



Sharing a bed for the first time

He jolts awake to footsteps outside his door, soft, but uneven. It still shambles around like it's got two left feet.

He is rubbing sleep from his eyes as it knocks, twice— too tentative for the usual three? “Sans?” It whisper-yells, “are you awake?”

The answer is “unfortunately yes,” but why grace this thing with a response? The door is unlocked. It's going to come in. After all, it is the living embodiment of trespassing— against God, against fate. He can't believe in either anymore.

So he lays completely still. Maybe he can sleep through this one. The door eeks open. Its face appears, antennae first. “Um...” A blade of lamplight falls across his left leg, probably the only piece of him it can make out in the darkness. He watches its eyes search for his face, then give up and stare at his sock. “Can I come in?” it asks, already edging inside.

“You're already halfway there, buddo. Might as well.”

He braces himself for light to spill into the room, but instead of opening the door all the way, it slides sideways through a minimal crack. The door clicks shuts behind it. They return to complete darkness. It picks it's way across the carpet, trying not to step on anything as it scuttles towards his bed, where its knee sinks into the corner of the mattress with a plaintive creak. His eyes are adjusting to the dark— and so are that thing's, and as it rests a hand on his ankle and he tries not to flinch— they meet.

It's looking at him with that expression again.

“Did you... did I wake you up?”

“Kinda hard to sleep with a murderer under the same roof—” he winks— “but I manage. I was having a good dream, too. One where none of this ever happened.”

It deflates. The bags under its eyes are darker than ever.

That's the expression of someone who cares, or at least thinks it does, or at least is trying to. It's just not very convincing.

“Sorry,” it says, picking at a divot in the mattress. He hates when it says that word as though, coming from *its* mouth, it could have any meaning at all.

He watches it play with his mattress. It watches its own hand. He'd scream, if screaming was something he did.

“As much as I enjoy your riveting conversation, I sure would like to get back to it.”

“You can! You will, soon, I promise, but...”

Oh, there it goes, blushing and looking up at him through its eyelashes, worrying its lips with the first syllable of a doubtlessly inane request. This is the face he hates most of all. It marks impending doom— doom he'd rather get on with.

“Spit it out,” he says, and so it blushes deeper, and spits.

“Can I sleep with you tonight?”

“...”

He bites back the reflexive “no way,” long enough to consider the proposition. He keeps a tally: for every eight requests for or initiations of intimacy, he rejects seven. This is the only ratio that keeps the human satiated, which is the only thing that keeps him alive. Theoretically speaking he could submit completely, but he would rather be dead than undignified.

The only problem is, for the past week, he's been in the red. This thing just gets on his nerves. He hates to be around it. How much “hanging out” could the average person handle when their company is a cold blooded killer? In another life there's an award with his name on it: Sans the Skeleton, World-Saving Patience.

The scorekeeping is for him alone, but that thing is perceptive enough to notice him pulling away. He owes it two, maybe three. He's no stranger to debt, though none this dangerous, and knows he will eventually have to pay it off. Maybe something like this, where he's not expected to talk and all he has to do is lay still for an extended period of time (which he was going to do anyway)— maybe this won't be so bad.

“Sure,” he sighs, and that thing is beaming at him. Who would have guessed it could be so easily pleased. It crawls further into his bed as he lays down on his side, then slots itself between him and the wall. He tries to relax. The thing cuddles up to his back. And tosses an arm over his ribs. And grabs a fistful of his shirt over his sternum. And sticks its foot between his tibias. And sighs happily. Its hair tickles the back of his skull as it asks, “is this okay?”

“Do you actually care if it's not?”

“Um...” The tremble returns. Inwardly, he gloats; it's a small victory, but he loves making this thing nervous. “Well, yeah, I mean, of course I do! *You* could hold me instead.”

Once again, he considers.

“Guess I could.”

It unlatches itself and he rolls over. The face staring up at him is a mix of glee, embarrassment, and the satisfaction of a hard-won victory. Sans would like to flatten that puffed up chest, strangle this thing til it goes slack-jawed, and watch the light fade from its eyes. Instead he wraps both arms around it, tucks it up into his chest, and shuts his eyes. Out of sight, out of mind.

It's surprisingly warm, radiating a pleasant heat beneath him. It giggles softly as it clings to him once more. It holds him around the neck, slings its leg over his hip but finds it too short to let it rest there, settles for a knee slid under his pelvis instead. “Wait,” it says, turning its nose towards the ceiling. “Can't breathe. It's too hot.” Eventually it stops wiggling and sighing, and settles, but its heart still beats through its entire body. No matter how minutely Sans shifts, it gets faster. He can feel it staring at him.

“Aren't you supposed to be sleeping?”

“I can't calm down...” it admits. “You're really holding me. It feels so soft and good. I'm in heaven.”

“Nah, you're in my bed. Which means you play by my rules. And the rule is...” He forces a yawn, hoping to induce some tiredness in this antsy interloper. “Go to sleep.”

“Okay, okay, okay.” It heaves a huge sigh and goes slack— instantaneous dead weight. Relief that it can't pester him while unconscious outweighs the creep factor. “Mm... goodnight, Sans,” it mumbles.

“See ya in the morning, kid.”

All night, he doesn't sleep a wink.