Happy 5th anniversary to Undertale! :D Again! ;P And to celebrate it a little more, here is a request I did for @Smileheart110. It’s a story about Sans tickling Papyrus and serves as a possible direct follow-up to “A Humerus Sleepover,” a story that I coincidentally uploaded around the time of Undertale’s second anniversary three years ago. Funny how things like out like that, huh? Hehehe. Enjoy! :)

NOTE: Right as you start reading the story, you’re going to notice a time range; April 25-May 1. Since I don’t say what year my stories take place, I am simply informing all of you of what days the story can take place; with the earliest possible day being April 25 and the last possible day being May 1. :)

Toby Fox© Undertale.

**“HUMERUS” REVENGE**

Saturday… April 25-May 1… 8:00pm… exactly 4 hours after Frisk and MK left…

Papyrus: HUH, WHA… WHA… WHAT THE… WOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! OH MY GOD, I'M SPIIIIIIIIINNING!!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! I'M SPINNING AND I CAN'T STOP!!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! WOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA… \*shouted a tall goofy skeleton while getting spun around and around in circles against his will until he was rendered fully awake\*

It is a Saturday night at Sans and Papyrus's house and Papyrus, after waking up from a relaxing nap after eating some leftover spaghetti for supper, has found himself in a rather sticky situation! Rather than sitting comfortably in a chair or lying down comfortably on a bed or a couch, he is hanging from the sturdy ceiling fan in his living room, strung up to it like a marionette with his bony arms above his head, and is spinning around and around at full speed screaming like a maniac! Also, he's only wearing his black pants and red boots. Someone removed his red hoodie and black t-shirt while he was sleeping!

Papyrus: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! PLEASE; PLEASE MAKE THE SPINNING STOP!!!! \*pleaded Papyrus as he continued spinning\* AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! BEFORE I GET SICK!!!! \*he inadvertently added, knowing how unlikely it is for a skeleton such as himself to become ill after spinning around in circles too much\* AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA~

After what felt like an eternity to Papyrus but was really only just one minute, the ceiling fan started slowing down and then as soon as it stopped rotating completely, Papyrus said the following in high hopes that Sans is somewhere in the house,

Papyrus: Nyeh! Oh, my god! Nyeh! Sans! Sans, help me! \*pleaded Papyrus worriedly, barely able to move a single part of his body and struggling immensely to get out of the air and back onto the living room floor after fully realizing his current predicament\* Please; please, please, please; please! I'm in the air and I can't get down! Nyeh! And I feel dizzy! Very dizzy! Too dizzy to free myself with magic… that I… can't… use! \*he then said with a horrified expression after a failed attempt to free himself with magic\* Ahhhhhhh! Nyoo hoo hoo! Nyooooooo!

Also, while he was sleeping, someone attached a mini nullifier on the back of his skull; a nullifier that strips him of his magic upon activation but does not render his bony body immobile in any way, shape, or form!

Sans: Heheheheheh. Didn't mean to wake you, bro. \*said Sans in response with a cheeky smile, revealing to his brother that he was the one responsible for stringing him up like a marionette to the ceiling fan\* Heheheheheh. Say, how's the weather up there? Heheheheheh.

Papyrus: \*gasp\* SAAAAAANNNNNNNNNS!! \*shouted Papyrus, ignoring Sans's rhetorical question\* Oh my god, when I get down from here, oh, I'm going to… Nyeh! I'm going to...

Sans: You're going to what? \*asked Sans as he spun Papyrus around once again, this time with the ceiling fan's rotation on the lowest possible setting. You are in no position to make threats, bro; especially not after that thing you, Frisk, MK, and Dad to me last night!

Last night during a sleepover; as revenge for pulling a whole bunch of pranks on various individuals throughout the majority of the month of April; Papyrus, Frisk, and MK tickle tortured Sans for an entire hour. Then immediately afterwards, Gaster showed up and tickled him too; right after creeping the hell out of everyone with a terrifying "prank" of his own. And they all got him good too! But tickle torturing and pranking Sans comes with a price though. That being; if you tickle Sans, he eventually tickles you back! Or in Papyrus's case, just one day after tickle torturing Sans!

Papyrus: Whaaaat?! Nyeh! B-b-b-but you said you d-d-didn't have any h-h-hard feelings about that, brother! \*Papyrus pointed out while spinning around and around in circles once again\* Ahhhhhhhh! Oh, my god, enough with the spinning already! I know it's something we wacky skeletons do regularly but it's different when it's being done against our will! Ahhhhhhhhhhh! And you know it too! Nyeh! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Sans: And I don't really. But I'm your big brother, Pap; and as your big brother, it's my job to make you laugh! And since you supposedly don't like my jokes and puns, I'm going to have to make you laugh with tickles instead. Lots of tickles! \*said Sans charismatically while turning off the ceiling fan\* …Right after you stop spinning.

Papyrus: Whaaaaat?! Oh no! N-n-n-not that! \*stammered Papyrus nervously; very nervously\* On… on second thought, s-s-spin me as much as you w-want, b-brother! \*he then exclaimed worriedly, trying to convince Sans not to tickle him while he's strung up like a marionette\* Just don't tickle me! Please! Not while I'm hanging from the ceiling fan! Tickle me on the floor instead!

Sans: Heheheheheh. Sorry, Pap. But my mind is made up. I tied you up like that so I could exact my revenge and that is what I intend to do. So… \*left eye turns blue\* Tickle, tickle, tickle! \*teased Sans as he summoned a single ghostly skeleton to tickle Papyrus\* Tickle, tickle, tickle! Heheheheh.

And just like that, Sans began tickling Papyrus; with just one floating skeleton hand that he summoned out of thin air. And with that hand, he tickled the upper three portions of Papyrus's spine, the most ticklish spot on his tall bony body! And it tickled like hell too; it's devilish index finger gliding slowly, skillfully, and teasingly against all 24 interlocked vertebrae and also poking around in between each individual vertebra; and to make matters worse for Papyrus, Sans was barely trying to tickle him! His spine is just way too ticklish and somehow, it's even more ticklish while he's hanging in the air! Probably because hanging in midair stretches out his spine so much that it drastically exposes those sensitive magical ligaments of his that hold his spine together… most of the time! ;)

Papyrus: EEEEEEEEEP!!!!!! NYEHEHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! \*cackled the tall goofy skeleton himself as a floating skeleton hand glided its index finger slowly down along his spine, teasingly circling around every individual vertebrae to get the best laughs possible out of him\* OHOHOOHOHOH MY GOHOHOOHHOHOD!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! OHOHOHOH; NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE; OH, THAT TIHIHHIHIIHHHICKLES!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEEHHEHHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! OH GOHOHOHOHHOD, STOHOHOHOHOHOP!!!!!! \*he immediately pleaded through his laughter and cackles\* NYEHEEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! MAKE IT STOHOHOHOOHOHHOHOP!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE HEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!! OH MY GOHOHOHOHOHOD!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! OH, IT'S SOHOHOHOHHOHO UNBEHEHEHEHEHEEARAHAHAHAHAHHAHAAHHABLE!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!

Sans: Heh. Begging already, bro? But I'm just getting started! Heheheheheh.

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHHHEHHEEEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!! SAHAAHHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHANS, MAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAKE IT STOHOHOHOOHOOHOHOP!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHHEEHEHEHHEHEHE!!!!!! OH GOHOHOHOHOD, MAHAHAHAHAKE IT STOHOHOHHOHOHOP!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!! PLEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEASE!!!!!! NYEHEHEHHEHEEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!

After 2 whole minutes, which felt like an eternity to Papyrus, the tickling came to a halt. But only for a brief moment so Sans could make a pun.

Papyrus: Whew! Thank goodness! Glad that's over and done with! \*Papyrus commented after the tickles, trying to trick his brother into thinking that he tickled him enough already\*

Sans: Heheheheh. Oh, no. You can't fool me that easily, bro. \*said Sans in response, immediately catching on to his younger brother's trick\* Remember, I've got a "bone" to pick with you! \*he added, summoning a total of 120 tiny bones to tickle Papyrus himself\* Heheheheheheheheh.

Papyrus: \*frightened gasp\* NYOO HOO HOO!! NYOO, BROTHER, NYOO!! NYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!! \*Papyrus burst into hysterical laughter and cackles once again, trying oh so desperately to fend of Sans’s bones but to no apparent avail\* EEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!! OHOHOHOH; NYEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHE; OHOHOHOOHOHOH GOHOHOHOOHOHOD!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!! OHOHOHOHOHOHOH, THEY'RE TICKLING ME EHEHEHEHEHEVERYWHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEERE ON MY RIBS AND SPIHIHIHIHIHIHHIHIHIHINE!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!

They most certainly are! With 48 tiny bones gliding against all 24 of his ribs on both the outside and inside of his ribcage (2 per rib), 22 tiny bones sliding back and forth and back and forth in between each one of his ribs, 48 tiny bones gliding against the 3 upper portions of his spine on both sides of his spine (24 individual vertebrae; 2 per vertebra), and 2 bones gliding against his sternum, Papyrus can’t stop laughing and cackling to save his own life! He’s so ticklish on his spine, ribs, and sternum and if he thinks that Sans is going to stop right after he’s finished tickling him with bones, he is gravely mistaken! Like Sans told him earlier, he’s just getting started. ;)

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEH!!!!!!!!! SOHOHOHOHOHO MANY BOHOHOHOHOHHOHOHONES!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEH!!!!!!!!! SO MANY BOHOHOHHOHOHOOHHOHONES, BROTHER!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!! WHY MUST YOU TOHOHOHOHORTURE ME WITH SOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOHO MANY BOHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHONES?!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!

Sans: Heheheheheh. Like I said, bro. I’ve got a “bone” to pick with you! Heheheheheheheh.

Papyrus: NYOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!! NOT PUNS TOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!! WHY MUST BAD THINGS HAHAHAHAHAHAAPPEN TO SUCH GREAT SKEHEHEHEHEHEHEHELETONS?!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!

After 4 minutes, Sans replaced the 120 tiny bones with floating skeleton hands; 50 of them to be exact, the maximum number of skeleton hands that he can summon at any one time! :O But not every hand tickled Papyrus right away though. To start it all out, Sans commanded 24 of the hands to tickle every individual vertebra that make up the three upper portions of his spine.

Papyrus: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!! NYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! NOT… NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEEHHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! \*Papyrus cackled heartily the moment he felt 24 devilish hands tickling his spine, sliding their index fingers and thumbs along the each one of his outer vertebral bones (the ones that stick out in the back) from their bases all the way to their tips and then back to their bases and then back to their tips and so on\* OH GOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOD, MAKE THEM STOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOOHOHOHOHOHOP!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHHEEHEHHEEHEHHEHHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! OH IT’S SOHHOHOHOHOHOHOOHO UNBEHEHEEHHEHEHEHEEARABLE!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!

Sans: Heh. Giving in already, bro? Heheheheheh. Well, ok then. Allow your big brother to give you a “hand!” \*said Sans “evilly,” sending 12 additional hands in Papyrus’s direction to tickle his ribs\* Heheheheheh. 12 more of them to be exact! Heheheheheheh.

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEHEHEHEHEEHHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHE!!!!!!!! \*Papyrus laughed and cackled harder the moment he felt 12 floating skeleton hands rake their fingers ever so slightly against his ribs on both the outside and inside of his ribcage (6 on the outside, 6 on the inside)\* SAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAANS, YOU NINCOMPOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOP, THAHAHAHAHAT’S ENOUGH!!!!!!!! \*he pleaded through his laughter and cackling, trying to convince his 28-year-old brother to stop tickling him once again\* NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHE!!!!!!!! THAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAAHAT’S ENOUGH, I SAHAHAHAHAHAHAAY!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEEHEHHEEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!

Sans: Heheheheheh. Gee, what’s so funny, Pap? Is there something… “Tickling your ribs?”

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!! YOOHOOHOOHOOU KNHOHOHOHOHOHOHOW THERE IS!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!! AND I’D LIKE IT TO STOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOP!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!

Sans: Heh. Sorry; can’t do that yet. Not until I tickle your “funny bones.” \*stated Sans cheekily, sending 6 additional hands in Papyrus’s direction to tickle his sternum and arms\*

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHE HEEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! \*Papyrus cackled and laughed even more hysterically, 2 hands drumming their fingers softly on his sternum with every passing second\* OOOOOOHOOOHOOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOOHOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOO WOOHOOHOOOHOHOHOHOOHOOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOHOOO; OOH, I FEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEL FUNNY!!!!!!!!!! \*he then said hilariously through his laughter a few seconds later once four hands began sliding their fingers along his arms where his ulnar nerves (aka funny bones) would be if they were visible\* VEEHEHHEHEHEHHEEHERY FUNNY!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! BEEHEEHEEHEEHEEECAHAHAHAHAHAHAUSE YOHOHOHOHOHOHOU AHAHAHARE INDEEHEEHEEHEEHEED TICKLING MY FUHUHUHUHUUHUHUNNY BOHOHOHOHOHONES!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! OOOOOOHOOOOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOOHOOOHOOOHOO WOOHOOHOOOHOOHOHOHOHOOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOO WEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! NYEEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!

Sans: Heheheheheheh, I most certainly am. But if you think about it, every single one of your bones is funny, bro. \*said Sans honestly, moments before sending 2 hands to tickle Papyrus’s clavicles and shoulder blades\* Like these bones for example!

To add to the tickle torture, Sans has commanded two floating hands to wiggles their thumbs against Papyrus’s clavicles (collarbones) and their index, middle, ring, and pinky fingers against his shoulder blades. All while the existing 42 hands continue tickling his vertebrae, ribs, arms, and sternum!

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! \*Papyrus cackled and laughed even more hysterically, kicking his legs as if he were pedaling a bicycle (very slowly due to the effects of the nullifier attached to the back of his skull) as a means of dealing with his seemingly unbearable tickle torture\* NYOOHOOHOOHOOOHOO, NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHHEHEHE, NOT THEHEHEHEHERE!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! MERCY, BROHOHOHOHOHOHOTHER!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! MEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHERCY!!!!!!!!!! \*he pleaded through his laughter once more in hopes of convincing his brother to give in and cut him down from the ceiling fan\* NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! OOOOHOOHOOOHOOOHHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOO WOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOHOO~!!!!!!!!!!

Sans: Mercy? Ha! There will be no mercy for you on this particular night, Papyrus! \*said Sans
“evilly” And if you could think straight right about now, you’d know that too! \*he added, knowing how hard it is for Papyrus to think properly while being tickled\* Hmm… maybe this will “jog your memory!”

To add to the tickle torture, Sans commanded four hands to tickle Papyrus’s skull! :O What followed of course was even more hysterical cackling and laughter from the tall 22-year-old skeleton himself as it was quite an unusual spot to be tickled by floating skeleton hands. 2 scribbling their fingers against the sides of his skull where his ears would be if he had any, 1 hand scribbling its fingers against the back of his skull, and an additional hand scribbling its fingers against the top of his skull where some hair would be if he had any; he was an absolute mess and there was nothing he could do but cry tears out of his eye sockets and take everything Sans threw at him!

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHHHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHE!!!!!!!!!! OHOHOHOHOHOH MY GOHOHOHOHOHOHOD, NOHHOHOHOHOHOT MY SKUHUHUHUHUUHUHUHULL!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! OOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOO WOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! NYEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH HEHEHEHEHEHHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEH!!!!!!!!!! I’LL HAVE YOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOUR HEAD FOR THIS, BROHOHOHOHOHOHOHOTHER!!!!!!!!!! \*threatened Papyrus through his cackling and laughter, trying and failing to sound even remotely annoyed with Sans with every passing second of his agonizing tickle torture\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!

Sans: Uh-huh. Sure you will. \*said Sans sarcastically with a chuckle, right before sending an additional hand to tickle Papyrus’s jawbone (mandible) as he continues laughing and cackling incredibly hysterically\*

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! OHOHOHOHOOHOH; NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE, OH GOOHOOHOOHOOD HEHEHEHEHEHEHEAVENS; NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHE, OH DEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEAR GOHOHOHOHOHOHOD, NOT MY JAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAW BOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOOHOHONE!!!!!!!!!! NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEHEHHEE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! OHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOH, WHY MUST YOU TICKLE MY ABSOHOHOHOOHOOHOHOHOHOHOHOLUTE WORST TICKLE SPOHOHOHOHHOHOHOTS, BROHOHOHOHOOHOHOHOHTHER?!!!!!!!!!! \*asked Papyrus rhetorically through his laughter as 48 hands continued tickling the hell out of his vertebrae, ribs, sternum, arms, clavicles, shoulder blades, skull and as 1 new hand began wiggling its bony fingers devilishly against the underside of his jawbone\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! OOOOOOOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO WOOOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOOHHOOOHOOHOOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOO!!!!!!!!!! YIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHHEHEEHHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!

49 hands! Papyrus is now being tickled by 49 hands and while Papyrus claims that the tickling is incredibly unbearable, he’s actually taking it quite well to be perfectly honest and is actually getting some enjoyment out of it. He is a tough skeleton after all. But, what will happen when Sans tickles him with all 50 of his floating hands? And to make matters worse for Papyrus, there’s still one “death spot” on his upper body that Sans hasn’t tickled yet!

Sans: Heheheheheh. You know why, bro. \*answered Sans, sending the final hand in Papyrus’s direction\* Heheheheheheh. Now, for my final trick… \*he added, sending the hand next closer and closer to Papyrus’s head\*

Papyrus: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! NYHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! NYOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!!! NYOOOHOOHOOHOO, NYOOHOOHOHOO, NYOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOO, NYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!!! \*Papyrus shouted frighteningly through his laughter, just mere moments before the final floating hand attacked his most sensitive spot on his skull, his VOMER\* NOT MY… VOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMEHEHEHEHEHEHER!!!!!!!!!! \*he immediately pleaded as the final hand’s index finger slid slowly and teasingly up and down along his vomer bone\* NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! OHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOH MY GOHOHOHOHOHOHOD, NOT MY VOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMEHEHEHEHEHEHER!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! OOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOOHOOHOO WOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOHHOOOHOO OOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOHOOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOHOO WOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!!! OH MY GOD, EVERYTHING TIHIHIHIHIHIIHIHIHICKLES SOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO MUCH, BROHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOTHER!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! OHOHOHOHOHOH, YOU REEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEALLY OUTDID YOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOURSELF THIS TIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIME!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! OOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOO WOOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOOHOOHOHOOHOHOHOHOOHOHOOHOOOHOO EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEE!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! YIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHEHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!

50 hands! Papyrus is now being tickled by all 50 of Sans’s floating hands! 24 hands tickling his spine, 12 hands tickling his ribs, 4 hands tickling his arms, 2 hands tickling his sternum, 2 hands tickling his clavicles and shoulder blades, and 6 hands tickling the most sensitive spots on his skull; it’s absolute madness and there’s absolutely nothing Papyrus can do but take everything Sans throws at him! Gee; if only his body hadn’t been rendered nearly immobile by some nullifier that Sans assembled all by himself during his time on the Surface!

10 minutes later (which felt like 100 minutes to Papyrus)…

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! OHOHOOHOHOHOHOHHHOHOHOH MY GOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOD, I’M ABOHOHOHOHOOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOUT TO BUHUHUHUHUHUHUUHUHUHURST!!!!!!!!!! \*claimed Papyrus through his nonstop cackling and laughter, tears now running out of his eye sockets like seemingly endless waterfalls\* NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHHEHE!!!!!!!!!! BROHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOTHER, NYEHEHEHHEHEHEHEEHEHHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHE, PLEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEASE STOP!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! PLEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEASE STOP BEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEEHEEHEEFORE I… NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! BEEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEFOHOHHHOHOHOOHOHORE I… \*POP\*

Right as Papyrus was pleading, something fell onto the floor directly underneath Papyrus. HIS LONG BONY LEGS… with the sacrum and coccyx still attached to them! Wow! Papyrus had apparently laughed hard enough that his own sacrum somehow detached from his lowest lumbar vertebra! :O XD And once that happened, Sans made all of the hands tickling Papyrus’s upper body disappear, giving him a much needed and well-deserved break in the process.

Sans: Heh. Well that was unexpected. \*said Sans awkwardly after witnessing Papyrus’s disembodied legs on the floor… with Papyrus’s black pants around their ankles for some reason\* That nullifier I attached to your skull was supposed to prevent you from disassembling. …Huh. Looks like I’ll have to work out the kinks more in the lab. (Heh. Looks like I should have used one of Gaster’s nullifiers instead. :/)

Sans has a secret lab behind one of the walls in his basement. He goes there whenever he feels the need to work on experiments and inventions. ;)

Papyrus: WAIT, WHAT?! THERE’S A SCIENCY THINGY ATTACHED TO MY SKULL?!! \*Papyrus quickly and angrily asked in response; quickly since he’s a skeleton that doesn’t need to breathe and therefore did not to catch his breath after all of that wacky tickle torture he just endured\* OH MY GOD, NO WONDER I’M SO SLUGGISH AND… Wait, why do I feel… lighter? \*he then asked nervously, moments before looking down\* NYEH! MY LEGS! SANS, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY LEGS?! NYEH! \*he then shouted nervously after witnessing that his lower body was missing but then happily after noticing that his legs were in close proximity… Oh, there they are! Never mind! Nyeh heh heh!

Sans: Heheheheh; yup. \*said Sans in response; his practically permanent smile widening to indicate some mischievousness\*

Papyrus: Wait a second! Sans, why are my pants around my ankles?! Did you do that?! Did you pull my pants down?! Again?! \*asked Papyrus angrily\*

Sans: Heheheheheheheh; nope. It wasn’t me this time, bro. I swear. \*answered Sans honestly, but with a cheeky smile that did not convince Papyrus that he was indeed telling him the truth\*

Papyrus: \*annoyed sigh\* Yeah, I’m not falling for that one, brother. Not again. …Now get over here and reattach my legs before I… Nyeh? PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! \*Papyrus cackled heartily the moment he felt something… LICKING HIS RIGHT FEMUR?! Despite the fact that his lower body currently isn’t attached his upper body!\* OHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOH MY GOHOHOHOOHOHOHOHOD, NOHOHOHOHOT AGAIN!!!!!! NYEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE!!!!!!

Sans: Heheheheheh. Good boy. Heheheheheh.

???: Bark! Bark! \*pants\* Bark! \*barked a mysterious little creature in response, moments before it began licking Papyrus’s other femur\*

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEH!!!!!! WAIT!!!!!! \*said Papyrus, recognizing the familiar barking sounds\* NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! THAT BAHAHAHAHAHAHAHARKING!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! SAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHANS, YOU TRAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAITOR!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHE!!!!!! HOHOHOHOHOHOW DARE YOU WOHOHOHOHOHOHOHORK WITH THAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAT MUTT, NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEE, JUST TO TOHOHOHOHOHOHHORMENT ME!!!!!! NYEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!

Sans: Ahem, that “mutt’s” name is TOBY (aka THE ANNOYING DOG) and he would very much appreciate it if you didn’t call him a mutt. Heheheheheh. Isn’t that right, boy? Oh, you are such a good boy! \*said Sans to Toby in playful pet talk while petting Toby, complimenting him for doing such a good job making Papyrus laugh by licking his femurs\*

Toby: Bark! Bark! Bark! \*pants\* Bark! \*chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp, chomp\*

And just when Papyrus didn’t think the tickle torture couldn’t get any worse, Toby began biting and nibbling on his femurs! XD

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! \*Papyrus laughed and cackled harder the moment he felt Toby munch on his legs; for no purpose other than to tickle him some more\* SAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHANS, MAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHHAHAHAKE HIM STOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOP!!!!!! HIS TEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEETH TICKLE SOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO MUCH!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE!!!!!! OHOHOHOHOH MY GOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOD!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!

Sans: Heheheheheheh. \*Sans just chuckled in response, before leaving the living room long enough to grab a step ladder as well as a few… other materials ;)\*

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! NYOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOO, NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE, SAHAHAHAHAHAHAHANS, DOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHON’T LEEHEEHEEHEEHEEAVE ME!!!!!! NYEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!

Sans: Heheheheheheh. Don’t worry, bro. I’m coming back. Heheheheheh~

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! YEHEHEHEHEHEAH, YOU BEHEHEHEHEHEHEHETTER!!!!!! NYEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE!!!!!! OHOHOHOHOHOHOHOR ELSE I’M GOING TO HAHAHAHAHHAVE TO KICK YOHOHOHHOHOUR BOHOHOHOOHONY BUTT WHEHEHEHEN I GET OUT OF THIS!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!

For about 90 seconds, Toby licked and munched on just about every inch of Papyrus’s femurs like they were the best bones he ever munched on. He found the taste of them delectable; so delectable that he continued licking and munching of them well after Sans returned to the living room with a step ladder.

Sans: Heheheheheheh. \*Sans chuckled as he climbed the step ladder after placing it next to Papyrus\* Perfect!

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!

What? Sans needs a step ladder to reach Papyrus? Sans, the same bonehead that can somehow stack 30 hotdogs on a child’s head without the use of a step ladder?! What’s going on here? :/

Sans: Heheheheheh. Yeah, I know. I don’t need to use this ladder. I just want to, ok?

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! SUHUHUHUHUHUHUHUHURE, BROHOHOHOHOHOHOTHER!!!!!! NYEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHE!!!!!! YOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOU GOHOHOHOHOHO AHEAD AND DOOHOOHOO THAHAHAHAHAHAAHAT!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!

Papyrus didn’t even question Sans about the usage of the step ladder! XD Haha! It just goes to show that not everything Sans does comes as a surprise to Papyrus! ;)

Sans: \*excited gasp\* Ooh, really? Heheheheheh. Gee, thanks, bro. \*said Sans cheekily in response, pulling 2 feathers out of 2 of his jacket pockets; one blue and one orange\* Heheheheheheh. And not meaning to make assumptions but I think you’re going to find what I have in store for you very… “humerus.” Heheheheheheheheh~

Then, a few seconds later, Sans, with a blue feather in his left hand and an orange feather in his right hands, began tickling both of Papyrus’s humeri; gliding the plumes skillfully along every inch of them with every passing second. And as Sans began tickling Papyrus’s humeri, Toby began licking and munching on tibias and fibulas, which were somehow even more delectable than his femurs!

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH HEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEH!!!!!!! \*Papyrus laughed and cackled much more heartily in response to brand new ticklish sensations; a blue feather gliding ever so slightly against his right humerus, an orange feather gliding ever so slightly against his left humerus, and a slobbery dog tongue lapping his tibias and fibulas\* OHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHHOH MY GOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOD, NOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOT THERE WITH YOHOHOHOOHOOHOUR FEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEATHERS, BROHOHOHOHOHOTHER!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!! NOT THERE; BWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO HOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOHOOHOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!! \*he laughed even more heartily the moment he felt dog teeth munching on his tibia and fibulas\* NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!! AND, BAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAD DOG, TOHOHOHOBY!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE!!!!!!! BAD DOHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOG!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!! OOOOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOO WOOHOOHOOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOOHOO~!!!!!!!

Toby: Woof! Woof! Woof! Woof! \*pants\*

Sans: Heheheheheh. Yeah, you tell him, buddy! You’re not a bad dog! You’re a good dog! Heheheheheheh~

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!! OOOOOOOOHOOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOOOHOOOHOOHOOOO WOOHOOOHOOHOOOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOO~!!!!!!!

After one minute and to add to the tickle torture, Sans summoned two floating hands to tickle in between Papyrus’s radiuses and ulnas, two veeeeeeerrrrrrrrry sensitives parts of his bony arms! And with Papyrus’s own two feathers, which are blue and orange like Sans’s two feathers, no less!

Papyrus: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!! NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEH, NYOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOOHOO!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE; NOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOT MOHOHOHOHOHOHORE FEATHERS, BROHOHHOHOHHOHOHOTHER!!!!!!!! \*pleaded Papyrus through his laughter the moment he felt a second blue feather saw back and forth and back and forth in between his right radius and right ulna and a second orange feather saw back and forth and back in between his left radius and left ulna\* NYEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!

Sans: Heheheheh; more feathers? Heh; sure thing, bro! Coming right up! \*said Sans jokingly in response, seconds before summoning six additional floating hands to tickle his ribs with feather dusters\*

Papyrus: YIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! \*Papyrus screamed with maniacal laughter the moment he felt 6 feather dusters brush against every single one of his ribs; one against his right ribs on the front side of ribcage, a second one against his right ribs on the back side of his ribcage, a third one against his right ribs on the inside of his ribcage, a fourth one against his left ribs on the front side of his ribcage, a fifth one against his left ribs on the back side of his ribcage, and a sixth one against his left ribs on the inside of his ribcage\* OHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOH MY GOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOD, WHY DOOHOOHOOHOOHOO WE HAHAHAHAAHHAAHAHAHAVE SOHOHOHOHOHOHOHO MANY FEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEATHER DUSTERS, BROHOHOHOHOHOHOTHER?!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! WHY, BROHOHOHOHOHOHOHOTHER, WHY?!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! OOOOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOO WOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOHOOHOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOO~!!!!!!!!!!

Sans: Heh. Dunno. Ask these guys. Maybe they can tell you! \*said Sans cheekily in response, summoning two Gaster Blasters to lick, nuzzle, and nibble Papyrus’s spine\* Heheheheheh~

Papyrus: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! NYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!!! \*pleaded Papyrus desperately through his laughter, trying to convince Sans not to tickle him with blasters\* NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEEHEHHEHHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!! NYOOOOO, NYOO, NYOO, NYOO, NYOO, NYOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOO OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO HOOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOO!!!!!!!!!! \*he laughed and cackled insanely loud the moment he felt blaster tongues licking his lumbar vertebrae on both sides of his spine; so loud that Sans wound up summoning a few floating hands to plug Toby’s ears as he continued licking and munching on his legs bones; and a few more to place their fingers on his own skull and Papyrus’s skull where their ears would be if they had any\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!

It was very considerate of Sans to cover up Toby’s ears and his and Papyrus’s “ears” in order to prevent hearing loss. But right after he did so however, he initiated a real “deadly” tickle attack on Papyrus’s ribs! Right after summoning two floating hands to take over tickling his humeri with his own two feathers, he began COLORING EACH AND EVERY ONE OF PAPYRUS’S RIBS!!! :O WITH MARKERS!!! ON THE FRONT AND BACK SIDE OF HIS RIB CAGE!!! And once he did that, it was all over for Papyrus! Seriously! With a little white mischievous dog shamelessly lapping every inch of his legs with his slobbery tongue, 6 floating hands twiddling feather dusters and feathers against his ribs and arm bones respectively, Gaster Blasters licking, nuzzling, and nibbling his lumbar vertebrae, and Sans coloring every single one of his ribs with markers, Papyrus laughed so loud and so hard that he could barely speak! Everything tickled so much and by the time it’s all over, Sans won’t be surprised if Papyrus laughs and cackles until noon the following day! But wait! How is Sans able to color Papyrus’s ribs while floating hands are already tickling them with feather dusters? Simple! Every time Sans colors one of Papyrus’s ribs with markers, he just commands the hands to tickle every rib that he’s not concentrating on coloring. ;)

Papyrus: YIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!!!! \*Papyrus laughed and cackled boisterously at the top of his nonexistent lungs, squirming as much as his limited movement allowed him to do so with every passing second of both old and new ticklish sensations flowing through his super sensitive bones\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!!!! OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO HOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO WOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOHOOHOO HOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!!!!! \*he laughed and cackled once more as Sans colored his ribs with markers one by one, both slowly and teasingly and moving the step ladder around whenever necessary in order to get the job done\* EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!!!

Toby: Ruff! Ruff! Woof! Woof! Bark! Bark! Yip! Yip! \*pants\* Ruff! Ruff! Woof! Woof! Bark! Bark! Yip! Yip! \*said Toby, expressing how much he loves making Papyrus laugh\*

Sans: Heheheheheheh. Hell yes, Toby. Couldn’t have said it better myself. Heheheheheheh.

Toby: Bark! Bark! \*said Toby in response, before stopping long enough to do a backflip\*

Sans: Heheheheh. Wow; good boy, Toby. Oh, you’re such a good boy. \*said Sans to Toby in playful pet talk\* You deserve a treat for that. An actual dog treat; not one of Papyrus’s bones! \*he added, recalling an instance where Toby ran off with one of Papyrus’s femurs XD\* Got it? I don’t want another repeat of that!

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEEHHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!!!

Sans: Heheheheheh. Wow; this is looking better than I thought it would! \*said Sans, acknowledging his coloring job on Papyrus’s ribs\* Do you like colorful ribs, Papyrus? Because that’s exactly what you’re going to have by the time I’m finished. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple; RAINBOW RIBS! On both sides! Double rainbow! Ooooooh! Yeeeeeeaaaaaah! Double rainbow all the way across your ribs; what does it mean? Whoooooooooooo! Heheheheheheh~

Rainbow ribs indeed! By the time Sans is finished coloring, Papyrus should have multiple colored ribs without a single trace of their normal white color; with his first and seventh sets of ribs (first from the top) being colored red, his second and eighth sets of ribs being colored orange, his third and ninth sets of ribs being colored yellow, his fourth and tenth sets of ribs being colored green, his fifth and eleventh sets of ribs being colored blue, and his sixth and twelfth sets of ribs being colored purple. ;) And just in time for his LARPing session with his friends tomorrow too! With rainbow ribs, Papyrus can LARP as a shirtless barbarian skeleton armed with his special weapon in its curved sword form. ;P

Papyrus: NYEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!!!! OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO HOOHOOHOOHOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO WOOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO HOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOOHOOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOO!!!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!!!! YIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE HEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHHEEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!!!!!!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!!!!!!!!!!!! NYEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!!!

30 minutes later…

Papyrus: NYEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE HEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!!!!!!!!!!

\*Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep, beep\*

Toby: Bark! \*barked Toby with a confused expression, stopping his ticklish assault on Papyrus after hearing some strange beeping noises\*

\*BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP\*

As the strange noises got louder and louder, Toby’s eyes widened with fear. Whimpering, his entire body grew tense and then before Sans knew it, he scurried on out of the living room whining as if he were in grave danger.

Sans: Huh. I wonder what got into him. \*said Sans with a confused expression on his face after witnessing Toby scurry out of the living room while whining and whimpering with fear, right as he finished coloring Papyrus’s ribs with markers. \*gasp\* OH NO! \*he shouted frighteningly, now that’s he finally noticed some strange beeping sounds\* OH SHI…

\*KAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!\*

Sans: WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!! \*shouted Sans as he flew across his living room, right before his bony body hit the north-facing wall and broke into 6 separate pieces; his head, his right arm, his left arm, his torso, his left leg, and his right leg\* OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOF!!!! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! \*he shouted again, losing his shorts, jacket, and t-shirt somehow and ending his ticklish assault on Papyrus as his own head, limbs, and torso fell onto the floor\* OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOF!!!!

30 MINUTES!!! :O Sans and Toby tickled Papyrus for 30 whole minutes! Without a single break! But then again, Papyrus doesn’t need to breathe. So giving him a break was not necessary. But that factor alone did not change Papyrus’s viewpoint on the tickle torture overall! The entire thing was seemingly unbearable and even though it went on for only 30 minutes, it felt like 300 minutes to Papyrus; being the ticklish skeleton that he is! 4 feathers, 6 feather dusters, 2 Gaster Blasters, a dog’s tongue, and markers sure make for one “deadly” combination and its one that Sans will certainly have to keep in mind for another time. But right now though, Sans needs to focus on putting himself back together! He was having so much fun coloring Papyrus’s ribs that he didn’t even pay attention to the nullifier’s beeping noises that warn bystanders to evacuate the room before emitting a sonic blast the would send them flying several feet through the air if they stayed put. But it’s fine! He’s a skeleton that easily reassemble himself; provided that he doesn’t accidentally kick his head down some stairs… or into a laundry chute. XD

Sans: Ergh! Damn it! \*sigh\* Ok, where to begin. Legs, maybe? \*Sans asked himself, before accidentally causing his right leg to kick his head over towards the basement’s entrance\* WAIT! NOOOOO! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! \*BLEEP\*ER \*BLEEP\*ER, NOOOOOOOOOO! AHHHHHHHHHHH! \*BLEEP\* \*BLEEP\* \*BLEEP\* OHHHHHHH NOOOOOOOOOOO! \*he panicked as his head rolled on the floor, shouting nervously and cussing all the while due to forgetting to close the door before he began tickling Papyrus\* AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Papyrus: Nyeh heh heh! Fear not, brother! For I, the Great Papyrus, am here to rescue you! \*shouted a reassembled Papyrus, running in and stopping Sans’s head from rolling with his weapon in its scythe form in just in the nick of time; before it started rolling down the basement steps\* Nyeh heh heh! \*he then said while closing the basement door\*

Sans: Wow! Good save, bro! Real good save!

Papyrus: Nyeh heh heh! Why, thank you, Sans!

While Sans was concentrating on reassembling himself, Papyrus, who regained all of his magic after the effects of the nullifier wore of, used tiny bones to untie the knots of the ropes that were holding him in place, which in turn caused his upper body to fall on the floor right next to his legs. Then a few seconds after landing on the floor, he reattached his lowest lumbar vertebra to his sacrum, stood up, and then pulled his black pants up. Just mere seconds before Sans accidentally kicked his head over towards the basement entrance. ;)

Sans: Heh. Don’t mention it. And while you’re up, would you mind putting me back together? \*asked Sans’s disembodied head somewhat of a troll face, causing Papyrus to give him a look of annoyance\* I’d do it myself but \*yawns\* you’re just so much better at it than me. You know; because you’re not lazy like me. Heheheheh.

Papyrus: (Oh, I’ll put you back together, brother!) \*Papyrus thought “evilly” to himself\* (Nyehehehehehehe~) Nyeh heh heh! Of course, brother! I’d be happy to! \*he then answered enthusiastically while “sheathing” his magical weapon; in order to prevent Sans from becoming suspicious\* Nyeh heh heh!

Sans: Heheheheh. Cool. Thanks. \*Sans then said to Papyrus chillaxed manner, believing that Papyrus will reassemble him the way he usually does; head connected to the neck bone, arm bones connected to the shoulder bones, thigh bones connected to the hip bones; just like in one of their favorite songs XD\* Heheheheh… Wait! \*he then shouted nervously, realizing something out of the ordinary\* Gah! Papyrus! Papyrus, what the hell are you doing?! That doesn’t go there! Ahhhhh! And that doesn’t go there! And, ohhhhhh my, that especially doesn’t go there!

Instead of properly putting Sans’s body back together, Papyrus instead attached Sans’s limbs and head to joints that that they’re not normally supposed to attach to; attaching his right leg to where his head’s normally supposed to go, his right arm to where his left arm’s normally supposed to go, his left leg to where his left arm’s normally supposed to go, his left arm to where his right leg is normally supposed to go, and his head to where his left leg is normally supposed to go! XD

Papyrus: Pffffffffffffff… Nyehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehehe!!! \*cackled Papyrus after standing up to admire his work\* Ohohohohohoh my gohohohohod!!! Sans, nyehehehehehehehe, oh my gohohoohod, you look so... Nyehehehehehehehehehehe!!! You look so… Nyehehehehehehehehehehe!!! HILARIOUS!!! NYEHEHEHEEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEEHHEHEEHEHHEEHEHEHE!!! \*he then burst into full on laughter, like it was the funniest damn thing he’d ever seen in his entire life\* OHOHOH MY GOHOHOHOHOOHOD!!! NYEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!! You have a leg where’s your head’s supposed to be!!! Nyehehehehehehehe!!! And an arm and your head where your legs are supposed to be!!! NYEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE~!!!

Sans: Heh; yeah, real good joke, Pap. Real good joke. Bravo. \*said Sans, appearing to take kindly to his new look\*

Papyrus: Nyehehehehehehe!! Thanks. But worry not, brother. I, the Great Papyrus will not let you stay like that. In fact, I’ll change you back right now! Nyeh heh heh!

But he didn’t though! As another joke, he rearranged Sans’s limbs and head once again. But the second time however, it was a more favorable rearrangement. He kept San’s right arm where his left arm’s normally supposed to be but as for his head and other limbs; he moved those to different locations and by the time Papyrus was finished with the rearrangement, Sans had his left arm where his right arm’s normally supposed to be, his right leg where his left leg’s normally supposed to be, and his left leg where his right leg’s normally supposed to be. They were all attached to the wrong joints; except for Sans’s head. San’s head was the only part of his body that was attached to the correct joint, much to Sans’s annoyance. But Sans shouldn’t complain too much though. Papyrus could’ve put his head on backwards too while he was it. XD

Sans: Gah! Papyrus, you jerk! How dare you! \*said Sans with a rare annoyed tone in his voice, struggling to stand up while hilariously flailing his wrongly attached limbs around as if he had no control of his body\* How am I supposed to give Toby treats out of my floor safe like this? (Two treats for helping me tickle Papyrus and one treat for doing a backflip. Heheheh.)

Since Toby has a rather compulsive habit of devouring an entire bag or box of dog treats, regardless of the size; in just a matter of minutes or seconds, Sans keeps a bag of some of his absolute favorite dog treats in a floor safe in his bedroom; in an attempt to teach Toby about portion control. Only Sans knows the combination and he’d like to keep it that way too; no matter what.

Papyrus: Um… Magic, perhaps?

Sans: Magic? Pfft. Pap, you know better than anyone how hard it is for me to use magic when my limbs aren’t placed where they’re supposed to be! So, please, as your brother, I’m begging you to put me back together properly. And please hurry; before Toby… PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF… MUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHEUHEUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHEHHEUHEUHUEHUEHUE!!!!!!!!!! \*Sans burst into bellowing laughter all of a sudden due to something furry brushing against the inside of his ribcage\* BEEHEEHEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEFOOHOHOHHORE TOHOHOHOHOBY… \*SNORT\* HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! OHOHOH \*BLEEP\*!!!!!!!!!! BWAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHA~!!!!!!!!!!

Upon closer inspection, Sans and Papyrus realized that Toby was scuffling around inside Sans’s ribcage as if he were in a small doghouse or a dog cage with bones inside of it to munch on. Brushing his soft white coat of fur against Sans’s ribs and spine, licking and munching on Sans’s ribs and spine like they were most delectable bones in the entire world, scratching against Sans ribs and spine with his claws as if he were scratching a door, nuzzling Sans’s ribs and spine with his cold wet nose, and wagging his tail against each one of Sans’s ribs and spine; Toby got Sans laughing like crazy; possibly to try and get the combination to the floor safe in his room out of him to gain access to some dog treats. XD

Sans: HUHUHUHUHUH?!!!!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! T-T-TOHOHOHOHOHOBY; \*SNORT\* HAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHA, BUDDY, WHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAAT ARE YOU DOOHOOHOOHOOHOOING?!!!!!!!!!! \*asked Sans in disbelief through his laughter, struggling to stand up with a little white dog scuffling inside his ribcage as if it were in a doghouse\* MUEHEUEHEUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUHEUHEUHUEHUEHUEHUEHUHEUHEUHEUE!!!!!!!!!! THIS WAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHASN’T PAHAHAHAHHAART OF THE DEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEAL, REEHEEHEEHEEHEEMEMBER?!!!!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* GAHAHHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! OHOHOHOHOHOHOHOH GOHOHOHOHOHOHOD, STOHOHOHOHOHOOP!!!!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* HAHAHHAAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAAHHA!!!!!!!!!! STOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOOHOP IT, PLEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEEHEEHEEASE!!!!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* MUEHUHEUHEUHEUHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHEUHEUHEUHUEHUE!!!!!!!!!! IT TIHIHIHIHIHIHICKLES!!!!!!!!!! MUEHEUHEUHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHEUHEUHEUE!!!!!!!!!! IT TIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIHIIHIHIHIHICKLES!!!!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* BWAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAAHHA~!!!!!!!!!!

Papyrus: Awwwww! Toby, is that your way of showing Sans how much you love him? \*asked Papyrus curiously, observing the cute scene below him as he stood up\* Nyehehehehehe!! If so, I approve of it! I approve of it greatly! Nyehehehehehehehe~!!!

Toby: Bark! Bark! Bark! Woof! Woof! Woof! Ruff! Ruff! Ruff! Yip! Yip! Yip! \*barked Toby happily as he continued tickling Sans\*

Sans: EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!! \*squealed Sans like a little girl as Toby began licking his spine\* HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! PAHAHAHHAHHAP; HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA, PAHAHAHAHHAHAHAAHHAHAHAHAHAP, DOHOHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHN’T JUST STAHHAHAHAAHHAAHAND THEHEHEHHEHEHERE!!!!!!!!!! HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEELP ME!!!!!!!!!! \*he pleaded desperately through his laughter, in high hopes that Papyrus will help him\* HAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! HEHEHEHHEHEHEHEHEHHEHELP ME, PLEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEHEEASE!!!!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* MUEHUHEUHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEUEHUEHEHEUHEUHUEHUEHEUHEHEUEHUEHUEHUEHUE HUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHEUHEUHEUEHUEHEUHEUHEUEHUEHUEHUEHEUHEUEHUE~!!!!!!!!!!

Papyrus: I would. But you tickled me for a really long time, brother, remember? So I believe some punishment is in order. Also, watching a little white dog crawl around inside your ribcage and tickle you is just so hilarious. \*said Papyrus honestly, admiring his colored ribs in a nearby mirror for a few seconds\* So hilarious that I think sitting down and munching on some popcorn is in order. Oh, but I don’t want to miss a single second of this though. So… \*he added, removing his own head and placing it in a spot that gives him an amazing view of Toby tickling Sans\* …I’ll have my body make some while I continue to watch! Nyehehehehehehe!

Sans: MUEHEUHEUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHUEHEUHEUHEUEHUEHUEHEUHEUHEUE!!!!!!!!!! NOHOHOHOHHOHOHOHOHOHOHOHOOHO!!!!!!!!!! HAHHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! DAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAMN YOU, PAPY!!!!!!!!!! HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHA!!!!!!!!!! DAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAHHAAMN YOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOHOOU!!!!!!!!!! \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* \*SNORT\* BWAHAHAHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA~!!!!!!!!!! \*Sans continued laughing his nonexistent guts out; unable to fight back; even for one millisecond\*

Papyrus knows his way around his and Sans’s house so well that he can maneuver his body everywhere and anywhere in the house and do various types of tasks without his head attached to it. Impressive! :D And once he finished making some popcorn, he reattached his head to his neck, put his t-shirt and hoodie back on, and then sat down in a comfortable chair for nest while to watch Sans suffer; in a playful way; until Sans eventually wound up telling Toby the combination to his floor safe. A great end to a great night if Papyrus says so himself! The only downside is that Sans will have to find another place to stash dog treats! XD

THE END.