

## The Stories of Us

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# The Stories of Us

by [snyland](#)

## Summary

A collection of loosely connected one-shots based on various RPs by me & my boyfriend.

## Notes

This fic is dedicated to my boyfriend, who I love very much <3 Happy birthday, babe! I love you!

All the Sanses in this fic belong to remote\_puntrol on twitter! The only character I own is Ry and couple of the boys which you'll see later ;)

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

## Our Little Monarch

They smile softly, nuzzling in between Lion's legs and leaning back against his chest. Comet, the smallest of the six Sanses, was nestled to their left, and Chomps, the largest of the six, was on their right. The other three, Bones, Pop and Tank, were all snuggled in to the giant blanket fort they made.

The blizzard had hit very suddenly at around noon, and Ry's car had gotten completely snowed in. So, instead, the boys had offered them a giant sleepover in the living room, complete with hot coco, a few movies and lots of cuddles from their favorite fellas.

"comfy, lil' cub? all snug n' warm?" Lion asks, his heavily accented voice drawling out to them sweetly. Normally, because of their condition, Ry had a bit of trouble processing heavy accents. But they could understand Lion perfectly, as they could all the Sanses. In fact, the only one they had trouble understanding at times was Tank, but that's more because he uses outdated slang, being from a timeline originally set back in the 30's.

The enby nods, sipping their hot coco. "Yes, thank you," they say softly, smiling.

Comet chuckles, "aww, our little star is so cute~." he purrs, causing Ry to blush. "see? adorable..."

"i know you like being a flirt, starboy, but chill out a little. you might spook them." Pop rumbles.

Comet glares at him. "can it, ballerina."

"guys." Chomps voice cuts into the room, "knock it off. you both know how ry feels about us fighting."

Pop and Comet both grumble to themselves, and Ry looks down at their coco timidly. They were grateful for Chomps; the largest of the men was always the first one to speak up, the first to notice they were upset. They never had to say or do anything, he always just sort of... knew, how they were feeling. While they were particularly close to all of them, they felt the closest to him.

From behind them, Lion rumbles. "hey now, cub, don't be so down... c'mon, why don't ya put somethin' on to entertain everyone?"

The enby nods, taking the remote from Lion as he handed it to them. They flip through Netflix for a few minutes before finally settling on some cheesy fantasy rom-com.

It's the usual plot that one would expect-- Princess stuck in a tower, trapped by an evil wizard, and the knight in shining armor must save her, love at first sight, blah blah blah. It's so predictable, in fact, that all the monsters around them are asleep by the end of the first act. Ry giggles, wiggling out of Lion's grasp, and going off into the kitchen to deposit their mug into the sink.

They sigh, looking out the window and watching the blizzard blow through the area. They hoped that their roommate was safe. He tended to get in trouble when they weren't around...

Oh, who were they kidding. He was probably hot boxing his room again.

They head back into the living room, and the movie was about a quarter of the way into the second act. Ry cuddles back in between Lion and Chomps, their back to the edgier of the two men, and Lion curls his arms around their waist, sighing softly into their shoulder.

They smile, starting to watch the movie they had put on, but by the time the third act starts, they're already fast asleep.

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They feel heavy, pressure on their back. There's something pressing against their supple skin, and they shift. Something hard slips across their stomach, and they whine, slowly open their eyes.

They blink, the feeling of a hand grabbing their breast causing them to quietly gasp. They place their hands over their mouth, trying to stifle the whine that slips past their lips, and they realize what's going on as a familiar voice purrs behind them.

Lion was fondling them in their sleep, it seems, and rather than feel violated, Ry was... strangely aroused by the fact the much larger man was touching them in such a way. They squeeze their thighs together and softly moan, shifting to turn and face him.

"ngh, fuck... you're awake..." he pants. "fuck, i... uh..." he slips back from them, the bulge in his pants now obvious.

"...did I do that?" They ask quietly.

"...heh... yeah, you did..." The larger male says.

Curiously, Ry reaches out their hand to him, and Lion moves closer to them, wrapping an arm around their waist. He carefully cups their cheek, and softly kisses them. They lay their hands flat on his chest, closing their eyes and reciprocating the kiss. They whine softly, and he pulls them into his lap, laying back with them on top of them as they kiss. He holds their hips, softly purring into their soft lips.

"not too loud, little cub... don't wanna wake the other's, right...?" he whispers to them softly between kisses. They nod, and Lion juts his hips upwards, moaning softly.

They pull back to breath and stare down at him, their cheeks flush bright red, and their chest heaving, heavy breaths falling from their soft, pink lips.

The skeleton's red eyelights form little hearts as he gazes at them. "god, i love you..." he breathes softly. They look down at him, looking at him as he flushes up the same color as his magic, looking away from them.

"You... you do...?" they ask, their voice full of disbelief.

"he's not the only one, snowflake." Bones' voice cuts through the area, and Ry turns to find not just him, but all the others had all woken up. They flush, a little overwhelmed by everything.

"don't be so shocked, firefly," Tank says, chuckling. "you're the cutest, sweetest little thing this side'a the multiverse. 'course we'd all want you."

"I... I'm not..." they begin slowly, unsure of what to do or say.

"aw, hell. look at 'em, boys... we've rendered them speechless." Pop says, "that's alright, angel... you don't gotta say anything." He slides up next to them and cups their cheek, "but... since we're all awake... maybe we all could have a little fun? no pressure, of course-- only if you're into it."

They whine, leaning up and kissing the dancer on his mouth, to which he grips their ass and starts kissing them back feverishly. Lion, not wanting to waste his chance, wraps his arms around their middle and starts kissing the back of his neck. They moan softly, and both men make quick work of their clothes. Ry shivers, the cold air hitting their skin suddenly.

"aww, you chilly, angel? don't worry, we can warm you up," Pop purrs, moaning as slips his fingers between their folds. They gasp, gripping onto them tightly.

"you ever take multiple guys at once, muffin?" Bones purrs, fondling their breasts as Pop and Lion remove their clothes and reveal their lengths.

Ry shakes their head. "N... No..." they stutter, and Bones smiles.

"it's okay... we'll be gentle with you, okay?" He says, "the safe word is blaster. got it?"

"Y-Yes," they say, nodding.

"good, good," the classic says, kissing their forehead tenderly. "now, get on top of pop. on your hands and knees."

They nod, obeying the command. Bones takes off his shorts and reveals his own length and pushes it against the enby's lips. They open their mouth and take him in, moaning softly. Bones groans, running his fingers through their hair and slipping his cock into their mouth.

Pop adjusts his hips to line up with theirs and pulls the enby down around his dick slowly, moaning as he watches Bones slide his dick into their mouth. They whine, the feeling of being filled up making them shiver.

Lion lines up behind them and, after lubricating his fingers, slowly slides two digits into their hole, preparing them for his cock. "heh, ever take it in the ass before, cub?" He purrs, knowing Ry couldn't answer him.

Each of them starts thrusting, their gable becoming of chorus of growls and moans and whines. Lion eventually slides his fingers out, and pushes his cock inside, match the steady rhythm that the other two men had made.

Ry is barely able to keep themselves up, being fucked in three different places by three of the men they'd been wanting for so long. They suck Bones off as hard as they could, and the Classic slides in and out of their throat, moaning and growling their name as they do so, praising them all the while. Pop buries himself deep in their pussy, bouncing them up and down on his cock. He finds their spot, and keeps hitting said spot over and over again, pleasure wracking their body with every thrust. Lion slams into their ass over and over again, the sound of bones slapping against human skin echoing throughout the room. They were locked together, in eternal bliss, and Ry never wanted this to end. They wanted to stay here, making love with all of them, until the day they left this world.

"ngh, fuck, muffincake... yeah, that's it, good baby... keep suckin', baby... fuck..." Bones growls out, getting close to his climax. "ngh... fuck, i'm gonna..."

"ngh, fuck yeah... m-me too... keep squeezing my cock like that, angel..." Pop groans, picking up his pace, chasing his pleasure.

Lion must have been close as well, considering his thrusts got harder with every passing second, and soon Bones and Pop followed suit. Ry's own climax was incoming, heat coiling tighter and tighter inside them.

With the force of a thousand men, Bones cums ferociously and suddenly, spilling his hot magic into the enby's mouth and down their throat, which is enough to trigger Ry's orgasm, squeezing both Pop and Lion's lengths while they're inside them, and causes them both to cum inside the human at the same time. As soon as they're done, Ry is lifted from Pop and placed in Tank's lap.

"well... that was fun to watch... don't think i'm just a watcher though, doll..." he says, grinding on them from behind.

Comet crawls to them, cupping their cheeks and smiling down at his them, claiming their lips as Tank pulls out his cock and starts prodding their pussy with his dick. "you want to keep going, little star? or take a break?"

"Do--Don't stop, please..." they beg, "F-Fuck me until I pass out..."

Comet chuckles, kissing their neck and pulling out his length. Where the other lengths they had seen were the colors of their magic, Comet's was more cosmic-- like looking into a space-time bathbomb, or something like it. He helps Tank line them up, and the two men push into them, growling under their breath. Once they've both hilted, Comet leans down and starts kissing and sucking at their breasts, which the other men had woefully neglected.

"bounce for us, babydoll," Tank purrs in their ear, and they obey, bouncing up and down on their cocks, moaning softly. They both moan with them, Comet working on their tits while Tank kisses their neck.

The mobster, the biggest out of the three of them, helps the enby bounce up and down on his cock, thrusting in and out of them a little bit himself as he chases his pleasure. Their paces become more erratic, frantic, as they chase their respective orgasms, and soon they both find

their spot, making them cry out in pleasure. They whine out, holding onto Comet for dear life.

"Ahhn~! Yes, right there...! Don't stop~...!" They cry, panting.

Both men grip their hips and keep hitting their spot over and over again, fucking them hard and fast. Soon, they reach their second climax, and Comet and Tank cum deep into their pussy, their hot magics mixing with what was left of Pop's hot cum as it drips down their thighs in all colors-- red, blue, purple.

Tank lays down the enby to allow them a moment of rest, but once their glow passes them, Ry finds they're not yet satisfied, and crawls over to Chomps, who had been sitting there and watching the entire time, patiently waiting for his turn.

They crawl into his lap and kiss him, running their fingers along their edge of the crater in his skull, which causes him to shiver. "Mmm~... I think out of everyone... I've thought about you the most..."

Chomps holds the human close to him, laying them down underneath him. His gaze with hungry, like he had been waiting for so long for this, and his magical aura was big and strong-- none of the others would dare try to get between them, they knew. They'd just jerk themselves off and watch as Chomps took them.

Chomps wastes no time pressing his thick cock into their pussy, slick with the magic of all the other men, and pulls their legs over his shoulders into a mating press. Chomps wasn't just gonna fuck Ry-- he was going to breed them and take them as his, right in front of everyone.

Chomps starts slowly but eventually works into a brutal, unforgiving pace. "ngh, yeah... dirty little human... you're so fucking cute... i've wanted you under me, moaning for me, for so long..." he growls, "you're mine. the only one allowed to touch you like this is me or any of the other guys in here, understand?"

"Nmm~ ... ahhhnn... y-yes, sir..."

"good human." He purrs, leaning down and biting into their shoulder. They cry out, and Chomps fucks them so hard the floorboards creak underneath them. They moan, the feeling of Chomps inside them and the sounds all around them rapidly working them to a third orgasm.

"Nmmm... C-Chomps..."

The monster groans, "you close, little one? go ahead-- ngh, fuck... cum on my cock..."

They pant and cry out, moaning and writhing and screaming until they're pushed over the edge for the third time, and their walls squeeze Chomps dick hard, pushing him into using their pussy like a cocksleeve, chasing their pleasure until, suddenly, he cums hard, spilling buckets of hot cum into their shuddering cunt.

Then he goes limp, sighing softly. He collapses next to them, whispering to them about how they did so well, how proud he was of them, and kissing them all over. The other five men join them, all cuddling their enby happily.

They all lay there in silence, and Ry smiles feel happy, content and satisfied as Lion once again wraps his arms around their waist.

"...Guys?" Their voice is quiet as they speak.

They all perk up, and Chomps hums. "what is it, precious?"

They close their eyes, wondering if their brother would be happy they finally found their place in the world he left them in.

"I love you too."



# The Devil Always Gets His Due

## Chapter Notes

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

The pits of Hell were dark, and the only light that shone was from the giant ocean of lava that boiled in the dark depths. Each of the circles of Hell, locally referred to as Infernite, where more dangerous than the last-- there were seven of them, one for each of the deadly sins.

Crimson was the King of the 3rd circle, Lust. Conncubi, Inncubi, and Succubi of all kinds patrolled his land, the poor tortured souls that lived there forever punished for their lustful lives until they were deemed ready for reincarnation by the celestials in the heavens.

Outside of the usual business of torturing the wicked souls that fall into the depths, there are also regular turf wars amongst the demons. Crimson doesn't have that many guards-- he prefers to handle any violent outbreaks on his own. Most of the time, its one of the souls trying to break free and it usually ends up with Crimson killing them where they stand.

There was one exception, however, and his name was Chris.

From the moment Crimson first saw the fiery redhead, he was interested in him.

It all started when he first got to hell and was sorted to the 3rd circle-- he demanded to be sent back to the world of the living in a blind rage. Something about needing to go back and take care of a sibling or something like that.

He tried to break free a few times after that, and Crimson always stopped him, but never killed him.

Chris had found his way into the castle, the king's private residence, and things quickly clicked into place with them, with Crimson taking the human as his mate and Chris transforming into a demon.

They quickly became the most powerful players in all of Infernite, and Chris in particular quickly started being respected by his fellow demons.

Still though... there was a part of Chris that wondered how his little sibs was doing. Where they okay? Were they eating properly? Were they taking care of themself, and if not, was anyone helping them? They were so... small. And fragile, and very kind and trusting; they needed someone to watch out for them, to protect them...

It was his birthday again today. If he were still alive... it feels like forever ago since he died. how old would he have been today...?

Chris' train of thought is interrupted by the feeling of his partner's body firmly pressed against his own, grinding against him.

"wakey wakey, little cupcake," Crimson purrs slowly into his ear, "time for your birthday present~."

He chuckles, "really? But its barely noon, sweetheart." He says.

"don't matter. i love yer' ass, and i wanna shove my dick in it."

"I thought it was my birthday, though," he quips.

"feh heh... yeah, and i love satisfying you..." he chuckles, slowly trailing his fingers up to his shoulders, touching the mark he'd left there. Almost instantly, Chris had melted into a puddle-- bucking his hips into his lover's while he softly moans.

Crimson purrs, stripping his partner bare and smacking him hard on his supple behind. He groans at the sound of contact, kissing up his spine to the back of his neck.

"c'mon, boy... on yer' hands and knees. yeah, just like that... good boy." He says.

Chris groans, whining as he gets into the proper position. "P-Please-- ahh~!!" He suddenly cries out as magic wraps around his length, his lover lubbing up his thick, neon red cock.

"gods above, you're gorgeous," Crimson says, gripping onto Chris' hips. "ready, baby?" He asks, rubbing circles in his thighs.

"Y-Yes, sir..."

"and you remember the safe word, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"good boy." He says, kissing his cheek. He purrs, pushing himself in and easily hitting inside him, having made love with him so many times before.

Chris moans, panting heavily. He squirms, bucking his hips against the skeleton's pelvis. Crimson chuckles, quickly picking up a brutal pace. The former human let's out a cry of ecstasy, his hole being used as a fucktoy at the monsters disposal.

Crimson fucks him hard as fast, the bed creaking loudly underneath all the weight of the two of them on top of each other fucking like wild animals.

The magic that had slid along Chris' length acts like a hole of it's own, sliding up and down his shaft, pleasuring every part of him. He pants soft, that heat bubbling up inside him. Orgasm coiling tighter and tighter, his heart pounding in his chest as he struggled to keep up his weight.

Crimson moans, rocking his body back and forth, sliding into his lover's hole again and again. He smacks his ass again, and he watches the skin ripple with a self-satisfied smirk on his face.

It doesn't take long for them both to become writhing messes-- soon, Crimson's thrusts are off beat and erratic, hitting Chris' spot with ease. They're both on the cusp of their climax-- not quite there yet, but almost.

"ngh, fuck... fuck, babe," he growls, moaning. "yeah that's it, ngh... squeeze me just like that..."

Chris moans loudly, gripping the bed sheets. "Ngh, Master... I'm g-gonna..."

"i know, sweetheart... it's okay, go for it. cum loud and hard for me..."

As if commanded by his words, Chris orgasms loudly and hard, right on Crimson's dick, which causes him to reach his peak right as his lover does.

Crimson empties his thick, red magic into him and collapses on the bed when he's done.

Chris falls beside him, and smiles softly at the demon skeleton, reaching out and grabbing his hand.

"five minute break." Crimson says, stretching out and wrapping his arms around him, "then it's time for round two."

## Chapter End Notes

Crimson is basically bad boy Red, but a demon, and I love him

Crimson belongs to me, Chris belongs to @remote\_puntrol.

[follow my twitter or i'll eat your first born](#)

## End Notes

no joke, that was the hardest thing i've ever written. please remind me never to try writing an orgy again.

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