

Without Dance, What's The Point?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/20666993) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20666993>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Undertale (Video Game)
Relationships:	Sans (Undertale)/Reader , Alphys/Undyne (Undertale) , Asgore Dreemurr & Toriel
Characters:	Sans (Undertale) , Papyrus (Undertale) , Alphys (Undertale) , Undyne (Undertale) , Asgore Dreemurr , Toriel (Undertale) , Grillby (Undertale) , All the undertale cast
Additional Tags:	sans/reader - Freeform , Alternate Universe - Dancetale , Sans (Dancetale) - Freeform , Papyrus (Dancetale) - Freeform , University , Racism , self hate , Undertale Monsters on the Surface , Eventual Romance , Slow Burn , learning to love yourself , Anxiety , Depression , Apathy , Dancing , Reader hates Dancing , injured reader , Sans hates dancing , POV Sans (Undertale) , POV reader , reader is female , Trauma , Angst , With sprinkles of fluff , Depressed Sans (Undertale) , But he's not a jerk
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-09-16 Updated: 2020-02-07 Words: 10,142 Chapters: 5/?

Without Dance, What's The Point?

by [CuddlyQuiche](#)

Summary

If there was one thing you HATED in this world, it was dancing. A complete and utter waste of time which ended in bitterness and depression. Why had you even bothered to try such a thing? And it's not like you needed it anyway, you didn't feel an itch in your muscles nor the tapping of your feet to the radio that plays dimly from another apartment. You just want to get through university and get out from...whatever this was.

Of course an entire mountain decides to explode with dancing monsters of all shapes and sizes. Dammit.

=====

Stars, Sans really couldn't get any lazier than he already was. With monsters pirouetting left and right of him, jamming it down the streets and waltzing all over his daily life, he really couldn't stand the sound of moving feet. All he wants is peace and quiet, to lose himself in the grey monotony of ketchup, sleep and tv. Even University is a huge chore and he barely scrapes the attendance on his courses.

And somehow, even in all his seclusion, he ends up meeting you.

Where you both ask yourselves the same question every day.

Notes

Hiya~

Third new story (for now) to celebrate Undertale's 4th Anniversary. I had once asked if people would like to see what I work on whilst writing Don't Pursue Happiness, Create it and Nebula, so here are some of them.

Dancetale, wow, I think this was the first AU that I actually HATED at first, till I came along and read TheMSource's I'm Gonna Change You Like A Remix. Which then became my all time fave fic out of a few. So yeah, I was heavily converted and during my jotter journal's I ended up writing my own take on this "classic spin." Heh.

Big warning: If you've read my other work, you know I dive into the darker subjects like

abuse, suicide, past rape, depression and all that. I cannot promise that these themes will not come into play in this story, so if you hate any of those themes and don't want to risk it, please turn back now. However, it is unlikely to turn up in this story.

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

Breaking down

Sans' POV

Friday.

One of two important days for all of monsterkind. That morning at school Sans had heard all his friends talking about how their parents were taking them to “The Hall” for their first public dance. In response to the yearly first dance recitals, the teacher encouraged everyone to draw their own promotional posters to show off their planned dance, like they would do when they’re dancing as adults.

With crayons and cheap pieces of paper, the little monsters were furiously scribbling as they hummed and wiggled in their mismatched chairs while the teacher went around nodding as she observed with interest, chattering with each of the students.

Along the classroom walls were displays with monsterkind’s history, a wall of story retellings of pretending to be a human, solved maths puzzles and their first science project. Sans really liked that subject and had made a starry night projector with some scrap from the garbage dump. The headteacher put it on display in one of the school’s dim corridors and even now Sans still got compliments.

Now, when the teacher looked down at Sans’ stickmen and lowercase lettering, a sad smile twitched at their lips before they bent forward, “Ah, is this what you would do if you were going, Sans?”

“I am going.” Sans stated flatly, so what if he didn’t have parents, he was still going to go, he’d promised Papyrus.

“Ah, you know the rules, you need an adult to take you before you’re 16.”

“then why don’t you take me?”

The teacher looked conflicted and awkward as they fidgeted, “Sans, I have my own child to take to the dance festival this year, perhaps I can take you next year instead.” The offer was weak and even to Sans’ young mind, a complete fairytale.

“whatever.”

Sans scrunched up his poster, but the teacher felt too guilty to tell him off over it and watched helplessly as Sans flung himself on the desk to sleep. With his sockets closed, he thought about how he was going to sneak along to the hall. He had to dance. He really had promised Papyrus, even if he hadn’t meant to.

Drifting off to sleep, Sans could hear and feel the hazy steps of his big dance that would make his bro proud.

#

Slinging on his backpack, he checked out his outfit in the mirror one last time and shoved his feet into his sneakers. Papyrus was already waiting at the fairy lit door, jumping up and down eagerly, "COME ON BROTHER!! YOU DON'T WANT TO BE LATE FOR YOUR FIRST DANCE."

Sans chuckled as he waddled down the stairs, holding out his hand to grab Papyrus' tightly, "just stick with me and don't get lost, okay bro?"

Papyrus nodded, "OKAY!" He was already tugging Sans' hand impatiently wanting to get to the hall already.

With a click of the lock, they both jumped out the front door into the snow, it crunched under their feet and they looked up to see a large line of monsters walking past them. The sounds of parents cheering on their kids as they strolled up the street towards the waterfalls that gave the air an energised hum, the boys' bones prickled in excitement and they rushed to join the other monsters. The monster kids practised in the snow, making a slushy mess as they danced, Papyrus stepped forward to join them but a tight squeeze from Sans held him back.

"sorry bro, gotta keep you safe, kay?"

Looking disheartened, the short, slim monster looked down at the floor, kicking his boots, "OKAY, SANS."

The crowd seemed to go on for miles, but over time it seemed to be dissipating into a room in the wall, until Sans was at the double pair of doors about to waltz in through the door. But much to his dismay, a huge monster slithered out and stood in his way.

"Adult?" It hissed.

"yeah, sure I had one around here, they must've gone in already, just let us pass and we'll be outta your scales."

The snake monster narrowed its eyes, "You're that Ssssaannssss kid I've been told about. Sssssorry boy, can't let you in. No adult, no dance."

"look, there's a ton of adults there watching the whole thing, what's bone more?" Sans tried to joke, but he could feel Papyrus shifting in his grip, getting upset. It made blue tears leak into his sockets and he tried to hold them back, if he cried, Papyrus would cry too.

"You know it'ssss not about that kid." The snake stared at him, unblinking, "It's the ssssong. You need ssssomeone to keep you in check while you danccceeee."

"I won't lose control. I've practised plenty without a stupid adu-"

"Sans." Papyrus' small voice nearly broke his resolve and Sans swiped away angry hot tears, before looking up with a big grin on his face.

"s'alright bro, I promised you I'd dance here and your bro will."

The snake coiled up tightly, as if expecting Sans to rush past, but Sans just pulled his brother close and whispered, “time to play that game, Papyrus.”

“O-Okay.” Papyrus screwed up his sockets, closing them tightly.

Sans flung his magic out behind him, the snake’s hackles rose as they felt a magic but couldn’t perceive what was happening. Stepping around the corner, into a rippling reflection of reality, Sans walked through the void straight into the hall’s danceroom.

“hey Papyrus, we’re here.”

Papyrus turned away slowly, opening his sockets in wonder as he took in the hall’s ancient splendour. Magic swirled along the huge sparkling cavern’s ceiling creating ghostly dancers who spun to a song only they knew, four waterfalls cascaded down below the cavern’s stone seats in an array of different colours, lighting up the room like one of the city’s fancy disco balls.

Crowds of monsters sat hooting and crying out happily as each child got up to the stage and did their first dance. Sans clenched his hoodie and strode forward to find Papyrus a seat.

“I won’t be long, I’ll be up on that stage before you know it.”

His little brother nodded furiously, his sockets twinkling with excitement, “I KNEW YOU’D KEEP YOUR PROMISE BROTHER!”

Sans tried not to grimace, but instead rubbed his bony thumb on Papyrus’ orange cheek, “always will, bro.”

#

Sans had somehow managed to persuade his way past the stage manager and was currently waiting his turn behind a trembling Whimsum child. When they were called up, they squeaked in anxiety and fluttered on stage.

From behind the stone corner, Sans watched as the Whimsum twitched nervously, fidgeting with their fingers before they took in a deep breath, steadying their magic as best they could.

Slowly, a quiet, shy ballet started to resonate from the Whimsum’s soul, they started to sway side to side to the slow music. One by one faint white notes pulsed out into the air to twirl around Whimsum, each note in time to the song. The Whimsum danced and twirled with each solidification of their soul’s song. The longer they danced, the more in tune with their soul they were. Very rarely could a monster go to the full 100% but there were some talents that could.

1% 2% 5% 7% It was staggering, the crowd watched in honest shock as the Whimsum span and swayed quietly to their own song before them. Someone roared in enthusiasm as the Whimsum reached 10%.

Then the notes crashed to the ground as they shrilled a high screech and scampered away leaving the crowd to clap their hands and mutter in awe . The Whimsum had managed to resonate 10% of their soul’s song at such a young age, it was a cause for celebration.

Gulping, Sans scuffed his trainers, he wanted to make Papyrus proud, so he had to push past 10%. It was a tough goal, but Sans had to. He was the big brother.

When Sans came to the stage there was an odd murmur before tradition shushed them to let the child focus on their first dance.

Sans shut his sockets, feeling for that familiar pulse of his soul. The song that constantly ran throughout his body, awaiting for his dance to set it free for the world. His music at this moment was stressed and fast, he wished it was slower and tried to calm himself down, but he was feeling pressured for time as the feeling of his brother's stares cornered him on the wide stage.

0%

Sans stepped out in front of him, the pulse of a note slipping from his chest, his feet moved exactly to the feeling hidden inside of the note. The song was a bit too fast paced still, but he was managing to keep up somehow. Sans chased the notes that seemed to speed up before him as he hopped and bounced on stage.

He had to keep his promise.
It was getting harder.

3%

He had to dance for Papyrus.
The notes nearly slipped under him.

7%

He had to.
A heavy weight made his body sluggish, sweat poured from his skull.

11%

A singular note sped up one beat too fast for Sans to step in time to. All at once, his grip on his magic ran amok from him, slipping from his body's shadow and screeching as it spiralled away. He tried to regain it as he chased after the last step in a song that kept skipping ahead of him. Sans forced the song to keep flowing and his feet moving, he had to get control back or he'd shame his brother. His once white notes now converged into a shockingly blue and yellow whirlpool of notes swimming around him, tearing up the hall as it span out of control.

“SANS!!! BROTHER!!! SOMEONE HELP MY BROTHER!!!”

Papyrus.

The song peaked higher and higher getting inmonsterly loud with an ugly pitch as Sans forced his feet to dance to the chaos. Then a loud snap filled the air and he collapsed like a puppet cut off its strings.

“SAAAAAAAAAAAAANSSS”

#

Years and years later, Sans was older, wiser and calmer, he loved to play pranks and jokes whenever he could, cheering on his brother who was practising to dance for MTT Resort and become a star like Mettaton. Everything was fine.

Till the kid came along.

Eventually the barrier fell, now there were bigger spaces for monsters to dance, fresher air for monsters to circulate their magic better and attend new opportunities. Papyrus had encouraged Sans to come to University and he wasn't one to turn down his little brother. Everyone was happier and wanting to become friends with the humans, learn their dances and fill the world with magic.

But what did that matter to Sans? He was too lazy to dance anyways. Heh.

#

YOUR POV

The doctors voice sounded flat and neutral, "I'm afraid, ma'am, that your child is highly unlikely to ever dance at a competitive level again."

Everything felt black around the edges and your small hands got cold at the tips, you were only 13 but it seemed like the whole world was already ending for you. Your whole life had been dance, feeling the pressure of the earth disappear under your feet before you connected to it to feel its entire life rolling under your soles.

What was there left for you?

Your mother echoed the words as she screamed at the doctor to do something, anything, but they only shook their head dismissively.

The loud blare of your alarm clock woke you up.

"Can monsters manage themselves under human law? With the recent law changes giving monsters their own rights to rule and giving the land around Mt. Ebott back to the rightful owners, can they truly live alongside honest, hardworking humans like--" You switched off the t.v. in annoyance, every day in and out all you could hear was monster this and monster that.

Since they had been released, it was as if the entire disney cast complete with song and dance had come spilling out of the mountain. An entire race who lived to...of all fucking things...dance. Was this some fucking huge joke meant for you?

For as long as you live, you will never ever fucking go near one of those dance junkies. People who waste their lives dancing will get the rug known as life pulled from under them and find out how fucking little they did.

A typical day

Chapter Summary

You're just going to get ready for university, how hard can that be?

Chapter Notes

Always check tags before reading, thank you~

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

The blare of your ugly screeching alarm clock sent an angry shock through your head, making your torso jump away from your pillow. Grabbing the noisy piece of scrap, you slap it a few good times before the button finally registers your attempts to silence it. You really need to get a new one, you huff and sit back amongst your thick, fluffy blankets, idly watching cool light shimmering outside your apartment window. You so weren't a morning person.

The roars of traffic and the busy murmur of a large crowd steadily sneak in through the crack in your stiff window. You had tried many times to shut it, but after nearly throwing out your back, you eventually left the stubborn frame to do its thing. Yawning, you stretch with one leg crossed and moan in relief as your back cracks. Flopping backwards, you soak up the remaining warmth of your covers and just like many days before, you thought to yourself did you REALLY need to go out today?

The distinct smell of sweat drifts towards you and you recoil into your covers, yeah, you really should go out. At least, that would force you to shower. Grumbling, you somehow manage to drag yourself from the tempting covers and grab your clip from the drawers beside you. Tying up your hair with some difficulty, you give up fixing it after the twentieth strand of hair fell out and sigh while looking once more out of the window. It didn't look too bad outside, but that didn't matter, you still don't want to go.

Slapping your face to knock some enthusiasm into yourself, you shuffle over to the bathroom and snag up your toothbrush. Dropping it a few times, you tap your head repeatedly against the mirror, feeling resigned. You end up settling to crappily brush your teeth with your other hand, you know you're missing spots but you can't muster the effort to care. Spitting out, you watch as bloody pink foam swirls down the drain, you had once again brushed too hard.

Looking up into the mirror, you see your near-permanent dark circles look worse than usual and...yep...that's a few spots forming. Ugh. And how did your hair manage to look even greasier than your skin, dammit. As you stare at yourself, your face mimics your disgust before

you open the cupboard so you didn't have to look at yourself anymore. Ah. There staring you right in the face is a bottle of pills, memories flood your brain.

#

Slamming your fist on the desk, "I don't want your pills, doc." Your mother stands up, flustering as she tries to calm you down and apologising to the doctor for your inappropriate behaviour.

"She doesn't mean it." I do.

"Of course, she'll take the medication, no worries there." No, I won't.

#

"Come on, honey. You're just depressed, try reading these books. They helped me, especially this one." Your mother points to a diet book mixed in with crystal healing and a definite cult book.

"Then when you're all better, it's a piece of cake to try physio." Her desperate face glints with need and a fake smile stretching her face.

"Then you can dance again."

#

You slam the mirror shut and gag into the sink, your arms shaking as you feel faint and even sweatie. Eventually the gagging recedes and you lay your head against the side of the sink, your stomach still rolling and feeling lumpy. Tears leak out the side of your eyes, a little pool forming on your nose. You're not sure how long you pressed your face against the cool porcelain, but slowly you stand up, bit by bit. The tears drip awkwardly down your face before running out and sticking to your cheeks.

Hastily swiping them away, you hobble over to the shower and somehow convincing yourself to turn the tap and undress, but keeping your eyes focused on your bodywash's ingredients as to not see yourself. Stepping into the hot water eases your brain a bit, the layer of dirt and sweat weirdly moving on your skin till you scrubbed it away with your loofah.

Relishing the feeling of being clean, you reach for the shampoo but fumble with it, somehow it falls onto the floor. With a sharp intake, you go to one knee slowly, your body complaining as you push it uncomfortably. Gripping onto the hand bar in your shower, you lift yourself up and lean against it, shampoo bottle in a death grip. Useless.

Biting your inner cheek, you try to shampoo with one hand, your other still clenching the bottle just in case. Your hair didn't feel quite right, but it was sure to be good enough. You think. Getting out of the shower, you look at the towel that was shoved down your radiator and give it a sniff.

Disgusting, when was the last time you had used this? Dropping it to the floor, you push it to the side with your foot into a pile of dirty clothes. You try to ignore the fact that there is still

panties from two weeks ago in that pile and leave the bathroom to air dry haphazardly.

Now. Where were your clean clothes? Glancing around your room, you spot the leaning tower of semi-folded clothes sitting on a chair, supporting itself against the wall. Rubbing your eyes and pinching the bridge of your nose, you inhale and go to search through the random pile, hoping to hell that you had clean underwear and jogging bottoms.

Thankfully, you did. For once.

The struggle to dress was an embarrassing one, laying on your back you tried to shimmy your clothes on, the effort squeezing sweat and tears from you. After stuffing yourself into your joggers, you lay limply on the bed, staring emptily at the ceiling, your mind blank. The flutter of a bird pecking at your window, made your eyes roll up to it. A silent nightingale stares at you solemnly, it's black eye peering at you with some strange unfathomable knowledge.

Or maybe you're an idiot. And even a bird is a genius compared to you.

You bark in a twisted laughter, but the nightingale remains, unfazed by the sound.

"Oh, a tough guy, huh?" You taunt the bird, straining to your feet, you stumble towards the bird who stays in place. Had it smacked its head? Surely not with the way it followed your every step. Feeling uneasy, you wave your hand at it, it blinks refusing to move.

"Shoo, shoo. I don't have anything for you."

A moment passes, the nightingale wipes its beak on your windowsill before fluttering away.

You snort, look at you being freaked out by a small bird.

Turning around you feel the room seem to stretch out and the distance to the door seems to stretch on forever. Gritting your teeth, you hobble over, scooping up your backpack. You didn't need to put anything in it, it's not like you ever took your stuff out of it anyway. When you reach the door, you feel a pressure suffocating you from the other side. Looking down to your side, you see your walking stick sitting in its bucket, judging you.

Snapping your head away, you ignore it and pull open the door, the atmosphere outside rushing in to push at you. Taking deep breaths, you place one quaking foot in front of the other, your resolve wavering. Once more you ask yourself, did you REALLY have to go outside?

Quivering, you look down the hall, maybe you could just turn around and go lay in bed some more. About to do just that, you hear the click of a door behind you, "Heeeey girl, how you doing? It's been so long since last I saw you, you coming to class today?" A bright bubbly girl smiles at you, her mouth not quite reaching her eyes. "No walking stick today?" She points down to your empty hand.

Your words clog up in your throat, "Just forgot it, about to grab it now." You force a smile out, "You can go on ahead, Sarah."

"Nonsense, I'll wait here for you, we can go together."

Tears prick inside your eyes, but you manage to turn around quickly and bite your lips to resolve yourself. Shuffling to take your walking stick, you come back out to see her raring to go, “All packed? Good, it’s nice to take it slow every once in a while.” She grins, slowing her steps down noticeably to let you be slightly ahead of her, but still directly at your arm as if waiting for you to fall and be your saviour.

How kind.

Bitterness circles around your tongue, you watch how her lithe legs stride forward with a practised ease compared to your shambling steps. Feeling sick, you look away and focus entirely on the corridor instead, you see the elevator at the end. The one you were forced to take every day.

Distracted, a bump to your side startles you, you see Sarah looking apologetic and she scratches her head awkwardly. Steadying yourself, you realise that behind you lay the stairs, she had turned not thinking that you’d not be able to go down them, thus knocking into you. You grip your walking stick,

“Sorry...”

Tilting your head up, you can feel your face stretching, unsure if you were showing a smile, you try to speak lightly, “Don’t worry about it, hey...you can go on ahead, I don’t mind. Otherwise, you’re going to be late for your first class.”

At least Sarah had the grace to look ashamed, “Yeah...I was thinking that might be a good idea, thanks. I’ll see you this afternoon though!” She waves, hurrying down the stairs to make up the time lost waiting for you. You gaze at the stairs, limping to the top step. An urge to take the first step down starts to consume you, you swear you can feel how your legs would once move down the stairs, in a childlike rush and bounce.

The air in your lungs feels like tar, your eyes pulsing as you swallow down a strange, uncomfortable feeling.

“Hey, you alright? Need some help?” A light masculine voice pipes up.

A person you didn’t recognise touched your arm and it took everything in you to not crack them around the head with your stick. Assuming you needed help, they pulled you along towards the elevator, a sort of patronising tone in their voice as they point towards their apartment and tell you that you can ask them for help at anytime and where they lived.

When the doors closed on the waving man’s face, you had already forgotten his name and slump against the mirrored walls, eyes closed. The jolt and hum of the elevator hurt your leg and arm, your muscles twitching uncomfortably. When the lift stopped you got ready to get out, just to discover that it was only floor 3 and a couple were getting on.

You had never seen a pair of eyes move so fast from you as they roamed down your body, the walking stick and then away. The couple stood in an unpleasant silence, their eyes fastened to the red numbers ticking down to the ground floor. As soon as the doors slide open, they rush out and instantly pick up chatter not even 3 feet away from you.

Rubbing your arm, you twist your lips downwards and continue to walk out of the student accommodation's entrance. The only good thing about living here was how "close" you were to the campus. For most people, walking there would take ten minutes. But for you, it took over half an hour to reach the university grounds.

#

Your lip trembles, your eyes riveted to the white sign plastered next to the front entrance of your lecture hall.

[Cancelled due to Instructor Absence.]

All this effort...for your class to be cancelled. You laugh and laugh and laugh, your voice feeling ragged from the harshness of breath.

What a fucking joke.

You didn't REALLY need to go out after all.

Sans' POV

The class was cancelled, seriously? He was dragged from his bed for nothing? He chuckled, shrugging his shoulders, ah well, at least he didn't have to think about any work or lectures. Maybe he could find a nice tree to sleep under and hitch a ride when Papyrus finishes his lessons.

A loud laugh made his eyelights flicker to the side, a bedraggled woman was staring at the sign with disbelief, eyes shining with a concealed fury and her arm quivering on her walking stick. She laughed again and again before hitting the sign furiously with her stick and shuffling over to the steps, slumping down, head in her hands as she mutters to herself.

About to step forward, he noticed a human man jogging up to the upset woman, they clearly knew each other. The man pointed at her leg and held out his hand, the woman stared at it and instead chose to struggle to her feet, ignoring the man.

"I don't need your help, brother."

Trying to hold her head high, the woman hobbled away, leaning heavily on her stick, clearly uninterested in whatever the man, "her brother," or anyone else had to say. Despite her leg, Sans could appreciate that she chose to support herself. Sighing, he thought of his own brother and scratched his neck thoughtfully.

Heh, that tree looks comfy.

Thank you for reading Without Dance, What's the Point?

Not sure what to say in the end notes today, this chapter hits home a lot and hopefully reaches out to quite a few of you too. Take care of yourselves as best as you can.

Come message me on [my tumblr](#).

The same day

Chapter Summary

Waiting for Papyrus, getting coffee and catching up with an old friend...

Chapter Notes

Always check tags before reading, thank you~

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

Sunlight peeked through the tree leaves, speckling his bones, the slight heat warming but the coolness of the shade soothing him. A perfect autumn day, if there was anything that Sans loved about coming to the surface, it was the seasons. Feeling the weather change on an almost daily schedule, rather than just the climate being a set, stifling atmosphere.

Of course, now and then, he missed the underground, Snowdin and his cozy lamp lit bar. However, he appreciated the surface so much more, it had felt like he had been suffocating all along and it wasn't until he had been freed that he realised it.

Up here there were so many things, a wide variety at the tip of his fingers, ready for him to grasp.

But he didn't.

It was too much effort, Sans preferred to just lounge around, enjoying the seasons passing by and the coziness of his bed changing with the temperature. Of course, he couldn't just sit lazing around, according to Papyrus, he had to get out and about, find something he really liked.

So. Here he was. Attending university, at Papyrus' strong suggestions and the hopes they could attend together. Honestly, just seeing his brother's ecstatic face when he had managed to get in on the monster entry level programme had made the effort worth it. However, the actual programme was a huge strain on Sans' easy-going life, the only reason he ever attended were the lifts with Papyrus and how big his brother's grin would be every morning they would go to university together.

He really did have such an inspiring and cool brother. Sans smiled and hummed to himself as leaves fell around him with a slight crunch. A shuffle made Sans open a socket, a slimy moldsmal wiggled at him, their ooze surrounding the nearby leaves. Sans squinted.

A slight fuzzy feeling buzzed around, but Sans couldn't quite grasp it. A worried question, maybe? Staring and straining to feel, frustration began to well inside of him. What was this moldsmal asking?

"Oh! Hey, hey. Lemme help!" A blue bunny rushed over, their face in a slight panic.

The moldsmal turned around to face them, the wiggle repeated and the bunny smiled, pointing over to another building, no words leaving his mouth. Sans could just about make out a statement and the relief that the moldsmal felt. Then a bit of an explanation seemed to occur and the moldsmal panicked, before returning to Sans and bowing profusely over and over, before slinking away.

Sans clenched his hands behind his head. His smile felt tight as the blue bunny spoke to him, "Hey, sorry about that. That moldsmal is new round these parts, they didn't recognise you."

Did he need to be recognised? Sans would rather if he wasn't.

"Yeah," The bunny continued awkwardly, hand tucking behind their neck as they fluff their fur, "So, they just wanted to know where their lessons were taking place, just in case you wanted to know."

Of course, it was so simple, even Sans could've guessed that, he was on a campus after all.

Sans nodded, "thanks buddy, I was in a real *sticky* situation there."

The bunny clasped a hand round their mouth as they spluttered a laugh, "Oh man, Sans, you still tell the best jokes."

~~*Cause he was the biggest joke around.*~~

As the bunny laughed, an intruding emotion pushed at Sans. Pity? He couldn't quite grip onto it.

"Haaah. That was a good one. Well, that was the bell, I best get going. See ya around maybe?"

Sans waved and nodded, but he didn't know the monster in front of him at all. Nearly everyone knew him, but he barely recognised any of them. Feeling relief as the irritating stifled sound disappeared, Sans stood up, his mood soured and he shoved his hands in his pockets, strolling away.

How long did he have till Papyrus was done with his lessons? Hmmm. Another hour at least, if Papyrus didn't stop the lecturer to ask more questions again. His enthusiasm was so endearing, Sans found it amazing when his brother would come back half an hour late, gushing with the stuff he had learnt that day.

Heh. So cool.

Walking along the path aimlessly, Sans spotted the slightly disheveled woman from before struggling up some steps, holding tightly onto the railing and her stick. Sans noticed the sign of the cafe, Cafe Nero, a human business chain. Making up his mind, Sans walked towards the

cafe. The woman waved away the third person to offer help in the time it took Sans to cross the road, she had only managed to make it three quarters of the way to the top.

Now people were ignoring her, choosing to rush by her, quickly trying to get in to the line instead of having to wait behind a 'disabled' woman. Sans hovered around, watching with a neutral interest, not wanting to rush by the woman like so many others nor wanting to frustrate her by offering help. In a way, Sans felt like any of the options including waiting were insulting and he was unsure how to deal with the situation.

So he waited till she reached the door before walking over, some people rushing behind and looking inconvenienced at having to stop behind her while she shuffled through the door. But he was patient, taking his time till he reached the door. As soon as Sans stepped through it, he felt the faint mumbles of souls, human and monster cave in on him, but the buzzing was all garbled and he couldn't split them apart.

A headache already began to form in his sockets and his skull throbbed, but it was too much effort to turn around now with a bunch of twenteens coming in gossiping. Heaving a sigh, he noticed the conversation turned hushed. At first, he thought the humans were whispering about him but from the side of his vision he noticed them pointing at the stumbling woman.

"Hey...isn't that?"

"No way..."

"Look how far she's fallen."

"Serves her..."

Sans instantly shut down what he was hearing, feeling a little sick. Memories tugged at him.

#

"Hey, isn't that Sans?"

"Did you hear about how he forced his first sync?"

"He deserved it, disobeyed every rule."

"Heard he can't even hear or read souls anymore."

"Wow, how does he even manage?"

"Why doesn't he just fall down then."

"Waste of space."

Monsters were supposed to be made of love, kindness and mercy...but that was just some silly fable. Humans. Monsters. They were all the same.

#

When he realised he was staring, it was his turn to be served and walked up to the human cashier, who waved him to the side with a slight smile, “Monsters can order with a monster cashier, can you just go to the next till please. Next!” The human didn’t even give him a chance to speak, so he slowly trudged over to the froggit who was waving from a stool.

At first they looked puzzled, their soul probing at him with the information for the menu, Sans assumed, then they recoiled. Their eyes widened, and they croaked out, “Umm...here...the human menu can probably help you. Just take your time and--”

“don’t worry, I know what I want. I can’t *espresso* how much I want a black coffee and I’d really relish one of your cheese sandwiches.” Sans spilled out smoothly.

The froggit laughed nervously, “U-umm..is...do...you want an espresso or a black coffee?”

“..... black coffee. the espresso part was a joke.” Sans didn’t bother explaining the other joke.

“Ah, right. A joke...well I’ll *hop* right on it.” The sweaty froggit hiccuped and jumped away to make Sans’ coffee and plate his sandwich.

Sans smiled, that joke was ribbiting. But he didn’t say the pun when the froggit returned.

“That’ll be 30g---I mean...£7....” The froggit fidgeted, looking like they wanted the floor to swallow them. Sans rummaged in his pockets before pulling out two closed fists.

“pick a hand.”

The froggit looked immensely confused but went along with it, Sans opened his hand to reveal £7. The froggit looked relieved until Sans revealed what was in the other hand, the 30g. Immediately their face dropped, they had assumed he would pay like a human.

Sans felt a little bitter, but couldn’t blame the froggit. He HAD ordered from the human menu, but with this, he felt he wasn’t even considered a monster anymore by his race.

“keep the change.” Sans grinned and dropped both payments in their frozen, webbed hands.

Walking off, he quickly found an empty seat with a good distance away from everyone. With a sigh, he slumped back and tucked his hands away, tired from the exertion. He didn’t have long to relax before a voice rang out.

“Here, a nice, quiet place. Looks good, doesn’t it?” A waitress clattered a tray down on the table near Sans. Again, it was the woman with the stick, Sans seemed to be bumping into her a lot today. The waitress patted her on the shoulder, waving a hand, “You can sit here and not be disturbed by anyone.” But the waitress’ smile didn’t seem to be full and she was quickly dashing away, leaving the woman alone to stare at her slightly spilt frappe. Her face was red with shame, her dull eyes closing shut and stumbling around the table, her stick getting caught in the squashed up chairs.

Then she too slumped against her chair, rubbing the bridge of her nose with a little sniff as she tries to control her emotions. Hugging herself with one arm, she seemed to come to and lean forward to take a sip of her frappe, pulling the straw out with an apparent annoyance. Not

wanting to be caught staring, Sans leaned forward and took a bite out of his sandwich before sagging backwards, chewing incredibly slow.

Bit by bit, his broken magic tried to digest the food, the more Sans ground it down, the easier it was for it to disappear. He'd rather be *sans*wich since eating human food was so tedious, but magic meals made him vomit at the drop of a hat. Too much magic, too long to digest.

The sandwich clagged to his teeth, the bits getting caught behind them, Sans sighed, he would need to use a toothbrush and dental floss again. A high pitched greeting made Sans' eyelights roll up, standing proudly with four squabbling kids was Snowdin's only rabbit innkeeper, Snowball. Or Snowy for short.

"Nice to see you again, Sans. Thought I could see you back here." Magic pulsed against his senses, but it dissipated as she withdrew her magic's natural tendrils. The kids were not so polite, their magic roaming all over and then cringing away.

"Mommy, why's this monster so weird? Where's his soul?"

Sans hid his flinch as the other kids looked up to Snowy with equal confusion.

"Marshmellow! Don't be so rude! I'm so sorry Sans, I'll let them know about you later." She smiled stiffly, pushing her children behind her as they squall their questions.

A quiet moment passed between them, "So? How's that..." She rolls her paw around, "condition going?"

"still *sans* magic." His mouth turned up at the sides, but it wasn't a proper grin. Luckily, monsters were poor at reading facial expressions and usually focused on magical cues.

"Oh hahaha, Sans, you're still so funny. I've missed that." Snowbally brought a delicate hand to her mouth, her nose wrinkling in a sweet way as she giggled. "How is Papyrus doing?"

Sans relaxed, feeling a bit more comfortable with this topic, "cool as always, he's put all that human capturing energy into university."

"Hahaha, has he made an obstacle course there for all the students then?" Both monsters snickered as they reminisce over the old bridge design.

"you know what? I think he has." Sans laughed with more meaning, he really loved his brother's antics.

#

Snowy and Sans continued talking and catching up till one of her children jumped on her arm, whining that it was boring. "Well, I best be off, it was lovely seeing you again."

Once the group faded away, Sans returned to his slump.

For a moment, Sans could sense nothing at all.

Silence.

Not true silence. Sans could still hear the sounds of traffic, people chattering loudly as they rush to speak for their orders, the distant bell to signify class was ending. The clink of coffee cups, the ding of the microwave, the quiet murmur of personal conversations and even the barely tangible breathing of the woman near him.

But the world of magic was near-mute to him. No longer could he hear the ‘thrum’ of the world, the chatter of the monsters souls and (according to Papyrus) the little sparks twittering inside of humans. Magic barely recognised him, feeling his void and reeling away from him. Just faintly could Sans feel souls, but he could only get a vague lump of emotion, like sad, awkward or happy. He couldn’t even read the LV of others and shortcuts were a thing of the past, so he had to walk everywhere (which he rarely did.) No, he was almost completely cut off from his magic, even then it came in surges and declines.

Now feeling ill at his food, he stood up, grabbing his black coffee and walked back outside. Food aside, it was nearly time for Papyrus to be leaving his lesson. Strolling back across the road and towards the campus, Sans could just make out a monster couple. They seemed to be dancing, a strange white mist around them that made Sans rub his sockets a few times.

Sans recognised what they were doing. A soul dance. As he drew closer, desperately trying to ignore it as he rushed a little faster but the crackle and distorted sounds of their paired soul song encompassed him. It sounded like a dying radio in a bathtub full of water. Suddenly, a strange disorientation took over him.

Only the physical ground beneath his feet told him that he was still in reality, but the startling departure of ANY muffle of magic made him stumble. He was alone, he was all alone. Sans began choking, feeling lost, with no magic to guide him in this world. Stumbling with his feet, he managed to get himself to a wall. All he had to do was wait this out. It was just a void episode. He’ll be okay.

But the same fear crossed him. What if even his broken magic didn’t come back.

Trying to focus on something else, but the world he saw was hazy, obscure without his magic he couldn’t fixate on a single thing. Closing his sockets felt worse, he barely had any stimulation, he couldn’t feel, see or hear while his magic refused to come back.

Panic set in.

Putting his skull against the wall, a bright purple and pink poster shone in front of him, ‘Dance Compet--’ His claws ripped the disgusting sign away and he shredded it with one hand. With nothing to keep him stable, memories shoved at him angrily.

#

“Brother! Alphys thinks she can help with your soul, she’s just...”

“Paps. you know me, I love my good looks, how could I manage if I went all gooey, I’m soft enough as it is.” Sans patted his ‘tummy.’ “I might even get fur” He shuddered with a grin, “wouldn’t that be a hairy situation.”

Papyrus’ face became deadpanned, “Sans...”

“I’m alright bro, I just don’t need help. the Dino-doc already said that it could heal on its own remember?”

“That was YEARS ago!”

“so I’m a slow grower, not that that surprises either of us.” Sans stretched his hands up to the top of his skull, before widening them as far as they could go to mimic Papyrus.

“Sans... I’m being serious.”

“yeah, I know, but it’s alright, not like I need magic to get around. and to prove that, I’m heading to Grillby’s, want anything?”

“Sans!”

The front door slammed shut.

#

Slowly, everything returned...well, as much as was able to return. Sucking in a breath, Sans pulled himself up, just in time to see Papyrus running around the corner with a big grin on his face. Sans smiled shakily and waved.

“Brother! You’ll NEVER Guess What I Learnt Today!”

“oh? *jump* me through it.”

Papyrus’ mouth quirked at the sides, but his familiar scowl furrowed his brow, “Saaaans...”

“heh.”

Your POV

Sipping your now long cold frappe, your mind muses about the skeleton monster that had left moments ago. You’d never seen him before, but you couldn’t be sure of that and even then, you probably wouldn’t have noticed him if not for the loud family of bunny monsters that had come over to him.

“Mommy, why’s this monster so weird? Where’s his soul?”

That’s when you started paying attention, your eyes looking from the side. You couldn’t see anything wrong with him, but you didn’t think you’d be able to see a soul anyway. As he looked up, you had noticed how his eye(lights?) seemed to flicker on and off, growing wider and shrinking, being bright white and dull grey throughout the conversation.

And just like his eyelights, his (stomach?) inflated and deflated, at one part in the chatter, his stomach entirely deflated, his clothes hanging loosely on his bones, his ribs showing slightly.

But was he such a strange monster? You couldn’t see any difference between him and the others, so you turned back to your frappe and sipped at it.

Now as you mull over the memory, you feel your instant dislike for monsters return. Who asked them to be around and make this damn university you'd been forced to attend by your mother for your 'recovery.'

You turn your attention to the large sign for the university beaming proudly on the distant gateway.

'Overground University of Dance.'

Chapter End Notes

Asgore back at it again with the naming >.> (At least it makes it easier for us scribblers in naming stuff for undertale fics? :D Or is that just my excuse?)

Again, sorry for the delay on chapters this month, as I've posted on my tumblr I've been very poorly after an allergic reaction to my medication. Hope to see you sooner!

Brothers

Chapter Summary

Just another day and brothers.

Chapter Notes

Always

check tags before reading, thank you~

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

Another day. Another hell.

You can barely remember what happened the rest of yesterday after finally making it back home after classes were cancelled. All you had were vague memories of videos, scrolling through memes and then just sleeping.

Now, with the roaring morning traffic in the background, you stare at the ceiling, your back aching and seizing up. Great. Just what you needed. At least you didn't have to shower today since you did that yesterday....or not. Feeling the greasy clump that still had shampoo in it, you groan and kick your good foot about in a tantrum.

Well...maybe the lecturer was still off, so it seemed like a great day to skip classes. No point wasting your life getting ready. So there on your bed you lay, staring numbly at the ceiling, no particular thought latching to your mind. As time ticked on, your eyes begin drifting shut.

BANGBANGBANGBANG

Opening your eyes, you screwed up your face in annoyance. The loud incessant banging already let you know who was at your door and when the jangle of keys rang out, you wondered for the hundredth time why did he even bother banging.

“UGH. WHAT IS THAT SMELL!?”

Ugh, indeed. You don't bother getting up, maybe if you stay reaaaallll quiet he won't notice you. The covers are roughly pulled away from you, your brother, Arun's irritating face scowling at you.

“Mom says get up.” Already dismissing the outrage on your face, he moves away and gags while picking up a moldy plate, tossing it straight into the nearly overflowing bin.

“Oh yes, Mother Dearest wishes to see me, hmm? I wonder what eveerrr for?” With difficulty, you pull yourself up into a seated position, still making no motion to move.

“Don’t talk about mom in that tone, she’s just worried about you. And looking at this dump, she has every right to be.” Seeing the stacked kitchen sink, he takes out a bottle of hand sanitizer and rubs it on his hands, grimacing.

Trust the golden child to harp about the ‘goodness’ of Mother. When you raise your body up, your spine complains loudly and you hiss in pain. Rubbing the base of your back, you take a moment for it to settle, the sweat beading down your face.

Your brother rolls his eyes, picking up a dirty sock as he makes a face before tossing it in the already full washing basket, “Milking it won’t get you out of seeing mom. Lemme help you to the shower.”

“I don’t need your help, dammit. I told you that already!” You snap, all you wanted was to be left alone, why did they force all this on you?

“Honestly, just take my damn hand already. It’ll be easier this way.” Arun’s hand was held out, but his face clearly said how sick of you he was already.

“...get out...” You whisper, feeling a dark, unpleasant feeling swirl in your chest.

Arun’s mouth drops in disbelief, “What?”

“I said get out.” You carefully and slowly break down your sentence, before looking at him straight in his sparkling blue eyes.

Taking in his appearance, you see that Mother had splashed out on another expensive set of dance shoes for him, alongside a nicely pressed suit and his nails neatly manicured. Even his hair was recently dyed a startling ash colour, his eyebrow sporting a new piercing and as you breathe in anger, you can smell that Hermes’ cologne...what was it? Something like £2000? Maybe more?

Your stomach rolls uncomfortably, in contrast to his cleanliness, you feel disgusting and even though you had showered yesterday, the smell of sweat clung to you once again.

Arun straightens, something like pity in his eyes, “Well, mom said if you’re not coming down, she’s coming up and....” He waves his hand around the room, “Do you really want her in here?”

Clenching your teeth, you manage to get up and face him head on. You were just as tall as he, even stooped as you were. “I don’t want any of you in here, leave.”

“You know I can’t stop her coming here, just get ready. She misses you.” Arun tosses a towel at you, which you barely manage to catch. Glaring at him, you have the urge to throw the

towel in his face, but a light buzzing from his pocket makes him look away and flip out his phone.

“Hi mom, yeah, yeah. She’s here, she’s JUST about to get ready. Yeah, I know it’s noon, she’s got a bad back today....yeah....are you sure that’s a good idea? It’s not exactly tidy here. Oh...okay. Right. Yeah. See you in a bit.”

You raise a brow at him as he turns kneading his face, “Mom wants you downstairs, she’s got the cleaners coming today.”

“I don’t nee-”

“I know you don’t WANT cleaners, but look!” He points at every single pile of crap in your apartment, “It’s a pigsty, you can’t clean this place for the life of you. There’s no shame in that. Just let mom help you!”

You take in a deep breath, feeling your crumbling pride shift a little, it WAS a mess and only on a good day, you could just about clean the kitchen so you didn’t get food poisoning. Why were you so pathetic?

“Fine. I’ll get ready.”

You’re not sure why you fight this same scene over and over each month. But you still do. And you always lose, eventually giving in to the constant reminder of your uselessness around your apartment.

Like a prisoner, you shuffle reluctantly to the bathroom.

Sans’ POV

Was it already the afternoon? It didn’t seem like it.

Sans yawned, his teeth flashing as he stretched before snuggling back into his thick, plush covers to escape the cold.

“Saaaans, Get Up Lazy Bones! It’s The Afternoon! Today We’re Seeing Alphys And Undyne For “Afternoon Tea” So They Put It. What’s So Afternoon About Tea Anyway?”

Sans sniggered in his pillow, amused by his brother’s puzzlement. “heh. okay bro.”

Sans didn’t really want to go outside, his bed was far too comfy for that, but Papyrus sounded so excited to go for lunch that Sans couldn’t really disappoint him. Sitting up with a sleepy expression, he looked around.

Nice.

Disorganised chaos.

Socks were strewn about, the ground sheet of his mattress had peeled up into a ball under his feet and a pile of clothes were heaped in the corner, Sans wasn't sure what was clean or dirty in that mess. Not that he cared.

Getting up, he shuffled in his pink slippers over to the pile and began casually smelling for something clean.

“Saaaans, I Can Tell You're Looking For Clean Clothes, So I Did You The Favour Of Putting A Pile Of Them In The Bathroom, At The Splendid Cost That You Shower. No Tabs Accepted In The Papyrus Establishment!!”

Sans muffled another snicker, love for his brother swelling in his bones and tramped down the corridor to the bathroom. The house was eerily silent, but Sans preferred it to the constant static hum of souls ... sometimes.

The shower was spotless, Papyrus' OCD showing strong, the intense smell of MTT cleaning products made Sans' nose rankle in disgust, but it wasn't too big a deal to bother his brother over. Stepping into the already sprinkling shower (courtesy of the Great Papyrus) Sans felt the hot water cascade over his body, trickling into every crevice of his bones, running uncomfortably into his sockets and nose, making him blink and sneeze over and over.

Grabbing an MTT sponge, shaped as Papyrus' Idol Mettaton, scrubbed Papyrus' and his bone wash over himself, it smelled of sea salt, lemon and orange blossom apparently. Well...it smelled good and that's all Sans needed to know.

With his bone pores all cleaned, Sans got out and was about to ignore brushing his teeth when a yellow post-it note caught his attention. BRUSH YOUR TEETH ON XX/XX/XX AT XX:XXPM.

Sans grinned, his brother's notes were getting even more precise so Sans couldn't wriggle out of them as easily as he used to. Grabbing the nearby Sharpie, he squeaked 'ok' on the note and grabbed his toothbrush. Secretly glad his brother had wrangled him into brushing, he took time to get rid of all of yesterday's sandwich and stuck spaghetti.

Eventually getting dressed after flossing his teeth till they oozed blue, he sucked his teeth clean tasting the odd salty mint flavour of his leaking magic. Looking into the mirror, he pulled his darkened sockets around, stretching them before letting them fall back with a pinging crunch.

He could do this. It was just a quiet 'afternoon tea' with Dyne and Alphys. Not doctor-patient. Just friend to friend.

Sans groaned. Hopefully Alphys wouldn't bring up the topic over food. If she does, that's cool, he can throw some puns and catch up with her later to find out about what she wanted. Maybe..... If he didn't just sleep through another appointment with her... Stars.

“Saaaans. Are You Ready Yet? It's Been Over Your Usual Hour!”

An hour? Already? Sans hadn't noticed how the time flew by. What a fickle bird.

Sans wandered out onto the landing, “yeah bro, I'm done.”

“Excellent! We’re Still Doing Good For Time, For I Prepared In Advance That You May Run Behind Schedule And Woke You Up An Hour Earlier!” Papyrus stood at the bottom of the stairs, a hand to his chest in a proud pose. No wonder it had felt a little earlier than usual.

“you’re so cool, Papyrus.”

“I Know! Now Instead Of Basking In My Greatness, Let’s Go Bask In Our Friends’ Company Instead!”

“ok.” Sans slogged down the stairs, leaning lazily against the banister as he yawned. It shouldn’t be too bad with Papyrus around, Sans told himself.

“SANS. CHANGE INTO YOUR SHOES.”

“ok.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading chapter 4 of Without Dance, What's the Point?



Febfictionary



As thanks for 500+ followers, I'm creating an event called Febfictionary where I post a chapter every day towards my fanfictions.

-

Rules:

- At least 1000 words long
- Can be a new or old fanfic

-

Bonus Challenge: Every unfinished fanfiction I have must be updated with at least 1 chapter.

Feel free to join in with me!
Just tag #Febfictionary.

As thanks for 500+ followers on Tumblr, I'm going to be posting a chapter towards any of my fanfics every day throughout February, feel free to join in and tag me! I would love to read some of your works!

[My tumblr.](#)

[Other stories.](#)

Mother

Chapter Summary

Encounters of the motherly kind....

Chapter Notes

Always check tags before reading, thank you~

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

Slim fingers worked at your hair with a towel while you sat on the edge of your bed, staring down at your feet. The soothing rhythmic circles gently pulled and pushed at your head.

Closing your eyes, you remembered Mother's voice chattering about how lovely your hair was going to be, she'd even put in her old tiara that you eyed with envy. You were going to shine. You were a star.

A flick to the forehead had you leaning back, disgruntled and scowling up to your brother's twisted face.

"Don't space out like that, freaks me out." He snapped, pulling his slender hand away. "You're dry now, so go put on your coat."

Like a shadow, Arun followed your steps, taking things ahead of you and shoving them in your arms to "help" you get ready. A pressure built in your temples, your pains in your body came on hard and strong, leaving you quietly suppressing your gasps of agony. Nothing escaped his sharp eyes, he'd tut and tap as he waited for your waves of muscle spasms to stop.

Whilst you were ready far quicker than normal, the strain of it all was taking its toll, leaving you feeling tired, cranky and pain-riddled. How can people do these things day in and day out? As if without any care in the world of his own, Arun plopped a hat on your head, which you promptly tucked all your unkempt locks into before being marched out of your apartment.

The walk to the elevator was awkward at best, downright painful at worst. Arun tried to get a promise out of you to behave in front of Mother, but his efforts were in vain when you stonewalled him. He might make you meet her, but it was **your** choice on how you interacted with her.

Funny...it was one of the few choices you had to your name.

#

Mother.

No, she didn't wear a black dress, with a huge hat or dark sunglasses, she didn't sport the look of being the epitome of all your troubles. Instead, she looked like a stick of sunshine, her dress filled with floral patterns, a purple belt and a matching purse. With striking ash locks cut to in a wavy bob, her light eyes crinkled with joy as she spied Arun coming out of the building in front of you. Seeing them together, you might've even pushed that they were siblings and in the distance from where you stood, you felt like an ugly duckling.

When her eyes landed on you, a strange gleam lit them from within, "Oh, darling! There you are!" With one wave, people from a white cleaning van parked nearby walked into the building, nodding to Mother with their caps. "Don't worry, your apartment will be just sparkling when you get back. Come on, come on, let me hear how University has been."

You tried to pull away, to get a word into Mother's rapid speaking, but you were soon 'guided' into her limo.

Flicking back her hair, she leaned forward excitedly, "Tell me all about the course, I know you only just started there, but that lecturer I can guarantee is one of the best. Of course, I can't believe he's already ill, but that just means I got to see you!" Leaning forward into your lap, you covered your head with your arms. Mother always spoke too much. Everything was moving way too fast for you, it always did around her.

Mother didn't seem to notice your change of posture, "How have you been eating? You don't look very well, is something the matter? Did you get all the packages I sent? You haven't messaged me much since moving out. Are they treating alright in that hovel? It doesn't look very nice. Have you been practisi--"

Annoyed, you threw your hat to the floor, your unbrushed, messy hair coming loose. "Will you just back off?"

Mother closed her mouth for a second, her face falling into disappointment, a slight panic flickered in your chest before Mother's face turned to Arun, admonishing. "You didn't even brush her hair? How thoughtless could you be? She's your sister and you let her go around like this?!"

Arun's face darkened, "Sorry, mom, but she left you waiting for so lon--"

"Don't talk back to me! I told you to look after your sister properly!" Mother snapped, looking him up and down disapprovingly, before turning back to you, her eyes gleaming once more strangely, "Darling, I just had a fabulous idea. We can go to the hairdre--"

"No." You said firmly.

"Oh sweetie, don't be shy. It's just a little trim..." Mother smiled, her lips stretching to flash her oh-so white teeth.

"Mother..." You opened your mouth, to put your foot down.

Mother's face slipped, "Dear, I'm just thinking about you. You really do need a trim and a good brush. It won't take tha--"

"I said no!" You shouted, but that sickly glow to Mother's eyes told you she wasn't listening. Completely fed up already, you went to climb out of the limo, but Arun's hand latched the lock down, his dark face smirking. How stupid... Is he four years old?

"Let me out." Snarling under your breath, you tugged at the door meaningfully.

"Or what?" Arun whispered back, sneering then he twisted around to the limo driver, "To CB's Salon."

Mother clapped giddily, her glassy eyes oblivious to the tiny showdown between you and Arun, "Oh darling!! It'll just be like the old days, you'll look like a star again!"

#

Sans' POV

"And They Say He's Still Feeling Unwell, Which Is Rather Unfortunate, But At Least This Means You Got To Come Along To See Your Friends!"

"heh. s'pose your right, bro."

"Of Course, I'm Right! Ah, Look There's Undyne Outside Alre---"

"NYGGAAAHHHHHHHH!!!!!"

With her loud battlecry, the oversized, muscular fish monster came running at the car, vaulting with a powerful burst over the still moving car, forcing Papyrus' eyelights to bulge and slam the breaks. Swiftly he opened the door and yelled, "A SPLendid JUMP UNDYNE, YOU DIDN'T EVEN TAKE OFF MY REAR BUMPER THIS TIME!"

"RIGHT!? TOLD YA IT WOULDN'T EVEN TAKE A MONTH FOR ME TO DO IT PERFECT!" Undyne shouted back, leaping up with a fist pump and came jogging over.

"Oh! Hey Sans, didn't realise ya were coming over today. Nice ta see ya after so long, bonehead." Popping in her fist through the open door, Sans laughed and fistbumped her, "same to you, Dyne. tho you *cod* do better with the landing." Sans nodded towards the small crater where her feet had crushed down the tarmac.

"NYGGAAHHHH!?!? ALPHYS GONNA KILL ME, WE ONLY JUST PAID OFF ALL THE LIGHT POST DAMAGE!!!" Alphys reared back with her hands on her face, screeching to the sky while the skeletons chuckled.

Thank you for reading chapter 4 of Without Dance, What's the Point?



Febfictionary



As thanks for 500+ followers, I'm creating an event called Febfictionary where I post a chapter every day towards my fanfictions.

-

Rules:

- At least 1000 words long
- Can be a new or old fanfic

-

Bonus Challenge: Every unfinished fanfiction I have must be updated with at least 1 chapter.

Feel free to join in with me!
Just tag #Febfictionary.

As thanks for 500+ followers on Tumblr, I'm going to be posting a chapter towards any of my fanfics every day throughout February, feel free to join in and tag me! I would love to read some of your works!

[My tumblr.](#)

[Other stories.](#)

End Notes

Thank you for reading Without Dance, What's The Point?

These chapters are part of my Jotter Journals so I'll be posting as inspiration hits me. On the other hand, I write at least a journal a day towards any of my stories (even ones not posted.) so I hope you look forward to soon to be released future chapters.

Come message me on [my tumblr](#). I really like to hear everyone's thoughts on my scribbles.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!