In the Eye of the Beholder

by TheLostOne88

Summary

Life out here is hard when your eye takes up 85 percent of your face. People gawking, living without depth perception, weird fanboys, someone asking to take your picture, or just dealing with people in general.

You're just a young cyclops trying to make ends meat. So the best job for you now is acting as the personal assistant to the uber famous and super conceited superstar, Mettaton. Your days are filled with running errands and following around the metal primadonna like a shadow. Who would have thought that this job would lead you to a make a few unlikely friends and find possible love in a very scary, but surprisingly nice skeleton?

Notes

don't worry, it's just a bunch of innuendos.

there's quite a bit of cursing a few themes that could be triggering to some. So I'll try my best to warn you before hand.

Here's a story now with everyone's favorite edgy bone boy.

Red: "I'm not edgy, bich."
"Oh of course not, nowhere have some T. You look like you need it. Btw, How did you get in here?

Red, sweating: *That's a secret.*

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Let it begin!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Come spend your money, here again, Deary.” An anthropomorphic spider woman calls after you as you head outside on this wet, November afternoon. The rain was coming down from the dark, pent-up clouds. Being underground you used to water dripping from stalactites in your old home in Waterfall.

Upon moving to the surface, the lifestyle you desired required money. The underground was littered with gold and rare gems that barely meant anything down there, but topside meant you were loaded. Of course, your parents said no and insisted you get a job to pay your way and only use the treasure for emergencies. So now you’re stuck busting your ass for the metallic primadonna, Mettaton himself. The job meant being his assistant and entourage, along with another cynical, but a cool orange cat that Mettaton shrewdly calls Burgerpants. The nickname didn’t sound super appealing so you just called by his first name, Chuck.

You cursed the infernal drizzle and picked up the pace while balancing a box of donuts and a grande sized Macchiato in on hand and trying to stay dry while talking on your phone in the other. “Yes, Chuck I’ll pick up the script from the studio on my way back, I still have his dry cleaning, and -OOF?!” The various stuff you were carrying was knocked out of your hands due to some guy rushing by you.

“Huh? [y/n] you still there, I heard a scream, you alright?”

You sighed, “Uh Chuck I have to call you back.” You hung up and went over to the human male that rammed into you. “Sir are you alright, the coffee didn’t burn you too bad did it?”

The guy had some of your coffee and a mashed up donut on him. “Tch, maybe you should watch where you’re going you one-eyed freak?!” The guy gets in your face and starts jabbing his finger closer. His B.O. made your nose scrunch up, the smell was a combination of a straight week on no bathing and grease. Besides the offensive smell, the guy’s attitude pissed you off as well. It was clearly his fault. You may have had your hands full and one eye, but even you saw that he was walking in the middle of the sidewalk, causing others to move out of his way to get by.
You slap his hand away and glare hard at him, “Uh excuse me, unlike you I was on one side and not taking up the whole middle LIKE A JACKASS.” Your voice rose into a roar and people were starting to look at you two.

“What the hell did you call me you monster .”

‘Monster...that’s the best you got as a comeback?’ You grin wickedly, “You heard me, neckbeard. What, are you deaf too?” You shove him a bit so his funky breath didn't make your eye water up more. He was a bit taller than you but that didn't stop you from grilling him. Underground, you had monster four times your size looking to dust you for EXP, but you managed.

The human was angrier now, he looked down appalled at the fact that you touched him. “That fucking mouth of your’s is pissing me off, maybe I should teach you a lesson on who’s superior here bitch.” He gave you a menacing look. Just your luck, you spill your coffee and have to deal with a racist. Fun.

“Oh please do, I’m sure everyone would love to watch her kick your ass, Bub.” A deep voice pulls his attention from you. Standing behind his was a stocky skeleton in a black, fur-lined hood worn over a bright red turtleneck with a pair of basketball shorts on. The first thing you see on his face skull is the row of sharp teeth with a gold tooth bared in a wide, but intimidating grin. “Sup.” You didn't notice when he walked up but you're glad he did.

“Who the fuck are you?” The human may not have known who the skeleton was, but you did. This was one of the strongest monsters in the underground, Sans Snowdin, or The Judge as people use to call him. ‘Who am I kidding they still call him that.’

“Just a passerby, normally I don’t stick my none existent nose into folks biz, but clearly you two aren’t seein’ eye to eye.” ‘Did he just make a pun?’ you thought. Sans puts a hand on the human male's shoulder. “So how’s ‘bout we end this and let the cyclopes go about her business, eh pal?”

“I’m not your pal, bro.” the guy shrugs Sans’ off and scoffs.

“Hate to rain on your shitty parade, but I ain’t your Bro. I got one and he's the only pain in the ass I need to deal with. So. Get. to. Walkin’.” Sans’s voice drops to a dangerously low level that makes both the human and you jump. The glowing smoke coming from the red orb in Sans’ eye was amazing to look at.
The guy pushes past Sans and fast walks away. A crowd of people had formed and he shoved a few in his wake. Looking over his shoulder, he shouts, “This isn’t over, you and that one-eyed cunt are dead next time I see you.”

Unimpressed, you shake your head, ‘Wow…’

“You ok?” Sans asks as he picks up the salvageable things you dropped. “I hope this didn’t rattle your bones too much?” he winked an eye socket at you as the grin widened playfully.

You sigh, “No it’s fine, it takes a lot more to make me bat an eye.”

Sans burst out laughing at your pun. “Darlin’ that was tear-ible, iris-spect that.

“Thank you, but Trust me, all my jokes are cornea than this.” Both you began to chuckle hysterically. Your eye travels to the phone buzzing in your hand. The screen read Chuck and you visibly froze up. ‘Fuck! I forgot I have errands to finish.’ “Ah, Sans, I have to run, but also thanks for helping out, I owe you one.”

“Fuhgeddaboutit Darlin’, like I said, I was just passing by and saw you two. ‘S really no big deal.”

“But still, I feel like I should thank you somehow.” You start shuffling side to side anxiously. You need to get back on track and buy another coffee and donuts, get the dry cleaning, and the new script for the show.

“Well~ if you want to repay me so bad then How about giving me ya number, Darlin’.”

You blush involuntarily, “Oh, uh... s-sure, here’s my cell.” You hand him your phone and he does the same. You open his contacts and enter the info under the name [y/n]

Sans hands you back your phone and takes his, “[y/n] huh, nice name.”

“Thanks….” You peer at the contact Sans put in, “Really Sans you typed in Bone-fide Badass?”
“Well, I am, Darlin’.” Sans shrugs, “Just call me again if somebody has a bone to pick with you or you just wanna talk.”

You laugh, “Thanks, hopefully, I won’t need rescuing anytime soon, if Mettaton doesn’t dust me first.”

“Ah that walking toaster is harmless, but you have my number just in case.”

“Yeah, bye Sans.” You wave to him before taking your leave.

“See ya ‘round, Darlin’.” He waves back and goes into the park. ‘Did he really come all the way to the park to help me?’ you thought before continuing your trek to your car. You eventually reached your car and that’s when you notice that you never once chewed Sans out calling you ‘Darlin’ once. You didn't like the odd pet names like Kitten or Baby girl much, but for some odd reason, Sans saying wasn't a big deal. You suddenly smack the stirring wheel, “Shit I didn’t even notice, plus he got my number effortlessly.” You smack yourself on the forehead and chuckled, “Don’t know whether to say he was smooth as fuck or just took advantage of being distracted?” It was both.

Once you settle your thoughts, You pull out of the parking spot and then make your way back to doing your errands.

Chapter End Notes

Sans is a real ladies' man Underground and topside.
A Day in the Life

Chapter Summary

Just a glimpse into what the reader has to deal with on a daily basis from her boss. Also a look into her home life.

Chapter Notes

The reader will go through many things to appease her prima donna boss Mettaton

You had finally arrived at the stunning and very large mansion of Mettaton. The driveway took a full five minutes to get up to. It was in a gated community filled with both human and monsters and all were fairly wealthy. Coming to the surface meant facing a lot of hostility, which you guessed was natural, but misplaced. You all kept your noses generally clean and soon were rewarded the right to away from the mountain and live as normal citizens. A few moved to more cities with more opportunities or to a place that was more isolated and away from crowds. Mettaton was an international pop star and a popular game show host. So it only made sense that he’d move here away from the paparazzi and attention.

After ringing the doorbell a giant crocodile opens the door to greet you. “Master Mettaton is waiting for you in the blue room. Miss [y/n].”

You move past the crocodile, “Thank you, Lyre, I have to ask, how pissed is he?”

“I’d say moderately, did you get the donuts?” You facepalmed and groaned, “I’ll take that as a no.”

“Ugh, that jackass back at the coffee shop knocked the coffee and donuts out my hands onto the ground and then it just escaladed from there.” Even your delicious macchiato was taken away from you. You wanted to punch something, but no use whining about it now. Righting yourself, you head towards the blue room.

Mettaton’s house is huge with over 14 different rooms. You’ve seen inside a few of them. Your favorite was the screen room. It was tricked out with a massive screen that filled the entire wall and massage chairs. Whenever you had the chance you would relax in there. You also saw a room
that made you cringe every time you thought about. ‘So much rope and leather...why?’

The blue room was really Mettaton’s relaxation room. “Stress can add years to your face darling, you should try it with me sometime.” You decline, of course, you didn’t have time. Also, you questioned why he does do yoga if he doesn’t age, but let it go and chalked it up to his eccentric ways. It had a sauna, Zen garden, and a was completely sound proof to drown out all outside noise. You knock three times and the door swings open to reveal a semi-pissed off and worried look orange cat. “Where the flying fuck where you!? I heard yelling and then hanging up?!?” His face contorts into one of his signature facial expressions.

‘Yikes.’

You dart your eye away to avoid looking at him. “Sorry, Chuck, I kind of had some problems with a human, but don’t worry, I’m fi-”

“Burgerpants, who’s that, is it [y/n]?”

The sound of Chuck’s nickname makes his eye twitch, “Yes sir, it is.” He moves to let you in.

Mettaton was doing yoga and bent over in the Downward dog pose. He wore a loose tank top and a pair of black tights with yellow flowers on it. He spotted you walking in and in his most shrill and flamboyant voice greeted you. “Ah there’s my girl, did you get everything I requested?”

“Yes and no, I ran into a human after leaving Muffet’s bakery. The altercation leads to Sans coming to help me.”

He began flipping through the script you had picked up, “Well no matter, at least you hadn’t picked up my dry cleaning at that time. Can’t have you ruining my favorite new suit can we.” There was an obvious edge in his voice. ‘Yep, he’s upset. Bitch I am too, I lost a Macchiato, which I needed desperately.’

“You saw Sans and he saved your ass, didn’t think he’d something like that?” Chuck retorts next to you. He leans forward, “Must be a huge blow to that ego of yours if a boss monster like him had to save you.”

“Hey, I can handle myself just fine. He actually got in the way because I was two blinks away
from punching that human’s lights out.” you could feel the anger from earlier rising.

“Oh my, [y/n] darling, must you be such a brute and I my blue room of all things.” Mettaton struts over from his spot on the floor. “Also fix your face dear, you’re eye is going absolutely berserk.”

You flinched at the mentioning of your eye. Chuck snickers, “Shut up Chuck!” you roar in embarrassment. There are two things everyone knows about cyclopes. One, your eye takes up eighty-five percent of your face. Two, a cyclops can show plenty of emotions through their eye. Yours was currently flashing bright red. “I can’t help it,” you mutter trying to hide your face.

“Yes, Burgerpants please refrain from picking on [y/n], for now.” Mettaton snaps his fingers and gains Chuck and your attention. “Burgerpants schedule my waxing for Tuesday instead of Sunday, I have a meeting with my band that day. Also, can you contact my costume designer I have a few ideas for my next music video that I need to run by him? Next, [y/n] be sure to arrive at the studio around 8:30 AM tomorrow, I need you for the taping of ‘Here Comes Mettaton’. ”

“Ok...be there by 8:30-- Wait, what exactly am I doing here?” Your eye turns into a big red exclamation point

“I told you I need you in the show. The last time you came on our ratings went up by ten percent.” Mettaton cups his hands over his cheeks and spins around.

“The last time I got involved you had me in on of your crazy ass obstacle courses. I almost lost my life that time!!” You shouted accusingly at him.

Unphased by your words, Mettaton puts a hand on his hip and flips his hair, “Yes, and is that a problem?” The two eye that wasn’t covered by his hair became slits as he looked down at you.

You gulped, “N-No, not a problem.”

“Great then you’re both free to go. See you tomorrow my Beauties~!” He swivels around and goes back to his yoga. Once away from the room you huffed a sigh.

“Just dust me now.” Your body goes limp as you lean against a wall. You're soon sliding down.
Chuck shakes his head in amusement, “C’mon, Little Buddy, being on T.V. ain’t the end of the world.” Chuck starts lighting a cigarette nonchalantly. "I've been dealing with that guy for five years now."

“No, but it is the end any shred of dignity I have left!” You shout, “I’m not prepared to make a fool of myself, again.”

“Being the assistant to Mettaton calls for making a fool of yourself, comes with the job.”

“UGH!” you squat down and hide your face. The air around you in gloomy and dark. “Farewell to my social life because I’m hiding after this is over.”

“That’s the spirit!” Chuck gives a thumbs up.

“YOU’RE NO HELP!”

[back at home]

“So I said, ‘Hi’ and he said, ‘hey’ and after a bit of joking around and stuff, we’re so close to being a couple it’s stifling.” a younger female cyclops, your sister Beatrice, rambles on about her day at school. For the most part, she looks like you except with bright pink hair in two buns and has an affinity for pastels. Even though most in the underground try to look intimidating to keep potential enemies or rivals away. Yet, being from a troll class monster species does have its perks. Also, she ten times more of a chatterbox and super bubbly. “This school is really turning into my time to shine don’t you think?”

You had long droned out your sister’s voice as you stirred the pot of soup you were making. Causing Beatrice to sneak up on you, “Still thinking about your Romeo coming to save you today?” You stiffened at the sound of Beatrice’s voice.

“EEk! Beatrice, I told you not to invade my bubbly like that when I'm cooking?!” You waved the wooden spoon around like a sword at your younger sibling.

Beatrice just giggles, “You’re always so jumpy sis.” She leans in with a smirk on her face.

You click your tongue in denial, “It’s only because of you’re in my personal bubble, back up!” As
you shove her lightly Beatrice just laughs at you some more. Beatrice likes to mess with you and push your buttons from time to time. You love her but she can be a little shit when she's in the mood.

“Forever a Tsundere, aren’t we?”

“Be quiet, you’re pissing me off!!” You fold your arms and look away. “There's nothing tsundere about and I can handle myself just fine without Sans' help.

“Oh~ so he’s Sans now, when did you stop calling by his title, huh?” Beatrice's grin widens as her eye changes to a light orange as she beings to tease you. You look at her shocked.

"Doesn it matter if I call him by his name or not, it means nothing.” You turn away and go back to checking your soup, "No get out of my kitchen unless you want to become soup too."

You groan inwardly as you hear Beatrice giggling again. You go to scold her for trying your nerves and see her getting closer to you. “Aw~ Big sis is getting upset with me, here let me apologize by giving you a hug!” Beatrice goes to hug you and you dodge her advances by tqrirling away. "Eh? why so cold sis, c'mon give me some love!"

“Keep away from me you lecher!” You shout making another move to dodge.

“LOL, you're eye's going nuts again.” Beatrice points, her eye was a light pink as she continues to chase you about the kitchen.

You instinctively go to shield it, “Is not!” In fact, it was changing from red exclamation points, skulls, to a blue X in a continuous loop. That gives Beatrice enough time to actually tackle you to the floor and hug your middle. "Get off of me you pervert!” Beatrice nuzzles you as she locks her arms around your frame.

“Jeez, can you two not be so loud. The neighbors are going to complain and mom will have all our asses.” A girl in a graphic t-shirt with the words ‘Piss Off’ on the front and a pair of baggy sweats shuffles in. Her laidback appearance did not reflect her oldest sibling status at all.

“Gigi, help get this creep off of me!” By now Beatrice was rolling with you on the floor.
“Stop denying you love me, [y/n]!” your sister goes in for a kiss and you headbutt her then.

“LIKE HELL I DO!” You yell scrambling to get off the floor.

“You two need to learn to get a room,” Gigi says into the fridge.

“Fuck you!” You manage to say as you keep Beatrice away with a foot to the face. “I have no time for this, I have soup to finish making!” You turn to the stove and saw the smoke rising from the large pot and the soup contents was bubbling over.

“So we're not having soup then?” Gigi asks.

“My soup!” You cry out.

Gigi points to you mockingly, “Haha, you should've turned it on low.”

“And you shouldn't have distracted me.” the rage in your eye was

“She does have a point, [y/n].”

“Do you both want to get skinned alive?!” This went on for several minutes and eventually, you ordered a pizza for dinner instead.

Chapter End Notes

The cyclops sisters were just actual variations of the reader until I decided on a feisty, tsundere version. The reader is the middle child if you haven't noticed.
Chapter Summary

Can anyone else imagine Red on one of those dating game shows? No? Too bad, he is today.

Chapter Notes

Red: I didn't sign up for this bull shit.

Writer: Sorry not sorry Big Guy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You got up extra early to mentally prepare yourself for the show’s taping. You knew that Mettaton would have you doing something crazy so that meant being dressed up in crazy costumes or put in a giant metal death trap. ‘To think I use to want to be on that show as a kid, blegh!’ you mentally curse your younger self for wanting such a depraved, soul-sucking career.

After a good hour of screwing around on your phone, you gathered your things and left for the studio. The tv studio was a large warehouse that Mettaton had opened and started himself. It’s independently owned so Mettaton makes the rules for what programs appear on the channel that he too also owns. After a few years, the station grew in property and value. Now has become the rival a few other networks. ‘I sold my soul to a big name might as well milk it.’ You wanted to be close to Mettaton in hopes his charm and mojo would rub off on you. You didn’t catch his mojo, but you did catch his attention. Sadly, that means running around doing errands and being his plaything. ‘At Least it isn’t boring and pays well.’ This job helps pay your share of the bills for the small home your family of five currently reside in.

You pull up to the guard booth and see Joey, a human you’ve come to like since you first started working for Mettaton. “Sup Joey.”

“Mornin’ [y/n], Mettaton hasn’t come in yet.”

“I know, he doesn’t wake up until 11. I’m here for the show taping.”

Joey went bright-eyed at this, “Oh! You're starring in another one of his productions. Will you be
on the drama, the action show, or the Game show this time?”

“Uh, I don’t know, you know Mettaton, he loves surprises.” You slumped in your seat, “Anyway I got to go can’t leave the crew waiting.”

“Okay see you on the T.V. then.” You drove forward and towards the parking lot. After parking, you went to the entrance of the first building where the director’s office and dressing rooms are. Upon stepping in your were bombarded with hands pulling you into a dressing room.

“Miss [y/n] you finally made it, we’ve been waiting for at least an hour.” An anthro Dalmatian barks happily.

“Mettaton told me 8:30, I came at 8:22.”

“Either way we’re all so excited!” A very flamboyant sheep shoves you into a chair and begins fussing with your hair.

“I can only imagine why.” you eye roll.

After a good hour of primping and messing with your face, you were ready to get dressed. Only there was one small problem. “What in Asgore’s name is this?!” you point accusingly at the clothes hanging on the wall. The makeup and costume crew decided to put you in a white strapless dress that had a red ribbon tied around your middle, a leather jacket, and strappy heels. Along with your hair and makeup being nicely done, you could say with confidence that you looked hot. The question is why were you dressed up so nicely?

The sheep, who you learned was named Momo, giggled, “It’s for the show, Mettaton had this great idea to put on a new segment for the Game show, ‘The Glamour Hour’ and this time it’s about love~.” the makeup crew giggle to themselves.

“Love?” You instantly thought about Level of Violence.

“No, not that kind, I mean love. Relationships, Miss [y/n].” the Sheep traces a heart in the air.

Confused you ask, “O..k? So I’m hosting the love segment then?”
The dalmatian jumps in, “Nope, you’re going to be participating in the segment as our Bachelorette!”

“EXCUSE ME?!” you screech. Most of the crew and other actors are giggling at your expense.

“Yep, the surface is very fond of watching dating shows.” The Sheep goes back to help you into your heels So Mettaton decided we go ahead and try our hand at it.”

“But...but why am I doing it?” you roared.

“Because you’ve become quite popular on the show Darling.” Mettaton waltz into the crowded dressing room and a few of the makeup team swoon at the sight of him. “This segment will have you asking three monsters a series of questions to help decide who you want to go on a date with at the end of the show,” Mettaton tells you as he takes a seat by you. “Ooh~ I can just see the ratings, they’ll be like nothing we’ve ever seen! This station's golden girl looking for love, my circuits are just buzzing with excitement. We've already had a selection of bachelors lined up. Honestly, there were so many coming here to see you that they wrapped the line around the building.” He muses on about his plans while you just stood there flabbergasted. Mettaton was going to hook you up with some random guy for all of the world to see.

This both infuriated and scared you. You hated blind dates and...

Once again that walking hunk of glamorous metal was making a fool out of you for the sake of the show. This how you ended up a fixture in his many televised specials. Sure, you got a few fans out of it and you loved being on stage, but not when he just did what you wanted. Plus, this was technically a *blind date*, you don’t do blind dates. What if the date sucked? What if they piss you off and you have to dust a monster because of it? What if it was Jerry that you winded up with? That last one made your nose crinkled up in disgust. No one deserves to be stuck anywhere with that annoying pleb. Either way, you couldn’t just go on a date with some stranger and they wasted your time. ‘This is going to be a long day.’ you sigh as you went on to get dressed.

This sucked. Sans was a guy who didn't like doing things if he knew he wasn’t getting anything out of it. He also didn’t get involved in any of his brother's schemes that included making him look ridiculous.
“Explain to me why we’re at this huge ass studio at the ass crack of dawn?”

“AUDITIONS.”

“Auditions for what?”

“I’M SIGNING YOU UP FOR METTATONS SHOW.”

“Ah, I see... Wait, why the hell am you signing ME up, Boss?”

“BECAUSE METTATON ASKED, OF COURSE”

“Obviously I don’t want to so why don’t you do it?” Of course, when it came to that pompous piece of metal his brother would do anything he asked. Even at the expense of his own family.

“WELL, IT DOESN’T INVOLVE METTATON, BUT A FEMALE MONSTER WHO REGULARLY APPEARS ON THE SHOW.” Papyrus continues on as he's finished signing the papers. "IT'S SOME KIND OF MATCHMAKING GAME."

“I’m not going on live television just to be set up with some random-”

“YOU WILL GO ON T.V. SANS AND WIN THIS DATING GAME. iF YOU DON’T THERE WILL BE DIRE CONSEQUENCES.” Papyrus was super close to Sans face and spoke in a low hiss. “DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?”

Sans started sweating a bit, “Y-yeah, loud and clear, Boss (Bastard).” Sans groans and waits for his brother to finish signing him up.

“Boss you owe me big time for this one,” Sans growls/mutters under his breath. Here he was on a very over the top stage with a huge crowd in the stands. To his right, a divider wall had been put so the girl couldn’t see the contestants, but a monitor was put up so they could see her. Sans took a moment to peer at the other contestants. One was a buff looking werewolf and the other was a fidgety looking fish guy. ‘Looks like the setup for a bad joke.’
“Didn’t think I’d see ‘The Judge’ on Mettaton’s show.” the werewolf speaks noticing Sans looking around. He was clearly a few heads taller than Sans, which kind of pisses him off. “Glad I signed up for this then.”

Sans raises a brow bone, “And Why is that?”

“When I take home the prize and beat you, Judge.” The bite at the end of his words shocked Sans, but he didn’t show it. Naturally, when Sans goes anywhere, he’s a walking target for challengers. People have picked fights with him since he was small. Mostly, because he was small and thought he was an easy picking, but he’s never lost a fight. ‘Ain’t planning to either.’ Seeing Sans keeping quiet made the werewolf howl with laughter. “What’s wrong Judge, cat got your tongue or are you actually just too much of a chicken shit to say anything back.”

‘You son of a-’ Sans jump to his feet and gets in his face. The flaming red magic seeping from his eye was flaring up hard.“You keep this up pal, I’ll give you something to howl about.” His voice held a deadly tone even the fish guy turned to look at him. Some of the crowd was watching with a bit of amusement and excitement.

The werewolf stands up with his sharp teeth bared in an ugly grin. “Heh, what’s wrong Judge, did I say something you didn’t find humerus?”

Sans could feel his magic flaring for an attack. He growls a bit, “Nuh uh, only I can make the puns here, Scrappy Doo.” The lights stop Sans from continuing is stare off with the werewolf.

A sassy sounding femal voice comes over the speakers, “Ladies and Gentle beauties please put your hands, paws, claws, and wings together for your glamourous host with the most, MEEETTAAATOOOOONNN!”

“Ooooh Yeeesss~” a large and glittery red smoke screen appears and the silhouette of a familiar shape pops up. That alone was enough to make the crowd cheer. Mettaton steps out of the dissipating smoke and poses, earning more claps from the crowd. “Welcome Darlings, are you ready for another fabulous show with moi?”

“YES!” the crowd roars.

“Then let’s get started. We have a wonderful segment for you today. I talk to a few celebrities,
show a clip of my next movie, and we play a rousing game of ‘RUN! Here Come Mettaton’. Now How does that sound?” The audience cheers and whistles their approval for all of this. “Alright then, but first we have a special treat. You all know of my lovely partner in crime? You’ve seen her play on this gorgeous channel’s hit adventure show, created by yours truly, ‘Bombastic Space Cadet Venus’. Today she’ll be up on this very stage looking for love! Isn’t it that just exciting?” The roar grows louder as they all start chanting ‘Venus, Venus, Venus!’ a reaction Mettaton was hoping for. “Now then, please help me welcome, the one, the only, one-eyed diva herself, [Y/N]!”

A Heart shaped trap door opens and out pops out a you. “Ta-Dah, here she is beauties! Go on [y/n] say hello~”You give a polite wave and said hello. “No silly, give us the Bodacious Salute, just like Venus does it.”

“MTT that doesn’t really work outside of the show…”

“Come on, just try it, do it for your fans and Me.” Mettaton’s tone was even and pleasant, but you could sense his intimidating aura pushing at your soul. Evenmore so, the crowd was chanting your stage name, “Venus, Venus, Venus…”

“Uh…ok.” You right yourself and and cleared your throat. With an intake of breathe you spun around and struck a pose: a hand on your hip, legs in a wide stance, and with a cutesy salute, “The name is Cadet Venus, and I’m here to break hearts and a few bones today!” Your eye was a flashing star and matched the wide grin plastered to your face. ‘Just kill me now…that was terrible, I’m not even hyped enough to do this.’ Despite you being embarrassed, the audience was clapping and cheering your character’s name. In the crowd, you could see a few of your fan club members. Some wearing the graphic tee with your face on it.

‘I guess it’s not so bad…right?’

On the other side of the divider, Sans was staring at the monitor in awe. ‘That took balls, but being MTT’s puppet takes bigger ones.’ Sans didn’t hate that walking tin can, but he sure as hell didn’t like him. He still didn’t understand why his brother liked him so much. Now back to you he couldn’t believe his eyes at who was standing there. ‘I was wondering why she looked so familiar, it’s Coffee Girl.’

The fish guy was swooning, his fins face fins twitching in excitement. ”Even with out the costume she still looks awesome~"

“Don’t get to attached Judge, she’s mine.” the werewolf growls in Sans’ direction. This whole matchmaking thing sucked and Sans clearly didn't want to be here, but there was no way he was
going to lose to some fanboy and that Flea Bag.

“Fat chance,” the fish guy shouts and drew both of their eyes to him. “That girl there is mine, she and I are meant to be. No one is touching my Venus, but me!”

“...”

“...”

“Pfft…”

“Ha Ha yeah and I’m actually a chihuahua in disguise.” the werewolf roars between fits of laughter that even Sasns joined in on.

“Don’t you dare laugh at me!!!” he shouts. It didn't help that his voice was cracking.

“Oh and what’re you gon’ do about it?” Sans threw him a threatening smirk. The air around them grew intimidating.

“I'M-I'M NOT AFRAID OF YOU TWO, B-BRING IT ON!!”

“Don’t even try it you walking fish stick!” The wolf growls and shows his teeth.

The shouting reaches the other side of the divider where you and Mettaton are. “Ooh~ it seems to be getting pretty heated over there.” Mettaton puts a hand on his face and swoons. “Which is fine by me, the more passion there is means more fun for us, right Darlings.”

On cue the crowd cheers in response to their idol.

“Now, let’s get this under way!” The music kicks on and you take your seat on the heart shaped couch that wasn’t there before. A guy hands you a small stack of cards. “Ok boys, [y/n] will be answering you a series of questions and whoever’s answer are the best will be the winner, Understood?”
“Yeah…” all three of the guys nonchalantly answered him.

“I didn’t quite hear that,” Mettaton doesn’t stop smiling as his face pops up on the monitor and glares at them.

“YES, WE UNDERSTAND!”

“Splendid, [y/n] dear, please read off your first question.”

“Uh…right.” you scan it quickly, ‘Who wrote these?!’

“Out loud sweetie.”

“Oh, my bad, um… ok guys, what do you find to be attractive on a female?”

Fish guy: “Her voice, my significant other’s voice will always be music to my ears.” This gained a few aw’s from the crowd.

The wolf: “Her scent, speaking of, you smell like peaches.”

‘Yeah, that's not weird at all.’ you thought and trying to get a whiff of yourself.

Sans: “Her ass…[A mixture of scoffs and oohs/laughs from the audience] what, ya want me to lie and say some corny shit?” He shrugs with a toothy smirk.

“Wow, contestant three, such honesty ...and perversion.” Mettaton replies, “Next question.”

“Biggest turn on?”
Fish guy: “I like the color red on girls.”

The Wolf: “A girl who plays hard to get. I love a good chase”

Sans: Make me laugh and you just might get lucky, Darlin’.” His eye sockets were transfixed on your image in the monitor. A blush was growing on your cheeks as you tried to lower your head. Sans was really just trying to test your reaction, maybe to see if you’d recognize him...or just to see what you’ll do. Whatever came first.

The gruff sound of his voice made your eye widen. “Darlin’?”

“Okay, describe yourself in one sentence.”

Fish guy:”I’ll be your lover, friend, and everything in-between.” He gets a few claps from the crowd.

You: “That’s really cute.”

The Wolf: “Trust me, every day is a walk on the wild side.” He winks at the audience and most of the woman swoon and applauds him.

Sans: “I’m a bone -nified badass and that’s all you need to know.”

You caught the pun and snickered, “Didn’t know you were a punny guy, number three?”

“I have a skele-ton more where that came from, Darlin’.”

You roll your eye upward, scoffing as you went for the next card. “Right...question three name something you’d want to see me wear?” ‘Who the fuck wrote these??’

Fishy guy: “I’d say really girly things, something that makes you look like a princess.”
‘That sure as hell ain’t me, pal.’

The Wolf: “Anything is fine, as long as you’re happy.

Sans: It’s gotta be snug in all the right places.

“Question four says give me a pet name.”

Fish Guy: “My siren.”

The Wolf: “Moonbeam.”

‘Corny as fuck.”

Sans: “I already gave you one, Darlin’.”

By that time something clicked in your head. He kept calling you Darlin’ and his voice was ringing a few bells as well. ‘Wait...no way ....guy number three is-’ You mouthed the name Sans. You don’t know if he could tell if you recognized him, part of you really hoped he didn’t notice. You try to ignore him and read the next question,”Okay boys, how do you feel about us having kids?”

Fish guy: “I don’t know, I’m an only child, but I’ve baby sat my cousins a few times.”

The Wolf: “I’m the middle child so kids are fine with me. I’d say one to three is okay.”

San: “I like kids, I practically raised my bro. Raising another knucklehead is a breeze for me.”

“Any first date Ideas?”

Fishy Guy: “I’d cook dinner for you, anything your heart desires Venus [y/n].”
“Cool, cause I love food. Number two?”

The Wolf: “I’d say a hiking trip, I know this cool waterfall that’s pretty much secluded. We could go for a dip and we’d have a picnic.”

“Hm sounds cool, number three?”

“Stargazing.”

“Stargazing, why?”

“Well, When I first got on the surface all I wanted to do was see the sunset and look at the sky change. It was a change from the sight of a cave ceiling or the glow rocks. We’d go to the beach and hang out till the sun starts to set and we watch it together. I then go on to tell you about the constellations and keep doing this until you fall asleep in my arms.” A light flush of red was on his cheekbones. It was embarrassing baring his soul out for a random female when they've only met once, but he really wanted to win her over. He saw the look of piqued interest mix with a look of doubt. 'You sound like a real brainiac Number Three. Lucky for you intelligence is attractive.'

“I'll say, a guy who can stimulate you physically and mentally is quite arousing .” Mettaton somehow says what you're thinking. “Next question, we're almost done.”

You nod and go on to look at your card. “Let’s see, tell me you...ah *blushes* what the...who wrote this?” ‘Now this was just plain insane’

Mettaton moves over to read. “Oh this one is juicy, i wanna read this one.” He snatches out of your hand and proceeds to read it, “Okay boys, tell [y/n] your sexiest fantasy, number one goes first naturally.”

The crowd oohs and aahs as they turn towards the guys on the other side of the dividing wall.

Fish guy gulps and starts to stutter, “Uh...I wake up to the smell of something delicious wafting
into the bedroom. As I trace the scent you're in the kitchen and holding a mixing bowl while wearing nothing but a frilly pink apron that says, ‘The cook is also on the menu’. Soon we’re both on the counter and there’s pancake batter everywhere. Let's just say I licked more than the bowl.” Fish guy wasn’t even his original color anymore. He covers his face with his webbed hands and turns away. Sans and the werewolf look at him with mixed expressions.

“Damn, do you kiss your mother with that mouth?” Sans jokes.

“SHUT UP!!”

“That was surprisingly kinky and made me kind of hungry. Who knew Contestant one was-” Mettaton was soon cut off by the audience

“A LOW KEY FREAK!”

“HE’S A HOT MESS!”

“My thoughts exactly and I love it. Your turn contestant two.”

“Okay so we’re outside, we just had a phenomenal date night and decided to play tag. You somehow out ran me and try to hide, which fails because I find you soon after tracing your sweet scent. You squeal with laughter and we wrestle for a bit before you get pinned. In a joking manner you ask, ‘Looks like you won, what’s my punishment?’ I respond by ripping off your clothes and feverishly kissing your neck. My voice is low and husky, ‘You get to play with the Big Bad Wolf.’ I then go on to pleasure you under the light of the moon.” the wolf seemed very pleased with himself as he puffs out his chest.

“Ooh~”

By the time of this second answer, you were a bright red. “I can’t un-hear this, and it was on live television, oh my glob…” You hide your face away from the camera zooming in on your expression.

While hugging his body Mettaton speaks, “Mmm~ now that’s something out of an erotic novel, how delicious!” Mettaton licks his metallic lips. “Alright contestant three, see if you can top that.”
All eyes were on Sans. You couldn’t see him, but he could see you. You were blushing hard. ‘Not hard enough, Darlin’, get ready.’ He looks to his fellow contestants. Fish guy was recovering from his embarrassment and peering at Sans. The Flea Bag was grinning and looking at him with a challenging look. “S ok, you want to know my fantasy well it’s one I tend to make a reality.” Sans leans back in his chair. "Say you picked me and we actually went out? Well, dinner was okay, but you'd be what I'm eating for dessert. I teleport us back to my place. You settle down and slip your coat off. Before you know it my toothy maw is on your mouth and trailing kisses and marks all on your neck. You squirm and moan, trying to stay standing. I pull away and you look ready to melt into my arms. You somehow manage to say my name and start begging for more. Congrats because you're about to enter a place I like to call the bone zone Darlin'. Before long you'll be screaming my name, but let's face it, by the end of the night that eye will be more than flashing a few colors when I'm done." You look to see the camera showing your eye flashing a bunch of colors.

"Get that out of my face Phil before I break it." You glare at the cameraman as he backs up.

“I wanna go to the bone zone!”

“Sans is now Bone Daddy!”

The audience was clapping and cheering, but he wasn’t paying them much attention. He was watching you. Your eye was changing from a flustered fuschia to a shocked yellow. Sans knew he won that round because Flea Bag was huffing and puffing in his chair.

“Sans that was extraordinary, it was forceful and sensual at the same time.” You could physically feel Mettaton shiver, which made you dry heave a bit. The images that popped in your head from Sans’ answer kept coming. ‘That fucking ass said that shit on purpose.’ Mettaton’s voice broke the spell over you once he spoke again, “[y/n] looks pleased by your answer, but we have a few more to answer. [y/n] if you will.”

“Actually, I think I’m gonna make my decision now,” you say as the color in your cheeks and eye calm down.

Mettaton looks surprised but rolls with it, “Oh, then go right ahead [y/n].” The music turns dramatic and the lights dim except for four spotlights on your spot and the contestants.

“First of all, number three you’re certainly are full of surprises, you say one thing and come from left field and say something that unexpected. Also, if I said your name and you teleport me anywhere afterward. I will use your head as a volleyball.” You glared into the camera the heat of it
was aimed at Sans. The effect made a few droplets of scarlet sweat slide down his skull, but his smile never fell. “Next, Number one, you’re very sweet and would make a very cute husband, never change. Last but not least, Number two, you seem like quite the tough, alpha male type and that can pretty hot, but I don’t really want to be forced into a submissive role. You have to earn it naturally and that means body, mind, and soul. That being said fellas, audience, I’ve made my decision and I choose….” You pause for a few beats, “Number three.”

Sans image pops up on the screens and is surrounded by pink hearts.

“There you have it, Number three, Sans the Skeleton, you are the lucky bachelor.” Mettaton points to the ceiling and a red heart opens and out pops a storm of rose petals.

“ARE FUCKING KIDDING ME?!” The werewolf snarls out. His chair falls back and slides across the floor.

The werewolf flinches while he tries to hold back tears, "Why Venus, why..."

The werewolf glares at Sans, who chuckles from his chair as his spotlight hasn’t dimmed out. “What’s the matta’ Flea Dog, cat gotcha tongue?” he pulls out a cigar and lights it.

“This shit is rigged!!!”

“Nah it ain’t you’re just not her type pal.”

The werewolf quickly grabs Sans’ coat and growls in his face, “Fuck you judge.”

“No thanks, not into bestiality, but I’m flattered though.” Sans dusts imaginary dust off and pushes his hand away. “Now if you’ll excuse me I gotta go collect my prize.” He teleports away and appears right by you. You flinch from the sudden appearance. “Sup Darlin’, I gotta say you’re a sight for sore eyes.” Sans gives you a once over from head to toe.

A giggle escapes you, “Likewise, and you still manage to tickle my funny bone.”

“Well, when it comes to making jokes i have my eye on the prize.” You stifle another giggle. “No
use hiding it Darlin’, you’ll be doing that a lot now.” His big grin seems to stretch wider and the light catches his single gold tooth. Sans bent down to kiss your hand, never losing eye contact with you.

“I can’t wait then,” You return his toothy grin with a smile. You kept up the theatrics as the cameras continued to roll. Sans couldn’t really be interested and you weren’t either. At least that what you had to remind yourself. This was television, he was paid to be on here, wow the crowd and be paired up with you. ‘His flirtation isn’t real so just play along with the absurdity just like he is.’ Your voice of reason shouted.

But something in you made you have to go and check his stats. Everything was normal(ish). His stats: HP 1, DEF 1, EXP 45, were fine but glitchy for some odd reason. A message popped up that said ‘No one likes a Peeping Tom Darlin’. ‘Did San actually just do that?!’

“Uh sorry, I did it on reflects.” you shy away or at least try to move. Sans grips your hand.

“No harm done.” He shrugs.

Both of you jump in surprise from the small laugh coming from right next to you. “How nice to see you getting along, Beauties.” Mettaton suddenly appears next to you two with a coy smile. “Now that [y/n] has chosen her beau, I have a gift to commemorate the occasion.” Mettaton snaps his fingers and Chuck comes out with an envelope. “I made a reservation for two at Che’ MTT!”

“Che’ MTT, Your restaurant but why?!”

“No need to thank me.” The walking tin can turned his back to the audience and continues on with the show and you both are carted off backstage. Upon arrival, Chuc lost it and began to laugh his ass off.

"Just dust me now." This really was going to be a long day.

Chapter End Notes

That fantasy question tho...damn. I have no clue where it came from, but I needed to make this chapter as crazy. So I just thought, what would make [y/n] blush? Oh wait, she’s a tsundere, they can blush from anything lol.

I went back and changed the story line for this because it was getting to be too similar
to the previous story I'm doing.

Red: Is it too late to back out?

Writer: Yes.
Dinner for two

Chapter Summary

Time for a dinner date with the Bone-ified Badass!!

Chapter Notes

Please note that I do not condone riding through the void on motorized vehicles. wear the proper gear and try not to breathe in the void, Stay safe folks.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After a bit of talking to Sans, you both agree to meet tonight for this dinner date MTT had set up. Sans teleported back home and upon arriving back, Papyrus was there to greet him. "Excellent work brother answers answers may have been a bit low brow, but you managed to successfully gain a date with the cyclops."

"Uh...thanks bro, she seems like an eyebrow raiser." Sans jokes as he winks at his unamused sibling.

"That joke was pathetic, please refrain from using that on this date, this is serious."

"C'mon Pap, it's really just a free meal, it ain't nothin' serious."

"Of course, a laze about like you wouldn't take this seriously, but I refuse to let this opportunity slip." Papyrus bends down to look at Sans, getting as close to his face as possible, which makes him sweat a bit. "The next course of action will be to secure a second date."

"A...A SECOND DATE?! Pap I think you're taking this a bit too far."

"I don't want to hear it, Sans. I saw the way you looked at that cyclops. I've only seen that look when you really want something." Sans diverted his eye lights away from Papyrus. His brother can be really observant at the worse of times.
"Fine, you caught me, I may have shown a bit of interest in here, especially when I saw that the werewolf wanted the same thing."

"Nice to see a bit of ambition from you, so do you have any plan of action?"

"Not really, maybe I'll take a page from the Kid's book and see what happens."

"If that's your tactic see to it you don't fail." Papyrus turned and went back towards his room. Before doing so he says in a somber tone, "It would be nice to have another person around the house, it's too quiet here." and he was soon gone.

Sans lets out a sigh and stares at a picture frame of a small child smiling with the two skeletons. "Yeah...me too."

The next hour was spent showering and searching the various piles for acceptable, and clean, clothes to wear. He took a whiff of a red button down and instantly regretted it. 'I really need to start my washing clothes more.' The shirt didn't even smell like him at this point, but it was pretty damn nice. Sans looked at the clock and saw he had about a good three hours before the date. Just enough time to collect his thoughts and ready himself. The idea of going on a date was foreign to Sans. He had been with plenty of females underground, it wasn't hard for him. He was both hated and admired, so he drew attention easy. This dating thing was going to be a new one for him. Back underground was survival of the fittest. Only the strongest were allowed to live and if you didn't fit the bill then it meant getting dusted.

Now on the surface, he still had to watch his back, due to a few old enemies and any humans who saw him unworthy of living topside. Yet, life was still good. No more danger. No need to 'kill or be killed' just make it to the next day. All was okay and he could relax a little. 'I sure hope so.'

[Three hours later]

After a bit of fussing with his appearance Papyrus finally approved of Sans' leaving the house. Sans looked up the address of your apartment and decided on taking Bone Crusher -mostly to impress you. Sitting in the garage was a cherry red motorcycle with really wide and fat tires. The back part had a gaster blaster skull serving as the headlight. This bike was his pride and joy, he got it for dirt cheap and completely customized it to his liking. It runs completely on magic and only works if Sans is on it. Just as Sans hopped onto the bike Papyrus appeared again. "Brother, you're really going to take that obnoxious machine out on this date?"
The sharp perma-grin on Sans face grew wider as he adjusted the strap of his helmet. "Aw~ C'mon Bro, just admit you're jealous of my baby."

"The day I become jealous of anything you do or have I will sing this country's national anthem while juggling my own head."

"I'm still waiting to see that, but a skeleton can dream. Later Pap." Sans revved up his magic and the motorcycle roared to life. Red magic oozing from the gaster blaster skull and the various exhaust pipes. The garage door opened and Sans hit the gas. He made it halfway down the driveway and was soon gone through a portal.

Papyrus watched as his older sibling flew into the darkness, a trail of red magic left in his wake. He shook his head and scoffed, "He can be such a show-off." and thus went back inside.

The trip through the void was no longer than maybe a minute and he was right where he needs to be. He parked his bike on the curb and hopped off. The house was a nice one of those two story brownstone apartments. "Heh, nice digs she got here." Sans chuckles to himself and then sees movement in one of the windows. It was a girl, well a cyclops girl, but not his. She waved quickly as a smile grew on her mouth. Sans waves back and the girl quickly disappears. A few seconds passed and the door flies open. This time with two female cyclops stand before him. The one in the window and an older looking one. She looked a lot like [y/n]. She had wide hips and pouty lips. She made eye contact with Sans and her grin was wide and bright. "Ah Welcome, you must be Sans. Come, let me take a look at you." The older cyclops comes up to him and grabbed his skull. Normally, Sans would go onto smack her away, but he really didn't want to fuck up and offend his date's mother. "You're a lot more handsome in person. My [y/n] chose well."

The red eye lights in Sans skull had faded and he was sweating,"Th-Thank you, ma'am." Sans heard that cyclops are quieter and reserved. I guess that's just a rumor.

"Oh~ and polite too, yes you'll do fine, you may call me Nana from now on, Sans."

"Will do, Nana." Sans was blushing all on his skull, this female was super friendly and getting all in his space. He was more use to folks just steering clear of him or giving him the stink eye.

"Mama let go, you're making him uncomfortable." The voice belonged to no one other than [y/n]. 'Great she saw me getting man handled by her mother.' He looked at her and the sight was a lot to take in. Gone was that cutesy dress you had on. You wore a pair of tight, black jeans and a simple glittery top under that same leather jacket. You looked simple but it still had the desired effect.
"Nonsense, he'll live, besides he'll be practically family in a month." Nana winked at Sans and he gulped in his non-existent throat.

[Y/n] blushed a bit, "MAMA PLEASE!"

"Oh, I'm just teasing sweetheart." Nana hugged you and looked to Sans, "Be sure she gets home no later than midnight, she has work tomorrow."

"Yes, ma-I mean Nana." Sans bows to you and gestures to the bike. You look at it in awe. It was a work of art. The bright red paint and metal sparkled in the sunshine. As if someone had polished it with the utmost care. The bike was pretty large enough to accommodate Sans' large body. Yet still looked sleek in its very heavy metal design. It was just like him, 'Cool but menacing'.

"This is yours?"

"Told ya, I got a bike, now put this on and hang on tight." Sans handed you a helmet. it was black with a single red stripe down the middle. You swung a leg over the back and instantly hung on him. Once Sans starts the bike up you began to vibrate. "Just hang on and hold your breath for a bit okay Darlin'?"

You nodded and quickly waved to your mom and sister. They wave back with genuine smiles on their face. You held fast to Sans' middle as the Bike smoothly raced forward. The world around you faded away and you were soon in complete darkness. The smell of sulfur and rotten eggs hit your nostrils. 'That explains why he wanted me to hold my breath.' The pitch black was gone sooner than it arrived and you were back in the sunlight. The bike was parked carefully and you jumped off.

"So, how'd ya like your first ride on the Bone Crusher?"

You took off the helmet and shook out your hair. Once your eye landed on him you smiled. "That was pretty neat. I heard rumors that you could teleport and all that, but you can ride through it on a motorcycle. Sans that's just amazing."

Sans took the helmet from her and put it back on the inventory on his phone. "Heh, wow this is new."
You tilt your head to the side in curiosity. "Most females I've dealt are super over the top about their first time in the void, but you just 'That was pretty neat' and look at me with that oddly calm look." Sans got up off the bike and looked at you. "Most folks don't like dealing with me, yet here you are." His eye lights look you up and down. You were so much smaller than him but didn't flinch or step away from him. Something he also took note of. "Tch, you're just an enigma aren't you, won't lie and say it doesn't pique my interest Darlin'." He grins at you.

You silently take his arm and push yourself closer. "I'm much more of an open book when I've eaten."

"I hope you're a real page-turner after this." Sans joked taking in how close they are.

You snicker, "We'll see." Sans instantly took in the sudden change from Blue to Violet in your eye.

Upon entering the restaurant, the hostess instantly escorted you to your table. As you past other tables all eyes were on you two. Who could blame them? You were with Sans the Judge of the underground and he was a big skeleton. The guy drew attention like moths to a flame. The whispers were something totally different. What you picked up on were as followed:

"Is that the cyclops from TV?"

"How can she see with that one eye?"

"That guy is so big. Are they really together?"

"How does that even work?"

"Stranger couples appear every day."

"True."

"I wonder if he's able to you know? Do the do."
"Be quiet, people can hear you."

All the whispering died down once you got to your table, a small secluded booth in the VIP section. "Please enjoy your time at our fine establishment there were quite a few big wigs in this section. All dressed to the nines and laughing amongst themselves.

Sans speaking broke you from your observations, "Wow this is some classy joint, ain't it?"

"Yeah, I couldn't afford a meal here indefinitely." You began looking at the menu. "I mean look at this stuff, 30 bucks for a steak." You showed Sans the menu and he whistled loudly.

"Damn, this place is too much for me."

"Well it is Mettaton's place, so of course it's all fancy and shit." You kept your eyes on the menu as you kept reading the insanely priced meals.

"Don't you mean bull shit?" Right on cue, you snort a bit too loud from behind the menu. You tried to hide your outburst, but the damage had been done. A group of four, of course, they were human, had been seated by you and scoffed or whispered, but you knew they were judging you, 'They always do.' You tried to hide your embarrassment, but your eye was now a deep shade of pink. "Gotta say that was the cutest laugh I've ever heard."

"Uh...thanks." You were still hiding your face, but Sans wasn't having it. The menu started to glow red and was lifted out of your hand.

"You're too modest Darlin'. That laugh suits ya pretty well." Sans discards the menu and his eye sockets are focused on you. "I'm a skeleton who enjoys the simple things about folks. Especially if they're genuine in their interactions. Like hearing you crack up at my Sans-tastic jokes means a lot to me."

You stared at him, mouth agape, that was pretty shocking. It was just a compliment, but it oddly made her cheer up a bit. Her mood changed instantly, the pink was soon darkening to purple and small smile ghosted her lips. "I do truly find your jokes enjoyable, they're quite rib-tickling." Soon Sans was laughing and you were giggling.

The surrounding patrons looked on, but you both didn't care much. Eventually, a waitress came
over and asked your orders and walked off. The rest of the date was spent talking about each other and your lives. You learned Sans was pretty big on science and machines, and really did have a thing for looking up at stars. He has a telescope that he's had for ages. He seemed fidgety when he started talking about his work back underground, but you didn't pry, you both had something worth forgetting. In return, you told him about wanting to be a super hero as a kid and then grew into a love for acting. You talked about the Space Cadet show and how much you really did love it. The passionate way you spoke and the excitement clearly evident in your eyes made Sans soul race.

And he didn't want it to stop.

Chapter End Notes

There you go, hope you liked it. See you next update. I'll try not to take too long on the next one.
A Walk in the Park

Chapter Summary

I was walking in the park one day.

Chapter Notes

Here you go, a new chapter late at night and when I should clearly be doing my homework.

Red: About fucking time, and folks say I'm lazy.

Me: I have school what's your excuse?

Red: Because I feel like bein' lazy, what'cha gon' do bout it?

Me: *glare* Is that a threat bish? I CAN take the reader away from you.

Red: *sweating*...I'm sorry...

Me: Good boy, * turns to the readers* enjoy the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The rest of the date went on without much of a hitch. You both were currently sitting in the park downtown and sipping away on a bottle of vodka that Sans had somehow swiped when no one was looking.

"I'm not much of a drinker, but man this is some weak stuff." You laugh out loud and raise the bottle to your lips, "It tastes pretty good though."

"Yeah, probably that fusion crap that was made so humans could enjoy monster alcohol," Sans a big swig of it. "It takes about four of these to knock 'em out, but for me- nada." He shrugs with the bottle lazily in his bony hand.

You laugh again, "You sound like my old man, he goes for the strong stuff, Mama keeps him in check because once it's in his system he's a riot." The giggles soon continued to bubble up. "One time he came home from a few drinks with his friends and was a mess. He kept shouting about a wanting to play chess and a purple bear that he thought was going to still his sandwich. Mama eventually got him to be quiet before more of our neighbors got mad at us." The giggles soon turned into fits of laughter very quickly. "Sorry, you must think my family is crazy now huh?"

"Nah, 's cool, besides if you wanna hear something crazy shit, I once had to chase my brother almost to waterfall because we have a rambunctious, annoying ass dog for a pet." Sans' grin grows wider. "He was hanging onto the leash for dear life, imagine a tiny skeleton kid just wailin' as this big white dog drags him around."
That earned a snort from you and quickly tried to hide it. "Shit, my bad."

Sans raises a brow bone and looks very amused by this new display. "Well ain't that cute." His sharp teeth glimmering from the lamps lighting the park.

You blush, "What, no*giggles, snort* fuck...SANS IT'S NOT FUNNY!"

Sans was doubled over in laughter, clutching his non-existent belly, as you felt the freak out in your eye begin. "PFFT HAHAHAAHAAH OH MAN DARLIN' I'M SORRY, BUT THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE IS KILLIN' ME!"

"UGH! I can't believe this, Merciful Asgore, just dust me now." You bury your face in your hands.

You feel an arm wrap around you, "Aww~ c'mon Darlin' there's nothing wrong with you snorting." Sans pulled you closer, "I told you I'm a simple guy, there's nothing wrong with it, you're perfect."

"You think so?" You looked at him incredulously.

He nods, "Of course you are."

"Even though I lack depth perception?"

"Depth-finitely."

You allow yourself to laugh at his pun, "Jeez, eye can't believe you did that."

"Heh I figured this required some vitreous humor, I mean you are smiling now." Despite your best efforts, you added not to laugh at his pun, your eye flickers from purple to blue. "What does the purple mean?"

'Damn this bulbous orb on my face!' You shout inwardly, "Purple means, happy or pleased."

"You got quite a colorful personality there Darlin'."

"Must you rainbow on my parade Sans?"

"What can I say, I'm a punny guy, weather you like it or not, Darlin'." He winks at you and you scoff with a smile on your face.

"AAHHH HELP!" A young looking human woman races towards you a bit roughed up and her mascara making dark lines down her face. You jump to your feet and look at the woman worried.

"Huh, what's wrong?" You ask taking her appearance, she was barefoot and her clothes were slightly ripped, and hair was all over her head. She clearly had just been mugged or something.

Her hands grab yours, her voice frantic and scared,"Please, they're going to kill him, you have to help." She starts to tug you over, Sans holds you back.

"Whoa there, lady, what makes you think we should believe you?"

"M-my boyfriend...he's in trouble...a bunch of assholes cornered us and...and please he doesn't have a lot of HP, THEY'LL KILL HIM!" Sans held fast to you, still not convinced. His face was concentrated on the human's chest.
'Is he examining her soul?' Curiosity soon piques and you peer at her as well. Before long the image that gave away was an Emerald green heart bouncing frantically in her chest. She was a kind soul and you could feel her frantic emotions as they bubbled to the surface. A closer peek at it was a white heart, clears signs of a monster soul being her...SOULMATE! This human was mated to a monster. "Sans we have to help."

"I know, the mark isn't fading, he's still hanging on. Lead the way lady." Sans and you follow the human woman across the park. The closer you got the louder the hooping and hollering got. There was a park clearing and in the middle was a small group of guys, all surrounding this one bull monster. He looked rougher than the woman and quite beaten and exhausted.

"What the fuck." Sans lets out a growl and you gasp, appalled at the scene taking place. You felt sick to your stomach and angry all at the same time.

"Man this son of a bitch is still standing." a voice calls out.

"He won't be for long." one guy swung a bat at the fairly big bull, he takes the hit after a failed attempt at dodging. The bull falls to his knees grabbing his arm in agony. You check his HP and super low, barely in the tens.

"He looks finished boys, let's dust this demon."

"HARRY!" The woman bolts towards them.

"Shit." Sans hisses watching her bolt.

The woman pushes the guys away and shields her mate from the cruel men. "Please, have mercy, he did nothing to you, don't hurt hi- AAHH!".

One of the men grabs her hair,"Get a load of this, this monster fucker is asking for mercy." He grabs her face and pulls it closer to his. "Trust me, skank, this monster deserves no mercy, except being turned to dust." He throws her towards the others and they hold her down. "First, we'll dust this fucker and then we'll give you a taste of what he got you, whore." You see him pull out a switchblade and getting closer to the bull monster.

"Sans we have to do something." You tug on his arm, "they're going to kill them."

"You're right, c'mon." Sans marches forward with you, "Hey you meatbags don't you have anything better to do then pick on these two?" He says with venom in his voice.

"Who the fuck-wait you're that fucking skeleton from before." He points the knife at Sans and then looks at you. "Oh, and you brought the one-eyed cunt with you too." His face grew menacing and made you flinch. "I told you two if I ever saw you again there would be trouble, well here comes." He snaps his fingers and his cronies move in on you and Sans.

"Tch you're gonna need a lot more if you wanna step to me, bub." Sans flicks his wrist upwards and a barrier of bones popped around the leader and you two."Besides, I'm curious to finally see her kick your ugly ass." Sans gestures to you and damn did you look pissed.

Sup' Neckbeard." You began cracking your knuckles, not relaxing your face. Your eye was black and surround a bright, red iris. "Sans."
"Right." He throws a bone at the one guy holding the human. The woman manages to break free from the other and rushes to her mate's side. Sans summons six more bones and they float above his head. The leader's followers get the message and some either freeze or turn tail. He sends them to the rest of the grunts and incapacitates them.

While Sans kept watching over the couple you walk towards the clearly shaken leader. He squares up and tries to stand his ground, but you could see the fear in his soul. It was a muted orange color, **AUDACITY**. "I have to say, neckbeard, this is pretty impressive," You say as you drew closer to him, your eye never leaving his. "You rounded up a few buddies and managed to corner an innocent couple in the park in the dead of night. I'm truly in awe by your **BRAVERY**...wait scratch that, I meant **STUPIDITY**."

The guy soon regained his voice, but it still wobbled with fear, "Like I care about your approval. Every last one of you freaks deserves to get shoved back down to hell where you belong." His face twist into something ugly as the point to them, "I'll willing to kill you all to make that happen." The knife he was wielding glowed red and leaves his grip. "What the-"

"Ok, we get your point, bud." Sans brings the knife to him and makes it teleport away.

Now that he was distracted you took the chance to rush forward and clutch his shirt, raising him above your head. He kicks and struggles for his freedom. "Normally I'm not the violent type, even when I was back underground, but..." You pull him close to your face, the glow from you red, angry eye lit up his face. "**Assholes like you don't deserve mercy.**" The look of horror on his face matched what he saw. A pitch black abyss and a white skull were all that made up your eye. "**Night, Night.**" You send you slammed your fist into his gut and he falls to his feet.

"Agh...*cough* haha...you mono-eyed bitch...I'm gonna- **CRACK.**" You drew back you leg and kicked him square in the jaw, knocking him out cold.

"Yeah, I don't care." You turned back to Sans and the couple, "You two alright?"

"Y-yes, thank you, I'm just about done healing us."

"Healing? So you're a mage?"

"My ancestors were mages and inherited their gifts."She said focusing back on healing her mate, "Harry are you feeling any better."

"I'm fine love, but my pride is a bit bruised, I'm just glad you're safe." The bull looks to you and Sans. "Thank you for helping Zoey and me, I owe you one Judge and-"

"Oh, it's [y/n], It was no problem."

"Yeah, what she said, by the way, I called a few people to take these guys in."

"Huh, who?"

"YO SANS!"

"The Royal Guard." You look past Sans and see the familiar face of Undyne the Undying, Captain of the Royal Gaurd, walking towards you. She's even bigger in person.

"Sorry it took so long to get here, you alright?"

"I called you like three minutes ago."
"And your point is?" she arches an eyebrow at him, "Anywho, we're here, who's the fuckers I need to bring in?" You point to unconscious guys in the grass. "Right, we'll talk more at the embassy." Undyne walks off and picks up one guy like a rag doll.

"The embassy, as in the Monster Embassy?"

"Yep, we have to see the queen, will you be ok?"

"I...yeah, I'll be fine, just never thought I'd meet royalty, especially after what just happened." You look around at the royal guards surrounding you and clearing up the crime scene.

"It'll be fine, just stick with me and we'll both make it out alive."

You tilt your head to the side, "Eh?"

"Alright punks, let's get these guys back to the embassy, we've got a long night ahead of us."

Undyne roars with her a serious look on her face that matched her dangerous looking teeth.

'What have I gott'nem myself into?'

Chapter End Notes

Wow, now that was an eventful first date don't you think. You guys bonded, told a few puns, and showed a bit of your tough side. O wonder what Sans thinks of this whole thing. You see since I'm gonna make the next chapter from his point of view.

See you for the next chapter guys, bye~
This night was just getting better and better. First, you and Sans wind up on a dating show and are set up to go on a date. Then, you play hero and save a couple from a bunch of narrow-minded, assholes. Sans hated to admit it, but Papyrus made a good call in pushing him to do that stupid game show.

Sans' eye lights followed your movements as you continued to talk on the phone with your family. You called only to check in but your mother knew something was wrong. So you went on to tell about the incident in the park and that you were in the embassy for questioning as a witness. "Yes, Momma I'm fine, they couldn't lay a scratch on me. It takes a lot to weaken a cyclops, you know this." Sans' brow bone rose curiously. He thought back to your fight with the humans and nodded. Cyclope monsters were known to be reclusive and only stuck to their family bands if they didn't live alone. He also heard they were pretty docile by nature unless provoked, which is what happened tonight of course. Seeing you, this petite cyclops, nail that asshole from earlier was...

‘The hottest shit I’ve ever seen.’ San reeled himself back in, ‘Control yourself Snowdin, you need to take baby steps. She’s got to warm up to you first. He refocused his attention on your conversation.

"I'll try to hurry back home as quick as I can, ma'am." You spoke into the receiver now pinching your forehead. Your mother can such a worrisome woman.

"Alright, but if anything happens I can help what happens if your father finds out."

You flinched at the threat, "No, don't you dare get Daddy involved. Remember what happened last time?" The sight of an enraged older cyclops will forever be burned into your mind.
"Those ruffians deserved it and you know it, besides your father used mercy didn't he?"

A deep groan left your lips as you looked to Sans who looked distracted by something on his phone.

"Asgore's beard, mother please."

A sigh was heard from the other end, "Fine, fine, just be careful on your way home, dear."

"Okay, love you, Momma."

"Love you too, [y/n]." You hung up and turned to the still distracted Sans.

"You good, Darlin'?" He asked still on his phone.

"Yeah, hopefully, we can get this over with." Flopping down on the cushy couch you heard Sans chuckle a bit.

"Me too, I'm missing precious beauty sleep." Sans fake yawned and you giggled.

"You weren't kidding when you said you were lazy."

"I'm lazy, but I would never tell a *fibula*, Darlin'." He winks at you, "Sadly, the rest of our date was cut short by those chuckleheads though." You nod, "Yeah, but I feel for that couple y'know, being in an interspecies relationship must be tough."

"Relationships period are tough Darlin' but they're just lucky it didn't end badly."

"I hope they're okay." You said silently slumping in your seat, Sans grunts and pets your head.
"I'm sure they'll be fine. Don't sweat it Darlin'." You shrugged your eye a muted green now. Sans growls a bit and makes you face him, "Hey, don't worry, Undyne and the others will make sure they get what they deserved. So... don't worry about it...okay?" Sans' voice sounded so concerned, it made your soul jolt.

"R-Right, I'm sorry, I tend to a bleeding heart at times." You felt your face warm up slightly as you looked down at Sans' bony fingers wrap around yours. You couldn't believe what was happening. The Judge, Sans the motherfucking Skeleton was trying to comfort you.

His grin grew two sizes, he was actually relieved. "Good, besides eye 'd hate to see you so down in the dumps Darlin'."

You snorted through your nose, "Jeez, thanks for ruining the mood Mr. Punny Bones ."

Sans laughs, he pulls you forward so you were now in an embrace. "Oh, and what are you going to do about it Darlin'? Pun ish me?" His voice was deeper and made you have to look away to avoid him seeing it wig out from your fluster. His deep chuckle makes your soul warm up in an odd way. “That eye 'd like to see.”

“You already used that one. Besides, unlike you, I’ve got the guts for it, Bone boy.” You see his skull turn a light shade of red, which you felt proud about.

Luckily, a voice pulls cuts in, “You guys need to get a room.” You look around Sans and see a human with a yellow flower in their hand. Both whom you recognized as Frisk the ambassador and Flowey the son of queen Toriel.

You jumped up and bowed, “I’m sorry, I didn’t see you there Ambassador.”

A small chuckle leaves the human child, “No biggie, Miss [Y/n].”

“You know my name?”

“Of course, Frisk watches your show al-"Frisk put a hand to cover Flower's mouth.
You froze in disbelief. Frisk, the savior/ambassador of monster kind was a fan...of *Bodacious Space Cadet Venus*. For reason only enclosed to you, that made you want to dance around and sing. “I’m really happy you like, Ambassador.”

“Just call me Frisk, also I hope we didn’t ruin your date with Sans.”

“Date?” You suddenly remembered that Sans was there. You looked over at him and saw him still lounging on the couch, but this time he was actually asleep. “He...he actually fell asleep?”

“That’s Sans for you, he tends to do that. I once saw him doze off while standing up.”

“No way.”

Flowey answers, “It’s true.” You let out a laugh, the thought of Sans snoring like he was now and just standing up made tears come to your eye.

“I can’t, that’s just incredible.” you snickered.

Sans wasn’t actually asleep, but he didn’t want me “awake” when-

“My child, where are you?” Right on cue, the one he was trying to avoid came in. The queen of the Underground and adjunct ruler of the surface monsters, Toriel. Who was also at odds with Sans due to a disagreement they had before reaching the surface.

Upon seeing Frisk the queen’s smile grew. You fidget a bit when you see the queen, the natural aura that surrounded her commanded respect. You bow lowly to the monarch, “Good evening your majesty.” Toriel looks at you finally and bows her head.

“You must be the monster I that saved the couple in the park. That’s left quite an impression on them and me.”

You rubbed your head, “It’s no trouble, they had no right to terrorize them like that.” You blush a bit from Toriel’s praise. “I didn’t want to start a fight but one of them Ii had a run in with already and wouldn’t back down.”
Frisk bobs her head in agreement, “It doesn’t matter to people like that. They’ll always find a way, but I’m going to change all that someday.” Their soul flared with determination and you couldn’t help but smile at them.

You turn to Toriel, “So, what happens now, your majesties?”

“Well my child, we’ve got your testimonies, Undyne is currently interrogating the attackers now and the human authorities have been notified. So Now we play the waiting game until they get here.” Toriel says as she turns to Sans, “I highly doubt you can pretend for that long Sans.”

All eyes were on Sans as he flinches “awake.” You see red beads of sweat drip down his face. “Hah ah...can’t fool you can I Tor- Your Majesty.” Toriel shakes her head at him and Frisk laughs a bit.

Toriel and you had begun talking back and forth and Sans didn’t take his eyes off of you. He’s not a clingy guy by far, but he sure as hell didn’t like you talking to Toriel. Who knows what she could be saying or what you're asking. He kept his non-existent ears trained on you two and another as he listened to Frisk as questions about their date. Sans had to give every detail about your not-real date.

“I knew she’d pick you, by the way,” Frisk says as they look at you amused. “I didn’t get to see the whole show since Mom doesn’t like me looking at it, but I knew.”

Sans gave Frisk an amused look, “How so, pipsqueak?”

“Well… it was really a feeling, you’re a total knucklehead but you both seem to click together, also she’s cool, mostly because she's Venus and seems pretty nice, so there’s that too.” Frisk was bouncing in place on the couch. The kid was getting older but so things never change. They leaned closer to his skull and whispered, “So, when can I start calling her my aunt?”

Sans choked up a laugh, You looked over at him and he waved off his behavior. When he was composed, and not under your worried gaze, Sans turned and gave them a glare, “Kid, now is not the time to be thinkin’ about that kind of junk.”

"He's right, for once," Flowey interjects.
“Aw~ why not, she’s perfect for you,” Frisk whines quietly. “She laughed at all your jokes, she’s afraid of you, and doesn’t call you Judge but your *actual* name.”

“Well for one, this date was pre-made, I only just met ‘er.” Sans says rubbing his skull a bit. “Plus, she may not be keen on anything other than friendly.” He knew he was right, they were only on this date due to Mettaton’s crazy ass’ game show trying to play matchmaker.

Frisk, still insistent, “So, then take her on plenty of dates and be flirty, that’s sure to work.”

Sans sighs and ruffles their hair, “If only it were that easy, Pipsqueak.”

“Human, Brother, Your Highness! Where are you?” A loud and familiar voice filled the air. Sans mutters something along the lines of, “So much for peace and quiet.” and Frisk slaps his arm in a scolding manner. A tall skeleton sporting a nice looking leather jacket, a red button down, and dark washed jeans comes in. He spots his brother and strides towards him, “There you are, are you injured? Is your date alright?” Papyrus began to shake his brother as he asked for information.

“Pap, stop shakin’ me would ya before I throw up.” Sans shrugs off his sibling’s grasp. “I’m fine and so is she, but you can ask ‘er yourself.” he points to you sitting by the queen. You look a bit startled as the lanky skeleton makes his way over. “Are you well, I hope my brother didn’t start something with a human did he?”

You guessed Papyrus didn’t know the full story. So you clarified, “No, we kind of just jumped in to help a few poor souls getting harassed by a bunch of scumbags. I recognized one of them, but they were nothing. I’m glad he was there watching my back though.” You threw a pleasant smile his way, which makes him blush a bit. Papyrus looked pleased enough with your answer and stood up.

“GOOD I’D HATE TO SEE WHAT THEY’D LOOK LIKE IF ANYTHING SOMETHING DID HAPPEN TO YOU TWO.” He walked back over to Sans and whispered something to him, “Be sure to invite her over for dinner this weekend, *don’t forget.*” He quickly bowed to Toriel, “My queen I must be going and finish work here, excuse me.”

"Of course, thank you for stopping by." Papyrus nods and turns to leave before giving Sans some kind of telepathic message. Afterward, he was gone.
Sans buried his crimson face in his hands, “I think I have a headache.” Frisk nudges him jokingly. You even laugh at his expense, but he didn’t mind much, he liked the sound of your laugh.

The human police soon come to collect your testimonies for the report. Once that was over and done, it was time for you to get home. You said your goodbyes to Frisk and Toriel. "It was nice seeing you all, I hope to see you real soon."

"I hope so too," Frisk says as Toriel nods in agreement.

"Don't be a stranger," Flowey says.

"I won't," You wink as Sans starts guiding you out of the building. Once you reach his bike you see his shoulder sag a bit. 'Fuckin' finally, I didn't know when that would end."

"It's been a rough night for all of us, pal." You say nudging him as you clip on the helmet and climb on behind him.

"Trust me Darlin', for some of us, it's just the beginning. Hold on." Sans revs the engine and the cut, in reality, pops up. You quickly fly into and were soon out of it. "Here we are, home sweet home." The bike stopped right in front of your brownstone house and you sighed. "Somethin' the matter Darlin'?"

"No really, I mean yeah... the lights are still on in the house so my dad is probably awake, which great for me." You shook your head despite what you really meant.

Sans nods, "Ah isn't your old man Butch?" There's a tinge of worry on his voice.

"Yep and I'm probably doomed. That walking fossil's probably waiting for me, yippee." You wave your hands in the air in a sarcastic manner before looking back at Sans. "Thanks for coming to the studio today, I had fun. Let's do this again sometime, but maybe not get in a fight."

"I'm down for that anytime Darlin', see you 'round." Sans makes the motorcycle rumble to life again and then he's gone in the void, as he calls it. You wave and head back in and see your dad nestled in his big, comfy chair, snoring up a storm. Yo giggle and give him a kiss on his head before heading to your room. You walk past Beatrice's room and see she's still up.
"Hey," she whispers, "I heard about what happen, you good?"

You look at her with a pleasant look on your face, "Yeah, it was."

This seems to intrigue your sister as she leans on the door frame, "Oh? So the Judge is as swoon worthy as I've heard?"

"Maybe, but he's cool and a pretty funny guy." You think back to earlier and how he made you laugh throughout the night. Maybe all the rumors of the judge weren't entirely true. He wasn't scary a towards you. Like some monsters he didn't impose his will or intimidate you. He was...sweet.

Beatrice giggles before going back to bed, "Glad you had fun, I hope he sticks around, I wanna get to know him too."

You go to your room, a fairly big bed sits in the middle. One end was your desk and the other your closet. You didn't need much space. You sit on the bed corner. Your reflection was normal unless you account the bright yellow of your eye. You hear your phone buss and swipe up to see what it was. On the screen read Bone-fied Badass, it was Sans. Opening your phone you see he left a message.

Bone-fied Badass: wanna come 2 dinner Sat?

You: Sounds like fun, love too.

Bone-fied Badass: Gr8, can't w8, cya.

You: Goodnight

Bone-fied Badass: nite

Once that was over you dropped your phone. Sleep was close to taking you so you quickly undressed and slipped under you covers. Before you drifted off you looked at the message you two sent, "I hope he sticks around too."

Chapter End Notes

night reader, sweet dreams!
See you guys later, buh bye!"
Chapter Summary

[Y/N] IS BEAUTY, SHE IS GRACE, SHE'LL KICK YOU IN THE FACE!!!
So what's [y/n] work life like as an actress? Read to find out.

Chapter Notes

Back at it again with my cyclops girl! Took me a while to get back to this. I got sidetracked by other writing and work (blegh). I'm still working the future chapters of Full Bloom out and getting Finding You...World off the ground, but I haven't forgotten my girl her.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Let it go, Chuck, I’m not telling you what happened again just so you can and tell MT. You’ll see it on the news anyway.”

Chuck continued to follow you about the busy studio, “Like hell, I will, do you know how many monster assault cases go undocumented by the news. Plenty, and you come out a freaking hero who saved an inter-species couple, that’s newsworthy to me.”

“I rather not make a big fuss, I have enough to deal with at home. My sisters and my Dad won’t stop questioning me. My mother trying her hardest to get me to invite Sans over as a reward or something.” You say as you pour yourself another cup of coffee. Mettaton was taping his shows for the day and then the next episode of Cadet venus later that day. So needed a boost of energy just to deal. Your home was more hectic than usual. Beatrice begging to know if you smooched Sans and you Dad giving a long-winded lecture on dating and bad boys. Sans was a bad boy, but also a lazy guy with a good soul despite his scary appearance. He’s also pretty funny and a goof but in a charming way. “I hate that monsters don’t get enough damn respect, let alone any minority just trying to live, but I don’t need the headache of more cameras in my face, man.”

Chuck shakes his head, “I feel like that won’t mean much now that you and Sans have been seen together.” he grabs your cup and takes a sip, which you glare at him for but he ignores it. “I’d say your life is about to get a lot more hectic, Little Buddy.” He strides away and leaves you with your coffee.

“Tch what does he know,” you grumble before sipping your coffee. As you try to relax you feel your phone buzz in your pocket. The screen reads Sans silly nickname, “What could he want?” you say as you slide your thumb over the screen. You see he left you a message.

Bone-ified Badass: Did some1 spill coffee down your neck or r u just hot under the collar?

You snort at the pun.
You: No, I’m just enjoying the daily grind. What’s up?

Bone-ified Badass: nuthin much, just ppl watchin’.

You: You’re people watching, don’t you work?

Bone-ified Badass: OFC, I work security, best time 2.

You: who are you watching right now?

Bone-ified Badass: CTO

He sent a picture of an anthro Dalmatian covered in red rhinestones. You snickered into your coffee a bit. Then you noticed who that Dalmatian was. That was Cosette, from the makeup department.

You: Sans where are you?

“At work.” said a deep gravelly voice behind you. You flinched and almost spilled the last of your coffee in your lap. Sans clutched his middle as he tried to stop laughing, “Jeezus Darlin’ you’re so jumpy, maybe ya should lay off the caffeine eh?”

You stood up, “Yeah, yeah real hilarious bonehead, a real knee slapper.” You rolled your eye upwards, clearly unamused by that didn’t stop the rosy tint to gloss over your iris. “What are you even doing here?”

Sans semi-composed himself before he spoke, “Like I said, I'm workin’, I got a job down here.” He points to the shiny badge pinned to his dark gray and blue uniform” You looked a bit shocked, but also intrigued, you never thought about what he looked like outside of his normal get up. “I know, it’s a coincidence, trust me."

“So that makes us co-workers sort of, right?”

“Looks like it Darlin’. Looks like you'll be seein' more of me,” he says with a genuine grin spread over his skull.

“Looks like it.” you echoed. You peer around him and see a few others look on in curiosity. “You sure attract a lot of attention.”

“Comes with the territory, Darlin’.” Sans shrugged as he peered over his shoulder. “Also it ain’t just me, they’re also lookin’ at you too.”

You roll your eye, “I’m nothing special.”

“Says you,” Sans gets a bit closer to you. “Don’t know too many chicks who are willin’ to look me in the eye sockets and not flinch.” his voice was deeper than normal and made you feel a bit light headed. He got a lot closer this time too and you really took in how big he was compared to you.

You heard a few murmurs and shook it off, “Well, I know my way around scary monsters, bone boy.” You smirk at him playfully.

He went to say something else but the crowd forming was throwing him off. Sans turned and glares, “The fuck ya’ll lookin’ at?” The small crowd scattered back to their actual jobs and you both were alone again. “Heh, I should get going can’t get in trouble on my first day.”
“Yeah, later Sans.”

“Catcha Later Darlin’.” He says before disappearing down the hall. Once he left you did and made it halfway down the hall when your phone pinged.

HUNK OF METAL: [y/n] be a dear and get me Chai Latte with no foam, also try not to get side tracked by your beau please.

You felt the heat in your face rise. Sans wasn’t your beau, that whole ordeal was smoke and mirrors. Besides, if he’s anything, he’s a friend until otherwise. MTT knows how to get under your skin. “Fucking piece of scrap metal.” you mutter to yourself as you talk back to your locker and get your purse before heading out. You have exactly two hours before you need to get into hair and makeup for Cadet Venus. That should be enough to run down to Muffet’s right?

To be honest, you never thought about how fast you walked in heels before all this. You quickly parked and high tailed into the studio with MTT’s freaking latte. All while only almost slipping and knocking over Bill from Promotion. “Sorry, I’m still not use to wearing this infernal stilettos but Mettaton insists that wear them.” you were beginning to fluster, Bill was technically a charmer of the studio. He schmoozed, he was witty, and had quite a cute face. Even more so, plenty of your co-workers drooled over him. Not you though, but you can’t help feeling the blush rise over your body as he helped you steady yourself.

“No problem, [y/n], we all know that the Boss can be a diva, but he’s the best.” He throws you a quick smile before walking off. “Oh, by the way, your buddy is looking for you, Monty right, the mouse.”

“Ah, right, I guess I should hurry on to H and M, later Bill.” you waved to him, trying to hide the way your eye was flashing bright green and a bit of light purple. “Get it together, [y/n].” you facepalm yourself once he was gone.

Upon making it to hair and makeup, the crew seem to swarm you. “Is it true that you and The Judge are a thing?”

“I saw you guys in the break room, did he hurt you?”

“Is it true that you both took down a whole gang last night?”

“Guy, guys, cool your jets will you. Sans and I aren’t really a thing, so to speak. Besides, that whole dating scenario was an experiment. Also, no we were chatting today. He’s working security here. It wasn’t a gang, just a bunch of drunk assholes looking to cause trouble, but we did kick their asses though.” You say taking a seat in the chair.

“Still stirring up trouble aren’t we, [y/n]?” The next chair showed a Mouse, standing at only at 4’0 and seemed to be now colored green instead of his usual gray. “My wife wouldn’t shut up when she heard The Judge and you were dating now.”

You already knew where this was going. Might as well stop the rumor mill before it starts. “We aren’t, we’re just ...friends.”

“You sure about that?”

“Yeah.” Monty sighs in defeat, saying you’re no fun but you just shrug it off. You rather not have
everyone up in you business or as the humans called it, ‘Up in your Kool-aid’, about you and Sans.
“If anything happens it’ll be on our terms Monty. Besides I hardly know they guy.” You get up
from your chair and head over to one of the dressing room to put on your costume. “See you on set.”

Sans made his rounds about the place. He of course had a map but he’s pretty sure the bright,
-colorful signs are enough to help him find his way around. He also didn’t have to do much seeing
as he mostly stayed in the security room that had a billion cameras. As a simple monster with
simple needs, he loved not having to lift a phalange. He shuffled into the security room and took
the comfy desk chair by his partner, Pete. Pete was a giant eagle dressed in the same uniform as
him and with a serious face but wasn’t like that unless the suits were around.

“Did you have fun flirtin’ with Miss Venus, Sans?”

“You saw that huh, "Sans chuckled darkly, “Yeah, but can’t really lay it on thick at work,
y’know.”

“I feel you man, a lot of pretty faces here but the rumor mill is pretty ramped up especially when it
concerns relationships.” Sans could believe that due to the fact that Pete hardly leaves this room
until he has to. He sees a lot going on in the hallways and stages and he knows quite a lot more
than the staff here would ever dare to confront him about.

Sans made a mental note to memorize the camera location in his spare time so he didn’t get caught
doing anything unsavory and possible leaked back to his bro. The last thing he needed was an loud
earful, and maybe a fistful, of his brother scolding him about using work as a excuse or something
to play around.

Sans leans back in his chair and puts his hands behind his head. “‘m not too worried, [y/n] doesn’t
peg me as the type to care for gossip.”

“Being around Mettaton can do that to you though. That bot is a walking press conference and
everyone bows to him. If he knows what’s going on, then so does she. It’s a power move, to say
the least.”

“A power move huh?” In Sans honest opinion, being in Mettaton’s social circle would mean
having to put up with the glare from his spotlight. [y/n] couldn’t possibly put up with that tin can
everyday for shits and giggles. She works as his assistant for crying out loud and juggles her own
tv show, which explains why he’s in it and she’s the lead. “Fuck your right.”

“Told ya, but you gotta tell me what she’s like outside of this place. She walks are here upright and
content with keeping her head down in her work. Is she a real prude like some says she is or is she
one of those crazy party girl types.” Pete’s eagerness took him by surprise. He also made a mental
note to look for the source of these rumors about her in his spare time. “Come on Judge you gotta
give me something.”

“Fine, I’ll say this, she can throw a mean punch.” Sans grins wickedly as Pete groans from being
denied his gossip. Sans wasn’t dumb enough to let loose this girl’s private life when he barely
knew her. Plus, he rather not be on the receiving end of your ire. “Sorry Pal, my lips are sealed.”
He laughs at the bird’s anguish a for a bit.

Sans eyes flicker to a monitor showing sci-fi-esque set. Pete sees where Sans is looking and grins,
“Oh they’re taping the Cadet Venus show today, man you’re in for a treat and you’ll know why
soon enough why she’s got just as man fans as Mettaton.” Sans looked on with slight interest, he knew you were in something but he could only imagine what it was. Pete flicked a few buttons and the image was blown up on to multiple screens. He turns on the sound and they hear the director yelling out orders and the lights go dim and smoke fills the set.

“Oh! They must be doing a run through.” Pete says with a starstruck face. Sans didn't peg him as a fanboy but to each his own. "Mettaton is the one take king but [y/n] is one of the most energized of the cast, you gotta see this.”

The lights land of Mettaton pops into view and tied provocatively to a wall. The area looked like a deck of a spaceship but it looked oppressive and gritty. Another figure steps out, a four eyed, horned monstress dressed in a dark cape and an over the top anime helmet. By her side were these menacing looking soldiers who matched her look. The villainess laughs maniacally in Mettaton’s face. “It would seem you’re precious Venus is no longer of this. Now it I who will rule the cosmos and with you by my side as my bride of course.”

“You fiend, I would never marry a cruel creature like you,” Mettaton says in an over the top theater voice.

“Oh is that so~” The villain hits a button and holographic projection of a planet pops up. “What if I told you, I'd destroy you home world if you deny me.”

“You wouldn’t dare, leave my family and people out of this.”

“As it stands Prince MTT, they’re already mine.” They laugh some more as Mettaton weeps over dramatically as he gazes at his planet. Sans spot Pete tearing up and scoffs in amusement. “For this forth, I, Nyx Empress of the Dark Realm shall rule the world.”

“Not if I have anything to say about that!” A voice calls and Sans perks up. A loud crash can be heard and a few of the soldier crash through the wall. Plumes of smoke bellow out and from it emerges you dressed in a tight body suit colored muted gold and black. The body suit had a few tears in it and was covered in dirty just like the rest of your body as it looked bruised and battered from a serious fight. Around your waist was a black utility belt accented in muted gold and had a red V in the buckle. Your hair was styled in a black bob with red streaks. Black gloves with star details and matching knee high boots. To complete the look was a cracked muted gold helmet with a red V on the top the a crack vizor.

By her side was a small mouse covered in what looked like blue paint dressed like a sci-fi vagabond and a packing a mean looking ray gun and a jetpack. You clap away the dust on your hand and look up at Nyx and Mettaton, “Hey Nyx, did you miss me?” The camera zooms in on you face as you smiled in amusement at the villainess' shocked face.

“YOU CRETINS, YOU DARE LIVE!” Nyx shrieks in outrage.

“Guess you weren’t try hard enough toots.” the mouse says I a gruff voice.

The villainess snarls and calls her soldiers to seize you. You and the mouse scatter and start taking them down. You flip, kick, throw, and punch you way through the first few as your mouse companion fires off as he laughs like a kid in a candy store. You get cornered by a few of the soldiers and take a small orb fromyour belt, tossing it to the ground. The area fills with like pink smoke and blinds your assailants. Through the smoke a grappling hook shoots out and you aren’t far behind. You some how don’t receive and shots and swing onto the platform behind them. You
grab a thick pipe and mastefully swing it at them. They fly this way and that off screen, yelping and crying for mercy. Once you clear them away, you turn to Nyx and Mettaton. Nyx sneers and undoes MTT’s shackles and drags him away.

“No, unhand me you she-devil, Venus help me!”

“Hold On your Majesty!” You shout before turning to the mouse, “Monty, I’m headed after Nyx, you good here?”

The mouse continues to fire and then gives you a thumbs up. You rush off towards the direction of the Prince and Nyx. You hear Mettatons cries for help and head towards the lengthy platform full of pods. Nyx is in the middle of shoving the Prince into a pod when spots you. "VENUS!"

"Nyx, surrender the Prince or we're gonna have to do this the hard way." You crack your knuckles once and glare in her direction. A metal object swings towards you and you see Nyx making it levitate. "The hard way it is then." You hustle and dodge Nyx's oncoming attempts to knock you away.

Nyx shouts in anger, “You have interrupted my plans for the last ti-AGH!” A cloud of pink smoke blocks her vision and You come flying with a kick to her head. Nyx falls unconscious and you help Prince Mettaton out of the pod. He hugs you head as you carry him bridal style. Before you can get him out of here, you feel something grab your leg. Nnyx yanks and Prince Mettaton leaves you to grasp and goes tumbling over the edge as you flop to the ground. “He’s mine!” Nyx brandishes a nasty looking sword and tries to take a few swipes at you.

“Possessive much!” You dodge duck and jump out of the way from death. Nyx pulls a piece of the floor up and makes you trip over it.

With a triumphant smile, Nyx looms over you and brings the sword close to your head. "You lose Cadet."

"I don't think so." your form fades away and Nyx is taken by surprise as her sword is shot out of her hand by the mouse companion. Her salutes her coyly as she turns to him, you give another swift kick hard enough to knock her off in a separate direction. She rolls away and you quickly jump on top of her. Both of you wrestle for a bit, clawing and punching until you trap one hand in your vice grip and the other under your leg. Once Nyx was immobilized, you delivered her a hard punch in the face. You look over to Mettaton hanging from a beam, close to tears. “I gotcha,” you fire your grapple again and drop down to him. “Llet’s go home your majesty.” You say as you hug his middle and grapple back up. The Director yells cuts and calls for a playback while you all break.

Pete turns back around to Sans as giddy as a school boy. “Did you see that, I’m no thespian but did you see how cool she is on set. Plus she does all her own stunts and all the heavy props she lifts with her own strength, you know being a cyclops and all. I hear they're pretty sturdy and strong. You couldn’t ask some day for one actor to do that could you.” Pete continues to gush about the taping and Sans barely listens. He just keeps think about you and how hot you looked in that tight body suit. Course, the part about you being this badass space chick was enough to get rev his engine but It literally clung to you like a second skin and he could see every curve. He thought about how well it showed off your legs and that ass of yours. Yep, he’s saving this one for tonight, that’s for sure.
Red: Well, I am a simple guy man. And I simply love a good, round a-
Okay, that's enough, we get it. You look looking at [y/n]'s butt.
I won't lie, I toiled over what to make the Cadet Venus costume look like. I mean
wanted badass but sexy. So I kind of took the black widow route but made it flashier
because it's a tv show. It'll change down the line though because I have another design
I want to use. I might add a link to the designs sooner than later in an upcoming
chapter.
Well, I hope you like this, and Red's pervert thoughts. See you guys later, Buh bye~
An Outing

Chapter Summary

[y/n] and her sisters head out during a rare day off so that means sister bonding time!!!! Well...it would be if you didn't have the sneaking suspicion of someone following around. Also, sometimes Gigi has some news for you.

Chapter Notes

*{A warning due to a part involving sexual assault, it isn't graphic but it's there.}

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"[y/n] that's not fair I wanna try it." Beatrice, your baby sister whines as you sip on a long island ice tea. The taste was pretty sweet but the alcohol wasn't shit to you. Normally you'd pour a bit of that good stuff from your flask into it but you were driving. You tell your sister, again, that by both monster and human law, she was still too young to drink. Also, to suck it up buttercup because you weren't getting into a screaming match with your mother about this. Beatrice huffs and continues to drink her brightly colored lemonade. Oddly enough, the drink itself was the color of her hair.

Gigi, on the other hand, was busy laughing at you both. She sat back in her chair with a mirthful smile, "You guys are so cute when you bicker."

"We're not bickering, I'm just being an adult." You say eyeing Beatrice, who sticks her tongue out at you. Not willing to play her game you calmed down before your eye, which was a pleasant green turned a more alert color. "Anyway, despite the crappy weather, I'm glad to get out from under that metal head. It feels like forever since I had an actual day off." It was pretty lucky too. You finished filming and editing the next episode for Bodacious Space Cadet Venus and the writing for the next script, which you'll start rehearsal for Sunday. Mettaton said something about taking a mental health day and going to get some TLC at his small retreat. That basically means I'm going to go chill at my summer home in Malibu for a few days. You knew the drill and that meant you'd be handling his affairs here, but amazingly Chuck said you could take a day off but he'd promised to call if he felt like he needed an extra pair of hands, or paws, or whatever.

"Same, I've been busy as hell, we got a field trip coming up and keeping a bunch of pubescent, hormonal tikes in line in whole other state is gonna kill me." Gigi groans as she takes a swing of her drink. "I'll never understand puberty, it's scary as fuck." Gigi's eye flickers to a yellowish green. You laugh, your sister didn't fit the bill of a teacher. She wasn't super bubbly and spastic like some of the younger teachers and she wasn't a no-nonsense type either. She was was one of the rare ones you get that stick with you even when you're older because they actually did their job. PLus the way she dressed screamed I'd run with a gang but was very mature looking.

You pat you, sisters, arm, "There, there it was scary when we were going through it. Although, I'm still not sure how it measures against human teens as well."

Gigi shakes her head, "It's pretty much the same, but for some reason, they all start smelling
different and the hormones. Don't even get me started on that." Gigi growls in irritation as she flags down a waitress for another drink. "But enough about my crazy job, how're you guys doing?"

You see the slices of cake you all ordered coming closer but your answer, "Same old, same old, Bea? How about you?" Beatrice looks a bit withdrawn and that's not normal seeing as she's usually the excitable, wild child of the house. "Beatrice is something the matter."

The waitress sits your orders down and that when Beatrice goes to the town of her shortcake. "Whoa there, kiddo, the cakes not going anywhere! What's eaten you?"

Beatrice takes a big gulp of her lemonade and looks you both in the eye. Her eye mixed between her normal excited emerald green and a serious deep violet as she stared Gigi down. "I have a girlfriend now."

The silence that hit the two of you was thick and then was gone as you both hounded Beatrice with questions. "What, when did this happen? Who are they?"

"They were my partner for a school project back in August, her names Kita and she's a troll." Beatrice blushes at the thought of them. She goes on to tell you she plays volleyball and is an awesome dancer. She even told them about their first date was to go see that one movie about the Creepy Clown without a real name. Then explains that's when Kita told her she liked her and ask to be her girlfriend. "She's so cool and fun to be around, I wish I had known her sooner." Beatrice swoons.

"Does Momma know- wait does Daddy is the real question." You ask.

The smile on Beatrice's face falls, "Not yet, I'm a-afraid to...you know, have them meet. Daddy's such a helicopter parent, I'm not worried about Momma but she'll tell him and that might scare her off"You hummed in agreement, it's the same reason you're apprehensive about Sans meeting them too. It's just to simply meet them not introduce your boyfriend or something. Not that this hasn't happened before. Gigi and you have had a few fleeting romances underground. One that ended badly and a few that you're still close acquaintances or friends with. A task that isn't easy to do when everyone is so on edge and hyper-violent about the smallest things. That has the reason your family stuck to staying out of conflicts if need be. You already knew about how Daddy felt about you going on that pseudo-date with Sans. You explained over and over that it was for the show and wasn't real but he wasn't convinced. 'If he's got a real spine, he'd try sweeping you off your feet and instead of using that crazy ass show to get with you.'

Gigi crosses her arms and nods understandingly. "That's a given, parents tend to be overprotective, especially when a possible relationship sprouts outside of the family. Us being Cyclopes is worse because we were known recluses by nature." Gigi drones on, "I remember when I introduced Spike to Daddy back when were kids. He and I weren't still little brats then, but Daddy scared the living hell out of him, well he scared everyone because he's so hulking for his age. Either way, we're still together, but Spike still calls before showing up, lol."

Beatrice moaned in anguish, "So I'm going to be screening calls and meetups for the rest my life and still living at home, great." Beatrice twirls her finger in fake excitement.

"Oh Bea, it'll be fine, Daddy's old school, if you want to start right then you gotta -" you took a breath knowing where this will lead, "introduce her and tell him that you're going out."

"Shouldn't you be following your own advice?" Beatrice questions.

You sigh, "Maybe, if I actually had a lover you know?"
Gigi grins, "But I'm sure a certain shark mouth skeleton would be happy to make that happen." You swatted Gigi's arm while hiding your growing blush. Sans was different. He's flirty with you but you know enough that he's like that with anyone. Sans was known to get a lot of action and ladies willing to get in his bed if that meant having his attention. He was the freaking Judge of the underground, it was a lofted position outside of the royal guard. That meant he had the king's favor and permission to take out any dangers to the kingdom or the throne. He also had enemies. You heard that noise on the other side of the divider. Sans had made quite a few monsters ready to grind his bones if that meant to get back at him for minor slights or revenge for a fallen comrade. Either way, you guys were on friendly terms but it was clear he could find better than you. A busybody with a too much on her plate to handle a relationship, right? "[y/n], you ok?"

You snapped out of thoughts and looked at Gigi, "Sorry just thinking, I think I'm gonna need another slice of this cheesecake."

After you all ate, your mother calls you asking to pick up a few things. "Alright, we'll pick them up on the way back." You hang up and turn to your siblings, "Looks like we got errands to run guys. Momma's apparently having company over."

"Like who?" Gigi asks as she buckles up.

"Don't know, but she seemed excited for some odd reason." You shrug and put your car into drive and left the cafe.

As you drive off a camera clicks from the seat of a van. The odd man taps away on his phone and gets a reply saying, "That's the one. Continue to observe until further notice, be decreet she's strong and has stronger allies." A picture of a stocky skeleton with a scowl on his face, and a tall, angry looking one pop up and so does a google image of the Royal family and the child ambassador. The man pulls out of his parking spot and continues about his day.

This was always the least favorite part of Papyrus' shopping trip, losing his infernal brother within the market and having to decide between which pasta noodle would best fit the dish he wanted to prepare. Papyrus loved to experiment with his dishes but this was important so it must be perfect. He continued to mull over choosing Farfalle or Tortellini noodles when he hears the sounds of girlish screams and laughter. Normally, Papyrus wouldn't care to get involved but it happened right in his peripheral and it just so happened to be a young female, monster. He swivels his head and sees a female cyclops wiping red liquid of her clothes with the aid of her older looking sibling. Another one is having screaming match with a middle-aged woman who seems to be defending her children still snickering. Caught in the middle was a sales clerk who had come to calm the situation down but she was failing.

From far away Papyrus could tell they looked familiar. Then it dawned on him. It was you the girl from Mettaton's show and Sans', potential, lover. He focuses on the conversation as he starts to walk over. He swiftly texts a friend he made in the human police force and his brother to get to aisle seven within the next five minutes. "How dare you accuse my son like this, he wouldn't hate a fly."
"Don't play coy with me. I might have one eye but I sure ain't blind. You boy thought it is funny to embarrass my sister, who's been following us around the store since we came in here." You turn to the eldest, "Also, your pimple-faced spawn took a picture of her before running off." Your sister cries into Gigi's embrace as you continue to release the beast on this family.

"I-I did not, I would-"

"Lies." You hiss at the teen. "Don't lie to a monster kid, we hate dishonesty."

"You have no proof!" his mother screeches.

"Then you wouldn't mind handing over the boys cellular device," Papyrus says as he waltzes over, hands behind his back and his height looming over all of them. "Madam this situation has gone on long enough. These ladies are distressed as it is and demand justice. As a fellow female you'd surely wouldn't deny them that right, but as a parent, you also want to prove his innocence in the matter as well, yes?"

The woman looked uncertain and clearly intimidated, "Ye-yes to both."

"Then allow users to check this boy's phone. If he has nothing incriminating on it then you are free to go and they will apologize for the accusations. Hopely your son is smart enough to delete the picture after he sent it out." Papyrus turns his hard glare at the older boy, who gulps and moves to hide this phone.

"Justin hand over the phone, unlocked."

Justin moves away, "No, I don't have to do that." Papyrus goes on to mention as of the accords of the alliance and monster citizenship. The Royal Guard, which he is apart of, has the same rights to arrest him on the spot just like the police do for any crimes committed in his presence against his people or humans.

"Justin, for God's sake, stop being a baby and hand it over. You don't want to go to juvie do you?" Justin backs away slowly and bolts, which Papyrus knew would happen. He stands there as she sees the boy lifted off the ground and floated back towards the group in, trying to break free.

"Looks like we have to put avoiding arrest to the charges," Papyrus takes the boys phone and heads to his pictures. He instantly finds what he needs as well as a message rating the young Cyclops in a physical way using plenty of derogatory languages that left a bad taste in his mouth. "Along with sexual assault, ma'am." He flashes an upskirt shot and a revealing one of her underwear to the woman. A human police officer by the name of Miranda. He tells her about the situation and shows her the pictures. Miranda nods and takes the boy into custody.

That's when the woman breaks down in shame. She curses, screams and cries, but it falls on deaf ears. Miranda tells her to stop or she'll arrest her for causing a disturbance and ends with her silently sobbing and leaving the grocery store.

You walk up to Papyrus with a grateful smile on your face. "Thank you Papyrus."

"It's my job to defend and serve my people, but you shouldn't just thank me." Papyrus somehow whistles and Sans comes around the corner with a basket of mustard and his signature, sharp grin.

"Sans?" Your sister and you both say.

"Sup ladies." He greets winking at you. "You alright, Pinky?" Beatrice nods as her tears stop falling and thanks to both skeletons profusely.
While you respective siblings chatted away, you turned to Sans. "That explains why Papyrus didn't go to stop that creepy kid. Also, I didn't know you were off today."

"I finished my shift 'bout an hour ago," Sans gestured to his now relaxed version of his uniform. "I heard you were off, though you'd be sleeping in or something."

"Nope, I wanted to hang with my sibs for a while. Also, Momma is planning some kind of dinner but won't say who."

"I can enlighten you on who if you'd like?" Sans and you both turn to the tall, now smirking, skeleton. Sans started to sweat, he didn't like that look. Never had, never will. "It turns out [your mother is a frequent face within another of my social circles and we decided to chat. The topic of you coming over for dinner came up and she insisted that we come over instead to your home and have it.

"Our Mom invited you guys for dinner, sweet," Gigi says eyeing your now distressed face. "Jeez, [y/n] are you okay."

Your eye was a menagerie of colors ranging from black, a shockingly bright yellow, teal, even deep blue, "Okay, I'm cool as ice G. This is a splendid idea. Us, Sans, Papyrus, Momma and...and daddy under one roof." The world just caught up with you too fast. Your co-worker slash unofficial, unrequited, guy friend is coming to dinner with your family and will have to face you, father. Your eye rolls upwrd as you wobble and start to fall over. Sans catches you before you head meets the linoleum.

"Aw look at her, she's so excited that she fainted," Beatrice says now giddy at the idea of the brothers coming over.

Gigi scoffs, "More like stressed out."

Papyrus laughs, "Well both responses are appropriate, this is important for both of them. Try not to mess it up, Sans."

Sans gulps, "Read you loud and clear bro." He cradles you form in his fluffy jacketed arms and follows your sisters out to your car.

Chapter End Notes

Red, laughing: yeah, Babes be droppin' like flies when I come 'round. Don't worry Darlin' I'll be a gentleman...for now. *grins wickedly at you*
Oh, brother, you're too much. Anywho, GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER!!!

See you guys next time, Buh Bye!!!
Guess Who's Coming to Dinner

Chapter Summary

You received a nice bit of news from Papyrus about them dropping by for dinner. So now you just have to juggle keeping your cool and not losing your friend to a over protective cyclops.

Chapter Notes

Too damn long, I'm sorry.
I hope you enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After you came to in your room. You rushed to ask your mom about Sans’ and his brother coming over. Your mother, in her usual fashion grinned from ear to ear saying, “Ah yes, Captain Serif and I met a while back during a PTA meeting at Gigi’s school, he’s quite the gentleman.” She blushes a bit, “I invited for dinner tomorrow, he even offered to help me cook a bit. That won’t be a problem will it sweetie?”

The look of pure innocence overwritten your need to protest. “No ma’am, not at all. What should I wear?”

“Oh, that cute red dress you bought for your interview should do fine.” she answered without looking at you. You trudged back to your room and found Gigi and Beatrice already there. You flopped down on your bed and wailed into your pillow. “I’m going to die tomorrow.”

Gigi without missing a beat says, “If you die I call dibs on your Jimmy Choos.”

“Gigi this is serious, Sans is coming over,” Beatrice shouts, “and also you don’t even wear heels.”

“You guys are no help!” you shouted.

[The next day]

‘This is happenin’, I’m actually at ‘er place.’ Sans contemplated as he sat on the soft gray couch in your home. The room was comfortably lit by the fireplace and a few table lamps. The smells of firewood, cinnamon, and whatever your mother, Papyrus, and you were cooking were wafting in from the kitchen.

He was skeptical of the whole idea of dining with your family. He liked you and all but the whole ordeal was too out of the blue for. Something he should expect from his brother. Sans may be the oldest but he was use to getting dragged into his brother’s many schemes. Then having to do each
work to clean up if it all went sour.

Yet, he was thrilled to be making leeway in the process of wooing you a bit. What can he say, you intrigued him. Plus, you didn’t care much for his old title or found him too scary to talk to. Maybe Papyrus is right, if Sans plays his cards right and impresses your family, he just might win your heart. How’d he got so

Right around 4:30, Papyrus had them show up to your home. The whole group popped up to greet him. When you came out to greet him with a chaste little hug, Sans was cordial, but seeing you dressed in the cute red dress was enough to get the wheel in his pervert brain turning. Especially when add that cute apron. He wondered what you look like dressed in it only. ‘What no, knock it off, no sinning right no.’ Sans shook the lewd thought of you from his mind just as the heavy boot steps of your father came through the front door.

“I’m home,” a deep, guttural voice calls out.

Your mother is the first to greet the giant monster. “Ah my dear, you made it just in time.” She kisses him on the cheek quickly before going back to the kitchen to bring out Papyrus. “Hun this is Papyrus, [y/n]’s friend’s brother.” Papyrus and and him share a formal greeting before he looks around.

“Oh and where’s the actual friend then?”

“Right ‘ere.” Sans pops up besides Papyrus. Your father gazes at Sans for a bit as if to size him up. Sans would be lying if wasn’t do the same thing. The guy fit the textbook image of a cyclops. His arms were like two tree trunks with hands big enough to crush any like a grape. Two long tusk like teeth protruded from his maw like mouth. The bulbous, dark gray eye that sat in the middle of his face reflected his feelings right now. He was looking at Sans but he was watching him.

“Ah hey Dad,” you make your way past Sans to hug your old man.

“Hey my little apple, you’re actually helping your Ma out?”

“Of course she is, and we’re here to keep you away from the kitchen.” Gigi and Bea sauntered into the room to drag their father away.

“Let’s chat in the living room shall we?” Beatrice says looking at Sans.

Sans nods but gets stopped by Papyrus, “Be sure to get on his good side, here’s the first step, try not to muck it up, Sans.” he hisses with a warning looking.

“Don’t worry, I got this.” Sans walks away to join the rest in the living room. Beatrice is on the love seat chatting with a giant monster resting in Lazy Boy recliner. ‘How Ii can do that exactly may take a moment. This situation wasn’t in his favor. Sans was a stranger and in his territory. If he fucked up then he’s catch first hand why people called your father, “Butch The Immovable Wall.” Sans fiddled with his phone a bit, texting Frisk as a distraction and for help.

Red: He’s glarin’ at me

Short Stack: Wow (00) is her dad that scary?

Red Rover: Scary? if looks could kill I’d b dust bye now
“Hey Sans.” The sound of Gigi’s voice made Sans jump a bit. Gigi dropped into the seat beside him, “Don’t worry, my old man won’t bite.” she says nonchalantly. “He’s a bit of a hard ass, but that’s because he cares. That being said, don’t worry, Bea and I will keep him from wooing my sister. Good luck Judge?” Gigi gives him a thumbs up.

With a nervous chuckle, “Thanks kid.” That didn’t make Sans feel any better. His sharp teeth were starting to grind together. “Say, can I ask a question?”

“Ask away.”

“What does ya sistah...ya know, think of me?” Sans tries to say in a low tone.

“She’s only said good things about you, if that’s what you’re asking.” Gigi says with her eye color unchanged, “You seem like a good guy. We all know about your reputation back underground, but my sis isn’t is too nice to hold that against you.”

Sans looked surprised, “Wow, uh...thanks kid.”

Gigi stands up to readjust her clothes. As she leaves she gives him a thumbs up.

“Thanks kid.” That didn’t make Sans feel any better. His sharp teeth were starting to grind together. “Say, can I ask a question?”

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Sans looked surprised, “Wow, uh...thanks kid.”

Gigi stands up to readjust her clothes. As she leaves she gives him a thumbs up.

“Thanks kid.” That didn’t make Sans feel any better. His sharp teeth were starting to grind together. “Say, can I ask a question?”

“Ask away.”

“What does ya sistah...ya know, think of me?” Sans tries to say in a low tone.

“She’s only said good things about you, if that’s what you’re asking.” Gigi says with her eye color unchanged, “You seem like a good guy. We all know about your reputation back underground, but my sis isn’t is too nice to hold that against you.”

Sans looked surprised, “Wow, uh...thanks kid.”

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He looks to Gigi and back at him before he takes a big swig of his drink. Sans watches with bated breath, “So the judge wants to date my daughter? How comical.”

“Well, I can be a class act.”

Butch’s glare gets harsher, “Cut the shit, I may have one eye but I ain’t blind.” Beatrice gave Butch a wary look as he stood up. His eye was trained on Sans as it burned a bright red. “I’ve met plenty of your types. Even before the underground or before it went to shit. If you hurt my [y/n] in any way. She comes home upset or crying because of you-” Butch blinks and his eye is pitch black, “I’ll kill you.”

The energy in the room got heavier. Sans could feel the beads of sweat dripping down his skull. It was stifling yet made his bones twitch with excitement and anxiety. Every part of his being said fight and subdue the old man. Had he been who he was back then, he’d dust ths monster just for looking at him, but he swallowed his pride. Sans threw on his best grin but his tone was neutral, “Don’t worry Butch, ’ll keep [y/n] smilin’ or die tryin’.” Your father looked at Sans for a second before nodding in approval.
“See to it that you do.” Just then Papyrus calls Sans into the kitchen. Sans walks away but slowly enough to hear Butch call him a Cheeky son of a bitch.

Once Sans reached the kitchen you came to meet him. “Hey, mind helping a girl out in the dining room?”

“Sure thing Darlin’.” You lead him to the the back of the house into a brightly lit room with a big wooden table in the middle. “The plates are in the cabinet.” You point to a tall glass cabinet. “By the time we got to the surface and got a house, mom splurged quite a bit.” Splurge was pushing seeing as it was filled with an array of china. In fact the whole room and this house was pretty refined.

“The bottom please,” your voice stopped Sans from gawking as he filtered the plates and utensils on to the placemats you had set up. “Done.”

You looked over the set up and hummed with approval, “Well done.” you said walking to him. You chewed your lip a bit as you gathered your words. “I heard my dad talking to you. Sorry, he can be pretty intense.”

“You’re not gonna ditch me are you?” You can’t hold his gaze so you stare at the floor.

Sans chuckles as he makes you look back up at him, “Because I like ya, Darlin’.”

“You like me?” The light returning to your eyes, “The only one getting ditched is Jerry,” he closes the distance. His face gentle, “ ’sides, if we’re speakin’ honestly, I wa-?”

“Hey sis, you guys do- whoa, my bad.” Gigi walks in to see how close you both were. Sans tries to play it off, but the damage is done. Gigi looks between you two with a wry smirk. “Momma wants you to help bring the stuff out...sorry.” she exits but the damage is done. Sans and you are both blushing.

“What was he about to say to me?” you cough, “We should probably get this over with, talk later?”

“Yeah, sounds good.” you hear Sans mutter something but you don’t ask.

The dinner begins smoothly. Your mother made a full spread of food, some of the dishes were some of Papyrus. Speaking of which, who knew someone as tall and intimidating could make such heavenly food. Beatrice’s own eye began to wgt out from the the food piled high on her plate. You quickly passed out dishes and filled plates. You noticed Sans had his head turned away from you despite you both sitting by each other. Your mother’s idea, by the way. You understood why when
you saw Papyrus and your own father keeping a close eye on him. ‘Poor guy,’ you thought to yourself as you ate.

As time passed the glaring relaxed. Papyrus and Beatrice oddly connected. Understandable since they were both huge fans of Mettaton. Your parents were conversing together, while Sans and Gigi talked.

“So [y/n] how’s work with that robot boss of your’s?” Your father asks, “I would watch the show but I’ve been busy as of late.”

You perked up, “Oh it’s fine, Things are bit hectic since the last taping, but nothing crazy.” By hectic, you mean you got to go on a fake date with the Judge and met the royal family after punching a xenophobic human’s light out.

Gigi snorts, “Yeah since when is anything with Mettaton not crazy?”

Your mother jumps in, eye flashing pink a bit, “You sure seemed to be having fun on that show of your’s. I will say this, your costume seems to be showing more and more of your legs dear.”

You blush, “Oh that’s the costume departments fault. I did an interview and they commented on… uh… how nice my legs were.”

Your father choked a bit on his drink. “Honey, I’ve told you to take slow sips, remember.” You mother pats his back.

He pounds the table, “What so you’re attracting perverts now?”

“Dad it’s fine, it’s not like I’m running around in a loin cloth or something.” You look down at your food and try to hide your irritation. The costume wasn't even that bad. Sure it was short in the legs but hey it was better than the constricting bodysuit you wore. It allowed more movement, but was still thoughtfully made. The folks back at work did a great job in your opinion, which is what you wanted to say, but not that he’d listen. You could feel Sans and and Papyrus looking your way. ‘Is there a hole I can jump down?’

“How long until you do?” He counters, “What excuse are you gonna have then? Your over there backflipping for the cameras and Mettaton is just raki-”

“Dad chill, it’s just a T.V show. If I’m comfortable, then it’s fine.” You can feel your fist ball up.

Papyrus looks a bit more upset, “Sir, with respect you should watch your tone. Mettaton is a fabulous entertainer and cares for all who work for him.

“Yeah, Mettaton is eccentric to say da least, but [y/n] is great at her job and she’s havin’ fun,” You turned to Sans as he spoke in a serious tone.

Papyrus looks to him intrigued, “Mettaton’s name in general is allowing your daughter to live out ‘er dreams and has made ‘er a star. That alone should make ya proud.” You looked to Papyrus who was shocked. Your father look ready to bite back but your mother puts a hand on his shoulder. “Just drop it, Butchy.” She then leaves for the kitchen once he silences himself.

“So I gotta know,” Beatrice says towards Sans, “Why’d you agree to go on a date with my sister? What’s your motive?”
“Bea, rude?” You hiss.

Sans take a swig of the beer he had and chuckled, “I figured this question was gonna come up.” he leans back, “Well I wasn’t thrilled to be there. My bro asked me, but hey I wasn’t about to lose on live T.V. Then I saw her pop up on stage and I knew I gotta win. I was happy see picked me. Now i keep true to every word of what I said that day.” You started playing back the answer he gave in your head. ‘Every one of them…?’

Beatrice nods, “Hmm I see, I figured all that crap was the truth. We cyclops appreciate brutal honesty. Good answer judge.”

“Huh, and here I thought he wanted to know her because her tits looked good that day.” You nearly choked on your drink.

Sans laughs again, “That too.”

Your mother rolled out a white cake topped with cherries and red syrup. The smell that wafted into your nose was sweet and tangy. It made your mouth water and your stomach flip.

Bea exclaims, “Now way, when did you guys make that?”

“You have Mister Papyrus to thank for this. He brought this over.”

Papyrus spoke up, “Correction it was my brother who made the cake.” The tall skeleton gestures towards Sans, who was looking away. “I suggested he’d show an act of good will towards this family by baking something.” You glance over at Sans who was turning a bit cherry in the cheek area of his skull. “Don’t worry I tasted it first, it was adequate.”

“Wow thanks, bro.” Sans mutters.

“Don’t mention it.” Papyrus says haughtily.

Gigi and Beatrice beginning cutting the cake and passing it out. The

You looked at Sans with amusement, “You can bake?”

Sans tapped on the table, “Not often, no.” He cuts his eyes at you, “What that look for?”

“Nothing, just imagining you in a frilly ass apron.”

“Pfft, trust me it’s was a real treat to see.” Sans chuckled out, “Undyne and her insane wife really busted my chops over it.”

You nod, “I’m sure I would have roasted you too.” A plate of cake gets in front of your both. It really did look good. You take a bit and the sweetness that hit your mouth exploded. You let out an involuntary hum. Sans looks at you expectantly. “It’s delicious. You did pretty well.”

“Wow, this is good, sis you caught you a good one.” Beatrice says as she scarfs down her slice.

Your mother and father eat the cake and look generally surprised. “My word,” Your mother says, “This is so well made.”

“Hm, it’s ok, I’ll give you that.”

Sans’ skull turns red, “It’s not that good.” He looked at all the satisfied faces, your’s especially, and sighed, “Never mind.”
Dinner ended without any other disturbances. Soon it was time to head home. The family said their goodbyes to the brothers.

Your mother gives the pair a tight hug. “Don’t be a stranger you two. You’re welcome here anytime.”

“But call first.” your father adds.

Sans saw a small rust color come his brother’s cheeks. Papyrus coughs to compose himself. “Thank you I had a good time Ma’am and Sir.” He bows his head turns away. Before he leaves, he tells Sans he’ll be in the car.

Your family leaves you with Sans on the steps. He gulps and throws you a grin. “Thanks for dealing with us.”

“That’s my line, but really it was no trouble. I’m sorry my dad was a downer though.”

Sans shrugs his broad shoulders. You noticed how well he looked in this lighting. “Snow problem Darlin’ I’m here weather your ol’ man likes it or not.”

You snicker at his puns. “Jeez, you make it sound so breezy.”

Sans’ grin gets sharper, “Either way this’ll be one hail of a ride.” He steps a bit slower to you. The silence between was comfortable. He finally moves and throws his arms around you. His arms held your middle and pulled you to him. You feel the deep rumble of his chest against you. His warm breath and the light brush of his phalanges on your skin makes you fidget. “G’night [y/n].” Your face flushes from him hug and the way he said your name in your ear. You push away trying to hide the probable freak out you were having. Sans chuckles and calls you cute before he disappears from sight. You see the sleek looking sports car speed off into the night. Your parents were cleaning up and you saw Beatrice in your room again. Gigi was also there and both were asking for answers. You stay silent and stagger to the bed. You pull a pillow to your face and shout into it before fall back.

Beatrice looks confused, “I’m guessing all went well?” You pull her closer to whisper something. A spark erupts in her eyes. “Gigi what does it mean if you get a hug from someone?”

“Depends on the hug. Was it a side one or an above the shoulder?” You sit up with determination your eyes. You pull Beatrice to you. Arms placed around her waist and shoulders. You give your best impression of Sans’ gruff, baritone voice. Gigi looks quietly at the dramatization and ponders, “Okay, this fool was going to kiss you but chickened out.”

“K-Kiss me?! Really?”

“What’s wrong sis, wouldn’t you smooch a skeleton?”

You feel the heat in your cheeks rise, “I...I don’t know, may-maybe.” You have no clue, but that hug put a lot in perspective. He friggin met your dad for stars sake and didn't run away. ‘Maybe dating him wouldn’t be so bad?’

Beatrice squeals, “The date worked! We have to get you another date so you two can seal the deal. You’ll be a power couple for sure.”

“Should be, just stick a note your ass that says Sans only.”
“AGAIN, NOT HELPING GIGI!” You shout before swatting her with a pillow playfully. Who knows what the stars have in store for you. Sans may like you or just stringing you along. You just have to find out.

Chapter End Notes

Would you smooch a skeleton. Well, let's face it, some might if it was possible, maybe.
Well, I hope you have a good day <3

BUH BYE!!!