

Susie was invited over to the Dreemurrs house again for dinner and pie. Kris and her decided to not go to Castle Town today, after they convinced her that they *really* needed to go ahead and work on their group project...though, they seemed just as reluctant as she did. So after they finished planning out and getting a good start on their work, they ate Toriel's steak, mashed potatoes, and green beans, and then a warm apple pie to top it all off, to reward them for their hard work. Well, it wasn't *that* hard once they understood the assignment better, actually sat down, and plotted out what they wanted to do exactly. But Susie thought of the meal as a bonus nonetheless.

Now, they sat on the floor in Kris' room, leaning against the side of their bed. The sun was setting, and the light coming from the window became dimmer as the clock ticked. Susie just said she'll sleep in the guest room tonight, since she didn't feel like going home again. But in the meantime, the two chatted all evening about various things: school food, virtual idols, whether they would eat dirt if there's no other options or not, all the good stuff. Then, Kris came up with another;

"Which is better, summer or winter?"

"Summer, obviously! There's no school and you can do whatever you want, whenever you want, and nobodies bossing you around like a smartass!" Susie beamed as she went on, "And there's ice cream, burying nerds in the sand, stepping on the hand-ass shells when you get deeper into the ocean, the heat from global warming—summers literally the best!"

They snickered. "You make it sound sarcastic."

"Well what do *you* like best, nerd?"

"I always liked the wintertime..."

"But it's cold as hell!! *And* you're forced to go to school! The pain isn't even enjoyable or anything!"

"Yeah, but don't you like the little jingles? The commercials? All the lights around town? And counting down the days until you rip open your presents?"

They seemed to drift further into a daydream when listing some of the things they liked. Now that Susie thought about it...while they definitely are mischievous, they do like things with a certain elegance and sentimentality to it, huh? She always found that interesting about them, one moment they could tie a rubber band around the sinks sprayer, and the other, they'd be playing a melancholic tune on the piano.

"Well, yeah, I guess that's nice or whatever. Oh, but what about snowboarding?! Or sledding?? Skiing????"

"I was always scared of it." they giggled to themselves, "One time, my dad brought me and Asriel to this snowy hill, right? He went down first with his little baby sled. But when he picked up speed, he flipped over face first. I clinged onto my dad and begged him to not make me go down..." they continued to smile and laugh recalling the memory.

"Ok, but without any of that, winter is just plain boring. Sure, you have the vibes, but so what?! Where's the fun in that???"

"Where's the fun in sweating your ass off?"

"Sweat is a sign of endurance!!!" Susie shoved them a little, making them lose balance and having to prop themselves upwards with their elbows to stop them from falling all the way down. But they laughed anyway. She found herself getting lost in the sound a little, but went right back to the argument.

"Ok, but with summer, you have swimming pools. There's nothing risky about that unless you're dying from the baby waves at Great Wolf Lodge."

They stifled their last few laughs while sitting back up. "I never learned how to swim."

"How?! Swimming is literally the best!"

"My parents never knew how themselves. I guess it's because their fur is too heavy. So I never got the chance."

"Dude." she placed her hands on their shoulders. "I need to teach you how. As soon as possible."

"You don't have to..."

"Of course I do!! How else will I convince you that summer is better than winter?!"

"There's no way to convince me, my mind is set."

They sounded so matter-of-factly that she felt like she had to humor them, at least a little. "Ok then, then enlighten me *without* the cheesy Hallmark stuff."

"There's baking cookies..."

Well, cookies *are* nice. Chewy ones with melty chocolate chips are her favorite. And letting them soak up milk to get extra soft to the point it's crumbling? Absolutely perfect. It's just that whenever she tries to bake some, it never turns out right!! She'll follow the measurements and follow the steps the best she can, but they always come out too thick and not as sweet as she wants them to be.

“Nah. I’m more of a taste tester myself.”

“Why? Because you’re a bad bakerrr, hmmm?”

Damn it! “I-I’m not *bad*. It’s just too complicated for me.”

“*Cookies* are too complicated? I can always teach you, silly. The trick is combining the ingredients in a specific way and order. Unless that’s truly too hard for you...”

“It won’t be!! I just didn’t know the steps were like that, I just gather the ingredients and pour them all into the bowl!” though, the idea of Kris teaching her *does* sound pleasant. They can watch cool movies while relaxing on the couch when they’re done cleaning up the kitchen, covered with warm and heavy blankets, waiting for the oven to go off. Then they can eat them together, laughing their worries away until they fall asleep...however, she'd gladly do the same with Ralsei, or Lancer, or Noelle, or Berdly. She’s sure of that. Because that’s what friends do! And Kris is her best friend, and that’s why she always thinks about them. But...there was a feeling alongside that platonic joy. Eh, it’s probably nothing though.

“...Ok, you can teach me, if you want to *that* badly. But just know I’m only in it to eat the raw batter.” she flicked their forehead.

“Sure sure...” they pondered for a moment, then returned to the original topic. “I also like snowball fights. Those aren’t too bad, and it seems like your constantly-searching-for-action-and-pain-ass would like it.”

“Hey!!”

“Where did I lie?”

“Just for that, I WILL steal every last cookie that you plan to eat for the rest of your days!!”

“Careful, I might put nastyyyy things in there...like weed...laxatives...poison...” their expression turned more and more sinister—grin getting wider and wider, and the eye that peeked through their dark brown coils gave off a negative aura. But it was playfully so.

“Oh please, as if a wimp like you would do that just to trick me!”

“Oh really?”

Ok maybe she was wrong. “Then I’ll poison you back! As revenge!”

“Alright, if you say so, Susie-Wusie.” they poked her twice in tune with her new nickname, and she responded by taking their wrists and making them hit themselves. Kris attempted to break

free and poke Susie more, but her fists were too strong, and both of their play fighting and struggling led to them laying on the floor and laughing so hard that Susie's chest ached and she found it hard to breathe. But she didn't care at all. God, she loved every moment of this. When the laughing died to giggles to silence, she could see Kris laying sideways and smiling sweetly at her in the corner of her eye.

"...A snowball fight with you wouldn't be so bad." she finally responded, facing them. "I...like them too."

"So you admit winter is better than summer?" they said in a tone that was in a complete contrast to their earlier expression.

"When the hell did I say that?! Summer *still* rules, no matter how fuzzy you make me feel!!"

"Fuzzy?"

"Well, yeah? Isn't that how best friends feel about each other? With your stomach trying to kill itself and your blood pumping to your face and shit?"

Kris' eyebrows shot up. They just looked at her for a moment before saying "I-I guess. To some extent..."

"What are you acting so weird for?" Susie squinted. "Shouldn't you be flattered that I think of you so highly?"

"I-I am! I am. It's just...c-could you tell me more about these 'fuzzies'?"

"Well," she looked up and thought about all of the things she felt recently. She couldn't help smiling a little. "I like the thought of sitting or lying comfortably with you. Probably in warm covers and blankets or something." she also recalled the moment a few seconds ago. "I also like hearing your dorky ass laugh, and playing around with you. Why are you so curious about it?"

"It's nothing." they said as they flipped onto their back. Distant as ever, she thought. For someone who's flattered, they sure as hell aren't showing it. Maybe they don't get compliments often? Well, it makes sense. They're the weird kid who's quiet half the time and who's the only human in the entire town. People probably think they're ugly or something like that, but Susie never thought that. Not even when she bullied them. The way their coily brown hair reached their shoulders, the way their wide nose scrunched when they smiled, the way their brown skin complimented it all...

Susie couldn't help but to admire them. That's just a normal best friend feeling, right? Why is Kris being so damn doubtful and quiet about it???

“You give me the fuzzies too.” they admitted softly out of nowhere. “A lot of fuzzies...it means a lot to me to hear you say that.”

“No problem, dude. But uh...what do the fuzzies mean to *you*? You’ve been acting all weird.”

They stayed quiet. Again. Of course they did. Kris does keep secrets often, like how they feel about being a human, and what was up with them after they fought that puppet guy, and what happened in the bunker. But this was a secret relating to *her*. And she didn’t like it. Seriously, what could the fuzzies mean?? All she said is that she liked being around them to the point it feels weird yet pleasant at the same time.

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Hold on.

“YOU HAVE A CRUSH ON ME?!” she sat up and looked right at them. That only made them flip their laying position so Susie couldn’t see them. “Hey, I’m talking to you!!”

“You’re the one with the crush on *me*...” they said, still refusing to look at her.

“Well how was I supposed to know!?”

They groaned and laid on their back again, facing her with an unreadable expression. They seemed a bit frustrated, but she knew they wouldn’t be mad at her over something like this. Maybe she saw a bit of a darker brown flushing their cheeks, but it was hard to tell.

“You said,” in their best Susie impression, “I like the thought of sitting or lying comfortably with you. I also like hearing your dorky ass laugh, and playing around with you.”

“I don’t sound like that!!”

“Ohhh, but you dooo~” they laughed to themselves for a second. “But you’re right. I...like you a lot, Susie. I just never thought this would be happening so soon, or even at all. You said it so bluntly.”

“W-well you can just forget about it if you want to. Uhm, I don’t really know how to do relationship stuff that much. I’m not sure if any of it would even fit me...”

They rolled over and over so they'd be touching the side of her leg. "We don't have to date if you don't want to. But if you do, we don't have to do any of the typical stuff either. We've always kind of did our own thing together anyways."

Hearing that brought relief to Susie. But she'd be lying if she said she didn't want to cuddle with Kris. And play with their hair...if they'd let her. "*Susie, if anyone tries to touch my hair, bite them for me please.*" they said to her once.

But she already cemented herself as someone tough, cool, and violent. There's no way someone like her would hold someone's hand...

But Kris was kind to her. Undeservedly so. They treated her like the greatest friend they could ever have. They knew how gentle Susie could be. The idea of having them so close to her heart made every inch of her sing. So maybe...maybe...

"I-I uhm. I wouldn't mind hugging you right now, if you want. Move over and let me lay down."

"On the cold hard floor?"

"Kris!"

"Sorry, sorry, just trying to ease your nerves. Here," they sat up, leaning against the side of the bed. Whilst intertwining their fingers into her claws, they laid their head on her shoulder.

Their hand was much smaller than hers...and soft and warmer, too. "*Ha! Look at your little baby hands!*" is what she thought about saying. But it felt as though her and their soul were merging, and that she was starting to melt away. Warmth was rising to her cheeks, God, they smelled so much like apples. Maybe a bit of cinnamon too. She has never felt so speechless before, and they weren't even doing much.

She felt so sleepy...she wasn't even that tired before. She wanted to yap all night, and sneak into the living room so they could watch movies until it's time to go to school. But the weight and comfort of Kris felt so nice. She felt so safe. Though, it's a little scary imagining how things are going to be from this night forward, all of this is going to take some getting used to.

How would everyone react to the mean and brutal Susie being extra soft to Kris of all people? Maybe Ralsei wouldn't mind, he probably saw it coming more so out of everyone. Lancer wouldn't care either, he would probably call Kris his sibling in law or something funny like that. Noelle would DEFINITELYYY be happy for her. Yup. Without a doubt. Berdly too.

But the rest of Hometown? She's not so sure...it's probably best to keep it all a secret. She never really liked how people talked about relationships anyways. No one can spend alone time together without "Ooooooo..."s and shit. It made her want to vomit. Hopefully no one said anything when her and Kris disappeared into the closet and went out to the Card Kingdom. She

liked them, sure, but never that way. Even if she did, it would still feel uncomfortable as hell. So yeah, she's definitely making sure the romance between her and Kris remains private for the most part.

Susie let out a loud and long yawn. God, what time is it? It feels like they've been sitting here forever.

"I should really go ahead and put my bonnet on..." Kris murmured as they got up, waking her up a little. She suddenly felt cold and light again, and the floor felt a lot harder. She watched as Kris' dark silhouette placed their tight curls inside of the green silk cap. No wonder why their hair is always so pretty...they definitely do some touch ups in the morning—it *is* a bunch of hair, after all. But to look so flawless with only half a bit of effort...

"I can feel you staring at me." their accusation startled her. "It's fine though. In fact, do you want to lay in bed instead? I don't want to sit on the floor all night."

"B-bed? With you?"

"Just to cuddle. You know I'm not like that, Susie-Wusie. You can sleep in Asriel's bed instead though, it might be more comfor—"

"No no no! I...I'd like that. But I snore. *Really* loud. I kind of stink too. And I hog too much space."

"It's cool. That's what I like about you." they walked over and sat on the bed, making a soft creak. Hesitating a little at first, Susie followed and made the bed complain louder due to the weight of two people on the surface. Their covers felt homemade with love, she wouldn't be surprised if Toriel sewed it herself. Maybe she should pick up some lessons...ripping up her clothes feels cool until they're ruined and basically unwearable.

Midthought, Kris took her waist like a teddy bear and looked up at her, as if searching for any signs of discomfort. It caught her off guard for a second, but Susie relaxed. They guided her down onto the cold pillows and hugged her closer, becoming as small as possible. Yeah, this is definitely new. 100% not a part of her nightly routine. But she supposed she could subject herself to it while she's...drifting off...to sl—

"Winter is still better by the way."

"Oh, FUCK you."