

“God, fuck that bassline! Why’d we choose to play that song again?!?!” “Chill *senorita*, we can’t expect to always smash it out of the park, like that baseball gig we did a bit back. We’ll redo it on the bus! What, getting over to the greed ring will take what, a week or so? We’ll have *time~*” “Ugh, I miss Sly, he seemed to know how to nail those tricky phrases.” “Uh, *Luna*, he kept stealing from the arenas we played.” “*sigh* I know, doesn’t mean I can’t miss him though!”

The gray wolf set her bass down next to its case, her nails plucking strings, stray notes ringing out into their dressing room. “Ugh, I just wish things were simpler. I miss playing in dingy bars and small courtyards across the world, having Tex work security for us and seeing Papyrus in the crowd. Speaking of, how’s Kitty and Perr doing?” Loona jumped on the couch, her legs hanging over the arm as Puss moved to a stool. “Ah, they’re fine~ Perrito’s picked up a few friends in Far, Far Away and Kitty’s picked back up with the Goldilocks Crime Family. Turns out running a bakery requires a lot of upkeep and they’re not above some “foreign intervention” to keep their dominance. How about... eh, what’s their name?”

“Blitz? He’s fine, I’ve been sending some money back from the tour and the office is still up. I think Stolas has been helping out too.” “Ah, quite a thing to know a powerful man like that. I myself have always found men of power against me, save for one.” Pouring himself some milk, he gestured to the wolf. “Want any?” “Nah, I just need to unwind tonight.”

They sat in silence, their heads ringing from the two hour performance on stage. Puss slowly lapped up the milk in his tongue, his hat sitting beside him on the table. Loona's eyes shut, her head resting upon a throw pillow as the sounds of packing reverberated through the halls of the arena.

The door opened with a squeak as a blue, tribal marked fox stepped through the door, her scant clothing swaying with her steps. "Ah, figured I'd find you two back here. The fans missed you guys tonight!" "Ah, shut it Kry, we all know they want to see you..." "Nonsense, they ask about you and Puss all the time. It's Sans they never ask about, surprisingly, usually the silent ones have the biggest fanbase. Regardless, I think they'd really appreciate seeing the two of you out there more often."

"Hell, why not? I'll run out real quick, might be good to unwind, I'll be back in a few. Wanna come with, Puss?" "No, no, my days as a legend are over. I'm content to rest here. Please, enjoy yourself."

The wolf stepped out, her nails clattering on the concrete floors as the door shut behind her. Krystal sat next to the meager cat, the table assorted with makeup and hair dressing materials. "What's up with you, Boots?" Her face straightened out into a concerned glare towards the tabby. "Ah, nothing serious. My time with Death has made me question my role yet again. We are a great band and I am proud to be among such talented people, but I have lost my taste for performance. Once upon a time, I believed in it, I now realize that was a mistake."

"Eh, don't worry about it, me and Fox used to hate all the attention we got but after so many interviews and time spent with fans, we learned to appreciate it. It's easy to hate until you realize that every

person asking for an autograph or a picture or a high five has been positively impacted by your life. Every person you saved, every town helped will never forget that.” “Ah, it is not the fans I’m worried about. I have always had an appreciation for the fans. I am worried about becoming the person I once was. The *Legend*.”

“Well, when you’re a celebrity, you will always be a legend. The people will know you from your escapades, your adventures, and your music, no matter the truth. Don’t concern yourself with it. You will be who you are and you are our band mate, a good friend, and a noble cat worth his claws.” The fox smiled down, almost motherly in appearance and Puss smirked back, emboldened. “Well, I suppose it couldn’t hurt to say hi to some of the fans, would it? Would you mind accompanying me to them?” “Sure, let’s see what trouble Loona’s cooking up.”

The two rose from their seats, Puss swiftly snatching his hat from the table. As they turned, a mass of bones loomed over the cat and fox. “Oh... hey Sans, when’d you get here?” The skeleton shrugged, his grin as painted on as they first met. “Me and the *senorita* were going to visit some of the fans before we rode out, you want to come with, Bonesy?”

Sans looked away for a second, thinking. “Nah, I was thinking I’d stay a-bone for tonight.” The two chuckled. “Ah, well, enjoy yourself then. Tell Papyrus we said hello, yeah?” The skeleton nodded, stepping aside.

The two departed for the crowd. “Sheesh, he gives me a chill in my bones.” “I know, a year on tour and he’s still only said a couple words, I wonder what’s up with him?” They stepped out, Loona

taking pictures with the adoring mass of fans eagerly awaiting their attention.