forgotten to discuss the changes you’d be making upstairs for the new rooms. Though you had only been joking at first, you’d thought it over and decided that adding in entertainment centers (like game rooms and mini-gyms) for the residents would make for a much less chaotic Warehouse.

At the table were Edge, Puff and Mutt. You and Blue joined them.

“We have three rooms to work with upstairs,” you started. “Technically, two, but one of them is huge. If we build a wall in the middle, we can separate it into two rooms. That part shouldn’t be hard.”

“The tough part will be hauling everything upstairs. I think the easiest thing to do would be to have some of you move the big furniture up there via teleportation. We won’t need to do that until the rooms are done being set up, though. And that’ll take a week or two.”

“SO ARE WE GOING TO BE HIRING A CREW TO TILE THE FLOORS, OR ARE WE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THAT OURSELVES?” Edge asked.

“Doing it ourselves would probably be cheaper, but it would also take longer. We’d have to give up some of our shifts downstairs to get it done. It wouldn’t be a problem, since so many of you work here anyway.”

“what if just one of us did the whole thing?” Mutt interjected. “that way we could keep an eye on the progress of the project and only have to lose one worker.”

“Who would do that?” Everyone raised a hand. “Ah. Right. Well, that could work. It’s probably best that Mutt does it, since the most important job is making food for everyone, and he’s done that the least so far. No offense.”

“my favorite food is uncooked ravioli straight out the can. I’m not embarrassed by my inability to cook.” He responded with a laugh.

“Fair enough.”

“SOO... WE’RE DONE?” Puff asked, squirming in his seat. “I HAVE TO GET STARTED ON DINNER. IT’S TACO NIGHT.”

“Yup, that’s everything. I’m gonna head to the home improvement shop in town, so I’ll see everyone at dinner.” Everyone split off. You went out and got in your car.

The drive was pretty long, but it was nice to get out by yourself. You considered visiting Stretch and Classic at work, but figured it wasn’t a good idea to interrupt. You remembered seeing Classic asleep on the table. Had he even gone back...?

When you arrived at the store, you realized you’d left your wallet at home. Damn it. Maybe you would have to stop by and see Stretch, since teleporting was faster than driving all the way back home. His work building was only a few miles further down the road.

Soon, you were at the building and in the elevator, headed up to the seventh floor. You had to look around for a minute before one of the employees asked if you were allowed to be there.

“I know your boss. I gotta borrow him for a minute,” you explained. “Can you show me where his office is?” The woman pointed in the direction of Stretch and Classic’s office. You thanked her.

You knocked on his door. No response. You knocked again. Nada.

“Stretch, are you in there?” You waited for another minute before pushing open the door.

The lights were dim, but you could tell his office was huge. The blinds on his massive window were shut. You went over to open them. The view was incredible - you could see for miles. The mountains in the distance were gorgeously lit by the afternoon sun, barely peeking through the rainclouds.

“amazing, isn’t it?” Stretch asked, having walked up behind you. “best view in the whole damn building.”

“Yeah,” you breathed.

“me ‘n classic are pretty lucky ta have gotten this office. and the job, of course.” He said. “so, honeycomb, what brings ya here?”

“Oh! I left my wallet at home,” you explained. “I was wondering if you could teleport me home, so I don’t have to drive?”

“of course, sugar. hold on.” He wrapped his arms around you and rested his chin on your head. He stayed like that for a minute.

“Um. Are we gonna go, or...?”

“gimmie a sec.” he sighed. “you’re really warm,” he muttered, unheard by you. Then, to office disappeared and you were in your bedroom.

“Thanks!” You slid out from under him, grabbed your wallet, and wiggled back into his arms. “Okay! Let’s go back.”

“mm, gimmie a sec. gotta recharge a little. teleporting makes me sleepy.” His eyelids drooped. You waited.

Stretch had been in your room once. That’s why he could teleport there. It hadn’t been completely intentional - he’d been lazily chasing a fly with a swatter when he ended up there. He’d stayed because he wanted to see all the posters on your walls, the mess on your floor. Your room matched your personality in a way he couldn’t explain. It was kind of cool, at least to him.

Then, you were back in the office.

“Thanks, Stretch.” You thanked him. He looked ready to fall asleep when he sat back at his desk and waved goodbye.

When you left, he stood and closed the blinds again. He locked the door behind you.

“fffuck, honey. why do ya gotta be so damn cute?” he groaned. “can’t even fuckin’ stand bein’ around ya for more than a couple minutes.” He sat back in his desk and put his face in his hands. He pulled on his eyesockets, dragged his fingers down his face, and leaned back in his chair. He pulled out his phone and slouched in his seat.

He plugged his headphones into the jack and slid the bulky things over his head. He sighed and shut his eyes.

“i just need a minute,” he muttered.

A minute to rest did nothing for the pounding in his chest, nor the growing heat in his joints. He tried to ignore the thoughts of you, looking down at him with needy eyes. Tried to push away the image of you, bent over the desk and covering your mouth to keep yourself from making noise.

He stood from his desk and went to adjust the air conditioning. The cold might get to his head and help him think straight. He wanted you.

No, he just wanted a smoke.

You hadn't been wearing anything particularly provocative. Stretch had just been so focused on work and school that he hadn't thought to take care of his building magic. The pink in your soul just happened to draw out his own.

So, here he was, sitting at his desk and trying to keep his focus on his laptop. One of the teams needed to set up a meeting. He was in charge of that, right? Fuck, he didn't care. He just wanted to stick his hand down his pants and get some relief.

Stretch scolded himself. He was at work, for fuck's sake. Though, it wasn't like anyone could walk in with the locked door...

"ah, fuck this," he slammed his laptop shut. The orange glow coming from his pants lit up the room when he pushed away from his desk to access his zipper. It was stuck. Trying to get it undone only worked him up more.

"hhha-ha, this sucks," he joked, no one around to hear the pun. Finally, he got the stupid zipper down. His cock sprung to attention. He sighed and put his left hand on the edge of his desk. He wrapped his other around the base of his member and slowly dragged it upward.

"ffuck, sugar," he muttered. He used the bead of pre on his tip to get himself slick. He started with an even pace, getting his breathing to match his speed. He dragged his hand down a little too quickly, once, and stifled a moan. It came out as a harsh, strangled breath.

"ahh, shit," he whispered. "take it easy, honeycomb, 'm not gonna last long like this," he said to no one. He pictured you using that gorgeous mouth you had to suck him from under his desk. Would you take your time? He hoped you would. Quick fucks left him drained, and usually feeling worse than before. Dragging it out, that was what really got him off.

Stretch stood up from his seat, pressing his hand down into his desk and fucking his hand. The angle gave him more control and more friction. He started moving a little more erratically.

"oh my god, y/n, ffuck yes," he whined. "you feel so ffucking good, hhaha-" he squeezed his hand tighter and gripped the desk harder, slowing to a stop only when hot strings of cum flew across the dark-stained wood. He barely missed the stack of papers to his right.

"hholy shit," he said aloud. "ok. i just did that."

Stretch went into the bathroom attached to his office and grabbed some paper towels. He cleaned up his mess and reopened the blinds. He unlocked the door, then started a group call to set up the next meeting.

the desk 9 months later: 🧑🧑🧑

Date Night 1 (Stretch)

Chapter Summary

Edge becomes the manager of The Warehouse. Classic gives the toy to Blue, thinking it belongs to Stretch. Stretch takes y/n out, then back to their room.

Slight content warning: reader has some bad memories. I'll put asterisks so you can skip it if needed. (***)

To skip the smut, look for the second set of asterisks! (***)

IMPORTANT NOTE: reader is transmasculine/assigned female at birth. They've had top surgery due to dysphoria, but not bottom surgery, for reasons not mentioned. (Reminder: Not every trans person has to have dysphoria/get surgeries to be "actually trans". Everyone is different! Respecting/supporting the decisions they make is the best thing you can do as an ally or friend.)

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

Creampuff/Puff/Cream - Papyrus

Red - UF! Sans

Fell/Edge - UF! Papyrus

Blue - US! Sans

Stretch - US! Papyrus

Black - SF! Sans

Mutt - SF! Papyrus

Axe - HT! Sans

Crooks/Angel - HT! Papyrus

Lust - UL! Sans

Pink - UL! Papyrus

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

It had been a busy rest of the week. You, Blue, Classic, Mutt, and Red had been getting everything ready for the construction crew. There were some changes in the plumbing for the water fountains in the mini-gym, and for the sinks in the sort-of-secret bar. The cost, as mentioned, hadn't been a problem, but the work was fine-consuming, and the amount noise

was annoying. Some of the residents had been complaining, but once they found out what was being installed, you didn't hear a peep from anyone.

It was now Friday. Having been busy going back and forth keeping an eye on construction and hanging out with the skeletons, you hadn't been able to check in on the residents. A few of them had actually been able to find jobs, and were working on moving into their new homes and apartments.

Jerry was one of the residents who had been able to find a job. He'd be moving out within the week, much to your relief.

A new monster family had also moved in the other day, and you'd yet to introduce yourself to them. Edge had helped get them settled in, and showed them how things worked on their first day of staying. He didn't talk much about them, saying only that they were a quiet family.

At breakfast, you looked around for the new residents. You had trouble finding them, until Edge pointed them out to you.

"They're... rocks." There were two large ones, one with a mustache, the other with a pearl necklace, and two smaller ones. They looked like any other family, only that they all had the appearance of literal rocks.

"YES, THEY ARE." Edge confirmed. "THEY'LL BE STAYING HERE UNTIL THEY'RE ABLE TO FIND A MORE PERMANENT HOME. THEY'RE ALREADY LOOKING AT A NEARBY NEIGHBORHOOD."

"That's great! I'll let them know they can stay as long as they need." And you did. They were, like Edge had said, quiet, for the most part. Not in the way you'd expected, though. They could speak fluent English - they just didn't, not much.

You walked back over to the table where Edge had been. A grin was plastered onto his face.

"You've done an amazing job running the place, Edge. I don't know what I'd do without your help around here."

"I- THANK YOU, Y/N. I'M HAPPY TO BE OF ASSISTANCE, NO MATTER THE TASK."

"You're probably more of a manager than I am, now, actually." You laughed. "How would you feel about sharing charge of the place with me? Legally speaking, I'd still own the property, but you could be in charge of its inner workings."

"IT WOULD BE AN HONOR!" Edge accepted. He checked his watch. "NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I REALLY SHOULD GO REORGANIZE THE SOUPS IN STORAGE."

"Okay, then," you laughed, crossing your arms. He turned on his heel and click-clacked away in the other direction.

- - -

It was about lunchtime, now. You sat with Stretch, and some others. He'd been pretty quiet for most of the time, letting Blue and Red dominate the conversation. It was quite a dynamic, with Blue's enthusiasm mixing with Red's tendency to accidentally interrupt.

"me 'n blue we're just talkin' about how you made my bro the official manager," Red started.

"HE SEEMS EXCITED!" Blue added.

"He does?" You asked. "I didn't think he really cared all that much, haha."

"he's been talkin' my eardrums off about it. he's more than just excited."

"I would've done it sooner if I'd known it was such a big deal to him! I'm glad he's excited, and that he's happy here."

"we all are, doll. ya know just how hard it is for monsters out there. yer doin' great stuff."

"I appreciate that, Red," you thanked. "And, if there's anything I can do for you in particular, just ask! The gameroom is almost done. They just need to finish with the walls, and then we can install the furniture and TVs."

"awesome."

"so, y/n," Stretch cleared his throat. "i was wondering if you maybe wanted to go watch a movie with me? it would just be us," he explained. "i haven't really had much time to hang with you, other than yesterday."

"Oh! Yeah, sure! There's some good stuff out right now. It'll be cheap, too, with summer coming to a close." You accepted. It was a date! "When were you thinking?"

"i hadn't really thought about it, actually," he admitted. "maybe later tonight?"

"That works for me!" You nodded.

"cool, cool. i should get back to work, but I get out early today. to beat the traffic." Stretch joked. He teleported to and from work, ever since after his first day there.

"same here," Red sighed. "see ya later, all."

They zipped out of existence. You grabbed their plates, forgotten on the table, and brought them into the kitchen. Classic breathed a sigh of relief.

"i thought he'd never leave. blue, i'm required to ask you this." Blue cocked his head to the side. "i got stupid drunk on monday and apparently stole a dildo from someone. it wouldn't be yours or stretch's, would it?"

"IT'S DEFINITELY NOT MINE, BUT I WOULDN'T DOUBT MY LAZY BROTHER WOULD OWN ONE OF THOSE. I COULD BRING IT TO OUR ROOM AND LEAVE IT ON HIS BED, IF YOU WANTED."

“ok.” He breathed, glad to get the thing off his hands. “i’ll be right back.” He teleported to his room and came back with the box. It was in bad shape, but still unopened.

Blue took it, hiding it under his arm, then tossed it on his brother’s bed. He immediately went to wash his hands.

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That evening, you changed into a pair of green cargo pants and a simple white muscle shirt. As a precaution, you grabbed a grey, zippered jacket, too. Movie theaters were often cold. The last time you’d gone to one, you’d practically frozen to death.

Satisfied with the outfit, you met Stretch outside. It was a beautiful night. This far from the city, all of the stars were visible.

“I’ve got a bit of a surprise for ya,” Stretch said, grabbing your hand and walking you to his car. “just wait, you’ll love it.”

The drive wasn’t long, and when he turned into a mostly-empty, abandoned parking lot, you were confused.

“I thought we were going to the movies?” You questioned. Stretch lowered the top of his car. You hadn’t realized it was a convertible. He got out of the car and chuckled to himself.

“wait, honeycomb, you’ll see.” He walked toward a pole that stuck out of the ground. He flipped a switch and little fairy lights lit up the whole place.

It wasn’t just a parking lot. It was an abandoned drive-in. You were surprised to never have noticed it before, being this close to your own property.

“i saw it on the first drive to work,” he explained. “i thought a movie under the stars would be much more fun than in a cramped, smelly movie theater.”

“It’s amazing,” you breathed. “It’s perfect.”

“m glad you like it,” he smiled. “whatcha wanna watch?”

“Whatever you have,” you shrugged. Stretch grabbed a DVD player and some cords out of the trunk. He walked away from the car, turned on the old projector. He put in one of the discs and hit play, then came back to the car and settled in next to you.

He looked down at you.

“come here,” he offered, raising an arm to put it around your shoulders. You scooted closer to him and he rested his arm around you. His car had three seats in the front, rather than two. It was pretty convenient. For cuddling.

The movie was one you recognized from a long time ago, before college and before you’d left your old home. It reminded you of old times. When your sister would make you watch

cheesy romances with her. When your brother would start building a LEGO set, get distracted, and make you finish it for him. The nostalgia warmed your heart.

Other memories did not. Your parents had considered themselves pretty progressive, at least in comparison to the people around them. When you came out, you thought they'd be supportive. Instead, they flat-out refused to talk to you about even the possibility of "changing who you were".

You had been heartbroken, and one night after you'd corrected them about your preference or pronouns (you couldn't remember), they said it was the final straw and given you the boot. You stayed with your boyfriend, at the time, and he made you feel bad for every second of it.

You knew he was problematic from the moment you met him, but you saw the good in him that no one else did. Looking back, you should have just left him. But you hadn't felt you had much of a choice. Your parents wouldn't take you back, and your friends wanted nothing to do with "someone of your type". Once you graduated high school, and saved up for an apartment of your own, you cut him off and moved out.

You never wanted anyone to go through what you had to do just to survive. You wanted to provide a place, judgement-free, where anyone and everyone could call a sanctuary and be safe.

Tears of both sadness and joy were streaming down your face. You had done it. You'd built that place for yourself and others. Stretch noticed, tearing his eyes away from the movie.

"hey, hey, what's wrong, sugar? are you okay?"

You nodded, knowing that any words you tried to get out would be jumbled and slurred from the crying. Stretch wrapped his arms around you.

"you're safe, baby, i have you. you're here with me. no one will hurt you here." He comforted. "do you want to change the movie? we can watch something else."

You shook your head. He got up and turned off the projector.

"better?"

"Y-yeah," you sighed. "Sorry, I'm such a mess." You laughed. There was snot running down your face, and his hoodie had a wet spot from where your face had been pressed.

"no, 's okay. let it out. everyone needs a good cry from time to time. i can wash this old thing, no problemo." He chuckled. "do you wanna talk about it, now? no pressure, though, y/n."

"Kinda. I'm glad I'm here now, but some of the stuff I went through to get where I am... kinda sucked."

“i’m sorry to hear that,” Stretch muttered. “do ya wanna head back? we don’t have to stay out here,” he said, starting to make his way back into the driver’s seat.

“No, no! It’s lovely out here. I want to stay.” You pulled him back to the middle of the seat. He didn’t refuse the touch. He scooped you back into his arms and let the seat lay you both back.

“Talk to me about yourself,” you whispered. “I wanna know what you love.”

So he did.

He told you about everyone he knew, how different and similar to the monsters at The Warehouse. He told you about the royal family and the kid he met underground. He told you about Blue and him, growing up together and still staying close as adults.

He told you about Waterfall and the flowers that repeated conversations long forgotten. He told you about the crystals on the cave ceilings and how he wished they were real stars. He told you about learning to get used to the changes of being above ground, and all of his favorite things that came with it.

And he talked about you. How you were immediately ready to take them in. How Blue had been depressed about not getting to say goodbye to his friends, but when he met you, it had been like nothing had changed. How you always considered others’ feelings and needs before your own. And, of course, how he wished you’d take better care of yourself.

“guess we’ll just have to do it for you,” he chuckled. “not that any of us would mind that one bit.”

Stretch’s droning voice had made you drowsy, but you didn’t feel bad anymore. Without the light polluting your view, you could see thousands of stars.

“this is worth it all.” He said, smiling up at the sky. “being here with you, seeing the stars. it’s all i could ever ask for.”

He closed his eyes and leaned further back. He looked amazing like that, with only the glow of his magic and the distant moon lighting up his features. You moved his arm off of your shoulders and scooted up so your face was even with his. He smiled, faced you, and wrapped his arms back around your waist.

“call me a romantic, but i think i love ya,” Stretch chuckled. You smiled.

You closed your eyes and pressed your mouth to his teeth. He turned his body to face yours, getting out of the awkward angle. He worked one hand, from your waist to up the back of your shirt. The cold air rushed in with it, sending a shiver through you.

You felt him smile at that. Stretch pulled his mouth away from yours to look at you.

“do you want me to take you home?” He asked. “as much fun as this is, it’s cold out here. you would freeze.”

“That’s probably a good idea,” you said. You tugged your shirt down to better cover your back. The top of his car was still down, and he left it that way.

“i have an idea,” he said. “get under my hoodie. we can both fit. it’s way too big on me.”

With only a little bit of a struggle, you crawled under his hoodie and stuck your head out of the opening. For a skeleton, he was emitting a lot of warmth. It was nice.

“Okay, let’s go.” He backed out of the spot where you’d been parked and drove you home, still under his hoodie. It wasn’t the safest, but getting to still be close to him was worth it. It was a short drive, anyway.

Once he had parked the car, he pulled the hoodie off you both and teleported to your room. He kicked back on your bed, and you followed. He turned to face you.

“you drive me crazy, y’know,” he mumbled. His voice had dropped, now deeper and more gravelly. “you’re perfect.”

“Hardly,” you laughed. “But thank you.” He laughed quietly along with you, pressing his forehead into yours.

“can i show you?”

“Show me what?”

“how perfect ya are.” He put a hand under your chin, and pressed his teeth against your forehead. There was a spark, and he pulled away. He used one hand to work your shirt off you and the other to pull you closer into him.

“can’t get a look at that gorgeous chest with this in the way,” he chuckled, throwing it away somewhere. He traced circles over your hip. You gasped when he dragged a long, orange tongue across a particularly sensitive spot on the side of your neck.

He looked up at you, not stopping other than to open one eye and look at you. The hand that had been holding your hip moved to unzip your pants. Your heart skipped a beat.

“Wait, Papyrus,” you stopped him.

“yeah? everything okay?” he asked, concerned. His hand still hovered over your zipper.

“It... might not be what you expect,”

“y/n,” he said, looking up at you and resting his hand back on your hip. “i don’t care what you’ve got in there. i’m gonna take care of you, no matter what. if you wanna stop, i’m not gonna push you.”

“N-no, it’s okay,” you said shakily. “I want to.”

“would it make you feel better if you saw me first?” He offered. You nodded. “okay.”

He pulled off his shirt and held out his soul to you. You cupped it in your hands. It gave off a low buzz, reminding you of your own heartbeat.

“It’s beautiful,” you said. You held it in one hand and pressed your thumb into the surface. Stretch’s face contorted into a gorgeous expression. His hand reached out to grab it, pulling his hand back away when you showed no signs of intending to give it back.

“it’s, uh. very sensitive.”

“Oh, is that so?” You teased. You slid two fingers over it and pressed a little more than you had before. He covered his mouth with his hand.

“y/n, please,” he whimpered.

“Please what?” You looked at him. He was shaking. He pressed his thighs together. There was an orange glow, similar to the one of his soul, that shone from his nether region. You rubbed both thumbs over the surface of the small orange heart. He huffed out a sharp breath.

“ugh... please, don’t stop.” You grinned, ideas already forming in your mind. You let go of his soul with one hand, still rubbing it with the other. You moved your free hand quickly, undoing his zipper and sliding off his shorts. He didn’t protest. Not that he had the strength to, with the intense amount of magic you were sending through him.

You let go of his soul and it flew back into his chest. You’d be needing your free hand for what you would do next. Stretch started tugging at your pants. You sighed and pushed his hand away. He quirked a brow bone when you dragged his zipper down and moved his hand onto his member, upright and leaking precum. You were soaking, as well, but you’d take care of that later.

“Red told me humans can use magic,” you told him. “How do I summon one of what you’ve got?”

“just... ahhh, haha,” he stopped, when you wrapped a hand around his base and dragged it upward. You pressed your thumb into his tip, let it rest there, and then let him rock back and forth in your hand. “p-picture your magic like it’s inside of you, running through your veins.” He was struggling to speak.

“Okay,” you did as he said. “And then?”

“focus it- fffuck, focus it into the place where you want it to go. your magic,” he breathed, throwing his head back when you tightened your grip. “will take care of the rest. shit, y/n, please MOVE.” He pleaded. You moved your hand at the same speed as he was trying to thrust. “fuuuck, thank you,”

You closed your eyes, breathing deeply and trying to follow his instructions. The noises he made weren’t helping your focus at all.

“y/n,” he moaned. “y/n, look,” he said. You opened your eyes and looked down. Euphoria filled your soul. You’d summoned your cock, for the first time ever. Its glow, shining through the fabric of your underwear, was the same color as your soul.

“Whoa, that’s a little weird,” you laughed. Stretch chuckled. “Cool.”

“c’mere, i wanna feel you,” he sat up. His orgasm had been denied twice now, you realized.

“Sorry,” you apologized.

“no, no. just lemme…” he cut off, carefully flipping you over onto your back and pushing one hand into the bed. You finally let him tug off your pants and underwear. He admired you, completely bare, all of you his for the night. “told ya. you’re perfect.”

Your face heated up when he wrapped his free hand around you.

“Ohh, my god, wow.” You shuddered. He chuckled.

“you’re gonna love this even more, honeycomb.”

He pressed himself against your entrance, waiting for you to say it was okay. You, starting to feel hazy, simply nodded. He slid in easily, with how slick you were from working him up earlier. You adjusted for a second while he pumped your dick, and he started moving.

“ffuck, y/n,” he mumbled. “ya feel fuckin amazing.” The pace of his hand matched his thrusts. He was agonizingly slow, but the pressure of his magic was more than enough to compensate.

“You, haha, know what you’re doing,” you praised. He grunted in surprise when you reached into his ribcage and dragged your fingernails across the surface. He groaned when you hit an apparently sensitive spot. You kept your hand there, massaging it for a moment before bringing it back down to guide his hand tighter around your cock.

“ohh, shit,” he groaned again. “y/n, ‘m getting close.” He didn’t speed up, instead making each movement more rough and punctuated. You were on the brink of climax, too. When he let go of you to get better leverage, you finished yourself off with a few more quick strokes.

He came with a groan, still moving, overstimulated and sending spurts of seed into you. You came down from your high, twitching a little at his slowing movements.

“mmm, sugar,” he muttered. “you were amazin’.”

“Y-yeah, you too,” you chuckled. He rested his head on your chest and stayed there while his breathing slowed.

“i’m tired,” he said drowsily. “do ya care if i sleep here?”

“Nah. I’d prefer if you stayed, honestly. But I should shower.”

“mm, ‘d love ta join you.” You laughed. You took a quick, hot shower, and put some soft pajamas on. Stretch was pretty much dead. He’d managed to get his boxers half-on before falling straight asleep. It was a funny sight.

You crawled into bed with him and cuddled him from behind. You fell asleep like that.

You could deal with the dirty sheets in the morning.

Chapter End Notes

how does a skeleton organize soups?

I don’t know. But he “can”.

On that note, I’ve started a collection that will eventually be where I keep canon-but-not-relevant-to-the-main-plot oneshots, side stories and other bonus content. I’ll link it in the notes of a future chapter, once I get around to making content for it.

Mall Trip 2

Chapter Summary

Construction on the rooms is done! Y/n gets a day out, and lots of sweets. More shenanigans with the toy. Axe has pink, but of course he's gonna keep it a secret for three hundred years.

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

Creampuff/Puff/Cream - Papyrus

Red - UF! Sans

Fell/Edge - UF! Papyrus

Blue - US! Sans

Stretch - US! Papyrus

Black - SF! Sans

Mutt - SF! Papyrus

Axe - HT! Sans

Crooks/Angel - HT! Papyrus

Lust - UL! Sans

Pink - UL! Papyrus

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

You woke to Stretch tossing and turning in his attempt to fall back asleep. He was apparently unsuccessful. You checked your phone, on the nightstand. 10:35. Very late.

“Alright, sugartits, time to get up,” you joked groggily. You lightly shook Stretch by his shoulder.

“don’t have work todayyyy,” he groaned. “i-don’t-wanna-get-outta-beeedd.”

“Okay, but I have to,” you told him. His arms and one leg were still wrapped around you, holding you in place. “Lemme go.”

“five more minutes.” He said. You sighed.

“Fine.” You set a timer on your phone - six minutes, since you felt generous - and snuggled in with him. Eyes still closed, he smiled and held you closer.

“so warm,” he muttered.

Too soon, the timer went off.

“Okay, Stretch, now I really have to get up,” you told him, shutting off the ringtone.

“ok.” He let you go. Stretch got out of the bed and... stretched. He let out a satisfied sigh. You rummaged through your closet for some clothes. Most of yours were still dirty. Ah, right. Laundry day.

“Shoot.” You said under your breath. You threw on the tank top from the day before and grabbed the least smelly pair of pants in your laundry bin. Stretch grinned.

“here.” He grabbed his hoodie off the floor and threw it to you. “it’ll be cold today. you need it more than me. the wind goes right through me.”

Once you put it on, you looked like a mini version of him. The pants you’d picked were the same color as his cargo shorts, still on the floor. All you needed were some orange converse and you’d be fully matching. You put on your low top black ones, to humor yourself.

Stretch looked you up and down. He had a funny look in his eyelights.

“it looks good on ya, not gonna lie. you can keep it. i’ve got a dozen just like it.”

“Thanks,” you said, brushing your hands off on it. There were little lint balls on it from it being on the floor.

“Oh, crap! I forgot, I have to sign some papers today,” you facepalmed. “It’s the last day of construction,” you explained. “I have to make sure everything is ‘to my liking’. Honestly, I’m just grateful they were able to get it done so quickly and on such short notice.”

Because Mutt had been so insistent on helping, you decided to let him do the tiling. However, setting up the rooms to be more livable and less attic-like would take a lot more than a slightly under-experienced skeleton. You’d hired a team (actually, Black had hired them) to do the insulation in the walls, plaster and paint them, and set up better air conditioning. It was a lot of work, but it was a big team.

“where are you meeting them?” Stretch asked. “i can get you there,” he offered. “y’know. teleportation and all.”

“Sure! Just, uh. Put on some pants first.”

“if i must.” He sighed dramatically.

- - -

Everything had gone smoothly with construction. Black had surprised you by getting the team to put wood floors in the gameroom and gym. All you had left was tiling the floors and bringing the furniture up. Mutt and Stretch helped with moving a couch, the TV, and a few other additional seats to the gameroom.

There was a door on the side of the game room that said “employees only”. It lead to the bar room. The actual bar reminded you very much of the one at Grillby’s. The bar was brick, with a lovely countertop, and a wall to store wines and vodkas on display behind it. There were already barstools up there, all different, all donated. Red promised he’d stock it up by the end of the week.

In the mini-gym, you had a few treadmills set up . Blue would be in charge of getting the rest of the gym equipment. You didn’t know a thing about it, having always preferred running through the woods over sweating and struggling in front of a bunch of strangers. It was more peaceful and much less awkward.

After signing the papers you’d told Stretch about, you went downstairs to eat lunch. You sat at a table with Blue, Axe, Lust, Classic, and Red.

You got a few weird looks from the skeletons, a few knowing grins from others. You guessed they were from the hoodie.

“it’s all done, then?” Classic cleared his throat. “the construction.”

“Yeah! We should have a game night, or something. Break in the couches, hang out and play... something.”

“love the idea, doll,” Red agreed. “but i can do ya one better.”

“WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?” Blue asked.

“another shoppin’ trip.” Lust grinned. “black shouldn’t be the only one who gets to take y/n out.”

Lust shot you a grin. Of course. He knew about the toy’s origin.

“i don’t think he’d call it ‘taking him out’,” Axe chuckled. “he’d probably prefer the term ‘spoiling’ them.”

“WHATEVER HE CALLS IT,” Blue rolled his eyelights. “AN OUTING WOULD BE A WONDERFUL WAY TO CELEBRATE!”

“when would we go?” Classic asked, clearly eager to get out of the place again.

“now might be good,” Red suggested. “s a good a time as any.”

“I figure I don’t have much of a choice in this,” you sighed.

“NOPE!” Blue said.

Once you and everyone else were done eating, Classic grabbed Blue, Red grabbed Axe, and Lust grabbed you. They each teleported to the mall. Driving took longer, and they’d all been at least once. It was the first shopping center they’d been to upon arriving on the surface. Most of them preferred grocery stores afterwards, to make a long story short.

First, you stopped in a video game store. Red wanted to check out some of the newer stuff for the gameroom. Edge wasn't there to regulate his spending, so he ended up with just enough stuff to weigh down his arms. He teleported home, dropped the stuff off in his room, and came back.

Teleporting back and forth had made him tired, so you went to the food court next to replenish some energy.

"they have the best pretzels here," Lust remembered. "split one with me?"

"Sure!"

He bought one, summoned a jagged, purple bone, and literally split it in half.

"careful with yer magic," Axe growled. "ya remember what happened with black. there's a lot more people here."

"sorry," Lust apologized. "i'll be more careful."

Red grabbed a hotdog and a bottle of ketchup (the servers were certainly confused), and once you and Lust finished off the pretzel, everyone was back at it again.

Lust saw the infamous Spencer's and pointed it out to you. You told him to put his arm down or suffer the wrath of his 5'4 boyfriend. He laughed at that.

Blue's interest was peaked when you got closer to a candy store. Lust, also curious, followed him in. You watched them like a concerned parent.

Blue stuffed at least sixty dollars' worth of sugar-dipped ribbons into a bag that looked about to split in half. Red grabbed all the twizzlers in sight, fitting to his name. Lust bought one of everything, including the black licorice ropes, much to your disgust.

Axe had no idea what any of it was, but grabbed a lollipop or two for himself. Classic got himself some dark chocolate, before sitting back and watching the scene unfold before you. At the counter, Blue was in shock at the cost of his candy. He refused to put any of it back, though, and paid for it all on his own. Red thought it was funny until he saw the price tag on his twizzlers.

You had almost forgotten to get yourself something, watching the chaos of the candy store. You bought yourself one of the tall, swirled lollipops and a few packs of multicolored saltwater taffy. Nothing too sour.

After everyone checked out, you unwrapped your lollipop and started working on it. You hated biting hard candies. Eating too much sugar had ruined your teeth as a child, but somewhere in your brain you associated it with the biting part. So, you happily sucked on the lolly.

Everyone was pretty silent for a while after that. Axe was the only one not staring at you like a hawk, too focused on his own candy.

“this shit bussin.” He joked. Red chuckled. Everyone else continued to stare at you.

“What, is there something on my face?” You asked, mid-lick.

“yeah, let me get it for you,” Lust laughed. “sorry i didn’t tell you sooner.” He licked a finger and swiped it across your cheek. Behind your back, he glared at everyone who had been staring.

“there. and, y/n, let’s maybe put that away.” He said, grabbing the lollipop from you. He stuck it back in its wrapper.

“Unfair.”

“i’d be happy to pay ya back later, doll,” Red joked. Classic punched him in the arm half-jokingly.

“he’s kidding.”

“who’s to say i am? you were staring, too, perv.”

You realized what was going on, giving yourself a mental slap to the face.

“Okay! So who wants to get ice cream? Nothing like a cold treat on a cold day!”

You walked down to the Nice-Cream shop at the front of the mall. You split a bisicle with Blue, and everyone else got cones or cups of nice cream. You regretted your decision when it started to drip all over your arm. It was ruining Stretch’s hoodie. Outside, it was too cold to take it off.

“I’m gonna go wash this,” you said, getting up to leave and go to the bathroom.

“can i come with?” Lust asked.

“ME TOO!” Blue joined, finishing up the last bite of his now-unicicle.

“i’ll come, too,” Axe asserted.

“Guess we’re all going,” you muttered. It was fine. You were just going to scrub the nice cream off, so it didn’t stain.

You got to the bathroom and cleaned off Stretch’s hoodie sleeve.

“can i have a word with you, y/n?” Lust asked. “alone, preferably.” Axe threw his arms up and walked out. Blue rolled his eyes and left, too. After the door shut, he turned back to you.

“soo. you and stretch?” he joked lightheartedly. “he treating you well? do i need to fuck him up?”

“Yeah! And no, he’s been very sweet. I’m sorry we haven’t been able to talk much,” you apologized. “It’s been a crazy week. I mean, god, it’s been crazy.”

“yeah, no kidding,” he laughed. “okay, well. love, as long as you’re happy, i’m happy. but i have been meaning to ask you something.”

“Yeah, anything! What’s up, babe?”

“would you be okay if i quit my full-time job to help out at the shelter? i’d feel better knowing i’m doing something to help you throughout the day, instead of getting paid to help someone i barely know.”

“Of course! Though, that’s really up to you. I’d be happy to have your help!”

“awesome!!” Lust breathed a sigh of relief. “i’m excited to be part of the team. and, if all goes well, get more time with you!”

“We’ll see. It’s usually pretty busy at the shelter, but I can try and have Edge arrange us more shifts together.”

“that would be great. thanks, y/n.”

“Of course!”

Outside, the rest of the skeletons were finishing off their nice cream. They looked happy to see you.

Last, you went into a Dilliard’s. In the store were mostly clothes more suited to your grandma, but there were a few items that caught your attention. There was a section with graphic tees, each one having different puns. You grabbed a couple, at Classic and Red’s insistence.

You all walked past the women’s underwear section and burst out in laughter once you passed it. Blue sighed in disapproval.

You hit the jackpot when you looked around the second floor. The leftover summer button-downs/Hawaiian shirts were on sale. You saw a few of your favorite colors and bought them, along with a new pair of baggy jeans. Your older ones were starting to tear, an effect that was cool, but inconvenient for cold weather.

Axe started looking like he wanted to go home, and as much as you wished you could stay, you knew you needed to get back. After double-checking that everyone had gotten to go where they wanted, you all headed home. Classic grabbed you, Lust grabbed Blue, and Red grabbed Axe.

You brought your new clothes upstairs and kept the candy with you. You’d wanted to try the taffy earlier, but were full from the ice cream. You brought them to dinner, for dessert.

Mutt had stayed at home with the others to get the tiling started. Instead of working by himself like you’d suggested, he got the help of Axe, Black and Edge. They worked quickly, and were almost finished by dinner time. Puff and Angel had made spaghetti, of course.

At the dinner table, Red and Mutt sat to your left. Lust, Pink and Blue sat to your right. Everyone else was scattered around the other side of the rectangular table. It was kind of shocking that everyone fit, even with two tables pushed together end-to-end.

“how was the trip?” Mutt asked. “anything interesting happen?” He joked. You shot him a look of warning that said ‘do not bring up the toy’.

“axe got to go to a candy store,” Lust explained, looking up from his food. Mutt persisted, anyway.

“not a spencer’s, though?”

“the hell’s a spencer’s?” Axe asked.

“that’s where black got y/n the dil-“

“PUFF!! Seriously, you guys have to share your spaghetti recipe with me. Angel was just telling me, you made the sauce from scratch?”

“YEAH! IT TAKES A LITTLE LONGER, BUT I PERSONALLY THINK IT IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT WORTH IT!” Puff exclaimed.

“I agree!” You put in. Mutt was snickering to himself. Black was stuttering and trying to explain to Red that he did NOT mistakenly buy an adult toy for you. Red also found it amusing, grinning and laughing along with Mutt. Blue overheard and was trying to get Lust to explain the story to him. Lust’s non-existent lips were sealed.

Blue ran off somewhere. He came back, Black box in hand. You recognized it and paled. The top had scratches on it, likely from someone trying to get it out (and failing).

“Oh my god, Blue, put it away.” You joked. “That’s gross.”

“IS THIS THE OBJECT IN QUESTION?” He asked.

“yeah, but why do you have it?” Mutt asked, smile quickly turning into a frown.

“WE THOUGHT IT WAS MY BROTHER’S.” Blue explained. “CLASSIC TOOK IT FROM... SOMEONE, UNDER INFLUENCE.”

“bro, why was stealing a dildo the first thing ya did drunk?” Red guffawed, covering his mouth. “you weren’t planning on using it, were ya?”

“i actually don’t remember,” Classic chuckled.

“wait, go the fuck back. blue, you thought it was mine??” Stretch laughed, punching his brother in the arm. “i mean, not that i wouldn’t use it, but that was your first thought!?”

“CLASSIC ASKED!!”

“i did.” Classic confirmed.

“so who had it before Classic?” Red asked, clearly entertained.

“i did. i took it back from lust.” Mutt explained.

“i was making sure you weren’t planting drugs in y/n’s room!” Lust complained.

“drugs. in a dildo box. right,” Mutt laughed. “i was gonna bring it back to y/n once i took it from ya, but i lost it. that’s on classic.”

“GUYS!” You stopped them. “Why are you so interested in this thing? It’s not even opened.”

You took it from Blue. It was lighter than you’d remembered. You peeled the tape back - damn packaging - to look inside. Your eyes widened.

It was gone. Someone had taken it out.

“Oh my god.” You closed the box.

“what?” Red asked, still invested in the dildo saga.

“It’s fucking gone. Someone took it out.”

“who would have done that?” Lust asked.

“We know Mutt, Lust, Classic, and Blue have each had it at least once. That narrows it down a lot.”

“not exactly.” Stretch interjected. “every time someone left it alone in a room, it remained unaccounted for. that means it could have been anyone.”

“this is the funniest shit i have ever seen.” Red said aloud, wiping a tear from his eyesocket.

“GROW UP!!” Edge smacked him on the head.

“I’ll just... keep the box in my room, in case anyone wants to put it back.”

You had about as much clue as anyone to who might have the thing, and didn’t want to imply anything, or start any fights. So, you held onto the box.

The rest of the night was pretty pleasant, aside from Red making a dildo joke every five seconds. Axe had gone silent after the whole missing-toy conversation. Once you all finished eating, you all helped clean up the kitchen. You all headed to your rooms to go to bed.

Of course, Axe had it. It was stupid. Mutt had been joking about losing it while they tiled, so Axe left before dinner to check everyone’s rooms for the thing. He’d found it, taken it out, and carefully replaced the tape so it looked unopened. He’d hidden it in a different box in his room, underneath a loose panel in the floor. He kept canned food in there, too, old paranoia from being underground still getting to his head.

When he got back to his room, Angel wasn't there. He'd be spending the night with Puff. They were doing some kind of puzzle/adventure game in his room. Dragons and Dungeons, he'd called it. Axe pulled up the floorboard and took out the box with the toy.

Axe had pink in his soul, too, of course. He just wasn't sure how. The life he'd lived underground made relationships impossible. Having another mouth to feed, or something to be held against you for food, was out of the question. The only reason he'd stuck with his brother was because he knew he could afford to trust him, and protecting themselves (and each other) was easy with their compatible attack patterns.

Even after arriving on the surface, trusting people was hard. Humans were hostile toward him, more often than not. His appearance didn't help. He'd tried to look into some kind of surgery to fix his head, but there weren't any doctors (monster or human) that wanted to work with an injury so delicate as his. A wrong move might mean him dusting, and nobody wanted that blood on their hands. Not that he wanted to die, either. No more resets meant the possibility of a permanent happy ending.

As long as he could be sure that the people he loved were safe.

None of the other versions of him were hostile toward Angel. Edge was on thin ice, but he was warming up. And, now, he'd been feeling a pull toward you. Taking care of a facility with both humans and monsters meant you were under constant pressure to control that dynamic. He had no idea how you could be so calm about it. One wrong move, and you could be shut down.

Axe's skull ached with frustration. He just wanted you to be safe from harm. He could do that for you, if you only allowed him to get closer to you.

"y/...n."

He brushed a thumb across the box in his hands. No, he wouldn't use the thing. Not on himself. But he could find a use for it elsewhere.

"m gonna take care of ya, y/n. ya just gotta let me."

Chapter End Notes

reader calling stretch sugartits is so funny to me. he doesn't even question it he's like "ok"

Sorry this chapter's out a little late! I had a couple days on the beach (without service, of course). It gave me some new ideas for content, though >:))

I'll continue to try to keep getting a chapter out every day!

Beachin'/Date Night 2 (Red)

Chapter Summary

Classic, Puff, Red and y/n have a beach day! There's trouble, though. Red and y/n go out later.

To skip the smut, look for the asterisks! (***)

Chapter Notes

(nickname chart)

Classic - Sans

Creampuff/Puff/Cream - Papyrus

Red - UF! Sans

Fell/Edge - UF! Papyrus

Blue - US! Sans

Stretch - US! Papyrus

Black - SF! Sans

Mutt - SF! Papyrus

Axe - HT! Sans

Crooks/Angel - HT! Papyrus

Lust - UL! Sans

Pink - UL! Papyrus

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

By Sunday morning, the cold front had finally passed, leaving behind beautiful, cloudless skies and overall perfect weather. You sat outside for breakfast that morning, along with Red, Classic and Puff.

“God, it’s gorgeous out!” You sighed over a cup of coffee. You’d tried to swear off the stuff a hundred times over, with no success. Coffee was life. “I bet the beaches will be crowded today.”

“wait, beaches? we’re nowhere near the ocean,” Classic said, confused.

“Oh! The lake. It’s, like, an hour’s drive. The water is always freezing because of the snowmelt. Since it’s in the mountains, there’s lots of rocks and stuff to climb on. My friends and I stayed there for a week one summer. We got to jump off the cliffs into the water. It was cold, but worth it to say we did it.”

“THAT SOUNDS FUN!” Puff said. “DO YOU THINK IT’S STILL OPEN THIS TIME OF YEAR?” He asked.

“Well, yeah, it’s open year-round. Parking is probably stupid cheap right now, since summer is officially over.”

“we should go,” Red suggested. “like you said, ‘to say we did it’. ‘sides, cold doesn’t really bother us, heh.”

“and it’s the weekend. you don’t have to hold down the fort, now that edge is the manager. i’ve heard angel has been helping him out, too,” Classic chuckled. “they make an interesting team.”

“I’ll bet,” you agreed.

“welp. if no one objects, i say we go.” Red decided.

“Can I at least finish my coffee first?”

“of course, sweetheart.”

Upstairs, you put on some red-and-blue swim trunks and a long-sleeved black swim shirt. It was a little uncomfortable, but it would be worth it in the cold water. You’d decided to go in Puff’s car. It would fit the four of you the best.

After telling Mutt and Edge where you were going (for safety reasons) you packed a deflated floatie, your phone, some headphones, and some snacks into a bag. You put on some swim shoes and got in the car with the skeletons.

Puff would be driving, you navigating, so you had shotgun. Red and Classic shared the middle row. Classic already had his bulky headphones on. Red wore a similar pair. In red and black, of course.

Puff was on his phone, setting up a playlist for the road. Every few seconds, he’d show you a song, ask if you recognized or liked it, and go back to staring at his phone. It didn’t take long before he finished and you got on the road. He would hum along to a song, on occasion, tapping his phalanges to the rhythm on the steering wheel. You recognized and nodded your head along with some of them. That seemed to make Puff happy.

“Wait, you like ____?!” You realized, nearly giving Puff a heart attack.

“Y-YEAH!! THEY’RE ONE OF MY FAVORITE BANDS. THEIR MUSIC REMINDED ME OF YOU, SO I ADDED IT TO MY-AMAZING-CAR-TRIP-PLAYLIST!”

“That’s so cool!! I heard hints that they’re going on tour this year. We should totally go together if they do!”

“YES!! WE SHOULD DO THAT!”

“who do what now?” Red asked. “sorry, must’ve fallen asleep.”

“We’re going to the ____ concert!!” You told him. “Me and Puff. If and when they have one.”

“never heard of ‘em.”

“HERE, I’LL PUT MORE OF THEIR MUSIC ON!” Puff said, reaching away from the wheel to grab his phone.

“How about I take care of that, and you drive?” You said, putting his hand back on the wheel.

“RIGHT!”

Classic took off his headphones to listen, too. You listened to them for the rest of the car trip. You loved everything about the band. The main singer’s voice had such a cool range. The drummer was hilarious. And, as far as you knew, the band had remained unproblematic.

Once you helped Puff find the parking lot, you hopped out onto the sand. It wasn’t the fine, white sand of Destin, Florida, but that was why you loved it. You could see little bits of shell and rock in it. The black ants you saw everywhere were huge, but they didn’t bite unless provoked. You waved your hand for everyone to follow you. They were still taking in the view.

The lake was in a valley that was more like a bowl. The mountains surrounding it still had little areas of snow on top, from the previous winter. There was a waterfall, in the distance, making a faint rainbow with its mist. You’d nearly forgotten about your first impression of the place.

You had flown up here right before a blizzard, excited to finally move somewhere new for college. That died off pretty fast when you couldn’t rent a car for the three hour drive to your apartment. You had to stay in a hotel for a good week before finally being able to get out. The car, of course, had issues, and you’d had to pull over in a random parking lot in the mountains.

When the snow cleared, you’d found the lake. It was gorgeous, and left a feeling of calm with you. You knew everything was going to be okay. You managed to hitch a ride home with one of the students that happened to be visiting the lake that weekend. That was how you met one of your closest friends.

You sighed at the memory. This place would always mean a lot to you, even if it was just a lake. You waved everyone over again. This time, they came.

“Come on, I know a really good spot for us to sit! No one knows about it.”

Puff, carrying everyone’s junk, looked to be struggling. Classic gave him a hand and took about half of what he was carrying. Puff thanked him and ran to keep up with you.

The spot was right behind one of the smaller piles of rocks, and had a bunch of flat rocks on the edge of the shore that were perfect for sunbathing. You set your bag down on one of the sun-rocks and sat down on it. You patted the spot next to you for Red to join you. He sat, and then laid back on the rock. He closed his eyesockets.

“this is nice.”

“Heck yeah, it is.”

Puff and Classic started setting up a tent for shade. That reminded you of sunscreen. You hadn’t put any on, because you had on your swim shirt. You didn’t want a weird tan, though, so you took off your shirt and got Red to help you with your back.

“can’t ya just use the spray kind?”

“I did, but if you don’t rub it in, it doesn’t work. It just kind of uselessly sits on the surface.”

“ok.”

He massaged it into you, hesitating when he got to your lower back.

“here too?”

“Yeah, just in case my shirt flips up. I don’t want a ring of darker skin on my belly,” you joked. It had happened all too many times.

“aight.”

Once that was done, and it dried up a little, you slipped your swim shirt back on. You knew it would take you an hour if you tried to wander into the water slowly, so you decided to show the skeletons a safe place to jump into the water.

There were lots of rocks in the water, and however clear it was, depth was hard to judge. You lead everyone to the top of a smaller cliff and showed them where to jump. Puff went first, then a hesitant Classic. You and Red were left. He grinned.

“race ya.”

You bolted off the edge, flew for a second, and hit the icy water. It was just as terrible as the last time. Red splashed in next to you. You took a few seconds to tread water and get used to it.

“you ok?” He asked.

“F-fine, thanks,” you said, nodding. “Just c-cold.” You sent a splash in his direction. He held a hand up to shield his eyesockets from it and laughed.

Puff and Classic were already in a splash war of their own. Puff was repeatedly shoving the water at Classic. Classic was using some blue magic to pick up water and dump it on his brother. They looked like they were having fun.

You were still having trouble adjusting to the temperature. Red noticed and swam over to you.

“come with me, y/n,” he offered a hand. “yer shakin’.”

You grabbed his hand and he teleported you into one of the flat rocks. He grabbed a towel and wrapped it around you.

“there.” Red let his arms stay rested on you. Heat started to rush back into you.

He was using magic to warm you up.

“That is f-freaky cool,” you said, teeth still chattering. You warmed up a little and shook the towel and Red’s arms off. You took off the swim shirt, too. It was still soaking with cold water.

You set the towel out on the rock and unfolded one of the chairs to sit in. Red did the same. You could see Puff and Classic from where you were. They were just starting to realize you and Red were gone. You shouted and waved at them. Classic smiled and waved back. He teleported them both up to where you were and set up two more chairs.

The view from the rock was amazing. You almost fell asleep to the lull of the faraway waterfall.

Until some kids showed up and started screaming.

Not screaming in terror, just joy and laughter. Normally, kids didn’t bother you, but in a serene, peaceful place like this, they did get on your nerves. There were about seven kids in total, maybe more, by the sound of it. Three women showed up behind them, barely trying to rein in the mob of children.

Not trying to be rude, you waved and smiled at them. They waved back and continued their conversation.

“Hey, this spot is taken!” You shouted down at them.

One of the supposed parents smiled and shot you a thumbs-up. She didn’t move her kids, though, instead getting out her phone to take pictures of them. The kids were getting increasingly close to your tent on the beach.

Two of the women left, headed in the direction of the bigger cliff. You overheard one of the women telling one of her friend’s kids to watch her youngest. Him, being maybe 6 at the oldest, had run off to play immediately after she left. The lady on her phone got out of the water and sat under your tent.

“what the hell?” Red chuckled. “is she kidding?”

“I don’t think she realizes it’s ours,” you cautioned. “But who’s watching the kids?”

“sure as hell ain’t her,” Red muttered.

The kids ranged from ages 2 to about 13, if you had to guess. The two-year-old who the kid was supposed to be watching had started climbing up some dangerously slippery rocks.

“Red, look,” you pointed at the child.

“on it.” He growled. He teleported over to where the kid was and brought her back to the woman on her phone. You couldn’t hear what he was saying, but you guessed it wasn’t good. He handed her the toddler and she got off her phone and did a head count of the other kids. The held onto the little girl and went back to scrolling through her phone.

Red teleported back to you.

“what kind of parent does that to their kids?” He sighed. Classic and Puff were heading down to the beach to take the tent down. The woman was oblivious to who’s stuff it was until they started taking it down. She didn’t appear to apologize, staying in your chair while the skeletons worked.

You and Red kept an eye on the rest of the kids, making sure none of them wandered too far, and if they did, you guided them closer to your line of sight.

The other two women came back about twenty minutes later, once Classic and Puff had put away everything except for the chair the woman had apparently claimed as hers. You and Red waited on the beach as the women got closer.

“Thanks for watching over Alyssa’s kids,” one of them said. “What’s your name, by the way? I didn’t catch it earlier.” Red just about lost it. He stormed up to the woman who had thanked the stranger.

“listen, bitch,” he started. “yer ‘friend’ over there didn’t do shit. she sat on her phone and almost let yer two-or-whatever year old run off an’ jump off a cliff.”

The woman looked horrified and took her child from the stranger.

“yer lucky we were here ta stop ‘er. now, let’s talk about what you did.” He paused. The woman looked over at Alyssa and back at him. “ya lead yer kids to *our* spot, took it from us, and then left ‘em here. yer parental responsibilities are lackin’. i know that, and i ain’t even a parent.”

The woman who had been on her phone started folding up the chair and trying to return it to Puff. Puff shrugged and told her to keep it, if she liked it so much.

“what if there’d been some creep here instead? ya’d never see yer little girl again. so,” he said, eyes going dark. “ya best be more careful wit yer kids.” He turned on his heel and stormed back over to you and the others.

“sheesh. c’mon, guys, let’s find a better spot.” He said, grabbing you by the waist and walking you off somewhere, anywhere, other than here.

Your blood boiled. How could someone just leave their kids with a stranger like that? They didn’t even know the woman’s name! You were incredibly angry with her parent for lack of responsibility.

But, you realized you were equally grateful for Red. He hadn’t hesitated to go help that girl, or to watch over the kids. He’d seen a need and fulfilled it without asking questions.

“Thank you, Red,” you told him. His arm was still around your waist. His hand gripped your side tighter.

“course. somebody had ta chew those bitches out.”

“No, thanks for helping me with those kids. It sucks that it happened, but I think we made a pretty good team.”

“you think so?” He chuckled.

“I always thought Edge was the responsible, organized one. I guess he had to learn it from somewhere.” Red’s angry frown was melting away before you at the praise. His face tinted red.

“ah, shuddup already.”

“I FOUND ANOTHER SPOT!” Puff said, out of breath. He’d run ahead to look for another place to set up for lunch. You’d packed some snacks and lunch meat in the cooler he was pulling around with him.

You helped set up the tent again, and everyone grabbed a fair share of the snacks and ham. You and Red headed up to sit on one of the taller rocks. As much as you loved the view at the other spot, it was even better here.

“i’ve been melanin’ ta ask ya somethin’,” he said, legs dangling off the edge of the rock. “would ya be willin’ to grab a bite ta eat with me, sometime? just th’ two of us.”

“Yeah, for sure!” You accepted. “When were you thinking?”

“i dunno, tomorrow after work? i, uh, didn’t think i’d get this far.”

“Why wouldn’t I agree? You’ve been nothing but amazing to me since day one.”

“ehh. nerves, i guess.”

“The big, scary, Red, nervous? I doubt that very much.” You joked. “I couldn’t turn you down.” You rested your head on his shoulder. He flinched, before smiling and huffing a breath out.

You and Red stayed up there until Classic and Puff came to get you. They wanted to know where the big cliff was. You lead them there and they both jumped off it. They made a huge splash. Classic came out of the water rubbing his backside. That made everyone laugh.

After that, you were all pretty much ready to leave. You got back in the car, in the middle seat, this time. You’d decided to switch with Classic to sit with Red. You fell asleep almost instantly. You were tired from doing a whole lot of nothing, and Red made a surprisingly wonderful pillow.

He woke you up, gently, when you got back home. It was dinner time by then. He helped you set up the furniture in the living room for the dinner-and-a-movie night. Classic had fallen

asleep on the way in, too, and was taking a nap on one of the couches already. You sat on the couch next to him and laid your head on his lap. He placed a hand on your head and ran his fingers through your hair while you fell back asleep.

You woke up after the movie was over, only your head wasn't in Classic's lap. He was carrying you, bridal style, up to your room. He hadn't realized you'd woken up. He set you down on your bed and turned around to leave.

"Wait," you said, smacking the sleep out of your lips. "Stay."

"kid, i gotta get to bed," he explained.

"Please?"

"ok."

He got in your bed and wrapped an arm around you. You didn't get under the covers, because your skin still prickled with the sun you'd gotten from earlier. The air conditioning felt nice. You removed Classic's arm from you, took off your shirt, and threw it somewhere. Much better. Classic put his arm back.

"Night, Sans."

"night, y/n," he whispered back.

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The next day, you and Blue prepared to have the track poured out. You could pick any color of rubbery paint to go over top. He chose a pastel blue, of course. It turned out prettier than you expected. By the time it dried out, you had to get ready for your date with Red.

He hadn't told you where you'd be going, so he'd left up to your imagination to tell you how formal to dress. You wanted to wear something nice. You put on some nice navy suit pants and a matching, open blazer. You wore a thin red turtleneck sweater underneath. You slipped on a thin belt, too, for good measure. You put on your black converse and styled your hair.

Red knocked on your door. You opened it and looked him up and down. He was in a suit and tie, and easily out-dressed you. The only thing throwing off the outfit was his usual red converse. He held out his hand for you to take.

"you ready to go?"

"Yeah! Just let me grab my wallet so we can split the bill."

"dinner's on me tonight, doll," Red grinned. "but take your time."

You grabbed it anyway and came back to the door. He held your hand and you teleported.

The restaurant had some fancy Italian name. Red had figured since you liked Edge's lasagna and Puff and Angel's spaghetti, you had a thing for pasta. He was correct. He led you inside

and spoke to the hostess. She guided you to your table. Red had reserved a booth in a quiet corner of the restaurant.

“Wow. This is fancy,” you said, a little surprised.

“nothin’ but the best.” He chuckled. He was sweating a little.

“Hey. It’s perfect. It’s just us, you don’t need to worry,” you smiled. “You have no one to impress.”

Red relaxed and smiled. “thanks,” he said. The waiter arrived and asked what you wanted to drink. You got a water, with no ice. Red got one too, and bought a bottle of a magic-alcohol mixture for you to share. The waiter left to get your drinks.

“that stuff i ordered, it’s like wine, but a bit more... special. it just eases the anxiety a little bit. you don’t have to try any. but, i like it.”

“I think I will! I’m not much of a drinker, but I can appreciate a good wine.”

The water came back with the drinks, and some glasses for the alcohol. He took your order. You got some fancy-looking pasta, and Red ordered the same thing you did.

You sipped on the water. Red poured himself a glass first. He offered the bottle to you. You poured yourself half of a glass, to taste it. It was like wine, but much sweeter. It was almost like plain grape juice.

“Bizarre,” you commented. “What’s in this?”

“’s just regular wine, with a little magic infused in it. monster food has ta have magic in it for us to be able to digest it. when you put it in alcohol, it enhances the alcohol effect and tastes more like the original ingredients.” He explained. “it makes beers taste like shit, though,” he laughed.

“I’d imagine so. What do you mean by it ‘enhances’ the alcohol?”

“addin’ magic doesn’t make it any stronger, if that’s what yer askin’,” he continued. “it depends on the kind of magic ya add, and yer intentions. they usually use bits of blue and purple magic in restaurants, but you can use any kind.”

“Huh. That’s neat,” you said. “How do you know about that?”

“grillby. he may seem quiet, but once you get to know the guy, he never shuts up.”

“I wouldn’t expect him to be much of a talker,” you said.

“right?” Red said, sipping on his drink. His eyelights widened and rounded out from the harsh red pinpricks they usually were, once he’d finished the glass. You felt significantly more relaxed once you’d finished your half-glass. It wasn’t enough to make you feel drunk, though.

You thought back to earlier with the little kids, how Red had been so quick to notice and take care of them.

“Have you ever had kids?” You asked. “Wait, that was a stupid question.” He was only a little older than you.

“i haven’t had kids, but if you’re offerin’…” he joked. You rolled your eyes and smiled. “nah. i basically raised edge, though.”

“I had a feeling you were a caretaker sibling. I was, too.” You explained. “Not the oldest. Just one of the more responsible ones.”

“i’d hardly call myself responsible,” he laughed. “but thanks anyway.”

“You’ve gotta get out of that habit,” you told him.

“what habit?”

“Making jokes at your own expense, poking fun at yourself. You’re better than you give yourself credit for.” He didn’t respond.

“Look at me,” you told him. He did. “You mean the world to me, and to Edge. He may not express it well, but he loves you.”

“sure he does,” Red muttered.

“And so do I.” You held your hand under his chin. “I love you, Red.” You kissed him on the teeth. He felt your magic rush through him and kissed you back.

“I enjoy every second I spend with you. You’re amazing, Red, don’t tell yourself you’re any less than you are.”

“thanks, y/n.” His face was on fire.

“Anytime.”

The waiter showed up with your food and set it out. It was just as delicious as it looked. He also brought some breadsticks. Your weakness. You ate at least two before Red had to stop you and tell you to save room for dessert.

“What did you get for dessert?”

“you’ll see.” He’d ordered it when the server came with the main course.

Pretty soon, the server arrived with dessert. It was… something. You had no idea what it was. You took a bite. A vanilla and cinnamon flavor burst in your mouth.

“This is amazing! What is it?”

“it’s a monster dessert. only muffet knows how to make them. they taste like whatever you’re craving at the moment.”

“It tastes like cinnamon,” you told him. His grin fell a little.

“huh?”

“Cinnamon,” you repeated. “It tastes like vanilla and cinnamon. It’s delicious.”

“cool.” He smiled. “i’ll be right back. bathroom,” he explained.

He didn’t come back for a while. You were almost finished with your dessert when you decided to go check on him. The waiter came back to take your stuff away, but you told him to leave it. You told him you’d be back.

The bathroom door was locked. You knocked.

“Red? Are you in there?”

There was a rustling noise from inside. You heard the door unlock and a very sweaty, disheveled Red stepped out.

“Oh my god, are you okay?”

“‘m doin just fine, dollface,” he grinned. “just a little, ah, preoccupied.”

You looked down. His chest was glowing bright pink. You pressed a hand to his face.

“Shit, Sans. You should have told me it was this bad. You’re on fire.”

“‘m not the only hot thing around here,” he joked.

“We have to pay for the food and then we can head home.”

“y/n, sweetheart,” he stood close to you. “if you wanna go home, i’ll take ya now.”

“Okay. We do still have to go pay for the food.”

You helped him straighten up a little and went back to the table. He paid for the food when the waiter came back and teleported you back home. You were outside your room. You walked in, adjusted the air conditioning to cool him off. He took off his jacket and flopped over on your bed. You wanted to laugh at the weird position he was in, but you were worried for him.

“Come here,” you said, laying down next to him and holding him close to you. He squirmed out of your grip.

“‘m just fine.”

“Let me help you,” you offered. You unbuttoned his shirt and took it off of him. His soul was a combination of red and pink. “This is a lot of built up pink magic, Red,” you said, giving him a concerned look. “Do you want my help?”

“yes,” he said. Now that you were here, laying next to him, he realized just how badly he needed it. You’d been fueling and toying with his magic since you met him. He was desperate for relief.

“Okay.” You unzipped his pants and worked off his underwear. He didn’t refuse. He hadn’t summoned anything yet, but red magic pooled and swirled around in his pelvis. You remembered that you had magic of your own. “What do you want?”

“anything, babe, whatever ya got,” he groaned. You dipped your middle fingers into his magic and he arched into the touch. You wiggled and scissored them around for a moment, helping guide his magic to take its shape. You pulled them out and tasted them.

Vanilla and cinnamon, like the dessert from earlier.

“It’s you I want,” you realized aloud.

You shifted so you were below him, wanting more of his flavor. You lapped him up, relishing the way he twitched with your every movement. You plunged your tongue into him and swirled it around. He cried out when you circled a finger around his clit.

“fffuck, y/n, you— hhaaah, know how ta use that tongue,”

You laughed, sending vibrations through him. He gripped the sheets under him. You hummed while you worked away inside him. The almost marshmallowy vanilla was a perfect balance to the spicy cinnamon. He really was delicious. You tried to stretch your tongue further in to get more of him. You wished you could see his face when his walls started drawing you in deeper.

You pulled away and swiped an arm over your chin. He let out a dissatisfied whimper. You summoned your own magic and pressed it up against him.

“I haven’t tried this before,” you admitted. “Tell me if I’m doing too much.”

“trust me,” he laughed. “there’s no such thing as too much.”

You shoved into him. Red shouted in surprise. You had to grin. He was tight, but slick enough so moving was easy.

“No such thing as too much?” You punctuated the last two words with harsh thrusts.

“n-no, yes, don’t st-top,” he breathed. “s perfect.”

The only difference from this and using a strap was your ability to feel everything. When Red clenched around you, you felt it, and your magic reacted to it. The feeling that came with it was breathtaking. You reached for his soul and it floated into your hand.

“I wanna try something,” you muttered. You pressed one hand into the bed, holding the soul with the other, and tasted it.

“fff— uuggnhn, m-more,”

You squeezed the soul and dragged your tongue across it again, not letting up. Red’s eyelights started to blur out. It was too much at once, pushing him past his breaking point.

“hnngh, right ffucking there, y/n, god-“ he was shaking, tightening and trying to buck his hips with your rhythm. He threw his hips up again and wrapped his legs around you. You rode out his orgasm and rubbed circles into his soul. It was leaking red all over your hand.

“Shit, Red, you’re so gorgeous like this,” you told him. His whimpers and groans made your mind spin, sending you over your own peak. You came with a few more short movements and laid down on top of him. You stayed there and let your breathing slow.

His soul, still in your hand, didn’t have any pink left on the surface. You let it float back into his ribcage.

“Feel any better?”

“much, thanks,” he sighed. “sorry this happened so quickly. i wanted to wait.”

“I wouldn’t have offered help if I didn’t want this, you know,” you smiled. “I would’ve waited, too, but you mean a lot to me. If I can ever do something for you, I’ll always take the opportunity to.”

“heh, fair enough.”

Red yawned and stretched out. He turned to face you and placed an arm over you. You fell asleep like that, with him on your side while you faced the ceiling.

Things were good.

Chapter End Notes

Longer chapter, shorter smut! Sorry, I’m still getting used to writing it. Constructive criticism is welcome!

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