Under the Spotlight

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Character: Nate (Log Horizon-based OC), Sandy Gier (OC), Ned Gier (OC), Papyrus (Undertale), Toriel (Undertale), Frisk (Undertale), Undyne (Undertale), Alphys (Undertale), Reader's Mother/Dr. Lisa (OC), Other OCs - Character, humans - Character, Monsters - Character, Other - Character, Sans (Undertale), Mage Reader - Character
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Series: Part 1 of Under the Spotlight

Under the Spotlight

by RTNightmare

Summary

Over five years after monsters escaped from the underground, Sans Aster, the wealthiest individual in the world and owner of Gaster Industries, has been searching for his Soul Mate, _____ _____, since their first meeting only months after monsters were free of the moutain.
However, due to circumstances, being a celebrity and the biggest name in the world comes, Sans is under a lot of pressure with a lot on his plate. One of his affiliates, The Gier Company, is after Sans' wealth and are willing to go through drastic measure to ensure that their heir, the annoying, extremely obnoxious, and absolutely vile Sandy Gier becomes Sans' wife. However, everything spirals out of control when Sans finds _____ again. Sans and _____ will work together to keep the media and Sandy Gier (and her family) at bay. But can they succeed or will the world swallow them up because of the legacy Sans' has built, and the fans he has acquired because of it?

Notes

So this is a partial AU, since it's after the end of Undertale. But since it's storyline is unique, I see it as an AU where Sans becomes the richest person in the world and so on and so forth...

Anyway, I hope you enjoy. I am posting the first chapter early because it's my birthday, so this is what I'm doing to celebrate it. All other chapters will come later, after I have the whole story written and editing is done for enough chapters.

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

Chapter Summary

Our story begins five years in the past, shortly after the monsters came to the surface.

Chapter Notes

Update: 9/16!
So, I will updating all the chapters with edited versions when they are finished. Thanks to Discworldgod (I think XD) on DeviantArt for helping me with revisions. For now, I'm working on edits for Under the Spotlight and Of Monsters and Angels. I'll be looking into CounterTale a little bit, but I want to focus on these because I'm closer to finishing them than I am with CT.

On another note: Happy 3rd Anniversary to Undertale! That was yesterday!

one

Long ago, monsters were locked beneath Mount Ebott, a place shrouded in stories about missing children and the horrors that might have befallen them. The last of them to go missing was an eight-year-old child named Frisk who walked out of the mountain only days after they went missing. With them were the monsters that history had forgotten, having been trapped under the mountain for centuries.

The monsters were more peaceful and kind than any of the humans that greeted them. While they were initially met with resistance, it was through Frisk’s Determination that they received rights and started living amongst humans for the first time in centuries.

Among the monsters, several names stood out. Asgore Dreemurr, the king of monsters, Toriel Dreemurr, the initially reluctant queen of monsters and adopted mother of Frisk Dreemurr, Doctor Alphys, the Royal Scientist, Undyne the Undying, Captain of the Royal Guard, Papyrus Aster, the newly named Vice Captain of the Royal Guard, and Sans Aster, the Judge of Monsters.

The last of the group eventually grew to be the biggest name in monster and human media, and one of the biggest names in the entire world. Sans Aster got his PhD in theoretical quantum physics and engineering verified, and earned further degrees in computer science, architectural science,
mechanical science, and biological science in just over a year and a half. His genius paved the way to start one of the first, and by far most successful, monster-owned-and-run business in the world, **Gaster Industries**.

Five years later and he had become the leading expert (or one of the leading experts) in all the fields he had studied, affiliated with multiple companies worldwide, and had become the richest individual in the world, and the only decillionaire in history. Some people would say he was lucky, or that he got there because he scammed people. But, in addition to several businesses he runs that solely pertain to his scientific background, that only added up to a little more than half his paycheck.

The other half was from his performances. Sans Aster had a charming and charismatic personality. He often put up a façade of laziness and nonchalance, but frequently during the comedy routines that he hosted at least once every weekend, the lethargic mask would fall away to reveal his quick wit, clever use of wordplay, and vast intelligence that would have his audience in the palm of his hands almost immediately.

Because of his success, he joined forces with another well-known monster star. Mettaton was dubbed the **Star of the Underground**, and while he was popular among monster and humankind, he could only get so far with his specific palette of expertise. This led to a partnership between him and Sans’ Gaster Industries.

It was often that the two would appear together, Sans having his routine before or after Mettaton’s concert. I had only ever been to one show hosted by Sans and Mettaton. The tickets sold out like crazy, so what would have been a birthday present turned into an event just over half a year later. While I could enjoy Mettaton’s flashy and fun performance to a degree, Sans’ routine proved to be far better and more enjoyable in the long run.

Sans made the audience feel like they were involved, and after an hour, when it was over, everyone was craving more. Each routine was different and even if jokes were repeated, they still had the audience’s abdominal muscles aching, to be sore the next day.

Watching his routine in person was the second time I had seen the skeleton monster in person. The first time was by chance, before he became famous and only a few months after monsters came topside. It happened in an alleyway adjacent to a casino. I had lost my group of friends and found myself being harassed by a group of drunkards and losers who had spent too long at the casino and lost all their money gambling.

I had dressed up for the occasion and that might have been what made me a target. The soft tinkling of my earrings as I ran and the shimmer of the choker around my neck and the bracelets on my wrists when they caught the light of the city at night would be enough for any greedy fool to come after me.
However, my bad luck had landed me with five men, almost all of whom could probably kill me if they wanted.

After trying to outrun them, I found myself trapped on all sides. I had two choices; give in and let them have their way with me or reveal my greatest secret and possibly get away unharmed, but probably get myself into worse trouble later.

Given that everything I was wearing only made me appear wealthy, the jewelry made of cheap metal that was designed to sparkle in the light of the streetlamps and a handbag that looked designer but wasn’t if you knew what designer bags looked like, I wasn’t surprised they were after me. My twin bracelets and the chain around my neck looked like real silver and the plastic sapphire on the choker could fool anyone in this lighting.

“C’mon, little girlie! We just wanna play with you!” The wide-shouldered, monkey-like man rumbled.

“I’ll be borrowin’ any cash ya got on ya!” The man to his right, who looked to fit the description of beanpole added with a snicker.

“Stop, please!” I pleaded.

“Sorry, sweetheart.” The one to the far left, short and stubby with a gut like a toad, slurred. “But we gotta do this.” The two who has yet to speak nodded, bloodshot eyes taking me in.

“No! It’s illegal!” I cried as they all took several more steps in my direction.

“So? Who’s gonna know?” The monkey laughed. “Police don’t care about dainty broads like you, even wit’ yer fem’n charms. Y’gotta pair o’ nice big bouncy girls there…hmm, let me have a squeeze while we’re at it. You’re all alone in this, little girl. No one’ll know ‘cept me an’ mah boys.”

What happened next was so fast. One moment, I was all alone with five big guys, all grinning crazily with drool leaking down their chins. The next, a hooded figure appeared in a flash of blue before me, positioning himself in between me and the group of street predators.

“What the shit?!” Beanpole cried out as he and ‘Silent 1’ stepped back in shock.
“What the fuck are you?” Monkey spat grossly.

A deep and menacing chuckle came from the most recent arrival as his shoulders shook with mirth. “I’m the judge. Sans the skeleton at yer service, here to whoop yer ass.” His voice was warm, a deep and amazing baritone that felt like a dream. I could feel my heart pounding for an entirely different reason than it had been two minutes earlier.

“A monster!” Stubby exclaimed.

“Kill it!” Monkey ordered, and Silent 1 and 2 moved in to do just that. However, they were intercepted by bones or, to be specific, what appeared to be femurs shooting from the ground. Silent 1 crashed into a glowing blue one and screamed pitifully.

Sans smiled nastily. “normally, i would tell you the rules of magic. however, since you don’t care for the rules of your own society, i don’t think you deserve to know the rules of magic. take someone’s rights away and you don’t deserve to have rights either.”

“Police! Monster!” Monkey screamed as his friend whimpered. Beanpole and Silent 2 had already run away.

“crap!” Sans cursed. At that point, monsters didn’t have equal rights as humans. That wouldn’t come around for another few months. Therefore, his only chance was to flee.

Turning to me, he planned to use a shortcut to teleport us both away. However, at the same time, I tried to protect him. Therefore, he grabbed me while I unleashed a White Flash.

I was born a mage with the ability to use what I called White Magic. A White Flash was used for distraction and disabling the sight of whoever it was used on; it was a flash of blinding light that encompassed my hand and blinded any foe temporarily. In this case, Sans was unaffected, having pulled me into his embrace, therefore the light was behind him.

The next moment, we were in a park a few blocks away. I was lying down, my back against the ground, with my skeleton savior hovering above me in a stereotypical anime scene, his hood still up, covering most of his face, shadowed expression completely flabbergasted and unmoving.
We were both silent for a few minutes, catching our breath, until finally, he broke the silence.

“you can use magic? you’re a mage? i thought…”

“I’m sorry! Don’t tell anyone!” I pleaded.

He paused and removed his hood as he leaned back. As our gazes met, something happened. A flicker of something I had never felt before ignited inside my core. It dimmed shortly after, but after this – our first meeting – I would always feel it.

“i won’t.” He replied softly. “as long as you don’t tell anyone about what i did. monsters don’t have full rights yet.”

“Oh! Of course. I understand. My lips are sealed.” He grinned, standing up and holding out his hand. I took it and let him hoist me to my feet. Most monsters were larger than humans. He was no different, even if by monster standards, he was small. However, in comparison to me, he was half a head taller. Though, in later years, he would eventually be almost a whole head taller than me.

“What’s your name?” he asked.

“It’s–” I began, but I was interrupted by the sound of sirens that were coming closer, and we gasped. Momentarily forgetting his question, he turned to me.

“I gotta go, but i hope we’ll meet again someday. and maybe then you can tell me what kind of magic that was. i’m curious.” He grinned. At the same time, the pressure in the air started growing thicker.

I nodded. “My magic is wh–” But he had already disappeared in a flash of blue light, the pressure returning to normal shortly after.

Without his presence, the feeling in my Soul dimmed to a soft humming. However, every time I saw his face on a billboard or in videos, it grew. Shortly after he left that night, the police found me, and I told them that a mysterious monster saved me. The men who tried to harm me went to prison shortly after, and life went on.
Thankfully, I learned that because the men who came after me that night were wanted for similar crimes, the police would not press charges for ‘the mysterious monster’ that saved me. Despite that, I felt I owed it to Sans to keep my promise. So I never told anyone I had met the skeleton until one day roughly five years later, when I accidentally revealed too much.

DIIIIING! DONG!

“______, sweetie, can you get the door?” My mother instructed as she checked the turkey.

“Sure, mom.” I replied and removed the oven mitts I had used to remove a batch of chocolate chip pumpkin bread from the now cooling oven.

I walked to the door and opened it, immediately greeted by a group of my extended family, and my best friend. “Oh, you’ve grown so much, honey!” My aunt cooed. “No, she hasn’t! She’s even lost weight!” Her husband teased. I shrugged, accepting one hug after another.

Leading them to the guest room, I let them get settled. A few of my family’s friends and other family members were already present and talking in the living room. Being that most of them were from my parents’ generation, I didn’t feel comfortable joining them. But with the newest arrivals were my cousins, and with my best friend joining us, it would be easier to converse.

“I still can’t believe you don’t have a boyfriend. With your perfect curves, gigantic boobs, clear complexion, and perfect height, you should have boys lining up.” Leah fussed.

“Oh, trust me, it’s not that _____ isn’t getting asked out left and right. She just rejects everyone.” My best friend, Dina, explained knowingly. “Though, to be fair, a lot of them are weirdos who only care about her looks. One guy said her eyes weren’t big enough. That dude was an Otaku, though, so I’m sure he said that to every girl he sees.”

“Damn, that’s cold! This isn’t an anime.” Jenna huffed. “But what about the other guys?”

I sighed. “I am just not interested in other guys.”
They gasped; the stereotypical gasp that is followed by gossip and girlish squealing. I groaned, “What?”

“You said other guys!” My cousin crowed. “So you’re interested in someone?”

“Oh wait! I know this one! It’s Sans Aster!” My bestie smirked.

My cousins gasped, and Jenna squealed, “Well?” They demanded.

I turned away, but they stared me down.

“Ugh…” I replied, unwilling to give in. But with even that, they saw right through me.

“Oh my gawd! He would be the best guy to be with!”

I sighed. “Yeah, he was!”

“WHHAAAAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTT?!?” They all cried. “What do you mean?” “You’ve met him?” “Tell us!”

“Fine. It’s been five years since then, so it should be fine.”

“Oh my god! You met him when he was still a nobody?” Jenna squealed.

“Yes. It was near a casino.”

“Wait!” Dina gasped. “Was it that night you lost that sapphire necklace I gave you.”

“Yes…” I flushed.
“You said that you got lost.” She stood up, determination flowing in waves off her person. “Now you mean to tell me there’s more to it, and **you** never told me?”

“I never told anyone!” I cried. “He made me promise. I’m only saying anything now because I messed up and with him being who he is, it would be hard for him to get into trouble.”

“**SPILL. NOW!**” Dina commanded.

“Yeah, yeah…” And I did. I revealed that I would have been mugged or worse and told them how he had saved me that night, but had to go or risk the police arresting him. When I had found my friends again, Dina was the one who noticed that the necklace was gone. I didn’t know what happened to it. I didn’t remember feeling it leave my neck either. But with the teleportation, anything could have happened.

“That’s so crazy!” Leah breathed.

“Yeah, and the sucky part is that now I can’t get close to him again. But seeing him or hearing his voice eases the ache in my Soul.” My pressed my hand to my chest.

“Wait, what? You can feel your Soul?” Jenna blurted.

“Yeah…” I mumbled, looking down.

“She can do magic, too!” Dina added.

“What the hell?” I cried. “You promised you wouldn’t tell anyone!”

“Holy shit! You can do magic and you’ve never told us!” Jenna blurted.

“Wait, sis. I think that’s a joke.” Leah added.

“No, she can do real magic. It’s white.” Dina smirked. I fell on my side, completely done with everything.
“Wait, are y—”

My mother walked in. “Come to eat, girls. Enough playing.” She left the room, missing the glowering between all of us.

Ten minutes later, we were all sitting at the dining room table, our plates stacked with food and an easy back and forth conversation going on at both ends of the table. Despite my protests, my cousins continued to pester me about magic and my views pertaining to Sans.

Before long, conversation at the other end of the table died down as they focused on us. Neither of us noticed as the older generation watched and listened with interest.

“Honestly, all you need to fix this is for him to remember you. If what you said is true, he might be interested. It was the cops that scared him off.”

“I…it’s not that simple. He’s the richest person in the world, has guards that wouldn’t let someone like me near him, and just…it would be so hard to meet him again. Someone like me, who only has a simple desk job would have a better chance of winning the lottery than shaking his hand.”

“Whatever, ____. I agree with Jenna.” Dina retorted. “I think you should try to see him. Maybe woo him with your sexy bod and your artistic talents.”

“Oh, shut up! That might have worked five years ago, but now...” I trailed off.

“But even people who work for him agree he is laid back and easygoing, including your mom. Right?” Jenna stated. “In many interviews, his administration has said he treats everyone equally and makes sure that working for him is super fun for everyone. One intern reported that they used something like Hogwarts Houses to build teamwork and there are real prizes for working hard. Even if people mess up, he doesn’t treat anyone like shit like other employers would. It’s insanely awesome.”

Leah smiled, “And if you really do have magic, then you should look for employment in his
company as a start to get closer. It would be so much better than your current job.” I smiled at the thought of working for him.

“What’s this about Sans Aster?” My mother inquired. “And what do you mean, _____ has magic?”

I froze. “N-nothing!”

“Dina?” My mother pushed.

“She can use white magic, ma’am.” Dina said sheepishly. My mother worked directly with magic as a scientist and doctor in the scientific division of Gaster Industries, and a few of its affiliates, so her curiosity on this subject was understandable.

“Really?” She turned back to me. “_____, please demonstrate. I won’t believe it until I see it.”

“I…I-I…don’t…” I stammered, suddenly bashful. At the same time, Leah muttered, “That rhymed.” That earned a giggle from her sister and Dina.

“_______.” My mother cut in. “You don’t need to be worried that I’ll be angry or disappointed. If what Dina said is true, then I might be able to help you with your goal to meet Sans Aster.”

“What?!?” My cousins, Dina, and I exclaimed in unison.

“Volume, girls.” She reminded. “What I mean is that if you truly are a mage, I would bring you in to work with me and other scientists, one of which being Doctor Alphys. If she thinks it’s necessary, she will ask Sans to have a personal look. He has visited us often to assist us in Soul Studies, since it is his company and he is a scientist. He has an ability no one else has; the ability to see Souls without extracting them from the body. He can see everything. It’s part of what makes him an interesting and intelligent individual. So, will you show me?”

With new enthusiasm, I ignited my aura, dazzling everyone with the bright white light that encompassed my entire body. I went further and showed my ability to levitate objects and healed a burn on my mother’s thumb.
My mother was speechless. But then, so was everyone in the room. “Amazing. You’re very gifted, and have clearly trained yourself to control your magic. White Magic…that is something I have never encountered before.”

I smiled. “I call it Neutral Magic…because I can push it every which way and can do so much with it, so long as it touches my aura and, by extension, me. Being neutral, I can mold it with my willpower.”

My mother sniffed, a happy tear attempted to break free and roll down her cheek. “Oh yes, I believe Sans will be most interested in you.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Just finished editing this chapter, so here it is. Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

two

Sans wasn’t sure what was worse; unending resets caused by a determined child that would end in either peace or genocide, or being so famous and wealthy that so many terrible people want a piece of that action.

While the Judge had won any suit against him, had become a role model to the science community, and was also respected as a comedic genius, some things just weren’t funny. Like the tramp currently trying to cozy up to him to earn the place beside him, as his wife.

Yes, interspecies marriages were legalized. That happened two years ago, but it was still a bit of a rarity. But those marriages hadn’t happened because two businesses were trying to unite. Most, if not all, of those relationships were made out of love - real love - which was true and pure.

Being the most famous person in the world, so many people watched his every move. And recently, Ned Gier had made a bold move and told the media he planned to have his daughter marry the CEO and founder of Gaster Industries. The skeleton was quick to squash that notion via his personal social media, and explain that it had been discussed, but the monster was not interested in joining with Sandy Gier, in marriage.

For most companies, this kind of move would be so disrespectful that the companies would end their affiliation with each other. However, The Gier Company couldn’t afford to lose their partnership with Gaster Industries, so the beefy man swallowed his pride and apologized for making assumptions.

Gier’s company was one of the many that made the parts for the engines that Gaster Industries built. Losing the partnership with Gier wouldn’t make a dent in Sans’ Gaster Industries, as it was a multi-
business company that had a lot of money, and influence, backing it up. But without Sans, Gier could go bankrupt within a year. And with Sans’ high standing in society, if Gier made the wrong move, it would cost him dearly.

True, Sans had to watch himself, too. But Sans had more advantages, one of which being his ability to read Souls. He knew Gier was only in this for the money, and because they were doing so well since their partnership, the greed for power made itself known. Sans wondered if Ned’s ancestors were the same and knew this kind of behavior would continue. It was oddly fitting.

Sandy started hanging around Sans’ office more often. At first, her intentions were fake because she only cared for his money and fame. But after learning first-hand how charismatic he was, she had fallen in love with him just like many of his fans had. But he wasn’t interested. After all, he found his other half months after monsters surfaced.

Pulling out the choker, the fake sapphire pendant still attached, he hummed. While he felt bad that he took it, he would be lying if he said that it didn’t help him get through some tough times in the past.

The girl it belonged to was in danger and his Soul latched onto her location automatically. At first, he didn’t know why his Soul reacted the way it did. Given that his magic was still adapting to the surface – for years, he had kept his magic compressed within him to maximize his potential; this kept him smaller but made the power he could unleash more potent, so it would deal more damage despite only having one point in each of his initial stats – he first assumed that maybe it was part of the change he was undergoing now that monsters were free.

Having grown over a foot from when he was in the underground, he stood at five-feet-eight-inches, a foot and four inches taller than he was underground. With his increased Hope from finally being topside, his stats increased immensely over the months. Instead of fleeing from problems like he would have while being trapped, he went to protect the source that called out to his Soul. Granted, some might call this being overconfident, but Sans’ couldn’t ignore the intense calling.

When he had teleported the woman who his Soul had reacted to, to safety, he had asked her name after getting over her ability to use magic – white magic, a magic he didn’t know existed. But stupidly, at the sound of the siren, he panicked and moved to leave, taking her choker with him. But he remembered, before that, to lock gazes with her so he could see her Soul completely; it was white with a rainbow sheen, not unlike her magic, though it clearly belonged to a human, as it looked like what humans call a traditional heart – not inverted like his. True enough, she was his Soul Mate and he stupidly didn’t wait long enough to find out her name, so he could find her again.

He had hoped Alphys’ Soul program would help him find her, but thus far, no one remotely similar had joined. The only thing close was one of the head researchers telling him that her daughter had seen one of his acts. But people like that were many, so asking for details would probably lead him
off course. Pressing the blue pendant to his sternum, his Soul mere centimeters away, he sighed.

A knock came to the door before it opened. “Hey boss man! Still messin’ with that choker, I see.”

His head administrator of engineering walked in. His name was Nate Fuller, and he prided himself in being a ‘ladies’ man’. He was tall and muscular from hard labor, with broad shoulders, strong limbs and torso, short dark gray bedhead that despite its spiky look made the man look attractive, and a bright smile that reached his silvery eyes. While his hair was gray, he didn’t look old. In his late-twenties, Nate had years of experience in engineering and similar sciences. He was one of the most knowledgeable people Sans had ever met, having met and befriended the man in college. The two had become fast friends, which is why it was easy to brush off the stupid nicknames his top admin gave him.

“Yes. it’s precious to me. and nate, why do you continue to call me stupid names?” Well, most of the time, anyway…

“Cuz I can, my dude. I know you’re not actually offended. It just isn’t your style.” The man was only two inches taller than Sans, but Nate’s build made his six-foot-four-inches look ferocious. Despite that, he was no different than a massive teddy bear, though not nearly as soft as one. A lady’s man with charisma, he worked well with everyone else. He made everyone feel safe, too, because with his keen eye, no one who meant harm could get away it without him finding out. And while he never dealt out justice personally, he was always there when the justice was served.

“weirdo.” Despite being taller than he was in the underground, Sans was lean – as a skeleton should be – with narrower shoulders than some girls and wider hips. However, because of how he carried himself, this made him very attractive to the masses and while it might look feminine on others, it made the skeleton look more masculine, and downright sexy.

“Whatever. Hey, speaking of weird, Doctor Lisa _____ just came in and has something she wants to tell you.”

“why can’t you just tell me?” The monster replied as he put the choker back in the cabinet he kept it in, locking it with a code only he knew.

“Apparently, it has something to do with someone you might be looking for. I dunno, man. She wouldn’t specif–Whoa! You okay?”
Sans had stood up and rushed out the door. On his way down, he passed Sandy, who seemed shocked. In the elevator, Sans gasped and facepalmed, startling the other occupants.

“i can teleport. wow, i’m dumb.” The next moment, he was standing in the lobby, a startled human and lizard monster beside him.

“Doctor Aster…” Doctor Lisa gasped.

“still sans, lisa.” He reminded, still a hater of everything proper. He had a laidback persona for a reason.

“Apologies, Sans. Please don’t do that. I have never had a heart attack, and don’t plan to, so please!”

“sorry, habit.” He shrugged, though his expression was apologetic.

“I came here because I learned something over the holiday. Apparently, my daughter can do magic and hasn’t told many people. Only her best friend knew, and that was how I found out. Her demonstration proved that she had trained herself, too. She has amazing control.”

“what kind of magic?” He inquired, Alphys nodding with him.

“It was white.” Lisa replied, surprising the skeleton. “She called it neutral magic, and said she could push it to do anything. She proved it by pushing her aura to levitate some meat and even healed a burn I received from cooking. And she said she met you five years ago, but that she was supposed to keep it a secret. Apparently, she said something she shouldn’t have, and her cousins and best friend pushed the story out of her. After I told her about meeting you, she told me what she remembered.” She went on to tell the story from what I had told her over Thanksgiving.

“Sans, is this true?” Alphys inquired.

Sans sighed in relief. “yeah, i’ve been trying to find her ever since then.”

“i learned that night that she’s my soul mate.” Lisa and Alphys weren’t the only ones shocked by this news. In the shadows of the hallway nearby, a woman stood, a look of rage and hatred twisting her face.

“No way in hell am I going to lose to a nobody,” Sandy growled under her breath before stalking away, on a mission to ruin any chances for Sans to be with someone else.

Chapter End Notes

Just a bit of trivia...

Nate Fuller is based of Naotsugu from Log Horizon, and his appearance is basically the same except he's a bit taller and more muscular. Basically, if the armor was his muscles, he would be Nate. I got Nate from Naotsugu, but just tacked Fuller because I felt like it. Random last name for the WIN! XD

Ned Gier's name is based off Envy (Neid) and Greed (Gier) in German - that's what Google Translate said anyway. Sandy is based off Sin (Sünde) in German. And Sandy's mother is Maria Stolz (pride) in Catalan - though I can't remember how I got Maria. Anyway, the names are based off sins and stuff. If you read this chapter, you can get a hint of that. ;)

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY, YOU LOVELY NOODLES! 8DDDDDDDD

Yeah, so some people call their readers potatoes, or llamas, or something else. You are noodles. You're welcome! 8D
//dances//

And oh look! Another chappy! Before the end of V-day...where I am. You're welcome for editing this when I'm super tired from work!

And it has fluff and sass! Enjoy! (wiggles eyebrows) Love you, byyyyyyye!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

three

“Are you sure he said that? I’m pretty sure you’re making that up.” That was the only logical answer to the blasphemy I just heard.

“I’m serious, _____, sweetie. He used the exact phrase ‘Soul Mate’.” My mother added a magnificent eye-roll for effect.

“Hooooo boy, I don’t know how to feel about that.” I replied nervously, wringing my hands.

“You should be flattered, grateful, awed, and amazed that your Soul Mate is the wealthiest person in the world.” She replied matter-of-factly, a smug look overtaking her face. “And he is a wonderful individual. Your father and I have discussed it and we thoroughly approve.”

I blushed as I followed my mother up the steps to her workplace. I had the day off, so I went into my mom’s workplace to meet with Sans and do some tests with Doctor Alphys. We had arrived early, so the parking garage wasn’t too filled up. It usually was packed by ten in the morning. By right now, it was just past eight.
Going through the revolving door of The Gaster Laboratory, we were greeted immediately by two monsters, both of which were big names in the science – and also in general – community.

“G-greetings,” Doctor Alphys called as we approached. “You must be Lisa’s daughter. _____, was it?”

I nodded. “Yes, ma’am. I’m _____, It’s a pleasure to meet you, Doctor Alphys.” I turned to the monster standing beside her, met his gaze and blushed heavily before bowing low. “And it’s a pleasure to see you again, Doc–”

“just sans. and the pleasure is all mine.” He interrupted, chuckling good-naturedly, his voice doing things to my body that shouldn’t be possible. “despite my success over the past five years, i don’t do formalities. i’m just not that kinda guy.”

I laughed shortly, and nervously. “I understand.”

“i’ve actually been trying to track you down. after our first meeting, i realized i didn’t get your name. that was my bad. i was sure that you would turn up in alphys’ soul program, and in a way, i guess you have.”

“W-wait! You have seen her use magic? Sans, why didn’t you say anything?” Alphys cried. I thought that maybe my mother would have told them because of the story of how we met, but maybe–no, my mother looked at Alphys in confusion.

Sans raised a brow, but shrugged it off. “weeeelll, mostly because i might have gotten into trouble. but at this point, i’m confident that if that incident was brought into the light, ms. _____ and i would both come out unscathed. after all, during that incident, i fought in defense.”

“Now there’s a story I wanna hear. C’mon, boss man. Spill!” Coming from the hall to the left of Sans was a large man with gray hair and eyes, a brilliant white smile, and far too much energy radiating from him. “Hey now, who is this pretty lady?”

“don’t you dare.” Sans warned, a dull rumble emanating from his ribcage.
“Whoa, man! Chill! I didn’t know!” His hands were up in the universal sign of mercy. “This wouldn’t happen to be who that choker you are constantly messing with belongs to, would it?”

I gasped, locking gazes with the skeleton, who had frozen as his skull flushed blue with rage and embarrassment.

“damnit, nate!” Sans hissed. “why would you say that now?”

“Hey, I say what I’m thinking. You know that!”

“ffffffffffffffffffffffuuh…”

“So I didn’t lose that necklace. You took it?” I needed to know.

“sorry. it was stupid, and selfish, and i will give it back. i only took it out of desperation.”

“Heh, heh, heh! Oh yeah, he has!” Nate guffawed. “Every time he gets super stressed, he brings it out and messes with it to calm him down. It works, though, so at least taking it wasn’t all bad.”

At this point, Sans looked mortified. “nate, get out. go do something productive. just leave us alone.”

Nate, looking very pleased with himself, chucked and stretched as he made his way to the hall past Alphys. “No problem! I’ve done what I needed to do here. Later, boss man, Alph, Doc Lisa, madam! Don’t be too hard on the Skelepun! He means w–AHHHHHHH! OKAY! I’M GOING!”

Completely done with his admin’s antics, Sans through a bone at the man that flew through his spikey hair into the hall entryway, the projectile disappearing upon impact. With Nate’s fast retreat, Sans turned back to me.

“i’m so sorry. please forgive me.”

I snorted. “That was hilarious.” I snorted again, dissolving into small giggles. “Now I see why so many people love working here.”
“Yes, it’s t-true.” Alphys agreed. “And trust me, if Sans wanted to hit Mister Fuller, he would have. Those two have a personal history and love picking on each other.”

“And **Mister Fuller** does what?” I prompted.

“he’s one of my administrator, and oversees engineering and mechanics. despite being only twenty-eight, he’s one of the best in his field. he’s also the best bodyguard you will ever meet. he has a sharp eye, and has kept all employees safe from harm.

“when i was still new to being famous, i had been targeted for assassination a few times. because i couldn’t focus on reading the intent of others with what i was doing, nate was charged with watching my back. and he was successful every time. after fourteen failed assassinations, people realized that it wasn’t going to work. eventually, i could watch my own back because i had learned the ropes and was able to multitask, and so nate was charged with watching over my employees. between him and my other admins, gaster industries is in good hands.”

I grinned nervously, the thought of Sans being assassinated worrying. “Wow, that is so cool.” Sans grinned, the smile reaching his eyes.

“I don’t mean to interrupt, b-but we have a schedule to keep.” Alphys reminded.

“oh shoot, you’re right. c’mom, let’s head to the lab. we will be at lab b, right?” He led the way down the hall Nate went down. We reached an elevator as he pressed the down arrow.

“Yes! I-I believe that is the best course of action given what you told me, Sans.” Alphys was carrying a checklist and by looking over her shoulder, I could see a chart that included the lab room numbers and names of the people occupying them. While most of them appeared empty, at least five were in use, including Lab A.

“i agree. let’s go.” The elevator opened and the four of us entered.

“show us what you’ve got, ______.” Sans called through the microphone. He stood with Alphys and
my mom in a small compartment of the lab that was meant to shield them from any threat while they did tests. According to Sans, it could withstand magic, metal bullets, and acid.

“Okay, here I go.” I released my aura and began with the most basic magic I had, flight. It was an upgrade from levitation that I had taught myself when I was thirteen. By then, I had mastered levitating objects and myself, so flight, being a form of levitation, was what came next.

Being a wielder of white magic had many perks. The only downside to it was that I had to reach out and touch things with my aura for it to work. If the white magic detached from my aura, it had only seconds before it would dissipate. The longest I managed was five seconds, but on most occasions, I was only given two seconds. Therefore, if I wanted to make white projectiles, the target needed to be close by or my attack needed to be quick. However, if I made many projectiles, the likelihood of success increased. I had learned early in life that my well of magic was limitless as far as I could tell and provided I kept myself nourished. So, if one attack missed or wasn’t good enough, I could compensate with another.

Now flying around the room, I was greeted with the awe of the three observing me. Alphys’ head was switching between observing me and watching her pad as she wrote down what she saw, making her head a blur of motion. Sans looked dazzled and from where I was a good distance away, it looked as though his eye-lights had changed shaped from round specks to hearts. But I wasn’t sure. My mother looked torn between proud and shocked, a strange combination on her sharp-featured complexion.

“Okay, ______, sweetie. What else would you like to show us?”

I considered that as I floated down. “Do you have a target?”

Sans shook his head, dazed. “comin’ right up.” Sure enough, to my right, a hologram of a target appeared on the wall to my left.

I fired up my aura and focused. My practice with projectiles was new; I had only gotten as far as I had after practicing it for a year and a half. Most of my training was spent using my magic to create shields, mold the magic into weapons, healing, and other things that didn’t require my magic to detach from me.

So, for the first demonstration, I didn’t create detached attacks. Instead, I molded the magic into whips, or tentacles, and attacked the center of the target. I directed it with my hand for greater accuracy. I didn’t have to make gestures to guide it, but the chance of missing was greater if I lacked concentration. With the gestures, I had visual focus, so concentration wasn’t needed as much.
I went on to demonstrate projectiles, and just from observing, they could see the fault in the magic. Sans went on to instruct me on different shapes of projectiles. His suggestion intrigued everyone, including me, who hadn’t thought about changing the shapes before despite being able to. Per his suggestion, I tried orbs, arrows, rods, throwing stars, planes, and cubes. The different effects were amazing.

The orbs ended up acting like shooting stars, tails still attached until a few feet from the target, making them last longer because they weren’t detached until later. The arrows were the swiftest but had limited aim unless I shot them from a specific perspective. The throwing stars were powerful, but had no control – I had hit the protective glass with two of them, causing my fear and anxiety to surface as I apologized again and again until my mother came to calm me down.

The planes, looking like paper planes, though made of light, were easy to maneuver but not nearly as swift as the other projectiles, thus never hitting their target. The cubes were similar in speed to the planes, but unlike the other projectiles, they exploded on impact, like bombs.

The next series of tests were about how much I could hold with my magic. We learned I could hold several tons, if they were solid. If I tried to hold gas, it would be absorbed into my magic and turned into white light. Liquid was like gas, but instead of being absorbed, it was only purified. When I use a tendril to touch water, it turned to shimmering white while still having the same consistency and properties as water. When Sans decided to drink it, despite protests, he became energized – it was very comical. When a human who had been cut in a small accident drank it, the cut closed in minutes and soothed them.

Alphys collected data on what I was feeling, how much magic I put into whatever my aura was touching, and how much effort it took. My feelings made a difference, as did how much time something soaked in my magic. A moment lead to the barest of shimmers while a minute would leave liquid shining brightly and any trace of what the original substance was would be unknown. The effect each had was also different. A moment would lead to very slight changes while a minute would have high effects.

“this is amazing, we’ve never experienced anyone who could do this.” Sans was looking through the results of all the tests, a bright smile on his face. My mom and Alphys had walked off to do work somewhere else, so it was only Sans and me, alone together. “your magic might be able to save lives if we can learn to measure it out properly.”

“I’m glad to help in any way.” I assured with a small bow.

“i think we should get a group of experts in here to help you train with magic, since you can imitate
other forms of magic, having masters of different magic types would be helpful.”

“Well, I have to work, too.” I confessed. “I wish I could, but I need to be able to pay the bills.”

He laughed, his deep chuckle the sexiest baritone ever. “I understand that. Where do you work? I might be able to pull some strings. Also, you would be paid while you’re here. In fact, you’ll be paid for today, too.”

“Oh! Really?” I should have expected that, but I was still surprised. This didn’t feel real. “I work as a behind the scenes clerk for The Gier Company.”

He froze. “Gier, huh. That’s a business partner of Gaster Industries. But lately, they’ve been making some very bad choices.” His mumbles made it seem like he was talking to himself, until he turned to me and asked, “Do they treat you and your coworkers well?”

I flinched. “Well, I mean… I think so. I don’t know. Some people aren’t very nice, but work isn’t supposed to be where you hang with best friends.” I shrugged. I didn’t want to mention how the CEO and administrators were a bunch of assholes who had exploited employees in the past. The CEO’s daughter, Sandy had once told me that my outfit was proof I was nothing but trash. I was paid minimum wage according to my contract, but I had calculated less on a few occasions. But I didn’t want to make trouble for myself and lose my job by fighting my employers.

Even saying that everything was okay, Sans saw right through me. He didn’t say anything, but hummed thoughtfully as he looked off into space. He muttered something I didn’t hear before turning back to me.

“I’ll have a talk with Gier about this. If he doesn’t want to give you up, I’ll get back to you.”

“Um…” I wanted to ask what he meant, but he didn’t give me an opening.

“Doctor Lisa gave us your address, so you should be getting some stuff in the mail. Until we meet again, ______. I hope it’s sooner rather than later, because I’m not waiting another five years.” He joked.

I blushed and giggled. “Yeah! Thank you again.”
“oh boy. what are you thanking me for?” He asked, his tone coated in sass.

“For not forgetting me.” I explained softly as my cheeks heated up.

He choked a bit before pulling me into an embrace. I froze momentarily, my brain too slow. But after a few seconds, my arms automatically wrapped around his torso. He hummed against my hair, his hard but malleable cheek nuzzling into the soft texture and probably messing it up a little bit.

“don’t let anyone tell you anything about being inadequate. i know how shitty gier can be, so if anything happens, let me know. i can afford to drop ties with them, but they can’t afford to drop ties with me. i will rescue you again if you need it. that doesn’t make you a weak person, either. despite what you think, you have been helping me the last five years, too. nate already implied as much. if you want to come and work in gaster industries instead, just call. and if you are ever in trouble, call the company and give them the code 3278-627837. don’t worry.”

I felt the extra weight in my back pocket that wasn’t there a moment before. Sans released me and winked. “have a great rest of the day.” I nodded and watched him walk off before disappearing in a flash of blue.

Since I had come with my mom, I would be taking the bus home. While I hated the bus, it was the only thing I could use since I couldn’t afford a car. Walking in the direction of the bus station, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned and immediately paled.

“Hello there.” It was Sandy Gier. “You’re the girl with the terrible wardrobe. A desk clerk who works behind the scenes. Good thing, too, I won’t have you tarnishing my father’s company.” She escorted me into a building with a maneuver that made it look like a best friend carting their pal along. But once away from the public eye, she slammed me against the wall.

“Now you listen, and you listen good. I don’t know what the fuck you told me future husband, but you better get you shit together and stay away from him. I saw him first and I call dibs on him, so fuck off and find some peasant like yourself. Are we clear?”

I was speechless, tears pouring down my face. I had heard about Ned Gier’s plan to have his daughter marry Sans, a plan that was supposedly put to rest when Sans remarked his disinterest and that Gier had planned this behind Sans’ back and without his approval. Rumors went around that Sandy was only interested in Sans for his money. But apparently, Sandy had later fallen for the monster in her pursuit because of his charm, charisma, and everything that made him Sans Aster; he
was a sexy guy both in body and mind.

Sandy was a rude, selfish, conceited brat who wanted more than she already had, which was a lot, and would never stop being greedy. She was the stereotypical girl who was the perfect angel to the public but a bitchy princess when no one was looking. She grew up with money, but with monsters resurfacing, her father’s company would have gone bankrupt without affiliating with Gaster Industries. Ned Gier was so desperate to keep making money that he made bad decisions that hurt his image.

With Sandy staring me down obnoxiously, I could only mutter a shaky, “I-I’m s-sorry…”

This seemed to satisfy her, and she grinned condescendingly down at me. “Good, you should be.” She walked out of the building and presumably back to the lab. I didn’t know because I sat there, a panic attack shaking me to my core. The bus had arrived minutes later, but I couldn’t get up to catch it as I sobbed.

A few minutes more passed and suddenly, I was wrapped up in a set of arms. I gasped as looked up into empty voids.

“H-h-how…?”

“how did i know?” He inquired firmly. I nodded. “sandy came into my office with an overly smug look on her face. her soul was oozing triumph, like she had squashed a bug. and while faint, your aura was attached to her.” He sighed. “now having had a clear view of your soul and its signature, i can track you so long as you have been somewhere before. you weren’t far, and so i could easily teleport beside you. tell me what happened, please.”

And so, after several failed attempts at coherent sentences, I managed to explain Sandy’s threat. A growl rumbled from beyond Sans’ ribs, but despite it being aggressive, it calmed me down. My Soul seemed to recognize it as protective towards me and aggressive towards others.

“i can’t do anything about it right now. but tonight, i’ll have a chat with ned. he’s hit strike two. one more misstep and i’m cutting ties. if that happens, would you want to quit working for him and come to work at gaster industries. i have a feeling you might like it better there. you would have to start at square one, but the people are good, and the pay is far above minimum wage.”

I nodded. “If you cut ties, then yeah. I have a feeling you will. This isn’t the first time Sandy has
done this to me.”

His expression darkened. “really? tell me.”

And so, I did. What was originally a conversation about how bad working for the Gier Company was turned into a back and forth about telling each other about ourselves. I learned a bit about the underground, Sans’ likes and dislikes, his favorite jokes and puns, and more. He shared stories from before coming topside and after. By the time Sans had finished one of the funniest stories I had ever heard, I realized it was getting dark out.

“Oh shit! What time is it?” I gasped, standing up.

“heh, you rhymed.” He chuckled. “just after five, according to my phone.”

“Didn’t you have work?” I reasoned as he hoisted himself to his feet.

“yeah, but this was more important. i learned a lot and now i can make the necessary decisions when or if the time comes. by the way, can i have your phone for a second?”

I reached into my pocket. “So, you stole the birthday gift from my best friend, and now you want to steal my phone. What’s next, my heart? Oh wait!”

He stared at me with complete disbelief before cracking up, leaning back against the wall. “holy shit! that was fantastic!” He clapped. “i was not expecting that! wow, you might have some comedic genius. the only thing holding you back is your confidence.”

I shrugged, but nodded as I unlocked my phone and handed it to him. His sockets widened, and he smirked before tapping away. He handed it back to me, a cheeky grin on his face.

“You really are a fan of mine.” He had a knowing look and I gasped in realization. “at least your background is one of my better pictures.”

“Fuuuuuuuuuck…” I groaned, my face probably getting close to catching on fire.
“don’t worry about it. it’s cute, if anything.” Leaning in, he pressed a kiss to my forehead. I felt his mouth mold to form thin lips. Pulling back, he winked, and I felt some of the heat travel to my loins. The sexy wink!

“really? i have a sexy wink?” He snickered.

“Damnit!” I cried, turning away.

“anyway, i added my info to your contacts.” He gave me a serious look. “there are three numbers. the ‘main’ one is the office one. call that one for business stuff or if you can’t reach me by the ‘mobile’ one. tell them you have a code and if they say the phrase ‘right on’, give that number code i told you earlier. a piece of paper in your back pocket has that code and the instructions in case you forget.

“if you are in trouble and can’t get through to the ‘mobile’, call the ‘other’. that will be nate and he will get in touch with me asap. just tell him it’s a ‘code blue’ and give him your location or the closest you are aware of. if i don’t know the address or you don’t know where you are, i’ll track your phone and your soul frequency.”

I looked up at him and nodded. “Thank you.” I put the phone away. “I better go, or I’ll miss the bus again.”

He hummed. “we have your address due to the paperwork given to us by your mom, but i haven’t looked at it yet. where do you live? i’ll drop you off.”

“Uh…Gering Road.”

He gawked. “that’s practically in the slums. that’s low income.”

I nodded. “I know.”

“with minimum wage…”
“They cheat their workers, Sans. I’ve caught every time they didn’t pay me for my time. But I don’t want to be fired, so I say nothing.”

He regarded me solemnly before turning his head and casting a dark look into space. “that’s strike three.”

Chapter End Notes

Who wants a taste of some Sexy Wink™?

Recurring jokes for the WIN!
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Editing this during a stream. If you want to see it, go here. Two links. ;3

Anyway, since I am stuck with the current point, I thought I might as well edit what I have. And since I have over 20 chapters written, it’s okay to post and be stuck. I have time. This happens a lot. I have the basic notes done. Just gotta get it down and make it work.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

four

Sans ended up teleporting me home that night. While he checked out my simple apartment – his expression not giving his thoughts away at all, I talked him down from his strike three. I reasoned that if he went to strike three immediately, and because of me, we might not learn everything we needed to about the Gier family and what they were planning.

Sans knew that Sandy was already aware of why he had a sudden disappearance from his office earlier that day. It would create more problems if he suddenly cut ties since it was clear she knew exactly who I was to Sans. Gier needed to be caught in an act of some sort. No doubt Sandy and her father had something planned if Sans tried to do anything that would hurt their business.

Even Sans agreed Sandy wouldn’t have pulled me aside to badmouth me if she didn’t have an ace up her sleeve. We just needed our own ace or to at least be prepared with an argument.

The next day, I received a text from Sans first thing in the morning.

[sans: hiya, good morning. hope your well.]

Short and to the point. Auto-correct picking up most of the mistakes – but not all, I noticed – he might make out of laziness. No capitals meant he probably had that turned off automatically.
[Me: Hi, Sans. I am. Just got up. Need to get ready. But thank you for the morning greeting. That is so sweet. :3]

Only a couple seconds passed before the phone buzzed.

[sans: any time for a sweet little thing like you. ;3]

Damnit, his texts shouldn’t have the ability to make me blush. Choosing not to respond, like I was busy, I began my morning routine. By the time I was at the bus stop, I was back to texting. Sans sure loved his puns, and used every advantage to show his expertise.

“Hey _______, who you texting?” Dina breathed as she came up behind me. I jumped, burying my phone in my chest. “Oh, no way! Show me!”

“No! Please!” She easily pried my phone from me, and immediately gasped at the name.

“No way!” She enunciated, her eyes practically sparkling.

“Don’t say anything out loud.” I warned. “We are in public!”

“Your mom actually did it!” She squealed.

“Dina, quiet!” People were staring, some of them openly glowering at us for disturbing the quiet of the morning.

“Oh, this is great! So, do you have a date yet?”

“N-no…” Kill me now.

“Why the hell not?”
“Shhhh!” One of the people who openly glared at us hissed. She was an older woman who looked to have a no nonsense attitude. That, or she was just stuck up.

“Oh, can it, old lady! This is a city! People are gonna be loud!” Dina retaliated, much to the woman’s disbelief.

“My word! Who do you think you are?”

“Someone who doesn’t give a shit about your opinion! That’s who!”

Turning away, the old woman piled onto bus that had just arrived. She ignored us until her stop, hissing a complaint to the bus driver, who waved her off.

“Who the hell even was that lady?” Dina mused.

“I don’t know. I feel like I should know her. I think she might be a client or associate of the Gier Company.”

“She’s Ned Gier’s ex-wife, Maria Stolz.” A man said from behind. “The whole family is one big fucking mess. I pity anyone who has to work at that company.”

“Gee, thanks.” I muttered.

“Oh, sorry.” He mumbled.

“Where do you work?” Dina asked.

“I work at Gaster Industries as part of construction.” He replied, relieved by the subject change. “My name is Charlie Jones.”

“So, you work for Sans!” Dina stated, nudging me with a smirk.
“Yeah, my supervisor is Nate Fuller. Everyone there is great!” I nodded politely, not wanting to draw attention. “Are you considering getting a job there?”

“Oh trust me, she totally is!” Dina laughed.

“What’s so funny about that?” Charlie’s tone sounded both amused and offended, which was an interesting combination.

“My bestie has a personal history with Sans.” She replied, much to my chagrin.

“Oh? What’s that about?” He pressed.

“That’s enough! This is our stop!” I pulled Dina up, and pushed her to the front and outside the bus. While Dina didn’t work at the Gier Company, she did work close by at an accounting firm. She became the assistant manager a year ago and since then, the firm had grown. She was aiming for the spot as director of her branch.

“Wow, kill joy! Well, see you later, ____! Have fun at work! Oh, right! That’s impossible!” She snickered. “At least stay alive!” I didn’t respond as I walked off towards the building that belonged to the Gier Company.

Walking inside, I was greeted by what could only be my worst nightmare. Ned Gier was talking with the police, his daughter at his side in a getup that shouted, ‘notice me’, her bleached blonde hair down in fake waves behind her. At my arrival, she pointed at me. The police looked up and approached.

“Miss ______ _______, you are under arrest for stealing money and other possessions that are company property. We will be taking you downtown for questioning. You have the right to remain silent.”

I sputtered. “What? I don’t understand. Whatever happened, I was framed.” But it was too late. They escorted me out in cuffs, and into one of their vehicles. The ride to the police station was short. They began questioning me immediately, and I answered as best as I could.

Apparently, stacks of money and items were found in my desk. The cameras that were set to monitor the room I worked in had been disabled. I was suspect because it was my desk. After asking the
same questions repeatedly, it finally ended.

“We are calling in someone who will help us find out if you are guilty or not. Would you like some water in the meantime?” I nodded.

While I drank water in cuffs, I heard a familiar voice, and groaned when Sandy came into the room.

“I saw her do it! There is no reason to call him in! I saw it!” She whined.

“Unless you have physical proof, then we will continue—”

“No! I swear! She is guilty!”

“sandy, shut your mouth and just explain why the hell i had to be dragged here!” Sans walked in and froze at the sight of me. The sound of his skeletal palms hitting his skull sounded odd yet comforting to my ears.

“never mind, now i get it.” He turned to the officers. “sandy framed her of a crime because of her ties to me. she doesn’t want me to see this because she knows i will vouch for ____, also, given what i was told on the way here, a camera was disabled. do you really think she has the expertise to do that?”

“We don’t know, sir.” The officer answered.

“When did this robbery happen?”

“Sometime yesterday.”

“wow, sandy. you are even more idiotic than i thought.” The blond banshee squeaked. “____ was at my lab yesterday until five. i escorted her home myself after learning about her living arrangement in the shady side of town. there was no way she could have done this.”

“Do you have proof?”
“absolutely, i will be right back.” He glared at Sandy as he disappeared.

Sandy turned to me, glaring daggers. “You stupid bitch! You ruin everything!” Sandy screamed before running out. I didn’t respond.

“Miss _____, do you know Sans personally?” The officer asked softly.

I nodded. “I met him for the first time five years ago when he saved me from a group of drunkards outside a casino in South Vale. But because monsters didn’t have legal citizenship, he teleported me away when the drunks called for the police. Although, he didn’t have time to get my name because there were sirens nearby and he was worried he would get into trouble for saving me. I didn’t know until recently that we had a deeper connection.”

“What do you mean?” The officer asked.

“she’s my soul mate.” Sans replied from the doorway, handing one of the officers who came in with him the folder. “and that’s why sandy pulled this crap. she wants ____ out of the picture so that i’ll be with her. i have no interest and after this, i think we can both agree, _____, that this is strike three.”

I nodded solemnly. “Yeah, I’d say so.”

The next couple days, I was off. Officially, I had quit my job with the Gier Company, but the CEO told the media I had been fired after I had attempted to steal money. However, police squashed that accusation and reported the truth. Sans had announced he was breaking ties with Gier for malpractice and other illegal activity. Gier’s illegal activity was investigated, and the company went bankrupt and into debt as they were forced to give compensation to countless workers who they had not paid the amount they were owed.

In the week I had off, I had moved into a new apartment on the safer side of town that was only two blocks away from Sans’ luxurious mansion, which he had invited me over to while the moving took place.
The media wasn’t given my name, so I was safe from paparazzi. I spent the first two nights in my new apartment before I had my first day at work at Gaster Industries. I would start as a paid intern and work my way up. I would be paid ten dollars an hour, a whole two and a half dollars above what I was meant to get while working for Gier.

Going to sleep the night before, I was excited. I fell asleep, oblivious to the presence watching over me as I slept. All I remembered was a warm kiss on my cheek.

Chapter End Notes

How am I doing? :3
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Finished editing 4 more chapters on February 15th, but I don't want to spoil you, so you'll have to wait for some of them. Sorry loves!

Also, due to Atlantale happening tomorrow...I will not be posting tomorrow. Not sure about the posting schedule after that, but definitely not tomorrow since I will be too tired after the convention - is it a convention? I think so...I don't do these often so I don't know. For anyone coming, if you want to find me, look for a black haired girl wearing a black shirt with a glow in the dark skeleton ribcage and pelvis - and black pants. That's me. :D

five

I walked into the Gaster Industries’ Main Headquarters and was immediately greeted by smiling faces. I received several greetings and despite it being a workplace, everyone treated it like a convention of sorts.

I went to the front desk and, after signing in, the receptionist gave me directions to an auditorium. Apparently, I wasn’t the only newbie today – I already knew that, though. I walked into the large auditorium and saw at least three others already sitting. There were eight seats in all, and I took a seat, not thinking about who I was sitting next to.

“Hey there!” The girl next to me greeted with a chipper attitude. “I’m Abbey! What’s your name?”

“I’m _____. Nice to meet you.” I took her hand to shake and was surprised when she shook it like crazy.

“Sorry, I had too much coffee this morning.” She confessed and then turned to the other two sitting on her other side.

Within ten minutes, all the seats were taken. There were two monsters in our group. From what I could tell, there were two boys and four girls combined, the remaining two I couldn’t tell. But seeing as some people didn’t like genders labels, I mentally shrugged it off.
“Hello, newbies!” Nate called from the stage, silencing the chatter. “Name’s Nate Fuller! I’m the guy who oversees engineering and mechanics. Beside me are the other admins!”

“I am Naomi Reed!” The petite woman to his right announced with a graceful gesture of her arms. “I oversee communication, commercial, and media control.”

“I’m Ben Elric!” The next guy announced. “My department is research and testing. I work with Doctor Alphys. She is currently busy overseeing that today, so I am here for both of us.”

“Hello, beauties!” Came the metallic, and currently overly synthesized, voice of the Star of the Underground. “I am Mettaton! I am the director of media creation! All the arts are my forte!”

“We are the admins!” Nate took the reins again. “Now, for the boss, and the guy all of you have been actually waiting for! May I introduce Sans Aster!”

Out of nowhere, Sans appeared in a flash of blue. All eight newbies clapped, and two of them cheered or, in one case, squealed.

“heya, so i’m sans. and if i let nate and mettaton have their way, the introductions would be more ridiculous than they already are.”

“I’m going to keep pushing until you give in, darling!” Mettaton explained melodramatically, his body molding to make it seem like a tragedy had occurred.

“Oh boy, it never ends.” Sans grumbled. “regardless, the eight of you are here because you have been chosen to join our organization. we get a tremendous amount of applications, so not everyone is accepted. i have looked through all your applications personally and decided you made the cut.

“however, during your internship, you will be proving your desire to stay here. you have a month to do that. after your internship is over, if you pass, you’ll be put into ‘houses’ and given badges.”

Abbey raised her hand. Sans nodded. “yes, what’s up?”
“I heard about that. Are they Hogwarts Houses?”

He chuckled, earning a collection of dreamy sighs that may or may not have been intentional. “nope, though the idea did come from that. but your houses were picked before you even came here. i’ll give you a hint. there are seven.”

“Soul Traits!” I exclaimed, clapping my hand over my mouth. “Sorry…” I mumbled.

Sans chuckled. “_____ got it. soul traits! so you will be assigned to one of the following; determination red, bravery orange, justice yellow, kindness green, patience cyan, integrity blue, and perseverance purple. it is all based on which soul trait you have dominating your soul. i can already see each of your souls.”

One of the boys raised his hand. “Excuse me?”

“yeah, jeremy?”

“Are there people who have other color Souls?”

Sans nodded. “we have witnessed that, and for that, if it’s a mix of two, like periwinkle, then the person chooses indigo or cyan, depending on what the trait is, or purple, to join.”

“Is someone in this group like that?”

“you’ll have to wait and see.” He did the Sexy Wink™.

“Now,” Nate took over. “For your internships, you will be doing simple tasks. Eventually, you will gain the interest of one or more of us admins. If you have a department you are specifically interested in, go to the admin in question. If you are not sure, talk to us and we will see where to put you.”

“and i’ll be hanging around and watching you work.” Sans added. “but don’t worry about me being there. if you didn’t know already, i’m pretty chill. i have been called lazy in the past, so i can’t fault you if you find things are too difficult. find what’s right for you and go from there.”
“Everyone is pretty laid back here,” Naomi added. “We are not going to bite your heads off if you mess up or something becomes too much.”

“Yes,” Ben agreed. “If you feel like you are panicking, tell us so we can help you out.”

“And if you don’t understand something, ask for help so we can tell you.” Mettaton finalized.

“Lastly, if someone is doing something you think is wrong, let us know immediately.” Nate emphasized sternly. “It’s not tattling if what they are doing could be illegal and if whatever is happening is life threatening. We cannot do anything if we don’t know it’s happening.”

“what my admins said. do you have any questions?”

Abbey’s hand shot up and at Sans’ nod, she shrieked, “Are we allowed to date other staff?”

“Wow, I’m so glad you think of me that way, darling! I’m sorry to say I am already taken.” Mettaton cooed. Everyone else snickered as Abbey became red in the face.

“i don’t care if my staff are dating, but please keep it professional while here and make sure it’s consensual.” He winked, and might have caused Abbey a nose bleed. “for now, please follow nate and he will guide you to where you need to be.”

Standing up, I looked at Abbey. Sure enough, she had a nose bleed.

“you okay there, abbey.”

“I’m fine!” She squeaked and wiped her face as she tore off after Nate.

I snorted. “I think that was your fault, Sans.”

He whipped his head towards me and shrugged defensively. “i didn’t do anything!”
I coughed. “Sexywink…ahem! S’cuse me!”

Naomi, Ben, and Mettaton chortled at that. “Oh, I like her. She’s funny.” The robot cooed.

“I’m not attracted to melodrama, though.” I whined with a pout, huffing for effect.

“Hahaaa! Mettaton, she could be a star!” Naomi guffawed. “She’s got the talent!”

Mettaton hummed. “I agree, darling!” He replied seductively.

I gave a fake shudder and bolted out, a playful smile on my lips.

The week was full of easy tasks. Transporting one item over there, getting signatures for that, making coffee, pressing buttons for a machine when told, and other simple assignments that any responsible person could do.

As the weeks passed, I felt the presence of the admins every now and again. And as I worked, it became clear that no one knew I had a history and connections to Sans. Sans showed up a couple times per week, but didn’t just watch me. With permission, I used magic to help complete my tasks, much to the excitement and relief of other workers.

“Put that crate over there, _____.“ Charlie, the man I had met on the bus the day of the Gier incident.

“Yes, sir!” I had been levitating a crate with my magic and set it where he told me.

“Very nice magic you have there.” Charlie complimented. “Never seen white magic before!”
Okay, so Charlie knew I had a connection to Sans, but didn’t pry for more information. I knew he didn’t tell anyone either because no one else asked. Charlie was an older man in his fifties who was balding. He worked in Gaster Industries as a mechanic, having knowledge pertaining to cars, airplanes, and other vehicles.

“Do you think you would like to work in this department?” He asked on the first Friday during the lunch break.

I shrugged. “Compared to other departments, it’s not really my thing.”

“Oh, what is your thing?” He asked.

“I like art. Specifically, singing, dancing, drawing, and writing.”

“You can sing, or you want to learn?”

I blushed. “I have been told I can.”

“Really?” Nate asked, coming up. “I wanna hear.”

“So do I, darling?” Mettaton agreed, a cheeky smile blooming.

“Oh! Me too!” Abbey bounced with excitement.

“hey, why don’t you sing for all of us?” Sans added.

I looked around and noticed all eyes on me. “I don’t do well with an audience.”

“Trust me, newb, you don’t have to worry about us judging you.” Kara, a stage tech in Mettaton’s
department assured. “If you can’t sing, it’s okay. You will find your calling.”

“It might help if you close your eyes.” Mettaton agreed.

I inhaled deeply and let it out. “Okay, hang on. I can only do this with a couple adjustments.”

“oh boy, what do you need?” Sans sassed.

“The room is too bright, and I need a bit of space.”

“on it. go sit over there.” He pointed to a crate at the end of the room.

“Does this happen often?” I asked.

“A lot of us have found our calling in moments like these.” Kara assured. “Mine was during a practice performance for Mettaton’s concert. I showed my skills in tech by adding effects that wow’d him.”

“That was a day to remember.” Mettaton cooed. “We caught it on film, too.”

“You’re not gonna film me, right?”

“don’t worry about it!” Sans assured, the lights dimmed down as I took my position.

I sighed and looked at the robot as he tossed me a microphone. “I’ll do Symphony by Clean Bandit featuring Zara Larsson.” Mettaton nodded, completely ready.

I’ve been hearing symphonies
Before all I heard was silence
A rhapsody for you and me
And every melody is timeless

Life was stringing me along
Then you came and you cut me loose

Was solo singing on my own
Now I can’t find the key without you

Being a robot with wifi and all that, Mettaton had an instrumental of the song. So, when I started singing, my voice echoing from his embedded speakers, he was prepared with the music to go along. But after that, it seemed even he was surprised.

I sang with my eyes closed, not letting my fear and low self-confidence consume me. The beginning of the song was shaky, but as the room shifted and the energy became positive, I felt more in control emotionally.

And now your song is on repeat
And I’m dancin' on to your heartbeat

And when you’re gone, I feel incomplete
So if you want the truth

I just wanna be part of your symphony
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

Symphony

Like a love song on the radio
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

I felt my aura ignite, sparkles here, fireworks there, as I let the music take me. It felt like my stress was leaving and making room for relief. My confidence grew, but I didn’t open my eyes, just in case.
I'm sorry if it's all too much
Every day you’re here, I'm healing

And I was runnin' out of luck
I never thought I’d find this feeling

’Cause I’ve been hearing symphonies
Before all I heard was silence

A rhapsody for you and me
(A rhapsody for you and me)
And every melody is timeless

I danced a bit, having fun as I enjoyed the music. I did a twirl before I decided it was too much and settled back to staying still.

And now your song is on repeat
And I'm dancin' on to your heartbeat

And when you’re gone, I feel incomplete
So if you want the truth

I just wanna be part of your symphony
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

Symphony

Like a love song on the radio
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
Ah ah, ah
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
Ah ah, ah
And now your song is on repeat
And I’m dancin’ on to your heartbeat

And when you’re gone, I feel incomplete
So if you want the truth
(Oh, oh, oh)

I just wanna be part of your symphony
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

Symphony
Like a love song on the radio

Symphony
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

Symphony
Like a love song on the radio
Will you hold me tight and not let go?

I finally opened my eyes and surveyed the room of my speechless audience. I made brief eye contact with a couple people, including the admins and Sans, before I stared at the floor.

“I…um…was that okay?”

“DARLING!” Mettaton engulfed me in a hug. “If you don’t join my department, I will never forgive you! Do you understand me?! I will make you a star!”
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

If you couldn't tell, this Sans is such a sexy, sassy baby boi! Ugh, I wanna jump his bones so badly. Yesss!

Chapter Notes

I was at Atlantale yesterday! I took video of **exclusive content**, which is [here](#). Please go to the [original video](#) linked [here](#).

They are different, and I got the best quality I could. Other people got it too, and I recommend looking at [Captain Blue's Video](#) for a more in-depth report of what happened at the convention as a whole.

It was FANTASTIC to see and meet people who love this fandom as much as I do. Pictures will be posted on my [DeviantArt Account](#) soon, so look for that.

Anyway, here's your chapter!

...you'll hate me later. XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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**six**

Over the next couple days, the internship was finished. And sure enough, I chose Mettaton’s department. He made it impossible to refuse, and the others in his department were so excited to work with me. I had thought that they would be jealous that Mettaton was so invested, but they acted like this is what they were waiting for.

Since joining the media creation department, I had showed off all my artistic talents. My writing pertained to mostly poetry and potential songs, but I had some decent drawing skills and my dancing was as good as my singing, according to the people I now worked with.

Having finally ended my internship and chosen a department, I had to choose a House. Having a white Soul, it meant I could choose whichever one I wanted. It was a dilemma.
Sans also visited me in my new apartment. I spent most of my dinners with him and it was during one of those dinners that I told him I had a hard time choosing.

“well, based off what i have observed, you are very kind, that being one of your main traits.”

“Yeah, but green isn’t really my color.” I admitted.

“well, how about cyan or indigo? blue is your color, and you do have patience and integrity.”

“I’m actually not all that patient.” I confessed. “I persevere because if I don’t…”

“yeah, well, what about integrity?”

“I think I like that. I have a lot of morals I stick by.”

“i agree.” He took a bit of shrimp, the dinner of the night, and plopped it in his mouth. “so, you going with integrity?”

I smiled. “Yeah, I think I will.”

“cool!” He said around the food as he pulled out his phone and tapped it. “and sent, now nate knows and will make your badge.”

“How many people know you’re hanging with me?”

He swallowed the foot and thought. “mettaton, though he’s been sworn into secrecy because i can easily destroy him.”

“What the fuck?” I blurted.
He snickered. “don’t worry about it. family stuff.”

“I’m worried.” I replied bluntly.

He snorted, and then made a noise that implied he cleared his throat. “the other admins know, too. your mother, your best friend, and that’s about it.”

“Dina knows you hang with me?”

“yeah, she got my email from your mother and i basically give her a small report. she is super protective.” He rolled his eye-lights.

“I want to know something, since we’re talking about this.”

“sup?” He took another piece of shrimp and began chewing on it.

“What are we?” That caused him to pause, and then chew faster so he could swallow, and finally answer me.

“Well, that depends. what do you want us to be?” His brow bone shifted, implying he had quirked a brow. Whether it was suggestive or not, I wasn’t sure.

“Don’t you dare put this on me!” I growled.

“hmm,” He leaned forward, dinner momentarily forgotten. “so you are waiting for me to make the first move?”

“Well, obviously. I mean, look at you. You have a million people who would do anything to just be in your presence.”

“are you one of those people?” He smirked, gaze hooded. His expression was doing funny things to my body. Again.
“Well…what do you think?” I mumbled.

“no, no, no! answer the question!” He said in a teasing tone, though he was serious.

“Well, kinda.” I admitted.

“well then, to stop you from making any crazy decisions, just to be in my presence…” I glared at him, and felt aggravated when his smile turned more amused, and obnoxious, than anyone had the right to be. “…i have a question for you. may i?”

I nodded, afraid I might curse him out if I opened my mouth.

“will you be my girlfriend?” He said simply.

My brain must’ve shut down because I woke up a few minutes later with Sans checking me over, his tone and body language a cacophony of worry.

“oh thank goodness, you’re awake! damnit, _____! don’t scare me like that!” He pulled me into an embrace. “answer the damn question, you crazy lady!”

“What was it again?” I mumbled.

He huffed. “i asked you to be my girlfriend.”

“Oh, so that wasn’t a dream?”

“no, it wasn’t. now answer me, please.” He sounded impatient.

I giggled. “Yeah, I will. Just…can we stay like this?”
“only if i can kiss you now.” He retorted impatiently.

I nodded dazedly. “Okay.”

I felt the same thin lips from the day I met Sans for the second time, but this time, they were pressed against my lips instead of my forehead. It was an electrifying sensation that made me crave more. Instinctively, I pulled him closer, my need only growing.

For his part, Sans seemed to reciprocate that neediness in full. He pulled my body flush against him and wouldn’t allow an atom of space between us. He had never seemed like a sexual guy, but he easily picked me up and placed us both on the couch nearby to continue our passionate exchange there.

When he finally parted, both breathless, Sans grinned down at me. “i waited for over five years to do that. you…have no idea how hard it was.” He pressed his forehead to mine as his hands roamed across my cheeks, through my hair, and begging to do more but waiting just in case I wasn’t ready.

“I don’t know if it was as hard for me given that I’m not as in tune with my Soul as you are, but I’m sorry if you were in pain after our five-year separation. I…” I paused, biting my lip as I cast my eyes away.

“What is it?” he murmured, a needy whine of desire.

“I want to make it up to you…” I begged, returning my gaze to his star-like pupils. “If that means we stay like this, that’s fine. But if you want to take me into the bedroom, you have my full permission.” Flushed, I waited for a response, feeling immense embarrassment as he stared, completely baffled at me.

“Sans?” I begged.

His mouth captured mine at the same moment we teleported to my bedroom. He released me and stumbled to the doorway, closing it and locking it.

“You have only now to tell me that you take it back before it’s too late. after that, i won’t be able to hold back. think carefully. i completely understand if it’s too soon.” He sighed. “what do you say?”
I gazed up at him, considering his words before opening my mouth to reply.

Chapter End Notes

I'm such a troll. In more ways than one, which will become apparent in the next chapter...whenever THAT will be posted. XP
Chapter Summary

Trolling trolling trolling...

8D

And to think I could have posted this already. I’m such a sasshole! Heeeehheeeeee!

Chapter Notes

This has mature content. Warning in end notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

seven*

“No,” I replied.

He slumped, both in sadness and relief. “a’right, i understand.”

“I won’t take it back.” I finished, a smirk on my lips. “Come at me.”

He looked enraged for a moment before a disbelieving smile overtook his mouth, “you troll!” He launched himself back at me, his hoodie and shirt discarded in an instance. He ripped my sweater, tank top, and bra off next, taking a moment to admire the view. “you’re gorgeous.”

I blushed, reaching over to yank his pants. He got the message and pulled away, yanking off his cargo pants. Being a skeleton, he didn’t have boxers or briefs. The question was if he had a means to do traditional sex – or, the human way – which had been up in the air for years until one day, during one of his comedy routines, he stuck out his tongue. It looked like a gelatinous mass of blue magic that was made of ectoplasm, glasslike and about ten percent transparent.
It was speculated since then that he had, or could make, genitals the same way.

That theory proved true as he kicked his pants away, staring me in the eye and asking, “wanna see a magic trick?” I nodded, and watched in sexual delight as his magic create a thick phallus, free of veins, a sack attached below like any human male. “hope you like what you see.” He grinned at my flushed and heated expression. “now, off with your pants.”

I snorted at the reference, made lewd. Like the other garments, he tore off my cotton trousers and plain blue underwear, tossing them over his shoulder before stalking into my personal space on all fours, a predator looking to devour his prey. However, unlike most predators, his prey didn’t mind.

He pulled back the covers and we got comfortable, all while our mouths, and tongues, were wrestling for dominance. To no one’s surprise, he was very good with his mouth, and his hands, as he teased me. I did my best to be on the same level, my fingers dancing lightly over the bones of his clavicle, shoulder blades, spine, ribs, and vertebrae. His midsection was covered by a pressure that only showed when he wore a shirt, and felt like a firm stomach of someone who worked out enough, and therefore wasn’t bulky muscles. While it wasn’t as firm now that he was naked, it tingled slightly and pushed back against my hands.

“that’s there to keep me from falling apart and to keep my bones safe.” Sans explained when I kept straying back to touch it. He leaned back with an amused smiled as he regarded me. “it developed while we were underground. i had only one point to every stat and so it gave a little extra protection. despite no longer having one point in each of my stats anymore, that protection remained, though less hardened. i don’t mind it, though. at least i don’t look chubby anymore.”

I giggled. “I understand. It’s just another thing that makes you incredibly sexy.”

He snickered, kissing my forehead before traveling down to lather my neck with his talented tongue. I couldn’t contain the moan. He chuckled, deep and sexy, making my core ache more. “keep talking dirty to me, babe.” Damnit. I let out another moan.

He hummed, and I gasped as I felt the ghost of his finger tracing their way down my side, past my hip, to my wet entrance. “oh, wow!” he mumbled against my collar bone. “guess we won’t be needing any more foreplay. you’re soaked to the bone!” I shuddered despite the terrible joke, causing another sexy chuckle to rumble from his ribs.

He used his hand to spread my legs and situated his knees between them so that I couldn’t close them. Positioning the head of his cock at my entrance, he locked gazes with me as he began to sink into my folds. “any kinks i should know about?”
I clamped my mouth shut, unwilling to answer and focused on the stretching I felt from his cock forcing my walls to adjust to his size. “oh, you have something you like but are afraid to share. hmm, i don’t mind sharing my kinks, if that helps.” I glared at him, cringe when he broke through an especially tight part. He huffed, like what he was doing was so strenuous and he could barely hold on much more. “you’re so tight.” He groaned, pushing just enough to hilt inside me.

“so, want me to share?” He reiterated.

I shook my head. “Not this time.” I explained.

He nodded. “a’right, i understand. c’mere, babe! hope you don’t mind i call you that when we’re alone.”

I cried as he began to move, pulling out part way before rolling his hips and thrusting back in. “N-no! P-please do!” He thrust in again, and I couldn’t speak anymore past the constant moans and groans created from the sexual bliss engulfing me.

His cock sent sparks of desire along my sensitive walls and it wasn’t long before I was lost to ecstasy.

“you feel so good. perfect fit, so warm, and the little noises you make are great! oh yeah! louder, babe!” He continued to encourage me, getting more excited when I became louder, pulled him closer, and shifted to give him better access.

I could feel the heat rising as the throbbing at my core intensified. Sans’ pace quickened too and soon enough, we were moving together, our bodies moving as one as we chased our orgasms. Despite having watched movies where sex scenes were graphic and being so disgusted by it, feeling the magical sweat hit my face and coat my arms and chest only increased my arousal. I also wholeheartedly enjoyed letting my tongue dance with Sans’ because unlike humans, his tongue tasted sweet and tangy, like candy.

By the time our orgasms were upon us, we were so loud that the neighbors could surely hear us. I knew I would have to apologies if any of them came knocking. However, until then, I didn’t care. Especially when the knot released, and the bliss crashed down at the same time Sans’ cock twitched, tightened, and his electrified seed poured inside me. I gasped and exhaled and long moan in time with Sans growl before he fell against me, thankfully not heavy at all.
“don’t move yet.” Sans instructed tiredly. “i couldn’t force down the knot, so it’ll be a while.”

I snorted. “You have a knot in your dick?”

“shut up.” He grumbled in embarrassment. “a lot of monsters do.”

“So do animals.” I teased. “And are you just pent up or is that normal?” He was still cumming, so if he wasn’t pent up, then what was he like when he was.

“i think it’s both, and because it’s you. i’ve had flings before, all of them when we were still trapped or before i met you. but, they were never like this.”

I nodded, kissing the side of his skull. “That was the best sex I’ve ever had.” I clarified.

He lifted his head and planted a kiss to the tip of my nose. “same for me. i wouldn’t mind doing that again sometime soon.”

I flushed, smiling as I scanned the room, my eyes resting on the clock where it read just after nine. It was earlier than I would have gone to bed, but given how tired I was now after being more active than usual, it was okay.

Sans’ knot was still in place and he wasn’t done releasing, his fluid making a bubble in my lower belly that made me consider. “Will this make me pregnant?”

He chuckled. “pregnancy for monsters is all about intent. if we want to have kids, then the likelihood of it happening is greater. if we don’t, it doesn’t happen. also, having a soul bond makes it absolute if we have the intent, instead of seventy percent chance. we might be soul mates, but we haven’t bonded yet.”

That made me curious, but my exhaustion took over before I could ask any questions as I fell asleep. I woke up the next morning on my side, with Sans spooning me from behind, both of us still naked, and the dining room table still dirty from our forgotten dinner the night before.
ALL
SMUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUT!
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Oh boi she's back...

DX

Ugly Soul is Ugly!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

eight

The next couple days went by and Sans spent every night with me. We didn’t spend every night dancing between the sheets, but ever since our ‘first time’, Sans stayed overnight with me and cuddled if we decided not to indulge our sexual desires.

However, we both should have realized Sandy wouldn’t quit just because her father’s business was ruined. Not only did she want revenge on me for ruining her chances, but she was still madly in love with Sans. Even more important to her, he was still the richest person in the world.

She should have been livid with him since he was the real reason her father’s business went bankrupt. But instead, she tried to get closer to the skeleton, which was not okay with Sans or anyone else for that matter.

When she walked into the main office one morning, both Sans and I being there with Abbey and Trix, one of the monsters that was part of my group of interns, she pranced right over, looking as stuck up and high-and-mighty despite her clothes and hair looking less pricey and immaculate than they had been before, and wrapped her arms around Sans’ pocketed one.

“Hello, Sansy! I’m back!” She cooed shrilly.

Sans was appalled and disgusted by her arrival. Shaking it off and ignoring her annoying voice coming directly into his head, he detached her arm immediately and pointed to the door.
“leave, now. you are not welcome here.” His tone barely contained the growl I knew he wanted to unleash. But that didn’t make it any less terrifying. In fact, the rest of the room grew deadly silent as all eyes watched the confrontation. Abbey and Trix both took a step back, but I refused to as I watched worriedly.

Sandy clasped her hands in front of her ‘improved’ chest and stared at him, trying to make her eyes look big and innocent, but failing miserably. “Sansy, I’m sorry if I ever hurt you. I–”

“don’t.” There was static in the air that put everyone on edge. “just leave.”

She must have realized her charade wasn’t working because she whipped her head and at me and glared. “You don’t really think this pathetic bitch is your Soul Mate, do you?”

The room grew cold and black, the outlines of everyone white against it like an inverted black and white picture. The only bit of color came from the ruddy colored heart hovering in front of Sandy. It was hideous, grayed to a brown with splotches of orange here and there. Anyone who saw it could tell it wasn’t a good Soul.

*leave now or face judgement.

Sandy was in hysterics, and tried to grab the Soul as a bunch of grayed buttons appeared in front of her. Even the buttons looked horrible, or maybe it was just the feeling one got from looking at them. Her actions spoke louder than her words.

[FIGHT] [ACT] [ITEM] [MERCY]

She clicked Item first, and we could see the items she had were lipstick, a cell phone, and keys. She tried to use the lipstick, since it would enhance her charm, but when she clicked the info, it was revealed that using it would be ineffective.

Next, she clicked Act. The options were Plead, Sweet talk, Curse, and Demand. None of those would help her, but she clicked the second. “Sans, please give me another chance, love.”

*don’t even try it.
Sans used his turn to attack, and Sandy was so bad at it, she got hit by every bone. Watching her HP go down, I was afraid Sans might kill her. However, watching his expression, I could tell he had something else in mind.

Half her HP was gone by the time her next turn came. She looked at the Mercy button and seemed to consider it before shaking herself off, not even trying it before hitting the Fight button. An oval with notches appeared and a bar swept past it. Sandy freaked out and hit it, stopping a second before it disappeared. A slash appeared and struck towards Sans who tilted lazily to the side to avoid it.

And again, Sans hit, knocking down Sandy’s HP. She only had 10 HP left when he was done. Trying to save herself, she hit Fight again, and this time hit it in dead center this time. Despite that, Sans swerved with eat and the attack missed again. She shrieked as Sans attacked, her HP dwindling down to 3.

She tried attacking again, and missed. 2 HP left. Another attack. Only 1 HP left. With only 1 HP, she refused to hit any buttons for a whole minute. Finally, she hit Act, and plead.

“Sans, please, I’m sorry!” She cried. “What do I do? What do you want from me?”

*did you ever consider the last option, you stupid, selfish girl?*

She looked at Mercy, and after hesitating, clicked it. There were two options highlighted, Spare and Flee. She chose Flee. With the Encounter over, and her Soul safely away, she sprinted out the door.

With her gone, Sans sighed in disgust. “what a stupid woman. if she had hit spare like any good person should, she might have earned something from the encounter at the very least.”

“Is what she said true?” Abbey asked softly, a rarity for the normally spunky girl. “About you having a Soul Mate…”

Sans sighed. “yes…” He looked at me. “i met _____ for the first time over five years ago and knew immediately she was my soul mate. however, given who i have become, i didn’t want her to endure the same harshness being…wealthy and famous can have.”
“So, you two are finally dating?” Kara inquired.

“yep, officially got together last thursday.” Sans admitted.

“Is _____ a regular employee who came here like the rest of us, or is she been given special treatment because of she’s your Soul Mate?” Jeremy asked suspiciously.

“nope, just because she’s my soul mate doesn’t mean she gets special treatment. she is going through everything everyone else has had to. at least by the same regulations. she has proven her capabilities just as you have.”

There were several nods. “i would like to keep this secret, though. it will get out eventually, but i don’t want _____ to deal with more than her anxiety can take.” I smiled gratefully at him.

“Have you taken her to the bone zone, darling?” Mettaton asked smugly.

Both Sans and I blushed, his cheeks turning so blue, he zipped up his parka, threw the hood up, tied it shut, and grabbed me to teleport away, all while repeating the same thing over and over, “nope. nope. nope. nope. nope. nope. nope. nope. nope. nope…”

By the time he had finished with all his nope’s, we were both seated in his office, him behind his desk while I was stationed in one of the guest chairs. His face still covered by his hood, and now his hands, he moaned dispiritedly into his desk.

“Sans?” I called softly when this went on for another few minutes. “Are you okay?”

He sighed, the sound muffled by the fabric covering his face and the wood of his desk. But finally, he sat up and let the hood fall back as he loosened and unzipped his hoodie again. “i’m worried. very worried, partially about what the public will think, and what some people might do when they find out i have a soul mate.”

“You don’t think it will be an ‘if’?” I replied hopefully, though even I knew better than that.

“no. not with sandy in the know. and even if she wasn’t and that was someone else who blabbed it to
everyone downstairs, people love to gossip. i can advise them, ask them, beg them, or even bribe them to keep it secret, but that will only last for a short amount of time. and some people would willingly take that bribe, and then come back for seconds and thirds. i don’t want to owe anyone anything.”

“I thought all your employees were good people.”

He sighed again. “they are, but people need money to live. and despite the paychecks my employees receive, it’s not always enough. some might have sick relatives or college loans they need to pay off and if i give them the opportunity to use me to pay it off, not only am i being used but i’m also enabling them, which isn’t right. i don’t bribe anyone with money, ever. i have contributed machinery and free tickets to my shows, but i make sure to fully investigate where they are going to ensure that they go to a worthy cause and the company doesn’t have people who will see my contributions and immediately ask for more. it’s a delicate balance.”

I nodded, understanding the dilemma. “So, what happens if the public finds out?”

“there are a couple answers, depending on mentality of the public. the best-case scenario is that my fans will be upset, but understand that it’s my life and be happy for me while still enjoying my products and shows.

“the worst-case scenario is that they will try to hurt you out of rage and jealousy, so be on your guard. yes, it sounds crazy, but being who i am as both the richest person in the world and the winner of most eligible bachelor for the last four years, a lot of people will be upset.” I noded, understanding where he was coming from.

While he left it out, Sans had won many other awards over the years: sexiest man (monster) award, the nobel prize for his invention of the gaster line – which included engines, computers, smartphones, etcetera; and the ‘comedic genius award’ were only a few.

“the most likely scenario is that you will receive hate, but most people will understand that this is our choice. however, if you are attacked, call me. put up barriers, stall whoever it is, and call me. use the codes and do whatever it takes to stall them.” Sans had grasped my chin firmly, gaze intense as he made sure I understood. I nodded wordlessly.

He pulled me against him. “i won’t lose you. not again. i won’t wait another five years, or more, and i won’t…you can’t…i literally can’t live without you.” He was quivering, his voice heavy with his irrepressible tears.
My heart ached, and I held onto him. “I’ll fight back, Sans. You’re the best thing that ever happened to me. I hate that you are feeling this way.”

He breathed out with a watery chuckle. “people expect me to be perfect even though i’m just like anyone else, the media will have a field day and i worry that it will be too much for someone who has never been in front of an audience before and has stage fright.”

I grimaced. “You forgot about my low confidence.”

He kissed my forehead, an act he had done every day since we became a couple. “i didn’t want to say that. i truly believe you can overcome it, just that you need more time to.”

Two knocks sounded behind us from the doorway. Standing there was Mettaton. “If you need help finding your confidence, _____ darling, I am the best person to help with that.”

Chapter End Notes

Sandy's Soul is a meld of sour determination and bravery. Her other traits are 10% perseverance, 2% patience, and 1% justice. Her Soul completely lacks integrity and kindness. But we already knew that.

Her souls is also mildly deformed, like it has cancers on it or something. Heck, maybe it's a Soul form of cancer. I wouldn't be surprised. Her character is literally the manifestation of a 'Princess Bitch', which is basically what Princess Morebucks from Powerpuff Girls is, if she was an adult....and didn't have unlimited money, and her goal wasn't to be a superhero! XD
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long. I've been busy, and tired. ^^;

The posting schedule for this fic is...up in the air. This chapter was edited a while ago, so I can post it now.

Enjoy!

nine

I had learned after choosing Integrity as my group that each House had a leader.

Sans was Determination because despite having cyan and yellow as his core, he was the only monster to have survived having elevated determination in his body without melting and becoming an Amalgamate.

Mettaton was Bravery, being charismatic and unafraid of crowds or people’s views. According to him, he was flawless. If that didn’t tell you how brave he was, nothing would.

Nate was Justice, being the guy who protected everyone and made sure everything ran smoothly.

Naomi was Kindness, and truth be told, she had a heart of gold. She dealt with errors personally, ensuring her co-workers and mentees that it was okay. She took the time to show people over and over how to do what needed to be done, even if it took countless times before they fully understood.

Ben was Patience, given that a lot of researching takes time, effort, consideration, and...well, patience since there are often a lot of errors to go through and hypotheses to confirm.

Kara was Integrity because while an underling of Mettaton, she was the second in command in his department and the tech expert if something went wrong. She took over Alphys’ position as his personal mechanic.

Alphys was Perseverance because, like me, she had immense anxiety but kept going anyway, despite not feeling worthy or because others put her down. None of her co-workers put her down, only encouraging her instead, especially when she was in a funk. And despite her anxiety, when it came to helping others, or sharing anime interests, she was full of energy.

In addition to the Soul Leaders, there were five ranks in each House. Rank 1 were mostly newbies like me and my fellow intern graduates, or people who messed up and had to start over. Rank 2
included those who worked hard to impress the Soul Leaders and because of their efforts, every month up to five were selected. Given how many employees there were working for Gaster Industries, that took a lot of effort.

After that, it only got harder. Rank 2 still had no supervisor positions. Rank 3 only just barely scratched the surface regarding leadership. They oversaw the interns, Rank 1 and 2’s progress and did what they were supposed to do. Rank 4 was assistant manager of a specific section, which meant they had to work extra hard. Rank 5 was the final rank before the admins.

Only Kara was an exception to the rules, working her butt off to get where she was. She had been working for just over four years and was offered an administrative position, which she turned down. Though Sans still gave her all the tasks of an admin and the same pay, without the title. She was given the admin assist title, which meant she was the only Rank 5 with the same power as an Administrator.

As head of my House and as an assistant in my department, Kara was constantly nearby and always willing to help. With the news of Sans and my relationship out, Mettaton got to work. However, his style made me too nervous. Luckily, Kara was there to fill in the blanks.

“Just sway like that. Yes, you got it.” I had only ever danced by myself, so even though I had the skill didn’t mean my anxiety didn’t make me flub up again and again. Kara and I were now standing on the same stage Sans had done most of his comedy routines on.

“I don’t know if this is a good idea.” I mumbled for the billionth time. “I can’t hide my anxiety.”

Kara clapped me softly on the shoulder. “No one is asking you to. We know that by the time the public finds out, you still won’t be ready. But if you can help them see that you are someone who is worthy of Sans, then that’s enough. And yeah, I know that sounds like comparing a dog to a god, but that’s how the public sees it. We might not be like that, but other people, especially younger women between the ages of thirteen and thirty-five, are.”


Kara smiled knowingly. “Trust me, _____, teens are evil and older women are more likely to go through a midlife crisis then. Women in their twenties are probably the worst of them, though, since they are Sans age. They are women in college or trying to find out what to do in life, and the idea of being with Sans makes life seem so much easier. That, and he’s soooooo sexy! Ha, ha!” She laughed.
“i will never understand that.” We turned as Sans walked onto the stage, hands in his jacket pockets. “please explain what specifically makes me appear sexy to people!”

Kara smirked, fluffing her dark hair against her gorgeous chocolate skin in a seductive way just to tease him – she did the same thing with almost all the guys. “It’s a couple things. A lot of people have traits that make them attractive only physically and then others, they have qualities that are attractive socially, mentally and/or emotionally.

“However, Sans, you have qualities in both.” She finished.

“explain.” Removing his hands from his pockets, he crossed them over his chest. He turned to me. “i can trust kara to only tell me the absolute truth. even if it’s weird or inappropriate, she won’t hold back. it’s always appreciated.”

“Of course.” She bowed gracefully. “Physically, you’re tall, being over six feet. You’re also lean, but not buff, which a lot of people love. You have soft features which make you easy on the eyes and given your height in comparison to your shoulders, hips, torso, legs, and so on, you have a very masculine appearance. Additionally, you have a deep and very sexy voice, or, at least, you can take up a tone that is.

“Additionally, you are very charismatic, very charming, and extremely intelligent. You know what to say to come across a certain way. The only times when you are ill prepared are when you don’t see something coming or when you are worried about whatever the subject is – basically when you’re faced with the unknown. When people describe you as a comedic genius, they mean your ability to read the room and adjust yourself so that you retain whatever advantage there is to get the desired response. Whether it’s to make people laugh, keep them calm, or scare the crap out of them, you know what to do. And what person wouldn’t love someone who can make them feel good just by talking, and knows how to build an engine or other device from scrap metal?”

He hummed, thinking. “that makes a lot more sense. i don’t always hear myself, so i use my soul seer ability to read people. that’s how i read the room. and i have practiced with that and learned my sciences over countless years.”

“You ever going to tell us how many exactly?” Kara pressed.

“mmmmmmmmmaybe. monsters don’t age like humans, so the difference between how old i am in human years and how old i am in monster years is a wide gap.”
“You act and look like you’re in your mid-twenties.” I blurted, slapping my hand over my mouth.

Sans chuckled. “that’s probably because i am. in monster years.”

“HOLY SHIT!” Kara blurted excitedly. “YOU TOTALLY CAVED! FINALLY!”

“funny how most people aren’t willing to guess, which i find hilarious. only a few others know that i’m twenty-five.”

“Hang on! What about human years?” But Sans shook his head.

I gasped. “I know this one. One human decade is one monster year.”

“shit.” Sans grumbled.

“So, you’re two hundred fifty years old in human years?”

“i calculated it and if i were human, i’d be two hundred fifty-four years old. well, kind of. my stats are odd.”

“What do you mean?” Kara and I asked together.

“okay, so you know how if boss monsters have kids, they begin aging because their magic goes to support the child?” We nodded. “well, for my brother and i, it’s the opposite. our parents are both gone, one of them meeting their end in an…unnatural way. because of that, pap and i don’t age like other monsters. our mother was killed by a human, but our father fell into the original core and was shattered across time and space, thus destroying his existence.

“because of that, pap and my aging slowed until it stopped outright. i’m twenty-five and he is twenty-one, but even if we have kids, we won’t age. since our dad is both alive and not, it’s like a glitch in the system of time and space. i have two ages, and my stats for that are a glitch, switching between them like a computer with a malfunctioning program. so, i won’t get older than twenty-five,
but it still keeps track of how old i am.”

“So how old are you supposed to be?” I asked.

“over one thousand. like i said, our mom was killed by a human. i didn’t say who, though. she died in the monster-human war, and our father, being a boss monster, lived through the heartbreak of losing his mate and raised pap and i until he…disappeared. i still see him sometimes, the accident having scarred me.” His eye-lights vanished only for a single eerie iris to take residence on the right side, flashing between yellow and cyan.

“Whoa!” We breathed.

“pap already found his soul mate when we left the underground,” Sans continued. “and so, we learned what happens when one of us bonds.”

“Well?” Kara pressed.

“well, mettaton doesn’t age either now.” Sans finished.

“Mettaton is your brother-in-law?!?” Kara cackled. “How must that feel?”

Sans growled. “hard. we are both entertainers, but he is so unlike me, and has done some bad shit in the past.” He sighed. “he has changed, though, so i can’t complain too much.”

“Will you be an uncle anytime soon?” Kara continued to tease.

Sans shrugged. “i prefer not to, but only because i’m still the older brother, so that’s just weird for pap to have a kid before me. but, that is up to them.” He sighed.

“Ooooooooh, so you wanna have skelebabies with dear, sweet ____ first!” I flushed, not sure what to say.

“That would be none of your business.” Sans replied coldly.
Kara laughed, slinging an arm around my shoulder. “Don’t worry, **boss man**, I know ______ would love to have your child. Go one, ______, Sans! Get to work on making some adorable skelebabies!”

“Since when was it your job to tell me when to reproduce?!” I snapped.

“Oh, shit! She’s got some fire! Bet your kids will be hard to handle!” Kara cooed.

I growled. “Nope! We’re done with this conversation!” I ducked away and began pulling Sans away. “Don’t let her pollute **your** mind either!”

“Yeah, don’t let me stop you from taking her to the bone zone, Sans! Get some!”

I activated my aura and began shooting bullets at her feet. Having gone a far enough distance away, they were small and missed. Kara laughed as she ran off backstage.

“Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!” I groaned.

“That’s the idea!” Kara called.

“Shut up!” I screeched.

Sans snorted, pulling me against him. “don’t listen to her. she spends way too much time with mettaton.”

“Yeah, I could tell.” I huffed.

Sans pulled out his phone and hummed. “well, the work day is over. let’s get a move on.”

“Are you coming home with me again?” I teased.
“no, we’ll be stopping by your apartment to get some overnight stuff. but after that, you are coming home with me.” He grinned. “i figure it’s safer to spend time at my place where there are no nosey neighbors to worry about.”

I sighed. “You’re probably right.”
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Hey guys, life status update: https://rtnightmare.deviantart.com/journal/Life-Update-734634552

So you know what's going on and why I have't posted a lot lately. Hopefully I will have time and energy to do more soon. I'm only posting this because I finished the initial writing for chapter 26.

Enjoy!

ten

After the confrontation between Sandy and Sans, the latter got the company a restraining order against everyone associated with the Gier family. Over ten new interns were hired as guards, and working under Nate, they flawlessly stopped five attempts to enter any of the Gaster Industries buildings.

Sandy was one of the ones who tried to infiltrate the main building but failed even with a disguise because each guard had a Soul Scanner imbedded in the glasses they wore that immediately scanned any person trying to approach the building by sending the coordinates to the main computer and matching it. Thus, her ugly maroon-and-dirt-brown Soul was recognized immediately, and the guards had to escort her off the premises by force.

The best part was that Sans didn’t have to get involved. The most he did about the issue was review the data of the people who tried to approach during the day later on.

Additionally, Sans had been keeping tabs on the Gier family and found out that Ned Gier had joined forces with his ex-wife again. Maria Stolz had apparently been from a wealthy family as well. Her marriage to Ned Gier was for business purposes only. However, she filed for divorce when she found out he was heading into a partnership with Sans. As a monster hater, she did not tolerate it – she went as far as disowning her daughter for her personal involvement with Sans.

That didn’t stop Ned Gier from assisting his daughter behind his ex-wife’s back. He was still intent on getting Sans’ money.
Whatever the reason was for why Maria Stolz allowed Ned Gier back into her life was kept behind closed door. Sans had paid investigators to find information, but the most they could find was the products the Stolz were making – they were a beauty product industry. Their products sold for outrageous prices, and Sans was not surprised to find that there was minor illegal activity going on. However, there was not enough evidence and it was not the type that would be okay for him to report to police without Sans getting into trouble for snooping – despite his involvement with Gier, so he left it alone.

With all the bases seemingly covered, Sans and I thought we could rest. Sandy hadn’t blabbed to anyone about my involvement with Sans and everything seemed to be okay for the time being. However, one of the bases hadn’t been considered and was thus exploited.

I had been walking home from work that day, planning to meet up with Sans after stopping at my apartment to change clothes when I heard sirens. The closer I got to the apartment, the louder they became. It wasn’t until I was a block from my new home that I realized why.

A fire had engulfed the entire building, the window of my place having flames billowing from the window towards the window above. Fire fighters were working tirelessly to put it out, but it was too intense. I noticed an overturned red container with a black nozzle, the ones that hold gasoline, was laying on the grass, seemingly dropped hastily. This was no accident.

I was fueled by rage. I sent Sans a quick text, completely numbed by negativity as my aura ignited. I walked towards the flames, ignoring the stares and shouts to stay back. My emotions fueled my magic and I sent tendrils of light that easily snuffed out the flames, removed scorch marks, and reversed the damage done to the building and everything inside it. Even in a state of rage, my powers could only heal. Idly, I wondered if my magic was capable of hurting others. However, that thought was forgotten for the moment as I heard Sans voice.

My aura evaporated, and I looked at him, momentarily shocked. He seemed to be breathing a bit heavily, as if he ran here instead of teleporting. Given that he often did reckless things when not in the right mind, he might have forgotten he had the ability.

Ignoring the bewildered stares of the crowd that had gathered, Sans approached me and gripped my shoulders. “are you all right, ____?”

I couldn’t speak. My mind was vacant, and I continued to look at him with a dazed expression. After a moment, my mind shut down and everything went black.
Sans lurched forward slightly and caught me in his arms. “____? c’mon, _____, wake up!”

“Sir, don’t panic.” A firefighter commanded as he approached, his arms up for the universal sign of peace. “She went into shock. This is normal. After the feat she just performed, I’m not surprised. Now I know what intent feels like.”

“explain, please.” Sans demanded.

“She put out the fire with…magic, I think. It was white and were like vines that put out the fire and undid the damage on anything it touched. However, I could feel the rage pulsing out of her. She must have seen something that triggered her.”

“Found it!” One of the police officers called as he walked over with the gasoline container. “She might have seen this and realized this was an attack. The person responsible might have been aiming for her.”

Sans glared at the object like it had offended him as he readjusted his Soul Mate in his arms. “i’d bet money that they were targeting her specifically. she’s been framed for crimes she didn’t commit by the gier company and bullied by an admirer of mine, sandy gier. she currently works for me, and because she is in the way of sandy getting what she wants – to her, at least – she probably decided this was her chance at revenge.”

The officer had written down everything and now stared at the unconscious girl in Sans’ embrace. “I think it would be safer if she stayed somewhere else for the time being. If this is an attack meant for her, staying in the same place wouldn’t be wise.”

Sans nodded. “i know a place that will work. i’ll gather her things now. if you would please speak to her landlord and explain, i can come in and talk to them later if need be.”

The officer nodded and headed off. The firefighter did the same after checking the girl’s vitals and ensuring she was okay. After teleporting all her things to his home, Sans looked down at his Soul Mate and sighed. Placing a kiss softly on the crown of her head, he teleported them both.
Hours later, in the apartment next door, a young man sat in a chair, staring at his phone. Lifting it to his ear, he waited until a female called out in greeting from the other end.

“You were right,” He said softly. “They are dating. Her magic is something else. Be careful. They found the gasoline.”

“I had to leave, or risk being spotted.” Came the sharp reply. “Take care of that, please. If you do, you will be rewarded for your trouble, love.”

He smiled, flushing a bit at the pet name. “I understand, milady.”
I woke up in a place I recognized, but didn’t understand why I was there. I sat up in the massive bed as my gaze immediately zeroed in on Sans. The skeleton was clicking away rapidly, and somewhat noisily, on his computer keyboard. I couldn’t see what he was typing from my perspective, his body shielding most of whatever it was, and the distance making whatever was visible on the screen blurry.

Then, Sans hummed in confusion and turned to me, probably having felt my gaze on him. “oh good, you’re awake. i was worried i’d need to take drastic measures. despite how smart i am, i don’t know much about human anatomy. i tried to learn, but a lot of it just confuses me.” He looked like a wreck.

I ignored his fretting, more interested in the elephant in the room. “Sans? Why am I here?”

“do you remember what happened?” He asked.

“Yeah, that brat set the apartment complex on fire.” I growled. “I…put it out. You came, and I can’t remember anything after that.”

He relaxed, smiling amusedly, “you fainted, so i’m not surprised.” He stood, making his way over to me. “one of the officers there told me you needed to live somewhere else. he deduced what you did; this was an attack. so, as someone who lives in a high-tech home…and doesn’t mind having you here,” he added seductively, “you’ll be living with me. if all the danger passes and you want your own place again, i’ll help you find a more secure apartment or house. but until then, my home is your home, too.”

He pressed a kiss to my head. “now, are you hungry?”
I nodded, biting my lip. I didn’t want Sans to feel like he had to take care of me. I already had a job in his company. Living with him felt like it took away all my independence. The only thing left to take was my freedom, which I knew he wouldn’t do.

Sans noticed my unease and pulled me into a hug. “what are you worried about?” He asked me in a low, and very sexy, voice. I bit my lip harder to contain the moan, but it was too late.

He pulled away, keeping me at arm’s length as he scanned my expression and body language. He only had to search a couple moments before he found what he was looking for, smirking widely. “maybe we should postpone dinner. what do you say?”

With a voice like that, an expression so heated, and intent so clear that refusing would be a sin, I couldn’t help myself as I clung to him, my own heat growing as he chuckled knowingly.

***

Our clothes were off in five seconds flat and Sans took his time exploring every part of me as I did the same to him. While the sensitive parts on the human female were often easy to find, discovering his sweet spots was an adventure. His spine was one of them, as were his ribs. I learned a few weeks before that touching his tailbone left him completely ridged and unable to move because the sensation was overwhelming for him.

Another thing I discovered was that during the start of sex and before orgasming, he tended to purr. It was a comforting sound that came from past his ribs. The closer he got to orgasm, the more that purr turned to a growl. During one of our rounds, he became so animalistic, he practically imitated a dog, tongue lolling out and making keening noises that humans just don’t make.

Sans had spent our alone time figuring out how to turn me on and had learned most of my kinks by observation. He figured out how to make me cum in under thirty seconds or make it last hours. He was good with his hands, knew how to wield his magic cock effectively, and left me needing more.

“c’mere, babe. you’re so tense.” This time around, he had me on my hands and knees as he bucked into me from behind. It didn’t take long until I was screaming his name, cursing in ecstasy, and was begging for more.

Before I reached my orgasm, he pulled me into his lap, sitting on his cock, my back arched and head against his shoulder as his head nestled against my neck. His tongue darted out, leaving a trail of
electricity across the skin of my shoulder, neck, cheek, and chest above my breasts. Meanwhile, his phalanges teased my nipples, earning a cry of arousal from me as I gripped his pelvic bone in want.

His breathing hitched as I rubbed the bone wantonly. He rolled his hips, earning another cry as his cock hit my core. But I wanted it deeper, and begged for him to do so. Reaching down, he rubbed his phalanges against my thighs, making his way further towards my needy pussy. When the tips of his fingers finally pressed into my wet lips, I gripped his pelvis demandingly.

“fuuuuuuck!” He growled, finally giving into my demands. Forcing me forward so my upper body lay flat against the bed, my face buried into the pillow I gripped like a lifeline, he lifted my hips higher as he pounded mercilessly into my dripping core, going deeper than he ever had before. I cried in pain, but soon those cries became ones of pleasure as I adjusted, and the electricity only served to further my insane arousal.

I could feel my orgasm approaching fast and could tell by the force of his thrusts and the speed that he was close, too. Sure enough, like almost every other time, we came together. He fell against me as his seed spilled into me, breathing hard as he wrapped his arms securely under my breasts.

“i love you.” He half-mumbled, half-moaned.

I shuddered, my Soul thrumming happily. “I love you, too.”
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Enter most of the original gang.

Aka Toriel, Frisk, Undyne, Alphys (we've met), and Papyrus.

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry I suck at writing big enough parts for some of these characters. When editing, I tried to add more to Frisk and even Pap doesn’t get enough. I just get frustrated because I hate having to do CAPS for him. DX

I'm sorry. I'll try harder later.

twelve

The next day, Sans received a call. With the start of the weekend, Sans only received phone calls if there was an emergency. So, when his phone buzzed, he groaned, levitating the device over to him without leaving my side.

“…’llo?” He greeted huskily.

“Sans, how are you, dear?” A motherly woman greeted cheerily.

“tori? what’s up?” Sans sat up, his sleepiness forgotten.

“Well, word around the grapevine is that you are involved with a mage. Is that true?”

Sans sighed. “damnit…”
“Language, Sans.”

“sorry. and yeah, she’s my soul mate.”

“Oh, that’s fantastic! Well, we’ll be over sometime later today, so please make sure to get up and be ready for our arrival.” Her tone made it clear she suspected what our most recent activity was.

“wait, who is we?” He questioned in a rush.

“Who do you think, dear? Undyne, Alphys, Papyrus, Frisk, and I will be coming over.”

“hang on! i didn’t invite you!” He cried defiantly.

“How rude! Well, good thing your brother can open the door should you be unwilling.”

“tori, don’t you fucking dare!”

She sighed. “Be ready to greet us!” She hung up right after.

“damnit, woman!” Sans growled, throwing the phone across the room. It bounced once and safely landed on a pillow across the room. “you can’t just do that!”

“So, some people will be visiting?” I inquired, despite hearing the whole conversation.

“yeah, toriel is a bit much sometimes. guess we better get showered and dressed.” He glowered at nothing. “the last thing i need is any of them teasing me, or you, because of our recent activities.”

I grinned, kissing his cheek as we both stood up. “Will they be mad if they find out we’re sharing a bed and making love without being married, or Soul Bonded?”

“it’s not that. they would only be ‘mad’ if i got you pregnant and we weren’t bonded. they would immediately demand i marry you if that happened. normally, i would have no problem with having kids with you now, but with sandy and the rest of her family still being an issue, i can’t afford to deal
with any additional things.”

I blushed and nodded, completely understanding where he was coming from. It was also at that moment that my stomach growled.

He chuckled, pulling me against him and stroke my belly lovingly. “okay, quick shower and then we’ll eat breakfast. unless you want to shower right after breakfast.”

“Shower first. I can wait.” I didn’t want Toriel to come in when we weren’t ready. We showered together, taking about ten minutes working together, and got dressed before heading downstairs.

“what are you hungry for?” Sans asked, opening one of the two refrigerators.

“Um, I don’t know.” I paused. “Why do you have two fridges?”

“one of them keeps things heated while the other keeps things cold.” He explained. “the heated one was alphys’ invention.”

I whistled. “That’s pretty smart.”

He nodded. “how does eggs sound?”

“Sure, but I’m cooking them.” I replied defiantly. He gave me a surprised look before shrugging.

I finished up five helping of eggs, Sans having set the table, when the doorbell rang. Sans gave me a look before going over to the wall and opening a key pad. After inputting several codes and using his DNA to unlock everything for the guests waiting outside, he closed the key pad and went to sit down.

“Shouldn’t we greet them?” I asked worriedly.

“you can if you want,” He said around a mouthful of food. “but i’m not. if they’re gonna come by uninvited, then i’m not gonna greet them.”
I sighed exasperatedly, leaning over to give him a kiss on the cheek. He hummed gratefully and watched me as I walked into the foyer, smiling politely as the front door opened, four monsters and one human stepping inside.

“Hello!” I greeted, my nerves making it come out a little shaky. But given the stature of the monsters in front of me, I don’t think I could be blamed for being nervous.

“Heeello, dear. You must be _____.” The female goat monster whose voice matched the woman in the call from earlier greeted back. I nodded, extending my hand to shake. She took it sweetly. “No need to be nervous. We are here to support you and Sans.”

“i didn’t ask for help!” Sans called from the other room.

“Sans Aster, if you want to join the conversation, you can stand up and join us like your Soul Mate has graciously done. You are being very rude by acting like this.”

“whatever, mom.” He growled back.

Toriel huffed, but shook off her frustration as she turned back to me. “I’m sorry if we have burdened you with our visit.”

“you should be.”

“But those of us who haven’t met you yet wished to meet you.” She continued like Sans hadn’t interrupted. “Since you are Sans’ Soul Mate, you have become an official part of our family, legally once you are bonded.”

“How did you find out?” I inquired worriedly.

“Oh.” The goat paused. “Well…you see. Um…”

“IT’S ALL OVER THE NEWS, PUNK!” The fish monster bellowed. I jumped, hand over my
heart as I breathed deeply to regulate my heart rate.

“I’m so sorry.” Toriel blurted. “Why don’t we all calm down and introduce ourselves?”

“Um,” I cut in. “How about we do this while we eat? I made a lot of eggs, so you can help yourself.”

Toriel beamed. “Oh, how thoughtful.”

I led the way into the kitchen where a grumpy skeleton was currently stuffing his face with eggs. He glared at the group until his gaze locked with one of the monsters, a taller skeleton who, given what I had been told, must have been Papyrus.

“BROTHER!” Papyrus cried in a voice that was much higher pitched than Sans and had sounded almost cartoonish. “I MISSED YOU!” The tall skeleton bounded over to Sans and hoisted him up into a hug. Sans immediately latched onto his brother like a koala and nuzzled against his brother. The embrace was comical and precious all at once.

“That’s the greatest thing I’ve ever witnessed.” I breathed quietly, in awe. I had meant to say it without anyone hearing. However, in the silence that had settled, it was like shattering glass.

Sans flinched and immediately dislodged from his brother, face the darkest shade of blue I had ever seen. “pap, put me down, bro.”

“NO, BROTHER! WE ARE SHARING A BROTHERLY EMBRACE TO MAKE UP FOR THE TIME WE HAVE BEEN APART!” The gangly skeleton declared adamantly. “NOW RETURN MY AFFECTIONS AT ONCE!”

Sans groaned but obeyed, burying his head out of sight as much as possible. I couldn’t help grinning brightly as I took out my phone and snapped several pictures. The child, Frisk, giggled and did the same.

“Holy shit, punks! Send me those, please!” Undyne laughed. Toriel shot her a glare, but the fish monster didn’t see it.
Sans looked up at me in dismay just in time for me to snap another picture. “Yes! That was the perfect shot!” I giggled.

“babe, nooooooooo!” He groaned miserably.

“You are my new hero, ______.” Undyne cheered, clapping me harshly on the back.

With that, I traded numbers with her, Papyrus, Frisk, and Toriel as we all sat down and ate together. I explained the situation with the help of Alphys and Sans, the latter gaining back his wits as the embarrassment faded.

“That is terrible.” Toriel cried when we had finished. “I hope this Sandy girl and her family will be brought to justice.”

“yeah, same.” Sans grumbled. “while _____ is a powerful mage, i don’t want her to be in danger. if she is living with me, the chances of sandy or anyone else hurting her are far slimmer, but there’s always a chance.”

“I got an idea!” Undyne declared.

“oh boy, this is gonna be bad.” Sans grumbled sarcastically.

“Shut up!” The fish woman barked. “You gotta tie the knot with ______. It will make it easier to keep others off her, and if she is in trouble, you can sense her, and come to her aid. Or she can get legal help under your name.”

I stared at Sans, face flushing crimson as my thoughts raced.

“y’know, every time someone tells me to marry her, it’ll just take longer because i don’t like it when people tell me what to do in my personal life. so, unless everyone stops pressuring me, nothing is gonna happen. and i know for a fact that this lady wants to go to the next level, so everyone better stop being so damn pushy.” I gave him a whack on the ribs as I glared at his smug face. He responded by kissing me passionately, snickering as I shuddered.
“____ isn’t the only one who wants to get to the next level, nerd.” Undyne commented smugly.

Sans stared at her sideways, his pupil flashing brightly in warning. “very true. so i suggest you back off, fishbreath.”

“I CAN AND WILL DESTROY YOU!” She roared back.

“is that a challenge?” Sans countered.

“You think just cuz you’re taller now and the richest dude in the world that you can beat me?” The fish spat.

“why don’t we go to the gym downstairs and find out?” He replied smugly. Undyne only growled as she tore down the hall, a door slamming in the distance.

“Sans,” Toriel began worriedly, “only Alphys and Papyrus have visited this residence before, so will Undyne be able to find the way?”

My Soul Mate smirked. “the door has a sign ‘convenient gym for the rare times i don’t wanna be lazy’ on it. it’s in my font, of course.” The goat, dinosaur, tall skeleton, Frisk and I deadpanned. Sans snickered and nodded in the direction that their aquatic comrade had gone.

Down in the basement was a gymnasium that was bigger than some of the local gyms. In context, this gym looked like it should belong to someone as active as Undyne instead of someone as lazy and laidback as Sans. Thus, the looks of shock from the others was understandable.

“Damnit, nerd! What gives?” The fish woman snapped as we joined her. “Why would you have a gym in your home? And why a gym this frickin’ huge?”

“part of it is so i can monitor my stats. over there,” he pointed to a ten-person pod like the one he, Alphys and my mother had used when evaluating my magic, “this is the same machinery as the ones at my company’s lab. i have a remote so i don’t have to go back and forth to adjust what is being scanned.”
“O-oh! That’s a new addition, r-right?” Alphys piped up.

Sans nodded. “I installed it about half a year ago, a few weeks after pap’s last visit.”

I gawked. **You** built it, by **yourself**?

He chuckled. “Yup. I wouldn’t be where I am today if I didn’t do most of the building for my company and its products myself. Everything Gaster Industries uses or builds was done so the first time by me, designs and all. Yes, I got help from Alphys, and went off some old blueprints from my father, whom the company is named after, but otherwise, I did everything from scratch.”

“Gaster…was your father’s name?” I asked quietly.

Sans nodded. “It’s the name he went by. His name was Wingding Aster, but he took the ‘g’ in ‘ding’ and put it with the ‘aster’. He told me he didn’t like how silly his name sounded. He also didn’t like that I called him ‘dad’. He was ‘gaster’ to everyone, though I’m the only one with memories of him after being part of the accident that took him and his followers. I was the only survivor and the only one who can see him when he appears briefly in the physical world.”

The others looked uncomfortable, and Frisk looked particularly shaken, like they understood Sans’ position better than the others.

A subject change was in order, “So, you two are going to spar, right?”

“Yeah,” Sans agreed, sending me a grateful smile before turning to his opponent. “You ready, fishbreath?”

“I am gonna make you sorry, nerd!” The warrior replied lowly.

Sans retrieved the remote and, with a press of a button, all the equipment was put away in compartments in the walls or lower in the ground. It place of it was a giant arena. With the adjustment complete, Sans tossed me the remote and urged our audience to make our way over to the pod. With the door to the pod closed, Alphys began plugging in the data to monitor activity.
“R-ready when you are!” She called into the microphone when she was done.

“set the countdown!” Sans ordered. Alphys nodded, and sure enough, two timers appeared on the far wall. The first timer began counting down from ten while the second timer read 00:00 and would thus begin timing when the countdown was over.

3…

2…

1…

GO!
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Fight between Madam Shushi and Sexy Skulls that reveals interesting things about the latter!

And then...
We get another perspective of Sans’ fame...
Through the internet. OMG! Beware the internet trolls! D8

thirteen

Undyne lunged, magic pooling into her hand and forming a glowing teal spear. For his part, Sans didn’t move until she was a foot away. Then he swerved, dodging the spear as he moved around the fish monster. He sent a small kick to her left calf before moving back several paces to avoid her grab.

When she came at him again, he thrust his palm at the wrist holding the spear, effectively knocking it from her grasp. In the same motion, he grabbed the same wrist and pulled, swinging her over his head to land on the floor in a heap.

He brought one hand up, engulfed in blue magic, and made a fist. In the center of Undyne’s chest, an upside-down heart ignited the same blue as Sans’ magic. Sans swung his arm up and then down in an abrupt and rapid pace, his opponent following the same motion and grunting when she hit the ceiling and floor.

Getting to her feet, Undyne inhaled deeply before releasing a war cry and charging at the skeleton again. Sans decided to meet her half way, but before making contact, he twisted and lifted his leg, resulting in a side kick that sent her flying back.

When she managed to get up again, Undyne tried the same tactic one final time. As she thrust out her fist to punch Sans, however, he ducked and swerved, using his arm to clothesline the warrior and throw her back. She did not get up.
The timer read 01:04. I clapped, completely amazed and excited at Sans’ easy win. Sans turned to us and grinned, lifting his hand and raising his thumb as he winked.

“That was amazing!” I squealed.

“Indeed,” Toriel replied, still dazed from the performance. “Sans has never fought like that. He always relied on range attacks and his teleportation for dodging.”

“I think that’s because he used to have only one point per stat.” I explained. “With his stats so much higher, he must have learned close combat so that if he needed to, he could fight without the use of his magic.”

“I see. I wonder why his stats were so low in the underground.” The goat woman mused.

“He said that he needed to have his magic condensed to ensure his safety. Maybe it had to do with his HoPe being only at one and so his other stats suffered because of it. Now that he has more HoPe, a lot has changed.”

Toriel nodded. “He has grown in every way, that is for sure. He was barely over four feet tall underground. Now, he is over six feet tall. Papyrus remains taller at about seven feet, but it is still amazing how far Sans has come.”

I was shocked to learn Sans was so small. Being five feet four inches, I felt small in comparison to him and many other people. Trying to put myself in Sans shoes at that time was like trying to imagine myself as a toy poodle against a standard poodle, or another big dog.

“Wow…”

As it turned out, Sans had researched martial arts and mastered the basics of many. He calculated his opponent’s movements and decided which moves were necessary. It was a perfect mix of psychology and physical strength and prowess, with a hint of biology, leading to masterful combinations that his enemies never suspected.
Our guests took leave after lunch and so, for the rest of the day, we were left to our own devices. I chose this time to read while Sans did some work on his computer. Or, at least, that’s what I thought.

Walking up behind him, I saw the page of a news article talking about “Sans Aster’s New Relationship: The Richest Person in the World Has Found his Soul Mate?”. Sure enough, I read over his shoulder as he scrolled through the article.

The comment section was chaotic, ranging from ‘congratulations’, that would occasionally be passive aggressive, to some that were furious. One user’s name was SansFan2000, and looking further, there were others, such as xSansFutureBridex, mrs_ramona_aster, sansgurl86, and mrs_comic_sans_aster25.

[SansFan2000] I don’t see what makes this _____ so special. I called dibs back in 20XX! >8U

[xSansFutureBridex] To SansFan2000: You’re not the only one, bitch! It was love at first sight for me. I heard calling someone a Soul Mate was just an excuse. He’s super famous and rich and stuff, so she probably is one of those people who only cares about that.

[mrs_ramona_aster] To xSansFutureBridex: Oh, so that’s something you have in common. You, SansFan2000, and this _____ bitch can all take a hike. I loved him since monsters first came to the surface. He was among the first, and he was so much smaller then. But I loved him even then.

[sansgurl86] To SansFan2000, xSansFutureBridex, and mrs_ramona_aster: Whatever. I’m the president of the Sans Aster Fanclub! So I have you all beat!

[SansFan2000] To sansgurl86: Are you for real? I have the same fanclub and I’m the president! Fuck off and go stalk someone else, you copycatting little shit!

[SansFan2000] To xSansFutureBridex and mrs_ramona_aster: You’re both out of your league. Just by your usernames, I can tell how fucking desperate you are. And desperate bitches don’t win!

[sansgurl86] To mrs_comic_sans_aster25: You’re one to talk with a username like that.

[xSansFutureBridex] To mrs_comic_sans_aster25: Bet you masturbate to a body pillow with him on it.

[mrs_comic_sans_aster25] To xSansFutureBridex: You speaking from experience, you thirsty whore?

[xSansFutureBridex] To mrs_comic_sans_aster25: Bite me, bitch. If I’m thirsty, you’re past dehydration.

[sansgurl86] To SansFan2000, xSansFutureBridex, mrs_ramona_aster and mrs_comic_sans_aster25: You guys think maybe we should stop arguing. I feel like Sans might see this and that’ll just make us look bad.

[xSansFutureBridex] To sansgurl86: You really think a guy that busy is gonna take the time to read this? How stupid are you?

The comments had been posted within the last two hours, the article having been posted shortly before that. The latest comment had been from five minutes ago.

Sans smirked and hit the reply button. His username was sansthecomic and I watched as he began typing his response:

[sansthecomic] To SansFan2000, xSansFutureBridex, mrs_ramona_aster, sansgurl86 and mrs_comic_sans_aster25: hey, so i read your comments and just gotta say that while i appreciate the attraction and all, some of this is not cool. treating me or my soul mate like we’re not people with feelings won’t get you anywhere with me. soul mates ARE a thing. my bro’s soul mate is mtt, much as i wish he wasn’t. thankfully, mtt has changed since we came topside, so my opinion of him has become more positive. better than my opinion of you ladies after reading your convo here. and for the record, just cuz i’m busy doesn’t mean i don’t have free time. you’d be surprised.

He waited, reviewing it, and then hit send.
“Damn. That was…interesting.” I remarked. Sans jolted in his seat and whipped around.

“You scared me. if i were human, i might’ve shit myself. don’t sneak up behind me.” He leaned back and breathed in and out, trying to regulate his magic and calm down.

“Sorry. I thought you knew I was watching.” I tried not to laugh, but couldn’t help it as a small snicker escaped.

He chuckled. “i was kinda focused. that tends to happen a lot. the more focused i am, the easier it is to sneak up on me.”

I giggled, planting a kiss on his head. “I’ll try to be more careful then.”

He smiled and refreshed the page. All the commenters from the conversation had responded.

[xSansFutureBridex] To sansthecomic: How do we know you’re the real Sans?

[sansgurl86] To sansthecomic: Oh shit oh shit oh shit! I’m so sorry if I offended you!

[mrs_ramona_aster] To sansgurl86: Calm your shit, woman. This is clearly a troll or fraud.

[mrs_comic_sans_aster25] To xSansFutureBridex and mrs_ramona_aster: No, that is a handle he has reportedly used. Check the Gaster Industries website [link] – look, see. The icon matches, too.

[xSansFutureBridex] To mrs_comic_sans_aster25: I still say ‘prove it’.

[sansthecomic] To xSansFutureBridex and mrs_ramona_aster: okay, I can do that. hold up a bit. i’ll make a quick video.
[sansgurl86] To sansthecomic: Wait! Use videome.net to stream instead. It’s free and has a temporary link feature so you can use it for a one-time use.

[sansthecomic] To sansgurl86: perfect! here’s the link – videome.net/jsTudW5j

Sans grinned, the video already hooked up and streaming. “come sit beside me.”

I looked around for a chair. “On the floor, or...?”

He snorted and levitated the chair sitting in the corner over beside him. Turning to the camera, he inspected the feed and nodded. “now you can see the chat, but they can’t see you.” I grinned; he was protecting me.

The chatroom began filling up as people joined.

Anon 1: Oh shit oh shit oh shit! It IS you!

“sup. please change your handles so that i know who you are. i have no idea who anon 1 is. and i’d rather not hack the system to find out your dns.”

~Anon 1 renamed to ‘sangurl86’~

sangurl86: better?

“much. thanks.”

~Anon 2 renamed to ‘ramona’~

~Anon 3 renamed to ‘xSFBx’~

~Anon 4 renamed to ‘comic25’~
“awesome. you all arrived. and even with your usernames altered, i still know who you are. so, if you have any questions, ask away. i am recording so that if anyone else arrives later, they will just have to watch the recording when i post it to ‘e-screen’.”

While Sans had spoken, more viewers filtered into the chat. A lot of them introduced themselves as being part of one of the two fan clubs mentioned. The others saw the article and joined via the link provided.

3Strikes: omg u r jst as adrble on vid. omg i cant even.

cakelover: OMG, 3, learn how to spell. god i hate that.

3Strikes: its chat speak. shut up, cake.

Beatrix: guys, we are in the chatroom of he who is god. calm your tits.

“wha…did you just call me a god?”

Beatrix: wth! how fast a reader are you?

Sans snickered. “you’d be surprised.”

May50th: THE SEXY VOICE OMFG TAKE ME NOW!

“no. i do not consent.” I tried so hard not to laugh, but it was impossible.

ramona: who’s with you?

cakelover: i heard that giggle.
comic25: is ____ with you?

“maaaaaaybe.”

Beatrix: shit.

xSFBx: put her in front of the camera. i wanna see what she looks like.

Sans turned to me. “do you wanna sit in my lap or do you wanna stay there?”

I bit my lip. “I’m afraid that might be too provocative.” He winked the eye that wasn’t facing the camera and I glared at him, smiling.

“up to you. lap or stay put.” I shook my head, gesturing to the computer. “doesn’t matter, babe.”

ramona: NOOOO!

SFan2000: why must you torture us?!

comic25: coughassholecough

Beatrix: grow up, all of you. >8O

3Strikes: y r u so mean, bea? XC

Beatrix: cuz. >BC

3Strikes: :/ cuz?
Beatrix: just cuz.

3Strikes: >8V thats not n ansr

Beatrix: tough.

“you guys are all at each other’s throats. chill, will ya? if you have questions you want me to answer, i’m waiting.” He leaned back.

beefy: hey! been lurking like 70% of this chatroom. so i gotta a question. when is your birthday?

“hmm, going by your calendar, the date is february twentieth.”

beefy: how old will you be?

“skip.”

Beatrix: why?

“cuz.” He replied smugly. “just cuz.”

Beatrix: you did not just…you are a troll, aren’t you?

He tilted his skull. “i’m pretty sure the term you want is spelled s-k-e-l-e-t-o-n. however, m-o-n-s-t-e-r works, too.”

Beatrix: fuck you!

“nope,” He smiled. “i do not consent to that. next question.”
Beatrix: D8<

cakelover: why won’t you tell how old you are?

“He doesn’t age.” I called out. Sans whipped his head at me, an expression between shocked and enraged warring on his skull.

“really?!” He snapped. “why would you betray me?”

‘I am trying to earn their trust, so they don’t stay mad at me.’ I mouthed. He rolled his eye-lights, but nodded.

Skylar: REALLY? I heard monsters live a long time, but I didn’t know they could be un-aging.

“my situation is a unique one. both my bro and i are unique like that. and we learned that if we mate, that person will stop physically aging, too. so mettaton doesn’t age either. though, to be fair, his type of monster is unique as well.”

Anon009: ooooh lala, take me now!

cakelover: i wish i didn’t have to age.

ramona: So why did you choose _____?

xSFBx: Why specifically don’t you age and how old are you physically?

SFan2000: what was your first impression of the surface when you came topside?

beefy: are you a virgin?
“ho boy. okay, i’ll answer all the questions i’m comfortable with in order. ramona, the term ‘soul mates’ indicates an attachment that is soul-deep. i didn’t choose her, my soul did. and my soul is the most vital part of me, so it found the person best suited to me. i hope that makes sense.

“sfb, it has to do with pap and my father. he made a mistake and that impacted us because children’s souls are connected to their parents at a young age. he…disappeared, and our mother was already gone, so it basically left a glitch in pap and my soul data, if you can call it that. he is physically twenty-one, and i am…ugh, whatever. i’m twenty-five.” Sans grimaced.

“fan, that is a good question. i might have answered it before in interviews, but i don’t mind answering it again. i have always loved space. seeing the sun, the stars, and just being in the open air after so long in the dark was wonderful. the sun was rising, and we couldn’t help but watch it. while maintaining direct eye contact with the sun is harmful to humans, we are unaffected.

“beefy, what the fuck? you don’t ask someone that. skip, skip, and more skip. ya rude nutcase.” He made a face.

beefy: eh, worth a shot.

ramona: shuttup beefy. and master, that’s so cool about your circumstances. i’m sorry about your father, tho.

“don’t call me master. sans is fine.”

SFan2000: i wish i could look at the sun. you guys have it so much better.

Anon009: i wish i were a monster.

Skylar: I wish I could have you bone me, Sans! X3

“strike two. one more strike and a chat event like this won’t happen again. keep the lewd things out. i’ll be editing them anyway, but by no means is that okay.”

Skylar: I’m so sorry! D8
beefy: *bed springs creaking* >89 mmmm, yeah.

“okay then. this chat event is done and beefy will be banned from all other chats. thanks for watching and for most of those questions.” Sans began typing away.

beefy: wtf man, take a joke.

~beefy is banned from chat indefinitely~

ramona: not surprised.

3Strikes: y didn u just say we had 3Strikes? ayyyyyyy

Sans snorted. “okay, that was a good one, 3. thanks. later everyone.” He turned off the recording and saved it. “give me a few minutes.” I nodded and watched him tinker with the video, editing out the lewd parts. Ten minutes later, it was posted to the public.

“soooo,” Sans stood, stretching. “what now?”

“Snuggle?” I suggested.

“oh, i’ll do you one better. c’mere!” I squeaked, then moaned. Ohhhh, yes!
Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Beware of Paparazzi!

Good thing Sans has an agreement with the government, right...

Chapter Notes

Alternate Title:
Reader's lady-balls (boobs) grow larger with courage as she shows paparazzi who's boss!
And Sans gets another boner at the original song (written by RTNightmare)!

WARNING: Some cursing!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

fourteen

The first day of work was a bit tedious because reporters had lined up outside of Gaster Industries’ various business buildings. As it turned out, Sandy finally made her move to reveal Sans and my relationship. Sans had to teleport us directly into the buildings to avoid the paparazzi being held back by the company guards outside.

“nate, what’s the status?” Sans demanded grumpily.

“Well, it isn’t good, Sans.” Nate replied, dropping his usual teasing tone and silly nickname for the first time since I met him. “All our buildings are being invaded. The guards are trying to push them back, but they are persistent. We have had to forcefully remove some of them because they got passed. I think we need to involve the police soon.”

Sans nodded, mouth pursed in irritation. “they never learn. this is illegal. call the police. tell them all locations are being invaded and we need them removed asap.” Nate nodded and pulled out an earpiece.
“Hey, this is Nate of Gaster Industries. We need some backup. Yes, we are being hounded…”

Sans turned to me, pulling me close. “I’m sorry about this.”

I chuckled. “Don’t worry about it. I understand.” I gave him a small peck on his jaw.

He sighed. “I guess we better get to work.”

Sans teleported me over to Mettaton’s media department building before returning to the main headquarters once more. It was still early, so not many people were around.

I looked around before stepping onto the stage and looked up at the lights shining down. I began to hum, taking one of the headsets with a microphone attached and putting it on, pressing the button. I could hear my voice echo around the auditorium.

I began to sing from the heart, not noticing when I was no longer alone.

~Oooooooh, ooooh!
Oooooooh, ooh-ooh!
The sound of the melody,
Inside of me,
Crying to be free!

~What once was a somber tune,
Is something new,
For me and you!

~I don’t want to hold back,
I don’t want to be scared!

I finally found my other half!

I can’t afford to not caaaaaaaaaare!

~This is my song!
I’m standing here!
I’ll sing it loud!

~This is my stage!

So get away!

Just watch me now!

I’ll make you proud!

~Because I have found my sound!

~I’m not a perfect angel!

I have my flaws!

But I’ll show you all!

~I feel it deep within my soul!

Gotta let it go!
And let it flow!

~I can’t help what I’ve become!
I’m just having fun!

Not gonna run!

Agaaaaaain!

~Judge me if you want to, but-

I won’t give you a second glance!

Because this is my chaaaaaaaance!

~I don’t want to hold back,
I don’t want to be scared!
I found my other half!
I can’t afford to not caaaaaaaare!

~This is my song!
I’m standing here!
I’ll sing it loud!

~This is my stage!
So get away!
Just watch me now!
I’ll make you proud!
~Because I have found my sound!

~In the dark of the night,
With the moon, the only light,
And I am shaking from fright,
He’s thee-eee-ere!

~The one who sees me as I am,
Who takes me softly by the hand,
The one who reminds that I can,
Do anyyyyything!

~What did you expect?
From the guy we most respect!
I guess it goes to show,
How special I aaaaaaaaam!

~I don’t want to hold back,
I don’t want to be scared!
I found my other half!

I can’t afford to not caaaaaaaare!

~This is my song!
I’m standing here!
I’ll sing it loud!

~This is my stage!
So get away!
Just watch me now!
I’ll make you proud!
~Because I found my sound!
Because…I finally found my soooooooooouuuund!

I finished the song, everything completely created on the spot. With the headphones, I heard myself. I had never sounded so good.

That’s why, when I heard applause, I was only a little shocked. The room had filled up completely and I realized that a lot of them were paparazzi. With the song over, I lowered the headphones as they surrounded me.

“Miss ______, can you tell us about your relationship with Sans Aster?”

“Miss ______, are you truly the Soul Mate of Sans Aster?”

“Miss ______, did you just come up with that song or have you been rehearsing it to showcase?”

“Miss ______, can–GAHHHHH!”

Igniting my aura for a moment, I swept my hand towards the paparazzi, and all the microphones were swiped out of the way and smashed against the far wall, breaking them indefinitely.
“What the hell just happened?” One of the reporters cried hysterically.

“Hey! You’re going to have to pay for the damages on that!” Another shrieked.

“No, I really won’t. Gaster Industries has a legal contract with the government that says no paparazzi in any of the buildings without prior consent from the CEO. Any action against this will be met with force and any damages of non-company property occurring while inside company parameters are solely on the shoulders of the intruders. So, since you are in the Gaster Industries Media Facility, putting your microphones in my face like the assholes you are, if I decide I break them because you don’t follow the rules this company is paying the government to have, that’s on you.

“I don’t care if you are trying to get a scoop. The media often uses people who only care about themselves and their money instead of the people they exploit. If you get your stuff wrecked because you decide that being an asshole for money is more important than other people’s feelings, then I have the right to be an asshole right back. So, that being said, GET THE FUCK OFF THIS STAGE, YOU SELFISH HEATHENS!”

Igniting my aura once again, I created tendrils that smacked against the stage in emphasis. “Get. Out. Now.” I ordered in warning. “If not, I will remove you myself.”

“Holy shit!”

“She can use magic!”

“Run!”

Most of the reporters fled. When I noticed a few unfamiliar faces, I shot the tendrils out towards them, causing them to flee as well.

“If one of the guards would please ensure they all went outside, I would be ever so grateful.” I called towards a group of them, smiling with a bow.

They saluted me. “Yes, ma’am.” The leader of them replied with a respectful smile before he led the others out to do as I asked.
I sighed. “Well, I didn’t expect that to happen. I just wanted to let off some steam.”

“Did you come up with that song on the fly?” Kara asked as she walked on stage with a water bottle in hand.

I giggled. “Yeah, it kinda just came to me.”

“DUUUUUUUUUUUDE?! Are you for real?” Nate barked from somewhere near the front. “That song was amazing!”

Mettaton stepped onto the stage. “I agree, darling! I was here when you got started and recorded the whole thing! Just add a bit of music and we can sell that! It was fabulous! Oh, I knew you would do so well in my department! And you handled those…mosquitoes like a star! I’m so proud!” He pulled me into a hug, squashing me against his metallic body.

“Ow.” I mumbled against his chest plate.

“Oh, I’m so sorry, darling.” He released me. “Anyway, there’s someone else who saw your performance.”

I hummed in question and blushed as Sans jumped onto the stage and pulled me into a passionate kiss that lasted far too long, given the circumstances.

“I’m so proud of you.” He rumbled afterwards. “that was amazing.”

Later that day, we found my performance online on several news outlets’ E-Screen accounts. Not an hour passed before they were removed for copyright infringements and illegalities.

The rest of the week, we received no paparazzi and Mettaton and I worked together to finish my first song, titled “Found my Sound”.

Mettaton told me to think of a brand name. I did some thinking and decided on ‘Telari’, a name with a meaning related to spirituality and more. For me, it sounded perfect.
THANK YOU FOR 100 KUDOS!

Also, I have started a one shot/side stories series for Under the Spotlight. It can be found HERE! Enjoy!
Roughly four months passed since the day Telari was born, and with help, I had managed to produce four other songs. The last of them was finished just in time for the holiday break. Per tradition, Gaster Industries was closed, all prior commitments finished before the break and all further requests put on hold. Holiday bonuses were usually sent out and received while everyone was away and from what I had heard, the bonuses were massive and a reflection of work ethic alone.

“i have your bonus with me, but i am not handing it over until we get to the resort.”

Sans had invited me to join him at a winter resort that included a classy hotel, as well as skiing, ice skating, indoor swimming and hot tubs, a sauna and steam room, and more. Normally, this place was packed year-round, but every year during this time, Sans bought it out for a week. Luckily, it was the slowest week of the year, so the staff and owner didn’t mind, and they were being paid more money than if they had half of their space filled with tourists.

Walking into the resort, we were immediately greeted with a friendly reception of “Welcome back!” from the collection of front desk personnel. Sans replied with his usual carefree, laidback attitude before introducing me.

“Welcome, ______ ______. We hope you enjoy your stay.” Not a hint of bitterness from any of the female staff. That was refreshing.

I grinned. “Thank you.”

Sans retrieved the key and led the way. Taking the elevator to the top floor, we turned and came to the only room on the floor, the 900 embroidered on the door. The room was massive and was actually several rooms in one. The place was bigger than the apartment that Sandy had tried to burn
down. While it was nowhere near the size of the house Sans and I now shared, it was still large and would probably fit a family of eight or more.

“Wow…this is big and absolutely beautiful.” I muttered breathlessly.

He chuckled. “yeah, usually it’s too big for me. but i think this year, we can make it work.”

I giggled. “I’m sure we can.”

He eyed me, his cheeks flushing blue as he gave me that look. “wanna see the bedroom?”

I snorted. “Are becoming a horndog already?”

His grin elongated. “i can’t help it. i’m just sooo000000 hungry.”

I yelped as he picked me up with a growl. His magic sparked as he zoomed towards the bedroom. Every time he used his magic to make himself faster, he managed to catch me off guard. Apparently, he had learned a lot of new tricks since leaving the Underground.

I was glad to have this vacation because Sans had been acting a bit strange lately. He would get distracted whenever I was around – according to Nate and Kara – and he would start grumbling, pacing, tapping his foot, and other odd behaviors he didn’t normally have.

The only one who seemed to know what was happening was Alphys, and she refused to say. However, her expression was a mix of devious excitement, mischief, and what could only be described as her ‘fangirl mode’.

Then there were the rumors and conversations about Sans and my future.

“I wonder if Sans will propose to ____ on this year’s holiday break.”

“Nope, nope. Trust me, he said he won’t make it obvious.”
“True. But given his recent behavior, I think he really wants to.”

“He’ll probably do it on Valentine’s Day or Halloween.”

“Those are so far in advance, though.”

“He sticks to his guns. He won’t do anything if we aren’t expecting it.”

I thought about all of this as I watched him sleep. He had done most of the work this time while I merely enjoyed the bliss. Four rounds of pure lust went by before he collapsed half on top of me, dead to the world as he released what had been undoubtedly pent up within him.

As he slept, I let my mind wander. I reviewed the last year and smiled for a lot of it. However, one thing that still worried me was Sandy’s persistence. She hadn’t stopped trying to take revenge of me. However, without the power she once had, she relied on social media and letters.

I received threats in my work mailbox, which I hid so no one would worry. I knew I should have reported it or told Sans personally, but given the change in his behavior, I didn’t want him to worry about anything else.

One thing that occurred to me was what would happen if Sans and I bonded. Legal human marriage could be undone, but Soul Bonding lasted a lifetime. And given that Sans didn’t age properly, we might have eons together. I would be twenty-five soon, so if I bonded to him before then or right after my birthday, we would be roughly the same age forever. And what about if we decided to have ki–

Sans grumbled, opening his eyes. I blinked, returning to the present. “Morning, Sleeping Beauty.” I teased.

He looked out the window that was outside the room. He had been so focused on getting to the bedroom, he hadn’t closed the door. Outside, the sun was setting.

“it’s not morning, sweetheart.” He yawned, exposing his large teeth, sharpened canines and blue gelatinous tongue briefly visible before settling back down and closing his eyes again. “the sun is
setting, not rising.”

I huffed. “It was a joke. And because people usually say, ‘good morning’ when someone wakes up, not good evening or good night. The latter implies someone is going to sleep, not waking up.”

He chuckled tiredly. “i’m just messing with you.” He adjusted, pulling me further against him and nuzzling deeper into my cleavage. “you have fantastic breasts. i hope i’m the only one who’s gotten the opportunity to enjoy them.”

I blushed brilliantly, the heat consuming my entire face, ears, and some of my neck. I was thankful he had his eyes closed. “Y-yes, you are. Though, I was…I almost…um…”

His eyes shot open. “what. happened.” His tone was dangerous, just like his expression. However, I could see the compassion, love, and worry. All of this, just for me. I worried for anyone responsible for incurring his anger.

I took a breath, exhaling slowly. “I was almost raped.” I barely managed not to choke.

His sockets widened. “was it when we first met?” I shook my head. “__, please tell me.”

“I…I don’t think…” Shit, my emotions were taking over. I had buried this part of my past so deep within myself so that it couldn’t hurt me. My first meeting with Sans almost six years ago was very much like that night.

“i see. may i see your soul?” He asked gently.

I looked at him. All the hatred was gone, replaced with immense sadness and empathy. That empathy…he had gone through immense pain and depression, too.

“I will show you my pain in exchange for yours. additionally, i think we can heal each other.” He took a breath, paused, and then leaned over to kiss me. “to do that would mean soul bonding with you, too.”

I gasped, leaning back into my pillow a bit to observe him. His newest expression held resolve, pure
and undying loyalty, immense love, and fearless hope.


Joy, blinding and beautiful, was added to the other expressions as he pulled out both Souls and guided them closer together. However, before they merged, I realized…

“Wait!”

“what…what’s wrong?” He seemed terrified.

“It just occurred to me…” I stared at his Soul. “That’s wrong.”

He choked. “what…?”

“No, no…it’s not your fault. Someone messed with it.”

He froze, his eye-lights sharpened pinpricks. “what are you talking about?”

I turned away from his Soul to meet his gaze. “I felt a sense of unease about monster Souls since I saw a diagram of one the first time. But yours is the only one I have ever seen without scanners or anything else. Without filters and seeing it exactly as it is, I understand what the problem was. Someone messed with all the monsters’ Souls.”

“our souls have looked like this for eons, since before we were trapped underground.”

“Yes, and books and legends have said that human Souls are more powerful than monster Souls. However, just looking at yours, I know that it’s only like that because they were tampered with. Tell me, is the King connected to all of his subjects?”

He nodded. “being the king means he is in charged with commanding all monster souls. he is the leader and the protector. but if he needed to, he could use magic to enforce most monsters to do what he asked. i am the only exception due to my position as judge.”
I nodded. “I see. Well, the good news is…I know how to fix it.”

He was taken aback. “so then, will you?”

I nodded. “Yes, and then we can Soul Bond.”

He chuckled, kissing my forehead. “okay.”

I hummed, turning to his Soul and placing a single finger on the top, against the tail of the heart. I careful pushed, watching as the heart followed and flipped, becoming near identical to my Soul, though it lacked the rainbow shine my Soul had glistening throughout it.

“holy shit…i…i…”

“Are you okay? I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“no, i have never felt so amazing.” He pulled me against him fully, causing the hearts to not only touch, but come together. With the two Souls having been just outside our chests, his ribs crushed our magical cores against my breasts.

***

I gasped, and moaned loudly as the feeling of Sans, and additionally pure bliss, arousal, and immense love coursed through my whole being. I moved against him in synchronized movement as he pumped his cock into my needy, wet folds.

I could hear the wet slap of his ball sack hitting my ass, as well as my screams and moans, and his grunts and growls. I could feel his phalanges digging into my hips and ass. I could smell the sweat and the juices leaking from our sexes as we continued to move as one. I could taste the sweet candy of Sans’ tongue as he captured my mouth with his. I could see the world from Sans’ eyes, the past he was forced to endure time and again, the pain he went through, and then the joy he found with freedom, and the healing we were finally receiving by us being together.
It was just us.

***

When the pain finally disappeared from both of us, the only thing left was love, compassion, power, want, need, lust, desire, hope, joy, trust, and completeness.

However, I wanted more. I wanted something more physical than a set of rings to tie us together. I wanted something we could be proud of together. But...

When Sans collapsed against me for the sixth time that night, he giggled. “That was perfect.”

I nodded. “It worked. Right?”

He nodded. “Yeah, now at least monsters will know you belong to me and I belong to you. Mages, too, though there’s only a handful of them left. I wouldn’t be surprised if others are around, but we don’t know about them. I also wouldn’t be surprised if you are the most powerful. You have a white soul, but it contains all the other soul traits within it.”

I smiled, humming the tune to my first song against his Soul. It was the song I had sung on the spot that day the media infiltrated Gaster Industries. Sans joined in and I was surprised to find his voice complimented mine and he could sing very well.

When the song was over, I gave his skull a kiss. “So you can sing. I was wondering if you had any musical talents.”

“Shh, that was a secret.” He gave me his signature Sexy Wink™.

I giggled. “Anything else you can do that no one knows about?”

He hummed. “Well, I can play a few instruments, though I’m really good at guitar, piano, trombone,” He winked again, and I successfully stopped myself from laughing even though my mouth was crooked, and my eyes and throat burned. “And drums. I know the basics of every language still spoken today, with English, Japanese, Chinese, Mandarin, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Italian being
my best. german is hard, but i know quite a bit even though i mess up the grammar a lot. i get tripped up with spanish the same way since i speak english more often.

“i am good at a lot of sports, especially winter sports. and while i can sing and dance, mettaton and i have a deal that i am to stay off his stage and in return, he won’t interfere with any of the other departments. trust me, he wants to.”

I grimaced. “Is there anything you can’t do?”

He paused. “anything…i can’t do.” He mumbled. “anything…hmm…” He pouted. “does swimming count if it means i need to use blue magic to keep myself from sinking?”

“You can swim?”

“only if i use blue magic on myself to change my weight and buoyancy.”

“Nope, that doesn’t count.”

“okay, let me think then. unless you have any thoughts?”

I pursed my lips. “What about win a spelling bee?”

“…”

“Well?” I pressed.

“…restaurant is r-e-s-t-a-u-r-a-n-t. eudaemonic is e-u-d-a-e-m-o-n-i-c. floccinaucinihilipilification is f-l-o-c-c-i-n-a-u-c-i-n-i-h-i-l-i-p-i-l-i-f-i-c-a-t-i-o-n. supercalifragilisticexpialidocious is s-u-p-e-r-c-a-l-i-f-r-a-g-i-l-i-s-t-i-c-e-x-p-i-a-l-i-d-o-c-i-o-u-s. me–”

“Okay, stop!” I cut in exasperatedly. “Clearly, you’re a beast at spelling.”
“sorry…” He mumbled sheepishly.

“What about drawing?”

to make blueprints, you need to know how to draw.”

“Right…” I scanned my brain for other ideas. “What about architecture? Like, I know you can lift metal with your blue magic, but can you bend it?”

“yeah. i use time magic and spatial magic, too. if i combine both, i can wither the binds in metals and speed up the process of bending it a certain way."

“Okay…so you’re just plain old OP, are you?”

“…kinda. i guess.”

“And you know what OP is?”

“thanks to undyne and alphys…but I do play video games now and then.”

“And I’m guessing you kill those, too.”

“games require tact, planning, and reflexes. i may mess up a few times, but i’m good at observing, so i eventually will beat any game i try. it’s just a matter of putting the pieces together.”

“I give up. I’ll think of something you can’t do or aren’t good at eventually.”

He chuckled sheepishly. “fair enough. sorry about that.”

I sighed. “You gotta have some weakness or something you aren’t good at. Can’t have people saying you’re a Gary Stu.”
“…what?”

I snorted. “Well, at least there’s that.”

“What does that mean? what’s a gary stu?”

“Why ask me when you can ask…………………the internet.” Jazz hands.

He deadpanned. “nah, maybe next year.”

I snorted. “Next year is only a week and a couple days away.”

“That’s the point.” He pulled the covers over his head. “night.”

I snorted. “Okay. Sweet dreams.” I closed my eyes and let sleep take me.
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

So, this is the real chapter 16.

But because I love comments, here's a screenshot of the April Fools Version Comments.
You guys are sweet!

And I'm still an asshole! ;3

Oh, and if you want to reread the April Fools chapter, it's here. See, I didn't just get rid
of it. ;3

Chapter Notes

It's my bro's birthday today! :3

I almost forgot about that! ^^; Oops!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

sixteen

I woke up alone the next day. However, exiting the room, I immediately found my new bond mate
sitting on the balcony wearing his usual hoodie, pajama pants with bone patterns, and a towel around
his shoulders.

He turned as I came closer, and I immediately noticed two things. The first was that he wasn’t
wearing a shirt, so his ribs were visible, and he was a plastic white stick in his mouth.

He stood up and walked inside as I glared. “That better not be a cigarette.”

He flinched and then pulled it out, revealing it to be a blue lollipops. “nope. i’m not going to indulge
in terrible habits like smoking. don’t know what that would do to my bones and i’m not willing to
find out. lollipops are my cigarettes.”
“Oh good, your intelligence goes further than I thought. That’s wonderful.” I replied sarcastically.

“rude. what’s got you so worked up?”

“I…it’s nothing.”

“hmm?” He quirked his head.

“Why the heck aren’t you wearing a shirt?”

He looked down. When he locked gazes with me again, he smirked broadly. “am i making you hot and bothered, sweetheart? hey, at least i’m not naked.” He looked me up and down, seeming to admire the full view of my naked body if his heated expression was anything to go by.

“Oh, don’t even start.” I covered my chest and re-angled my hips to hide my privates as much as possible from his prying eyes. “My point was that you were outside in the freezing wintery air without a shirt on.”

He knew that wasn’t what bothered me, but thankfully ignored my embarrassment. “i’m also a skeleton, so the cold goes right through me.” He gave a Wink™.

“Oh my goodness, that was one of your jokes.” I facepalmed. “That’s not supposed to be literal if you use it in your comedy routines.”

He giggled. “i don’t have skin or anything to feel with. my magic enables me to feel, but i choose when that happens most of the time. temperature is something i need to put effort into feeling. not my fault that the jokes i use are often literal. it’s call interpretation, madam. besides, we both know i’m extremely…humerus.” I looked up to wiggling brows, dancing eye-lights, and that obnoxious smirk almost splitting his face.

Blushing intensely, I turned away and walked back into the bedroom. He snickered, following me. “don’t you wanna take a shower?”

“No.” I replied bluntly and pulled the covers back. However, I immediately noticed the blue-magic-
stained sheets. “Oh boy.”

He walked over and peered over my shoulder. “oh…well, luckily, that will come off with water. let me take care of it while you shower.”

“Fine.” I muttered. I began to walk away but yelped when I felt a light tap on my right butt cheek. “OH HELL NO!” I roared as Sans guffawed.

“i couldn’t help myself!” Sans laughed as I chased him around the room. I finally got him with a lucky throw of a pillow. He landed clumsily on the couch, still laughing as he removed the pillow from his head. “thanks for that, babe! always fun to play with you!” He made a squeezing gesture with his hands.

“Shut up!” I walked into the bathroom, locking the door.

I wasn’t sure if I was imagining it or not, but I thought I heard Sans say, “heh, i need to tease her more often. she’s super fun when she gets wild.”

I growled, praying I was only imagining it.

When I was finished showering and getting dressed, the entire penthouse was empty of punning skeletons. However, I found a note on the stripped bed.

_____ 

i’ll be waiting for you on the second floor. that’s where the dining area is. meet me there and we will discuss the plans for today. see ya soon.

<3 love, sans
Sans was a total dork, but he was also the sweetest person I had ever met. I just hoped he hadn’t gone down dressed like he was.

Thankfully, my worries proved to be invalid as Sans was wearing a black tee under his usual hoodie that went well with his black jeans. The tee made him look even sexier than usual. *Ugh!*

He looked up from the menu in his hand when I approached. “sup. i guess you saw my note.”

I nodded. “Yes. Thank you for dressing appropriately in public.”

He rolled his eye-lights. “really? you thought i was gonna go down here without a shirt and with pajama pants on. i’m even wearing shoes, thank you very much.” He exaggerated, lifting up one of his feet and wiggling it to show off the black, white, and blue sneakers.

“Well, *excuse me!*” I teased back with a smile.

“You look refreshed.” He noted.

“Yeah, showers tend to do that.” I replied with a wink.

“you trying to copy one of my signature moves?” He narrowed his sockets in warning. “that’s playing a dangerous game. get your *own* thing.”

I looked at him and made a funny face, crossing my eyes and sticking out my tongue. “Howsh thish?”

“pff…” He snorted and broke down into loud laughter. “okay, i wasn’t expecting that. *bravo.*” He clapped.

I did a mock bow. “Thank you. Thank you.”

“Hello,” A waitress greeted. “My name is Cynthia and I will be one of your servers. Are you ready to order anything?”
Sans turned to me. “____?”

“I’ll have some hot chocolate. And to eat, how about the Wonder Meal without the bacon and sausage.”

“So that would be two pancakes, two scrambled eggs, and a muffin. What kind would you like?”

“Is there chocolate?” I asked.

“Yes, we have double chocolate, meaning it has chips, too.”

“That’s perfect.” I nodded.

She grinned wider. “Alrighty. And for you, sir.”

Sans gave a subtle eye-roll at the formality before asking for an egg combo, with lots of ketchup on the side. That included a bottle of ketchup on the side.

“Alrighty, I’ll be back soon with your orders.”

“Thanks.” I said as she bowed and walked off.

“So, you’re a chocolate girl.”

“You knew that.” I replied bluntly, the memories of all the times I had stuffed my face with chocolate resurfacing.

“I know. I’m just saying.” He shrugged.
“Well, you’re a ketchup guy.”

He snorted. “that i am.”

“At least being a chocoholic is common. Being a ketchaholic is not.”

He shrugged. “just means i’m special.”

“Oh yes, you’re very special.” I replied lowly, teasingly.

He narrowed his sockets at me. “hush, you.”

I snorted before dissolving into giggles. He was following suit not long after. For the rest of the time it took for our breakfast to arrive, we talked about random things.

“Here you go. Enjoy.” The food looked delicious, like it was made to perfection.

“oh, wanna know a fun fact. so, in the underground, i was super lazy.”

“I know. Everyone who knows you even a bit knows that.”

“quiet and let me tell the story.”

“Right, right. Sorry, your highness.”

“pff, shut up.”

“Go on.”
“okay, so i was lazy enough that i wouldn’t even open my mouth to speak. i just smiled and spoke through my teeth, like this.” he shut his jaws. “thankfully, it sounds the same. magic, amirite?”

“Dude, that’s weird. Stop.”

he laughed, relaxing. “so, here’s a question for you. given that i never opened my teeth and kept smiling, yadda, yadda, yadda, how do you think i ate?”

“I dunno. You ate when no one was looking.”

“nope. try again.”

“Well, given that you drink ketchup, you could slip the nozzle between your teeth.” i shrugged.

“that’s part of it, miss clever.”

“What the hell kinda nickname is that?”

“oh, calm down.” he flicked a piece of egg at me. “but here’s one thing. my bro made a lot of spaghetti. and it was awful. to be fair, his teacher was just as terrible at making it, so it wasn’t his fault. anyway, given that it was often hard, had weird chunks in it, what do you think i did?”

i looked at him dumbly. “i have no idea.”

“look at my plate.” i did. there was still a whole egg there. “hey, look at me.” he said suddenly.

i frowned and looked up. “what?”

“what do you mean what?” he said while he looked like he was trying to avoid laughing.

“Um…” i looked down and saw the egg was gone. “What the shit?” i shouted.
“whoa, calm down.” He said, and then laughed a bit. “what’s wrong?”

“It’s gone.”

“what is?”

I glared at his snickering face. “Sans!”

“yeah, what’s up?” He snorted.

“Where’s the damn egg?”

“i don’t…pfff…i…snrk…don’t know what yer talking about.”

I scowled, picking up the untouched muffin to take a bite and seeing a bite mark in it. It was a bite mark that matched Sans large jaws.

“You little shit!” I summoned tendrils and wacked him in the head a bunch of times while he laughed his head off, falling sideways on his side of the booth.

“i’m sorry! i couldn’t help it!”

“I will make you pay for that!”

“i already am, babe!”

“Don’t you–HEY! Get your boney ass back here! Don’t tele…fuck!”

“U-um, will that be all for this morning?” Cynthia asked.
I sighed. “Does he do this a lot when he comes here?”

She nodded. “It’s probably why he pays so much to have the place to himself. He loves pranking us. But it’s never harmful. I hope everything is okay.”

I sighed. “It’s fine. I’m used to it by now. Still gonna kick his ass later.”

“With magic?” She asked.

I smirked. “Yeah, with magic. I just need to plan first.”

She gasped, determination lighting up her face. “We can help you, if you like.”

If I could have stars in my eyes, I would. “Oh yeah, this is gonna be awesome!”

Chapter End Notes

So it might be a while before I post again. I need to remain ahead of the chapters, so that I don't run out and then you'll be waiting even longer. I'm currently starting chapter 27, and I know that's a while away, but just trust me. ^^;
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Hey, got some stuff for you to read on my DA or Tumblr. [DA Link]

I also made a Tumblr account for this fic called [Under-the-Spotlight-Crew](http://example.com) since different variations were already taken. ^^; Take a look!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

seventeen

“Where are we going?” I asked for the hundredth time. Sans had decided that he would be giving me a surprise, and thus I was blindfolded as he led me around. When you are a known prankster, this should not happen. But Sans did promise he wouldn’t let me get hurt, so…

Sans chuckled, continuing to lead me to who knows where. “just because you ask a bunch of times does not mean i’m gonna ruin the surprise.”

“I hate surprises.” I muttered. “You better not lead me into a wall, or anything else that might cause psychological and bodily harm.”

He snorted. “i’m not gonna traumatize you, ___. i’m also standing directly in front of you, so if anyone is gonna crash into anything, it’s me. oh, watch your step. big step. there ya go.”

My food brushed something, and I made a distressed noise. “you’re okay. okay, there stairs now. one step at a time.”

“No, no, I can’t do this.” I panicked, refusing to move any further. I tried to pry my hands from his grasp, so I could rip off the blindfold, but he refused to let go.

“nope. here, allow me to…” He lifted me up and pressed me firmly against him, my hands trapped in the space between our chests. Placing one hand under my butt, and the other firmly across my shoulder blades, he carried me down like a child.
“Is this really necessary?” I whined, leaning into him.

“yes. i will not allow your anxiety to ruin my fun,” I whined fearfully. “and the surprise i have in store for you.” He added quickly. I moaned into his shoulder.

Another few seconds, and he put me down and grasped my hands again. He chuckled when I pouted, pressing a kiss to my forehead.

“i had a talk with your best friend.” He said casually, like he was talking about the weather. “dina, if i remember correctly.”

“Oh yeah, I hung out with her on many weekends.”

“yep. that made me curious, and so i got her number from your mom and invited her to chat with me. i wanted to learn more about you, but since some of the things i wanted to know were not things you would tell me, so i felt she was the better option.” He chuckled at my cherry complexion. “and i was right.”

“What the hell did she tell you?” I blurted.

“mmmmm, i probably shouldn’t say. but…” By the time he was done, I was mortified.

“I’m going to destroy her.”

“oh, calm down. i’m not judgemental. she showed me some of your drawings and i gotta say, i enjoyed quite a bit of it.” The amusement in his voice was very telling.

“Nooooooooo…” Damnit, he probably saw the porn of him I drew. There goes my existence. Bye, cruel world…and Sans.

“one of those drawings was very useful for today’s surprise. it was my main goal for talking to dina in the first place, besides finding out more about you and your relationship with her. she’s quite the
tease. she wouldn’t show me one of the drawings. something about…oh! uh, never mind.”

“Fuck you.”

“later, babe.”

“Not what I meant!”

“i know.” He kissed my forehead again, chuckling at my grumbles.

“Are we there yet?”

“almost!” Another few paces and he stopped, releasing my hands. “here we are. go ahead and remove the blindfold.”

I wasted no time, and tried to chuck the blindfold into his face. It didn’t go nearly far enough and glided down to the ground instead. I compensated for my humiliation by stomping on it. This earned an amused smile from the skeleton standing in front of me, and I huffed as I noticed his shoulders shaking with mirth.

“well, what do you think?” He gestured around him.

It occurred to me then that he had taken me to a greenhouse of sorts. It had a glass enclosure with various flora and fauna inside and safe from the cold. Given the time, I could see the full moon through the glass. It was big and bright, the ethereal glow bathing the greenery with pale, bluish light.

“Wow…” I continued look around, walking off to explore. “It’s beautiful.” I turned in every direction, taking in all I could. Finally, I noticed a fountain, a letter perched on the edge, far enough away that it wouldn’t get wet.

I jogged over and picked it up. My name was embroidered on the front, in the font Comic Sans. I snorted, opening the letter and retrieving the contents within, which consisted of a single piece of paper that said: “turn around for bonus.”
I had completely forgotten about the holiday bonuses. However, when I turned and expected Sans to present me with another letter, a check, or something similar, I was surprised to see that I had misunderstood completely.

Directly behind me, Sans had knelt on one knee and held a small black box, which he had already opened, a ring inside. Even more amazing was that the ring held the same design that I had drawn, and so Sans’ meeting with Dina made so much more sense.

“____ ____,” Sans began. “my soul mate, bond mate, and love of my existence…” He paused again, collecting himself. “i brought you here to ask you a very important question. i chose this place because it brings together complete opposites; life and death. while i might be alive, my species…a skeleton, monster or otherwise…often represent death. every time i feel you, your power, your soul, i think of life. so, as a physical representation, we have a garden of life stationed among a valley of winter, where most things are sleeping or dead. yet, i think it’s still beautiful.

“So, in this place that feels like a representation of us, i want to know. will you spend the rest of your life with me? will you become my wife in every way? will you marry me?”

With all the rumors of how Sans would probably wait until I least expected it, it suddenly made sense. Everyone expected Sans to wait for some random day, or for a later time that still made sense. One of his dominant traits was Patience, so it made sense. However, because people were so used to him doing just that, he was able to trick everyone, by doing the exact opposite of what people expected him to do. For anyone else, it would make sense. For Sans, it was the surprise of a lifetime.

Therefore, I was left speechless, tears flowing freely as I tried to answer. Sans understood and waited as I tried to shake it off, failing miserably. I couldn’t wipe my eyes of tears because they continued to cloud my view, I could speak through the knot in my throat. It took several minutes before I managed a warbled reply.

“Haaa…fu…I-I…mmm…” I breathed, hiccupping, and moaning ragefully at myself. “…YES!” I finally blurted, exhaling a sob as I clung to Sans, who begun showering me with kisses as he gently slipped the ring on my left hand.

“sorry i made you so emotional. are you okay?”

I laughed through my sobbing, fingers now tangled in his shirt and hoodie, unwilling to let go of my fiancé. He laughed lovingly and pulled me flush against him, tilting my chin so we could enjoy a
passionate kiss.

“I sounded so ugly.” I said when I finally calmed down. “Ugh, I’m so mortified.”

“oh stop. i completely understand and have not, will not, and never will judge you for that. i only would have if you had said no. but you didn’t, so i’m not complaining.”

“I hope that wasn’t recorded and no one saw us.”

“…”

“Sans?”

“sorry…”

“Noooo…”

“i love you.”

“…”

“please don’t be mad at me.”

“…I love you, too.”

Chapter End Notes

Well now, it finally happened. AT CHAPTER 17! 8O

See, my pace isn't AWFUL, guys! X9
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Another original song. I don't like this one as much, but after a bit of rewriting, it's a bit better.

eighteen

The rest of the holiday passed in a blur. The resort staff congratulated us on our engagement and even threw us a small party. Sans encouraged them to enjoy the festivities they put together, too. Additionally, with the week over, the resort was reopened to the public. I expected Sans and I to leave, but it was apparently normal for him to stay.

“Hello again, Sans. Back again just like last year.” A familiar older gentleman greeted.

“not gonna stop the tradition now.” Sans said with a shrug and a wink. “besides, i tend to thrive much more in wintery climates. i did live in snowdin, after all.”

“True. And you must be _____. My name is Hue Warner. I’m the owner of the Warner Tech Company, which affiliates with Gaster Industries. It is a pleasure to meet you.” I shook his hand.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you as well. I knew I recognized your face. Now it makes sense.” Hue Warner had been one of the first to affiliate with Sans, and they developed a friendly relationship fast. The man was a pro-monster activist when they had just come topside, and he was one of the few who recognized Sans’ genius immediately, knowing my Soul Mate would be very successful.

“I’m glad.” He froze, hummed thoughtfully, then laughed joyfully. “So, it would seem you have lots of planning to do when you return from your vacation. Congratulations to you both! I wish you much happiness!” With that, he bowed and walked off to his wife, Henrietta Warner.

“He’s observant.” I noted in amusement. “But he definitely feels trustworthy.”
“he’s a good man.” Sans agreed and took a small sip of his tea. I was glad Sans didn’t drink ketchup all the time. “i probably wouldn’t be as successful as i am today without him.”

“It’s good to have allies like that.” I assured with a smile.

He hummed. “wanna go ice skating?”

I nodded enthusiastically. “I would love to. I’m actually pretty good at it.”

“oooh, now i’m even more excited.” He smirked mischievously. “i wonder if your skills are a match for mine.”

“Hey now, don’t you start. Just because you’re perfect and can do anything doesn’t mean that I can.”

His expression slackened. “i’m not perfect. do you know how often i annoy people?”


His mouth quirked into a crooked smile. “is that so?”

I narrowed my eyes. “Don’t you start. Ice skating, remember?”

He shrugged. “yeah, okay.”

“okay, you are good.” He complimented as I twirled across the ice.
Sans was very flexible, knew how to skate from years of experience, and given his physique, could perform tricks humans were incapable of pulling off. He also had his own skates, so he didn’t have to borrow any from the resort. Luckily, so did I.

I had found my calling when I was little. Skating was a lot like dancing, and since I enjoyed the speed that skating presented, the skill needed, and the challenge the ice presented, I spent far more time in a rink than a dance studio.

My skates were well-worn, but still in great shape. They were mostly black with white heart designs, lines, and laces. Sans were similar, with a black base, blue diamonds and lines, and white caps and laces.

Sans wore a royal blue tee under his pale blue hoodie, the fur trim especially fluffy. His cargo pants were dark gray with black along the pockets and down the sewing, with blue trim across the knees, a white zipper indicating that the bottom half of the pants could be zipped off and the trousers could become shorts.

I decided to go with a periwinkle sleeveless, high collared dress-shirt that hugged my body, the skirt billowing around my thighs over thick black leggings. Over my arms were gray arm warmers that started inside the periwinkle top, having been sewn into the dress itself, that hooked around my thumbs and middle fingers. That left my engagement ring visible, the artificial light bouncing off the metal.

The blue and yellow swirled inside the stones, said gems having been crafted to look like two bones surrounding a cartoon skull. The metal was silver, the gems having been embedded deeper into the ring than most other rings. The jewelry sparkled beautifully in the light bouncing off the ice.

At first, it was just us on the rink, skating to several songs. However, more people joined us and enjoyed the rink as well. However, everyone stopped when one of my new songs began to play.

~Look at this light,
Consuming me.
It’s a dazzling sight,
Wouldn’t you agree?
~True, it’s so dramatic.

But I swear it’s nothing drastic.

It’s just so automatic.

And it makes me feel fantastic!

~Join in this euphoria,

You’re one of us,

We’re glorious,

No need to fuss!

~You can go far,

If you believe,

Find your guiding star,

And be set free!

~Don’t stop going now,

You’re almost there,

So say it loud!

And be prepared!

~I believe in you,

Like I believe in me!

We can do it, together!

That is a guarantee!

~You can lead yourself,

Down the path to happiness,

You can always ask for help,
That doesn’t make you less.

~Put a smile on your face,

Continue forward and don’t look back,

Take your time- it’s not a race,

This is your track!

~Join in this euphoria,

You’re one of us,

We’re glorious,

No need to fuss!

~You can go far,

If you believe,

Find your guiding star,

And be set free!

~Don’t stop going now,

You’re almost there,

So say it loud!

And be prepared!

~I believe in you,

Like I believe in me!

We can do it, together!

That is a guarantee!

~People who say you’re not enough,

Are the ones you should evade,
Because you are better- you’re smart and tough,
So don’t listen, don’t be afraid.

~Just keep that smile on your face,
Turn away and wave good bye,
Continue forward with all your grace,
Fight with the love you have inside!

~Join in this euphoria,
You’re one of us,
We’re glorious,
No need to fuss!

~You can go far,
If you believe,
Find your guiding star,
And be set free!

~Don’t stop going now,
You’re almost there,
So say it loud!
And be prepared!

~I believe in you,
Like I believe in me!
We can do it, together!
That is a guarantee!

...
Sans was a good dancer. Throughout the song, he matched my steps and seemed to be in sync with me. It was like he could see my next move before I made it. Given the Wink™ he gave me mid-song, that might have just been the case. Since we had Soul Bonded, I had felt his presence a lot more. I could feel when he was about to do something, and what it was he was about to do.

So, when the song ended, he pulled me into a hug and we laughed together. I picked my feet up and let him glide both of us across the ice.

“That was so much fun.” I squealed as we reached the edge and leaned against the wall.

“Yeah, and you seem to be good at coming up with choreography on the spot. All I had to do was remain focused and follow your lead.”

I gasped. “I knew it! The Soul Bond!”

He Winked™ again. “eereeeeyup! I can sense your decisions, what you’re feeling, and so on.”

“Excuse me!” We turned as a pair of girls, one who looked about eleven while the other looked to be maybe eight, wobbled over to us. One of them held a notebook in one of their gloved hand. “Can we get an autograph?”

“And a pic!” The other said. “From both of you!”

I almost squealed. “Sure!” I turned to Sans, who nodded.
I was handed the notebook and a pen. “Did you want from Telari or ____?”

“Telari, please.” The older girl said. “And I’m Callie, and this is my sister Becca.”

I grinned. “Okay!” I wrote a message, using my stage name and making sure to mention both names. I handed it to Sans, and he followed my example.

“You’re both lefties? I am, too!” Becca blurted excitedly.

I giggled. “I use both hands, but for different things. But for writing, I am indeed left-handed.”

“okay, here ya go.” He handed the notebook back. “can i see that camera?”

Using his magic, Sans was able to take the picture and include all four of us. The girls squealed, thanked us, and left right after.

“Are more people going to ask for that kind of thing?” I wondered.

“mmm, not now. only the brave ones do that. there will be a thing on tuesday for that.”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “How long does that take?”

“about four hours.”

“Oh boy…”
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Had to push myself to edit this more than I would have liked. And I've had to push myself just to write my stuff, too. So frustrating. DX

Enjoy!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

nineteen

Like we agreed, Cynthia and the staff helped me orchestrate the best, biggest, and most awe-inspiring set of pranks possible – well, the best given the tools at our disposal. Too bad the person we were trying to prank was the Master of said craft.

“a whoopie cushion?” Sans commented with a chuckle as he lifted the object from between the plush pad and the wooden chair it rested on. “good choice.” He grinned at me.

I growled. This was the fifth prank he had ruined that day only. We had been working on pranking the skeleton the whole week. I lost count of how many pranks he had avoided or dismantled after the twentieth time. There was only two days left before our vacation was over. Just once, I wanted to wipe the smirk off his skull.

“Hey, hold off on any more pranks.” I told Cynthia on my way to the bathroom. “We’re not gonna get him like this.”

She sighed. “I see.”

I could see Sans’ smirk in the corner of my eye. My hunch was correct; his hearing was far more acute than any human’s. Placing my fist to my chest, disheartened, I kept my emotions mellowed and sad as I lifted my thumb.
She shook herself, smiling with pity. “I’m sure you’ll get him eventually. Don’t give up.”

I sighed. “Thanks. I’ll try.”

I continued to the bathroom, where a monster had just entered. He was a water elemental who did maintenance and was the head of janitorial staff.

“Well?” I asked.

“You sold it.” He smirked. “Neither you nor Miss Cynthia’s Souls gave anything away. I expected nothing less from Miss Cynthia. She is a special girl. And as for you, working with Mettaton probably helps a lot, too.”


He nodded. “When you gonna try?” He asked as he changed the toilet paper.

“Tomorrow night.” I replied simply.

He chuckled. “That should be enough time.”


“Of course, dear. Be thankful your bond is too new. In a couple months, you won’t be able to hide anything from him.”

I sighed. “He told me that, too. Thanks for reminding me. You’re a huge help.”

He smirked. “This is nofin.” I snorted, exiting the bathroom and returned to Sans, who looked deep in thought.
“feel better?” He asked as I sat back down.

I grinned. “Yes. Much.”

“good.” The twinkle in his eye-lights gave too much away. The smug monster was going to get his boney ass handed to him, that was for sure.

The next morning, unlike the remainder of the week, I slept in. Sans noticed, and I could feel his Soul relax.

“mornin’, sweetheart.” He cooed softly, kissing my jaw just below my ear.

I hummed tiredly. “Morning…”

“you ready to go down an’ eat?” He whispered affectionately.

I groaned, stretching. He chuckled and pulled me, mid-stretch, into his arms to shower me with kisses. I giggled and wrapped my arms around his neck and hooked my legs around his waist. He took initiative and hoisted me up into his arms.

“bathroom?” He asked. I nodded, letting him place me on my feet. “i’ll wait right here for you.”

“Thanks.” I yawned and went into the bathroom do relieve myself.

“What can I get you this morning?” An older waitress named Margaret asked.

“babe?” Sans motioned to me. He always let me order first, the dingus.
“I’ll get the Fruity Delight.” I said, pointing to it on the menu. “And a chocolate milkshake sounds good.”

Margaret nodded. “And for you, sir?”

“eh, i’ll do the hash brown breakfast. with my usual ketchup.”

The woman nodded and collected our menus, promising our meals would be out shortly. By now, the resort’s diner was over half-filled with people here for their vacations or business meetings. Looking around, I saw families with children, couples on their honeymoon, business dealers, and more – their reasons unknown to me.

“This place is really nice.” I commented. “We’ll have to come back.”

“i come here every year, so i have no issue with that.” He leaned back in his chair, following my example as he regarded the others.

I began to recognize some of the people who had asked for autographs during that four-hour period a couple days ago. They had made a bigger impression and despite how long it was, the event was fun. I expected some hate from those harboring feelings for my Soul Mate, but everyone was so nice. It made me hopeful.

“Here you are.” Margaret said as she placed the dishes, drink, and condiment in front of us. “Enjoy!”

I glanced at Teal and he nodded, tilting his head. I followed his motion with my eyes and when I saw what he was gesturing to, licked my lips, exaggerating the motion, and then turned to dig in.

“How is it?” Sans asked after we had both taken a few bites.

I nodded. “Good, how about you? Y’know, it would make more sense to put the ketchup on the hash brown. That is what ketchup is for.”
He chuckled. “I know. but…”

I rolled my eyes. “Fine. Be weird.” I plopped a piece of pineapple into my mouth.

His eye-lights sparked, his normally hidden competitive nature shining through. “Fine. on one condition. you gotta do something for me first.”

“Okay, I’ll take a sip of plain ketchup then. How about that?” His eyes lit up as he smirked, and then nodded. I had learned a while ago that Sans was an alpha, despite his apparent and put-upon laziness. It was an interesting side to the otherwise laidback guy I had grown to love unconditionally.

I narrowed my eyes. “But,” I added. “you have to promise to eat the whole plate.”

He groaned. “Fine. I promise.”

“Good. Hand it over.” He obeyed, and I took a sip just as the sound of a clatter caught everyone’s attention.

“Oh, sorry! Everything’s fine.” Tracey, a newer waitress, assured nervously.

Margaret came over and inspected what had made her coworker trip. “Teal, can you make sure this carpet is lying flat? If Tracey can trip on it, children can, too. We don’t want any accidents.”

“Be there in a second, ma’am.” Teal replied, adjusting something quickly before coming over. In his hand, he had a roller. The handle caught my attention; it was green.

Sans exhaled. “Well, that could have been bad.”

I nodded. “Okay, I took a sip.” I opened my mouth to show the orange on my tongue. “It’s whatever, I guess.”

“Thanks for trying.” I handed the bottle back over. As promised, he began pouring the contents onto the remainder of his hash browns, which was about half the plate. Picking his fork back up, he
gestured to the meal. “bone appetite.”

“Dork.” I responded teasingly.

He took the first bite, and immediately gagged. “what…?!”

I snorted before doubling over. “YES!” I cheered, drawing the attention of everyone.

“Did he fall for it?” Cynthia asked excitedly.

“Heck yeah, he did!” I pointed to the skeleton, currently coughing into his napkin.

“wh…wa…t…haaa…did…ck…haaa…y…you…d-do?”

Cynthia placed some water beside his plate. “You have no idea how hard we worked just to pull this off?”

He looked up at her, blue magic brimming in his sockets. “…?” He moaned pitifully.

“Everything for the last couple days was carefully planned.” Teal explained.

“Shall we explain how we got you?” Margaret asked with a smirk. Sans wheezed, nodding. “Drink the water. It will help.”

As Sans gulped down the glass’s contents, I began to explain. “Teal was in charge of making sure our Souls gave nothing away. He gave little signs, like right now, he was using tools with specific colored handles to let us know to keep going or stop if we were giving anything away.

“Cynthia is a trained actor, and with Teal’s help, her Soul never wavered. Margaret was backup because with her experience, a lot of things don’t phase her. Tracey helped me find your weaknesses. She was the one who noticed little adjustments in your body language that gave you away and confirmed my suspicions that you have heightened senses, which included hearing and taste.”
“We knew that you had overheard ____ and I talking about getting you tonight while I was cleaning the bathroom.” Teal added. “We coordinated so that ____ was given codes that sounded like one thing, but meant another.”

I pointed to my engagement ring. “I used some of your magic and made the ring a tracker. Whenever you were close enough while my magic was in use – and I mean just a bit in use, it would vibrate. So, if I wanted you to hear something, you would. If I didn’t, we would change subjects.”

“I pretended to trip on the carpet.” Tracey added. “We all know I’m clumsy, so it was easy to pretend. It was a distraction.”

I grinned, pointing to the condiment bottle. “Using our Bond, I converted my magic to act like yours and used one of your shortcuts to switch the bottles while Tracey gave the distraction, so you wouldn’t see me use my magic. So, what was originally ketchup was swapped out with a waiting bottle of spicy hot sauce. And you promised me you would eat it all.”

Sans had never looked so scared as he lowered the napkin. Having washed the hot sauce out of his mouth with the water, he could finally speak, “…i have no words. you got me. heh, that’s what i get for acting so superior where pranks are concerned. you won. you have bested me. i feel like i should be sad about that, but i only feel proud. after all, this is a first. and……wait! i really have to eat more of this?”

I lost it, laughing as he slumped forward, elbows on the table with his head propped pitifully onto his hands. Having witnessed the reveal and getting the whole story, the rest of the room began to fill with the laughter of the other resort-goers.

“Nah, I take it back.” I said when I had more control. “You look too sad. I’m just glad we finally got you. So, as long as you admit it to everyone that you got pranked by me and these lovely people, you don’t have to eat any more of it.”

He sighed in relief. “okay, i promise i will. this is a first. you have beat the prank master.”

“Dude.” I deadpanned. “We got you once. That’s hardly winning.”

“It’s a start.” He replied with his Wink™ and a shrug.
I sighed. “I guess you’re right.” My helpers cheered, congratulating each other. I joined them, not paying Sans any attention.

“You found yourself a fine girl.” Teal told him as he patted his shoulder.

“you have no idea.” Sans replied. “my soul mate is the best.”

Chapter End Notes

8P *fart noises intensified*
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Just an FYI, the April Fools chapter happened in an alternate reality. I'm not changing the date for this. Sorrerrrry!

nosorry.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

twenty

“Holy shit! He totally tricked us!” Kara cried. “Ugh! I shoulda seen this coming.”

Sans and I had just announced our engagement. The others were ecstatic and for the first day back, no work was done. Sans foresaw this, however, and announced a free day to celebrate our upcoming union.

“I’m s-surprised this didn’t get out sooner.” Alphys added. “Considering there were people around t-to see the ring and then blab about it.”

“It just goes to show that not everyone cares about money from publicity.” I reminded, smiling up at my fiancé.

“are you referring to sandy when you say that?” He asked playfully, letting his hip sway and bump into me. Damn, those hips are sexy.

“…Maybe.” I replied sheepishly, trying to ignore my inner thoughts. Sans had wider hips than me, but he managed to look incredibly sexy despite that.
He smirked. “oh, good. i was worried you might be referring to someone else.” He clapped a hand on my shoulder and pulled me against him to press a kiss to the side of my temple.


“So, when’s the date?” Naomi asked casually.

“not sure yet.” Sans answered honestly. It was a topic we had only begun to discuss the night before. The date needed to be significant but not at the same time as any major holidays.

“Make sure you set it far enough in advance that people can come, and everything is ready on time. It also has to be soon enough that you can enjoy your youths.” Kara inputted smugly.

“that’s not really an issue since i don’t age.” Sans verified. “and since we finally bonded our souls, aging has slowed. this coming birthday will officially be her last, though i don’t mind celebrating it every year.” By bonding with Sans, my aging had begun to slow. A week and a half after my twenty-fifth birthday, it would stop completely.

I sighed. “I’ll be as old as you.”

“i feel like you’re calling me ancient.” He teased as he nipped my ear playfully, much to my displeasure. A squee interrupted my reply and I turned to see…vibrating humans. That’s not normal, is it?

Turning back to Sans, I replied, “No, I’m not.” I swatted him away and rubbed my ear. “I meant that we’ll be the same age forever, or until we die. Whichever. Anyway, don’t bite me.”

“s’called nipping.”

“Don’t nip me, then.”

“no promises.”
“Sans, quit trolling your fiancé.” Ben sighed.

“i’m not trolling.” Liar! Even his voice, which deepened into that sexy husky sound, was trolling me, for goodness sake. And right in my ear, too.

“Yeah, you are, dude.” Nate replied. Kara and Naomi nodded. The others snickered.

“why are you all ganging up on me?” Sans whined with a pout, placing his hand over his ribcage. “so mean.”

“If we don’t, you’re just gonna continue to harass poor ____.” Kara retorted, pulling me from his arms. She began to pet my head. “Poor thing has been through **enough.**”

I didn’t know what to say, but the feeling of Kara petting my hair felt weird. “Thanks. Can you stop that now?”

More laughter ensued.

“This can’t be true.”

“I’m afraid it is. So, what are you going to do?”

“Try harder!”

“Just stop this already! They clearly want nothing to do with you! I can support you until we find a suitable–”

“No! I won’t give up!”

“…”
“You’ll see! I will win this!”

SLAM!

“Do you think I should have told her about the Soul Bond?”

“No. We need to tear it all down first. ____ ____ is the key.”

“You really think so?”

“If they are bonded, getting rid of her will destroy him.”

“But what about our–”

“Destroy him first and then she will come running back as long as she doesn’t know we are responsible.”

“I see. Very good.”

“What are your thoughts?”

“Mmmm, not much yet, I’m afraid. Only pieces. But maybe…”

“Hmm?”

“Nothing. I need to call some people.”

“Be careful.”

“Ha! I’m not like you!”
“…”

“Oh, shut up. I’m far smarter than you. After all, it’s your fault that—”

“No, it’s not. I have been a g–”

“Don’t interrupt me. Don’t forget why you are here?”

“…”

“Exactly. Mind your manners.”

“…Yes, ma’am.”

“Much better.”

“…”

“I’m off now. I’ll expect you to be gone when I come back.”

“Yes…”

“Farewell.”

“I think if we have the wedding on the twenty-fifth of any month, it will hold a lot of significance.” I explained. My birthday was the next day, so I could afford to say I was twenty-five. “We’re both twenty-five forever, after all.”
Sans and I were both sitting cross-legged on the California king-sized bed we shared. Littered around us were schedules, calendars, a tablet, and Sans’ personal computer, which he was currently typing away on.

“okay, so given the preference and the amount of time it would take to get everything done, i’d say we could have a decent wedding in two months. however, i’d rather it be special, if not grand, so let’s add a bit more time.”

“Or how about we do it here?” I pointed on the calendar.

“april twenty-fifth? is that special in a way?”

I giggled. “My thought is that it’s April, whose first day is known as April Fools. And since you’re a prankster, it is perfect. And having the twenty-five in there makes it so the whole age thing is accounted for. April also happens to be the fourth month, and four is my lucky number.”

“hmmm, i like your reasoning. and that gives us plenty of time to do everything.”

“Who’s paying? I think it’s traditional that the bride’s family does–”

“nope!” He interrupted in a non-negotiable tone.

“What?” I sputtered.

“__, sweetheart, babe, love of my life…do you remember who i am?” He gave me a look, daring me to object. However, that look didn’t help the fire beginning to rage below my abdomen. I don’t think Sans realized just how breathtakingly sexy he was. His voice alone could make me orgasm.

“Um…” I replied with all the smarts of a braindead fool.

“i’m literally the richest person in the world. if i can’t pay for my own wedding, what the shit am i doing?” He rolled his eye-lights, which didn’t help my current situation at all.
“Um…” Oh my god, _____! Say something a little more intelligent than that. “Balloons.” What the fuck, _____?!

“sorry? what about balloons?” Damnit, stop being sexy! Stop! “are you okay?” I could feel the heat traveling swiftly up to encompass my face. “oooooooh, i see.” Even the way his mouth rolled the ‘o’ was too much.

With a snap of his fingers, all the objects littering the bed were teleported elsewhere. “c’mere, babe. i’ll take care of you.” His knowing look was making me both furious and overly aroused, a battle that really wasn’t helpful in any person.

He rolled his eye-lights again, this time with a sigh to accompany it, and reached over to pull me close. I barely began struggled before his teasing fingers and hot breath had me succumbing to his sexual advances.

My only thoughts were how unfair it was that he had so much power over me. It also made me wonder if he would be nearly this amazing if he weren’t so filthy rich. For me, he would, but I wondered what others might think. All thoughts on the matter were forgotten as he began to remind me how talented he was.

Chapter End Notes

I have a question for you: Who would like a one-shot about an alternate timeline where Sans is just ONE of the richest people in the world, not the richest (in fact, others have more)? So everything is basically the same except that Gaster Industries and Sans are worth roughly a billion (like many others) instead of a decillion. So the gist would be that socially, things would be different since a lot of the world is interested in him in the canon UtS because of his money.

Codewords:
YaY if you want this.
NaY is you don't.
MeH if you don't care. XD
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Can I just point out that I have never gotten this many kudos, hits, etc on a current fic before? Thank you guys so much! Mwah! *kiss*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

twenty-one

“I insist on crafting your dress.” Mettaton informed me, waving the wedding invitation he had received that day to indicate what he was talking about. As if that was unclear given that I never wore dresses.

“Um, only if you go by the design I made.” I replied. “I designed an outfit for me and Sans.”

“Oooooooooooh!” Oh no! “When was this?”

“Two and a half years ago, give or take.” I mumbled, hoping he hadn’t heard me.

“That is so precious!” He cried, ignoring me briefly as I drooped. “If your designs are as perfect as I think they will be, you have yourself a deal!”

“what’s going on?” Sans almost growled as he walked over. “you’re not harassing my fiancé, are you metts?”

“Oh no, darling! But what we are talking about is confidential to all future-husbands! So, if you don’t mind, I’m going to take the lovely _____ to discuss wedding planning.”

“why am i now allowed to know?” He asked, hands on his hips. “sounds like a bunch of bs.”
I chuckled uneasily. “Actually, Mettaton is right about this. Specifically, it’s bad luck to see a bride, in her wedding attire, before she’s walking down the aisle on her wedding day.”

“ohhh…dina mentioned that.” He sighed, shrugging bigheartedly. “okay, fine. i gotta check in with ben and nate about some stuff anyway.” And yet he said it in a way that clearly sounded like an excuse. I turned my face to hide the smirk.

“You better not try anything, Sansy darling–”

don’t call me that.” Sans deadpanned.

“I swear if I find out you got even a peek at dear ____’s wedding dress, you are going to regret it.” He continued like Sans hadn’t interrupted, visible eye narrowed. “I know how curious you can be.”

Sans made a face and turned away so that he was looking at the robot with only one of his eye-lights. “trust me, mettaton. the last thing i want is to ruin ___ and my special day because i was too damn curious to know what she was wearing.” He sounded threatening. “i’ll be patient and wait with bated breath to see my lovely bride when she walks down the aisle. and don’t you worry, the other ring is already good to go.” With a flash, he was gone, his cackling echoing off the walls of the large room.

“Oh, I swear.” Mettaton sighed. “He can be so dramatic sometimes.”

“Really, Mettaton?” This coming from him.

“No, wait! I meant even more so than me, and that’s saying something. Right, darling?”

I chuckled. “Okay, that makes more sense.”

“Oh…my goodness, ____! This is beautiful!” Mettaton was a fan. Yay. “I love the galaxy theme. And is this what I think it is? That’s genius. He won’t expect it.”
In my private office back in Sans and my home, where only I had the key, I had stored the concepts for what I wanted my wedding to look like. Mettaton had asked, and received, permission to do the planning for the wedding. However, he had to agree that my concepts would be used. Thankfully, he was delighted by my designs and loved my thought process.

We were currently looking at the dress I would wear. It was an original design that consisted of shiny white and galaxy/starry sky patterned fabrics. Additionally, it had star and planet pins, with the Milky Way’s swirl design clip on my head, holding the veil. Additionally, I would wear a choker the same bleu as his magic. Mettaton was also excited about the little surprise the dress had in store.

I snorted. “I know. I thought it would be a nice surprise. After all, it will make dancing so much easier.”

Mettaton squealed, making a noise I had never heard him make before. “I can’t think of anything that could make this more perfect, more you! Oh, and I love the groom’s design. It will look so good on that sexy bone boy.”

“Hey, you have Pap! Don’t steal my skeleton!” I teased. “Leave this sexy bone boy with me!”

He scoffed. “Trust me. I have no desire to steal your true love from you, dear. I am far more interested in reminding him of how lucky he is to have you. You are brilliant, like the brightest star.”

“The sun?” I drawled.

“Oh hush.”

I grinned and looked back down at the design for Sans’ outfit. Like mine, it was the combination of white and starry sky patterned fabric. It consisted of a shiny white formal long-sleeved button-up shirt, a vest with the same galaxy patterns as my dress embroidered across it, the single button holding it closed being the same swirling shape of the Milky Way. Accompanying it would be a nice blue tie the same hue as his magic and my choker, with trousers and jacket that both held subtler stars to go with the vest, a North Star pin on the jacket where normally a boutonniere would be. The shoes were regular black dress shoes.

“Oh, I am going to get started right away. Just make sure your skelebae knows to do a space or
galaxy-themed wedding. Otherwise, you won’t match your surroundings.” He took my drawings, made a copy using my personal printer, took my measurements, and then left.

However, before he did, he made sure to remind me, “Dear, make sure you keep your perfect physique, or you won’t be able to fit in this masterpiece in time for your wedding.”

I sighed. “I will.” I waved after him as he sprinted off, somehow oozing elegance despite his stride.

“space themed? that’s good. i like it.” He grinned at me. “it’s very us. i’m a space nerd and you’re my shining star.” He almost mimicked Mettaton, though his voice went so low that my face heated up.

I snorted to ease myself back in. “Oh gee, thanks!”

“anytime, babe. i’m excited. barely a week and most have rsvp’d that they will be making it.”

“Who’s going to officiate our marriage?” I wondered.

“i asked asgore. but because this is an interspecies marriage, we need a human, too. thankfully, i got someone close to you to step in.”

“Oh my god! Don’t tell me! My uncle?”

“good guess!” He winked.

“Don’t worry, ____.” My Uncle Ernie assured me over the phone. “It’s an honor to help officiate your wedding. You know we’re all very proud of you.”
I squee’d. “I know. I’m mainly calling to make sure you know the changes.”

“All I know is that you’ve changed the wording so that it’s very open and non-religious for everyone’s sake. Is there anything else?”

I smiled. Uncle Ernie was a very open-minded man. Like the rest of my family, he thought of monsters as other people who looked different but were otherwise just doing what they needed to survive. So they were humans who didn’t look it. And had magic. But that was okay.

“Well, we’re both only doing one ring each. I’m already wearing mine. So, it’s just a matter of putting the other on his finger. I find wearing two rings to be a hassle.”

He chuckled. “No worries, ____. How about you give me a run-through of what to expect and we’ll work from there.”

“Okay, thanks for offering.” I looked down at my notes and began reading off the contents.

“WHAT?! We’re g-getting married at T-the Gale?” I sputtered as I looked at the imposing front of the resort in question. It was beautiful, each section a symmetrical marvel of clean and modern beauty. It was the place where countless famous people had come for events or, like us, to get married.

“yeah, i thought it would be perfect.” Sans replied with an easy grin.

“This place is super expensive.” I mumbled, knowing full well his response, but not caring.

“and…?” I could see him move in my peripheral to put his hands on his hips challengingly. This smug bastard!

“And I don’t know why I didn’t expect this. It’s just so unreal.” I had only ever dreamed of being here in person. Despite my family being well off, it didn’t mean we could afford to come to an ultra-
fancy resort like this. And thanks to Sans’ status in the world, he could get anything he chose.

Sans chuckled. “i know, but i did my research. you want the perfect wedding, you come here. they make it feel, and i quote, like magic.” He wiggled his fingers, his grin teasing.

“Okay…” I didn’t even want to fight him on this. “What now?”

He chuckled. “now? now we go inside.”

I was floored. Walking inside left me weak. Like meeting Sans for the first time after five years, I was trembling with nervous energy.

“calm down, babe.” Sans whispered in my ear, placing a kiss beside my eye. “it’s just a building. remember that.” There was a bit of teasing in his tone.

I ignored that nodded, breathing deeply. “Okay, I’m fine.”

“New to a life of luxury?” The woman who spoke was dressed in a pristine suit. She smiled softly. “My name is Amy Bell and I am here to assist you today. Allow me to give you a tour, Mister Sans Aster and the future Misses ____ Aster.” For once, Sans didn’t bother correcting her. Then again, he was smiling like the happiest dork in the world.

Throughout the tour, Sans had the smuggest look on his face. I knew it was from what The Gale’s employee had said upon greeting us. True enough, I planned to change my last name to Aster to fit with Sans. He knew that, too. But he didn’t have to be such an ass about it. It was funnier when I first told him over the holiday that I would be changing my name.

“seriously?” He seemed shocked.

“Yes…?” His reaction was very confusing.

“you really want to?” His bright pupils had dilated, becoming far bigger than I had ever seen them.
While it was probably the most adorable thing I had ever seen, the situation was weird and kind of scary.

“Yes. Is there something wrong with that?”

His behavior was making me worried he didn’t want me to. However, all worries were dashed when he screamed. I had never heard his voice go so high, and what was more shocking was when he got up and began running around like a maniac. He looked like a child on a sugar high who was told they were going to the greatest amusement park in the world. I couldn’t even laugh I was so stunned.

“thank you.” Sans’ voice pulled me from my thoughts. “this is perfect.”

True enough. But I was barely paying attention. Oh well, it probably was.

Amy smiled. “I’m glad. We will see you on April twenty-fifth. Have a great day!”

“You didn’t need to be so freaking smug back there.” I told him as he drove us back to our mansion. Despite being able to teleport, Sans owned a car because teleporting everywhere cost energy and sometimes, he didn’t know where something was to teleport to it.

“sorry. i just love that you’re gonna be misses ____ aster. stars, i’m gonna tease you so much during our honeymoon.” He had such a dreamy expression, I worried that he wasn’t paying attention to the road.

“Sans, I swear if you do, I won’t change it.” I glared at him. “I’ll stay ____ ____.”

That snapped him out of it. “well, it’s a bit late for that. the paperwork has already been submitted, so on april twenty-fifth, your last name is legally ‘aster’. and if you decide to call to nullify that or change it back or whatever, your still gonna be my misses. so tough bits.”
He grabbed my left hand and pulled it to his mouth, kissing the ring. That glint in his eye pissed me off. So did the smile he wore as he continued to hold my hand against his cheek.

“Sans, don’t.” I warned, igniting my aura. “Not unless you want to see a side of me you will regret bringing out.”

We were paused at a stoplight, so he looked over. He studied my face closely before humming, having found whatever it was he was looking for.

“okay, you win. i’ll hold back my teasing. but ya gotta let me mess with you a bit.”

I sighed, smiling gently. “If it’s the stuff you usually do, I can deal with that.”

His grin returned. “cool.”

Chapter End Notes

Guess who has a bit of writer's block/motivation again? me. 8T
“Have you seen her yet?” Kara asked excitedly, fully gussied up like she was attending a royal ball. The royal purple and lavender looked beautiful against her darker skin.

“No, I’m not allowed to.” Sans groaned, losing his patience. This wasn’t the first time he was asked that question.

The night before, he and I had been separated for our bachelor and bachelorette parties. For Sans, it was a night at Grillby’s. For me, it was a night at the arcade. Nate had informed me through text that Sans refused to drink anything alcoholic and had tried to leave – probably to find me – when he thought his friends were too drunk to stop him. He was wrong, and had whined to Nate or sat around moaning the rest of the night.

The only part of my night that wasn’t good was sleeping without Sans beside me. I had grown used to the cuddly bone boy spooning me while we slept. I was grateful I had a full-nights sleep despite having to sleep in Dina’s house with a bunch of other girls.

“Well, you look amazing.” Kara gestured to this suit. With my designs and Mettaton’s handiwork, Sans’ wedding suit looked amazing. Form-fitting and perfect for Sans’ laidback and sexy persona, it was tailored perfectly. Currently, the jacket was elsewhere, the tie was thrown on but not done up, and the sleeves were rolled up to right below his elbows. “Very sexy.” She added with a smirked.

“I have a fiancé.” He replied dryly with his own smirk.

“Yep, and later today, she’ll be your wife.” The dark-skinned woman rolled her eyes. “Now stop sulking and smile for the guests.”

Sans stuck out his tongue, cross his eye-lights, and placed both hands on the side of his head. “Ish thish wight?”
“Ass.” Kara replied.

He chuckled, giving her a real smile. “true. but at least i own it.”

Turning, he went to greet a group of the guests. Family, friends, and business partners had been invited. Out of around four hundred people, more than three hundred had confirmed their attendance. Only some business partners and a couple friends who were oversees couldn’t make it.

“Sans, five minutes till we start.” Mettaton informed the skeleton as he handed him his suit jacket. Papyrus stood behind him in a regular formal suit with an orange tie. “Help him with this and his tie, Papy dear. I don’t trust him to do it right.”

“rude.” Sans retorted. No one paid him any mind.

“OF COURSE. COME HERE, SANS.” Sans sulked over to his brother.

“Make sure he follows the right cue.” Mettaton told his own Soul Mate as he kissed his smile. Papyrus glowed orange briefly, nodding eagerly.

“NOW SANS, AS YOUR BROTHER AND BEST MAN, I WILL BE WALKING DINA OUT. HOWEVER, YOU WILL BE WALKING OUT BY YOURSELF WHEN THAT LIGHT FLASHES.” He pointed to a bulb once he had finished making sure Sans was looking up to par. “NO TELEPORTING INTO THE ROOM.”


“I MEAN IT.”

“okay.”

“DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME, SANS?”
“yep.”

“UGH, I KNOW THAT LOOK.”

“okay.”

“SANS…”

The bulb flashed, and Sans grinned cheekily before disappearing in a flash of blue light.

“SANS!” Papyrus growled quietly.

“He’s such a sasshole.” Dina grumbled.

“A WHAT?”

“It means he’s a sassy asshole.” I explained. “I don’t know if I invented it, but I thought up that word a while back. Perfectly sums up that cheeky dork.”

“WOW, SISTER! YOU LOOK AMAZING!”

I blushed at the new name, smile growing. But I couldn’t help but agree. The outfit fit me like a glove. It was perfect and with the subtle makeup and hairdo, I felt stunning as I saw my reflection.


At that moment, the music started.

“AH, THAT’S OUR CUE.” Papyrus turned to Dina. “M’LADY…”

“Oh, what a gentleman.” Dina sighed, pretending to swoon. “Too bad you’re taken.”
“NYEH HEH HEH! NOT TO WORRY! I’M SURE YOU’LL FIND SOMEONE WHO IS ALMOST AS GREAT AS I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS. NOW, LET US BE OFF! WAIT FOR ALL OF US AND COUNT TO TEN BEFORE ENTERING, TOO, SISTER.” I nodded and watched them, and the other bridesmaids and groomsmen pair up and walk inside.

After my cousins walked in with Grillby and Alphys, I looked at my mother and father. “Well, shall we?” They nodded and looping their arms through mine, we entered the room.

The crowd was enormous as and the amount of people I saw seemed endless. As we began the walk, Alphys and Jenna stepped off to their posts so that there was nothing standing in the way of Sans and I except for the aisle.

Sans looked on in awe, as though he was trying to figure out if he was dreaming. His pupil had dilated, and his mouth hung open. I grinned, feeling giddy, and let my aura ignite as we got closer. There were gasps, but I paid them no mind. I kept my eyes on Sans, ignoring the chuckling of my co-workers and giggles of some family members and friends as my aura sent off little white hearts that dispersed shortly after.

As we got to the front, I pulled my aura back in and allowed my hand to rest on the hand of my Soul Mate. My parents had already taken their seats. Taking one final step, I regarded Sans lovingly before we both turned to Asgore and my Uncle Ernie.

Asgore began, “We are gathered here today to unite two Souls in loving matrimony…”

I was only half paying attention, and from the glances I kept receiving from the skeleton who kept hold of my hand, he didn’t seem to be paying our officiators much attention either. However, he had no problem replying when it was his turn to speak.

Sans’ part was simple, but very him. As he described our first encounter nearly seven years before and the happiness he felt after finding me again. It all warmed my heart.

“And so I promise to keep you safe, and love you for as long as we live.”

My part was a lot like his, but I added more metaphors and poetic wording, letting my creativity run wild. However, it was just as meaningful and felt right. From the look Sans gave me and the murmurs around me, it was right by everyone else, too.
“…So, I promise that I will rely on you, help you in times of need, and love you indefinitely and unconditionally, regardless of the circumstances we might face.”

With our personal promises done, our vows were next. Given that we would only receive one ring each, Sans made it more meaningful by giving the band a kiss. When it was my turn, I retrieved the ring – black instead, holding white gems with almost microscopic rainbow specks crafted in swirling designs that I designed years ago – and placed it on his left ring finger as I said my vows.

“We pronounce you husband and wife.” Asgore announced.

“You may now kiss the bride.” My uncle finalized.

I wrapped my arms around Sans’ neck as he used one hand to pull my waist, so my body was flush against him and his other hand pulled my face to his in a passionate kiss. A couple seconds later, we parted to the cheers of the crowd.

“Congratulations!” Dina squealed as she looped her arms around my shoulder. “Oh my gawd! You’re married now!”

“Still gotta sign the papers, Dina.” I reminded. While most of the guests had went off to the reception to get ready for the party, a small group that included Sans, me, and a few of our family and friends waited to sign the legal papers. My parents, Dina, my cousins, Cynthia, and Kara were the witnesses for me. Papyrus, Nate, Ben, Toriel, Asgore, Alphys, and Grillby were witnesses for Sans.

After I signed my last name as Aster, I could feel Sans’ becoming giddy. When I was finished, and we were waiting on the others as witnesses, Sans brought me close.

“you look beautiful.” He whispered in my ear. “you’re absolutely stunning, misses aster. my ____, my love.” He drew me into a kiss, chuckling against my lips. “ugh, i can’t help it. i’m gonna tease you just a bit.”

“Remember our agreement.” I reminded him before kissing his cheek.
“i know. i will. i promise.” He hummed.

“You guys gonna keep being mushy or are we gonna go party?” Dina asked smugly.

“let’s see. i would go with the former, but i’m pretty sure my wife will get mad at me if i do.” Oh, this cheeky bastard.


Sans flushed blue, sputtering a bit before finally being consumed by laughter. “okay, okay! i deserved that.”

As the others entered the party, Sans and I waited to be officially announced.

Sans regarded me softly. “want me to pick you up and transport you in there?”

I raised a brow. “Hmm, nah. You’ll have time to do that later. For now, we’ll both walk in, together, as equals.”

He grinned widely. “okay, sounds good.”

“And now,” Mettaton’s metallic voice bellowed through the speakers, “may I present to you, Mister and Misses Sans and ____ Aster!”

The doors were flung open and Sans and I walked into the room of cheering, clapping, and whistling people.

“are you ready, wifey-poo?” Sans growled teasingly into my ear.
I grinned back at him, expression mischievous. “Ready when you are, *hubby-poo*.”

Chapter End Notes

Raise your hand if you squee’d at least once by the end of this!
The party room of The Gale was enormous, decked completely in stars, planets, and other space themes. The tables were organized by planets, including Pluto since I was adamantly be used.

As Sans and I sat down at the center of our table, the Moon, with our bridesmaids and groomsmen, I looked around. My parents, uncle, the monster royals, and Frisk occupying the ‘Earth’ to our left, the admins of Gaster Industries – and Undyne – sat at ‘the Sun’, and the others were dotted at the remaining tables with the other guests.

The walls had projectors displaying the planets and space, scenes from famous space-themed movies, and more. Hanging from the ceiling were glowing stars and planets taking the place of a disco ball and giving off enough light for easy sight.

“It’s beautiful.” I murmured. “You…I…everyone who helped make this possible did a fantastic job.”

Sans chuckled. “I agree. however, i’m far more interested in the most beautiful thing in this room. though, calling you a thing is considered very rude.”

I turned to him, eyebrow raised. “You trying to be smooth?”

“mmmmaybe, is it working?” He Winked™.

I sighed. “Kinda.”

He snorted. “well, i’m glad.”

“All right, everyone!” Mettaton called out with the help of the speakers. “It’s time for the new married couple’s first dance.” I recognized that sparkle in his eye. It was time!
Sans removed his jacket and tie before rolling up the sleeves of his crisp white shirt back to just below his elbows. Unbuttoning only the very top of the shirt, Sans turned to me, reaching out his hand – the new ring glistening faintly in the calm light – and waited for me to take it.

As he led me to the dancefloor, I glanced at Mettaton who nodded. I nodded back before turning to Sans. “Follow my lead.” I whispered. He blinked, eyes dilating briefly, before he registered what I said and nodded just as the music for **Kill the Lights** began.

Like when we ice skated, Sans followed my direction, feeling it and using the intent through our bond. However, what he didn’t feel was what I was planning.

When the first two parts were done, and the chorus began, I pulled off the Milky Way broaches on my hip, detaching the enormous princess-ballgown skirt off and revealing the star-covered leggings and galaxy boots underneath the thin, light-weight skirt that was waiting underneath the ballgown the whole time. With our dancing, this better skirt – that was longer in the back, reaching to my knees, and mid-thighs in the front – flew out and danced with us as we twisted and twirled as one.

*Kill the lights and look right at me*
*Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel*
*Kill the lights and touch my body*
*Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel*
*Come spin me around, let's get lost in the sound*
*Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel*
*Touch my body, kill the lights tonight*

I had to hand it to him. Despite his initial shock, Sans didn’t let his emotions mess up our dancing and overall performance. In the moments I used to throw the heavy detached skirt to Mettaton, who caught it flawlessly, Sans was back in and moving without a hitch.

Most couples wouldn’t even dance this perfectly together unless they were good dancers and planned beforehand. Sans and I didn’t need to worry about our synchronicity because we were far more aware of each other and worked so well together that we could shift to accommodate on the fly. It also helped that we were both skilled in the art of dancing.

*Let's live our life, tomorrow doesn't always come*
*Don't try to hide, let's have some fun*
*You can't rely on anything or anyone*
*Who fights the love you have inside*
Oh no, don't run away from your love
No, no, don't turn away from the heart of the groove
From the way that we move
Kill the lights, we can't lose

Kill the lights and look right at me
Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel
Kill the lights and touch my body
Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel
Come spin me around, let's get lost in the sound
Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel
Touch my body, kill the lights tonight

Eventually, our magic had begun to play a role in our dancing. For us, it was a show of our
dedication and love for one another. For the rest, it was an intense display of wonders, a spectacle
that left everyone in awe. To our audience, it was a show. For us, it was a testament. Regardless, we
were happy to prove our commitment to each other.

Kill the lights
Kill the lights
Close your eyes
Close your eyes
Kill the lights
Kill the lights
Close your eyes
Close 'em, close 'em, close 'em

Kill the lights and look right at me
Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel
Kill the lights and touch my body
Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel
Come spin me around, let's get lost in the sound
Close your eyes, you can see me by the way that I feel
Touch my body, kill the lights tonight

Like a lot of performances, we ended our dance after a dip, with Sans snapping me back up into a
passionate kiss. Our audience went wild with thunderous applause. Panting, I giggled up at Sans
who couldn’t help himself as he lifted me up and spun me.

“i was not expecting that!” He managed to shout above the noise. Coming from a guy who normally
is either just loud enough or soft-spoken, i was amazed he was capable of shouting.

“I know! That’s the point!” I replied just as loudly, reaching up to kiss the top of his skull.
The wedding party continued. Without parents of his own to dance with, Sans decided to dance with my mother instead, simultaneous with the father-daughter dance. Both dances were nowhere near as complex as the one Sans and I did, and only included soft swaying in time with the music.

The food was a hybrid cuisine, made of both monster and human food. There was fully monster food, fully human food, and a mix of both. The favorite amongst humans happened to be the last option, as it was filling and restored energy.

We kept a lot of traditions, like cutting the cake – courtesy of Muffet, a spider monster. There was more dancing, conversing, a lot of laughing, and some human and monster traditions. Sans took great pride in ripping the garter that was conveniently hidden in plain sight, locking gazes with me – with a mischievous look and Wink™ to make me blush.

Making it like a slingshot, Sans’ gaze continued to pierce me as he released it as the crowd of guys. A startled high-pitched yelp had him whip around to see the garter halfway into his brother’s socket.

“shit! pap, you okay?!”

“I guess that means I am next to be married.” He replied in a quiet voice as he pulled it out of his socket carefully and looked at the star-struck galaxy-and-white-clad robot.

Sans groaned. “yeah, yeah, okay. just…do it right, bro.”

“OF COURSE!” Pap grinned brightly. “EXPECT NOTHING LESS FROM I, THE GREAT PAPYRUS! NYEH HEH HEH!”

It was my turn to throw the bouquet. I looked at Sans, a worried look on my face. He gestured to go on. I sighed, closed my eyes tightly, whispered an apology in advance just in case, and threw.

There was a chorus of squeals before one voice rang victorious as Dina cheered, bouquet in hand. “Hell yeah!”
“Do you even have a partner?”

Dina grinned. “You don’t know everything about me.” She winked. “I keep a lot of things secret just in case, ____.”

I shrugged. “Whatever you say!” She merely grinned in response.

The party continued for another hour more before everything wound down completely. By then, it was just past midnight and most of the guests had left for the night. I rested against Sans as the last of the guests, including my parents, Nate, and Kara resolved the plans for what to do while Sans and I were away. I nodded off completely as Sans hoisted me up and brought me into a limousine, where I drifted off completely to a soft humming from my new husband.
OMG I don't know why I haven't posted this chapter yet! It was supposed to be posted a few days ago and I don't know what happened! I'm so sorry! (dies)

ENJOY Sans being a turd...and Reader making his jealous of a seal because of it! XD
Oh, and I did research on the Atlantis Resort...somewhere...for the editing of this chapter. But I increased the price because...obvious reasons.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

twenty-four

I woke up on my stomach, my head to the side and away from the morning light, in a comfy bed, with a weight on my back. Shifting a millimeter, I felt familiar arms around my midsection, the head burrowed into my hair, legs in between mine, and recognized the morning wood resting against the soft cushion of my butt. I rolled my eyes behind my lids and couldn’t stop the smile that took hold of my lips.

Despite Sans being almost completely on top of me, his weight only kept me warm, not suffocated. The blanket that he must have tossed over us before following me to dreamland was resting at our ankles. And despite his skeletal physique, any pointy edges that I would normally feel on a regular skeleton were non-existent in these circumstances. Which is **odd**, but definitely **not bad**.

I was glad that we were on our honeymoon, and thus any housekeepers that came around knocked before entering. I suffered from a lot of embarrassment one day when Sans’ housekeeper, a part time employee at Gaster Industries, forgot to knock and walked in on us completely nude and asleep. It was a very interesting morning, with a guffawing half-covered skeleton, a furious mage telling him off for laughing, and a mortified college student all in one room – in a word, chaos.

Given that, obviously, Sans didn’t care and assured her at work that it was okay. The poor girl – Celia – might have been scarred for life and I treated her to lunch because I felt bad since Sans did laugh at her. At least she learned to always knock. She and I developed a sort of sisterly relationship as time went on.
I sighed, and then cringed as I felt my bladder twinge uncomfortably. I tried to free myself from my skeletal cage, but Sans wasn’t having that. A growl emanated from his bare ribs as he pulled me closer.

“Sans, I gotta peeeeee!” I whined. “Le’ggo!”

“…rrrrrr…” Was his growling reply.

His fingers traveled lower and I squeaked as they traveled into dangerous territory. My aura flared up, the force pushing the skeleton off me with a hurt whine. I jumped up and sprinted into the bathroom, barely making it to the toilet.

I exhaled a deep, loud groan as the relief took hold. “That was too close.”

“babe, why’d you do that?” The whiner called out. I expected him to press himself against the door, but given how lazy he was…

“I needed to pee. I almost didn’t make it because of you.”

“oh. oops.” He chuckled sheepishly. “d’that mean yer comin’ back to bed after?”

I huffed. “Yes. But we gotta eat, too.”

“okay. room service it is.”

Wait! “Where are we?” In my rush to pee, I didn’t look around.

“i would much rather you come out and see for yourself than just have me tell ya, babe. if you still don’t know once you come out here, i’ll tell ya.” He paused. “pancakes and eggs good?”

I nodded, and then realized he couldn’t see that. “Yeah, that’s good.”
“cool. i’m ordering now.” I heard the telling sound of the phone and his unintelligible mumbles through the door as I flushed and washed my hands. I exited the bathroom as he finished. “c’mere.”

As I assumed upon waking up, we were both naked. Our clothes were on a sofa in the corner. However, when exiting the bathroom, that was the least of my concern.

Outside the window, which incorporated one whole side of the room, the ceiling far above us and befitting a chapel’s ceiling more than a hotel room, was the ocean. The ‘morning light’ glittered off the water and made the opposing walls of our room a dazzling display of light.

The room was huge, containing a lounge area, bedroom, full-sized bathroom, and small kitchenette and dining table. While it was smaller than the room at the winter resort, it was still massive in comparison to other hotel rooms I had been to…y’know, before I met Sans and during our ‘separation’.

Looking out the window, I watch a school of fish swim by, a crab trot along the floor, a sting ray glide over the rocky crevices, and was that a shark? I looked away, not a fan of the bigger fish. Given that this was essentially a personal aquarium, staying here must have cost a fortune. Not that Sans couldn’t afford it.

“Wow.” I mumbled as I felt Sans wrap his arms around my chest. “How much…?”

“why do you wanna know?” He murmured into my hair, a soft chuckle in his voice.

“Gee, I wonder.” I replied dryly.

He released the chuckle, letting it tease my skin and hair. “don’t worry about it.” Oh, c’mon!

“I’m worrying.” I replied simply, a smirk playing across my lips.

He hummed in amusement, peppering kisses into my hair and along the parts of my face he could reach from his place behind me. “we’re here for a month. i bought the full majestic package, minus a few things since i know we won’t do them. although, it’s an easy add-on if you change your mind.”
“So, let’s see.” I held up the pamphlet that displayed all the packages for a stay at this resort.

He gawked. “____, babe! no! c’mon! don’t just–”

“Holy shit! Five hundred thousand–wait! Add that, this…and…”

He ripped the pamphlet from my hand. “you’re so mean.”

I grabbed his phone. “Fine. Have it your way.” I unlocked it and opened his email and scrolled. “Holy shit! That’s…a lot of money.”

“i can afford it! uh mah gawd, stahp!” He snatched the phone and use his free hand to hold me against him while keeping the phone away. “you are mean!” I retorted by sticking my tongue out.

A knock made us pause and Sans released me and pointed to the bed as he pulled on a robe, pocketed the phone, and called out to the person on the other side of the door. Thirty seconds later, he joined me back near the bed with a rolling tray in tow, our food glistening beautifully on the plates.

“dig in, sweetheart.” Sans purred, already at ease once more.

“Don’t mind if I do.” I cooed back, still smug.

“pfffff! babe, look at this!”

Having showered and gotten dressed, Sans and I were lounging. Sans had been browsing on his tablet while I had read about events and popular attractions this resort, Aquamarine, had to offer.

Getting up and walking over, I looked over Sans’ shoulder at his tablet where the news was
displayed. As I read, Sans explained, “i had it leaked that our wedding was today instead of two days ago and gave a false address. let’s just say the media is not pleased.”

Sure enough, the article talked about the misinformation. Several of the press were photographed on the site of a landfill, one of them flipping off the camera man.

I raised a brow. “When was that information released?”

“nate released it when he left after the wedding.” He replied with a smirk. “we had it ready to be sent out anonymously and it was one of the things i talked to him about before we left to come here.”

“You are totally trolling the media.” I sighed. I couldn’t hide the small smile, however.

“yes i am.” He replied proudly – he would be proud. “i consider myself a connoisseur of trolling, media-related or otherwise. i know exactly what to say, do, and how to get the best reactions. call it a hobby.”


“because i leave behind a story, despite the truth not being out there. and when i’m not trolling people, i’m portrayed as charming, debonair, intelligent, and sexy by fans and media alike. i would add bachelor to that list…if it was true.” Too fast for me to keep up, he turned and pounced, pulling me into a passionate kiss for added effect.

“You are too much.” I gasped when my lips were free. “And what’s even more shocking is that you manage to look sexy with and without clothes on, despite being only bones.”

“uh-uh-uh…bones and magic.” He Winked™, his magic manifesting into the shape of a specific organ on his pelvis. His predatory smirk was almost scary except that bone brows were wiggling obnoxiously.

“You are ridiculous.” I half-sighed, half-laughed. An interesting combination. I tried glaring to show I was serious.
“hey, if i’m not, people won’t have nearly as much fun.” He pressed kisses to my brows. “now, please stop frowning or i’ll have to use drastic measures.”

“Like what?” I glared at him.

“do you really want to know?” Damn him and his deep, sexy voice.

“…M-maybe some other time.”

“well then, smile for me, sweetheart.” He cooed, exaggerating what he wanted me to do with a twist of his mouth. Despite it looking funny, it was also incredibly charming, and I couldn’t fight back. I sighed, relaxing and letting my lips twitch into a smile against my will. “that’s my lady. c’mere!”

“hahahahahahaaaa!”

“See, see! This is why we can’t do nice things!” Despite the meme, I was serious.

Sans decided that he wanted to prank some of the sea life being exhibited, and the result was an angry, honking seal that now had a bone to pick with Sans. The skeleton laughed harder; now that we had been bonded for a while, he could hear my thoughts and got more excited every time I punned or joked in my head.

The staff were not happy with Sans and asked for me to remove my husband from the area. I apologized profusely and pushed him away and onto a couch outside the exhibit, where I told him to stay put until he decided to be mature. As soon as I got him to promise, I returned in case they needed assistance.

“I’m so sorry.” I said for what was probably the twentieth time. “I don’t know why he thought that was a good idea.”

“Probably too giddy.” One of the managers said. “We’ve had some visitors try some really stupid things in the past. Though, this definitely takes the cake. I can’t believe what I saw.”
“I know.” I cried, glancing over to the door where I could still hear the idiot laughing his tail bone off. “Will the seal be okay?”

“Hope so.” She rubbed her head irritably. “He’s very distressed. I just hope he’ll calm down before he hurts himself.”

I gasped. “Maybe I can try something.”

That got her attention. “What?” The laughter stopped, and I noticed the door ajar, Sans now watching intently from the other side, all previous amusement forgotten.

I decided to ignore the troublemaker for now as I activated my aura and held out my hand. “Maybe if I demonstrate with you first, you’ll understand.” The manager regarded me worriedly, but finally decided to take my hand.

“Whoa… I feel calm.” She mused softly.

“Exactly. I’ll calm the seal down with this. Do I have your permission?” I asked hopefully.

She hummed. “Let’s try it.”

“Amazing.” The manager gasped.

Sure enough, I had managed to calm the seal down. When I had first entered the room, the seal barked and honked aggressively. However, as my aura got closer, his aggression diminished. Now, he was sprawled lovingly on my lap, completely at ease as I pet him gently.

“You did very well, Bernard.” I cooed gently at the seal. “And you’re such a sweetie.”

“rrrrrr…” I turned and locked eyes with a growling skeleton, now pressed against the barrier between the seal and viewers. He jerked his head, a motion for me to come back to him. Oh boy,
someone was *jealous*.

I smirked, placing a gentle peck on the seal’s nose – the growling became louder as the manager and some fellow employees giggled behind him – before careful getting to my feet and exiting the seal’s room. I giggled as the sea creature flopped over and waved goodbye. I returned the gesture before following my skeletal mate back to our room.

“Gah!” I yelped as Sans flung me, naked again, back onto the bed. He joined me, in the same state, climbing on top of me, a dull growl vibrating from his chest.

“Why are you being so harsh?” I snapped. “Calm. Down.”

“no, you’re mine.” He rumbled, pulling me firmly against him.

“Oh no, heaven **forbid** I fall in love with a seal!” I drawled sarcastically. “For crying out loud, Sans, stop being jealous of the animal you were laughing your bones apart about not even an hour ago.”

He quirked a brow at me. “you gave that **thing** a kiss.”

“I only did it to tease you, ya dingus. His nose was wet and gross. I literally looked at you with mischievous intent before doing that. Our thoughts are connected now. You should **know** this.”

I pulled his head to me and kissed him passionately to prove my point. He rumbled contentedly and pressed back firmly, fighting for dominance. I finally pulled back, earning a needy whine. “Shush, you. Look, I **love** you! **You**, bonehead!” He withered a bit, so unlike his usual self. “That you think a seal can take me away from you is probably the stupidest thing you have considered. It was your damn fault that mess even happened. You have no one to blame but yourself.”

I glared harder, my intent sparking my aura dangerously as I made my point. “Not me. Not the seal. **You**! Now, **chill** out!”

He whined again, ignoring my pun much to my annoyance, but was a lot calmer as he buried his skull into the crook of my neck, creating a cage around me with the rest of his body. He was finally calming down, and soon enough, I could hear his soft snoring.
I huffed, smiling, as I used my aura to pull the covers over us. “You’re such a dingus.” I whispered amusedly. “But you’re my dingus.” I pressed a kiss to his vertebrae. “Sweet dreams, Sansy-Pansy.” He growled softly. Oh, someone doesn’t like that nickname. I need to remember that for later.

I grinned as I followed him to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

So, this chapter needed more edits than I realized. I also didn't think about how Sans would probably live in a pigsty since he wouldn't clean, so I added the housekeeper edition while editing. And I thought having the tidbit about the housekeeper, Celia walking in on Reader and Sans after they had sex...lol.

See! I don't torture characters by killing them. I torture them by messing with them and just making things so awkward (and funny). I love playing with the idea that Sans is an enormous troll and would totally not care if someone saw him naked since his junk isn't something that's present 24/7. So it's a 'like what you see' deal with a skeleton and the one viewing is just like 'OMG what is happening oh gawd stop help me!' and Sans just breaks down laughing and whatnot.

I would do that. Seriously, this Sans is literally a part of my personality- the shameless one. My shame increases and decreases with my mood and stuff. But I will gladly say embarrassing things about myself if it means I get a good reaction. That's what UtS Sans does. XD Now you see a bit into how I develop characters. And good news is that the Reader is aware Sans enjoys trolling people and so doesn't get jealous because she knows WHY he does it. And thus cleans up his mess. I want the reader to compliment Sans in a good way. Hope that worked!

Also, Sans would be jealous of a seal. And that nickname is something I would call him just to annoy him. So yeah...you know my secret nickname. >8D Use it wisely! Mwahahahaa!
Chapter Notes

I'm so sorry this took so long. It was pending for a while just in case. And I'm still unsure if this was ready to be posted because of some of the info.

Some of the following info might be confusing. So, if you need, please refer to bottom notes if you need a write up.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

twenty-five

Sans fell back against the plush material of our shared bed; the covers having been pushed out of the way. The bed was so huge that the big dingus was lying with his arms outstretched like a star and, yet, there was still plenty of room for me to do the same without touching him.

“aaaaaaaaaaaah, home sweet home.” He patted next to him. “come join me.”

I sighed, flattening my pale purple night shirt. Having just finished my business in the bathroom and ready for sleep, I followed my new husband’s example and hopped into bed. Sans was quick to pull the covers over us and draw me against him, face to face as he burrowed his skull into my hair affectionately.

“so, we go back to work tomorrow.” I wasn’t sure if he was sad about that or not. From his muffled voice, it could have been a simple statement.

“Yes, we do.” I confirmed simply. Though I made sure my tone conveyed my prodding to know what he was thinking about.

“you have a new position, as an admin.” He added.

“What?!“ I pushed against his sternum until I could see his expression. Besides looking tired, I couldn’t tell what he was thinking. His thoughts were closed off, too, a luxury he only used when he wanted to surprise me and a skill I was still trying to learn.
“yeah. remember that conversation about a department for awareness and stuff?”

My eyes widened. “Oh, you mean starting a company fund to help with finding cures for cancer, research for mental illnesses, helping victims of natural disasters or human cruelty, etcetera?”

He chuckled. “very thorough list you’ve got there.” I made a face. However, I couldn’t help but melt when he kissed my forehead.

“yes, that,” he continued, “so, starting tomorrow, we will have a fundraising department of sorts – you’ll have to work on a better title for it since monsters suck at naming.” I snorted. He grinned back.

“I’ve already informed the other admins of this and they are already at work to begin this. you will be the head of this department, as well as your own ‘house’.”

“What?” My eyes widened. “But I thought I was part of Integrity.”

“let me explain.” He kissed me again. However, his mouth pressed against my lips instead of my forehead. “this new department will facilitate everything you just described, but it will also be linked to the other departments as well. so, in a way, it combines all the houses, or, if you want, all the traits. so, what do you get when you put all the colors together?”

“White!” I gasped.

He grinned. “exactly. so, this house is the white soul, the rainbow soul, or if we put it into a soul trait form, the unity house. because while a white soul represents monsters, a rainbow soul is all the other souls combined. and this entire organization has humans and monsters working together. additionally, we are an interspecies couple, so unity works better than love, compassion or mercy.”

“Sans…” Shoot, my voice broke. I could also feel the tears budding fast.

He chuckled softly. “i hope that meets your standards, babe.” He wiped the tears away with his thumb.
I gave a watery giggle. “Yeah, it does. And that’s not a bad name at all.” He chuckled. “But what about my work at the media creation department?”

“You can still do that, too. Trust me, you will have loads of people helping you out. I already have some people who are helping to make this thing a reality. And you get to boss them around.”

I snorted. “Shut up! I’m not like that.”

“Okay, sweetheart.” He retorted jokingly, changing his voice to sound silly. He kissed me again, reverting away from that silly persona while he did so. When we finally calmed down, he sighed, “We’ll talk more about that tomorrow. Sweet dreams.”

“You too. I love you.” I hummed. “Still can’t believe you’re mine.”

He snorted. “Okay. To be fair, though, I feel the same.” He hummed. “Love you, too. So, so much, my _____.”

“So, even with the new building purchased, it will still take time to refurnish it to our liking and have all the necessary tools and fixings ready before a month at best.” Nate finished his report on the progress of the new Gaster Industries Charity Center. The new building was in the same area as the main headquarters, with multiple floors and a great view of the closest park. The only issue was the time it would take to have it fully ready. However, that would also give me time to prepare for my new position.

On the first day back, I would begin meeting the first ten candidates for the new Unity House. After discussing it thoroughly with Sans, this house would include monsters by default unless they wanted to be a part of another house and met the requirements by Soul Scanner and humans with at least three dominant traits and at least five percent of all other traits. Thus far, at least fifteen percent of human employees had the qualifications.

This did not mean that they were required to change their house start working at the new charity department instead – only the individuals who wanted to change and met the requirements would. Should any current employees desire to change their house or join the new department, they would have to submit an online application. I would then go over said application and accept or decline
their request. If they were not accepted, they would stay in their current place.

This was not a new process. In the years that Gaster Industries had been around, about fifteen employees had undergone department shifts. Roughly twenty-five have requested the change in all, so it wasn’t too uncommon. However, no one had undergone a House shift.

Thus, everyone was required to get a Soul Scan to update their records. Those who met the requirements for the Unity House could apply to change departments. Depending on their traits and work progress report, I would accept or decline depending on if I thought I could work well with them.

After three days, everyone working at Gaster Industries had undergone the required Soul Scan. Since then, I had interviewed fifteen potential candidates to join the Charity Center. Ten had passed, seven having medical backgrounds and training. Two were full-fledged doctors who were working with Alphys and Ben in the medical wing of the Gaster Industries Lab.

“As for Unity House members, I have approved ten candidates. We also have about fifty-five who have responded to the email, forty-two in favor of joining.” I was surprised. I wasn’t sure if any of them wanted to change. I thought maybe now that Sans and I were officially married, people would hate me. It was heartwarming to find out it was just the opposite.

I turned to Sans, who looked far too smug again.

“that works out perfectly.” He turned to me. “so, how this is gonna work is that each day, you will interview ten people.” I nodded in agreement. If I did too many interviews, I would be overloaded. Thankfully, each interview was recorded in case I forgot anything.

“additionally, we have a new batch of interns coming next week and so we have the same process you and everyone else went through. being soul bound to me, i can teach you how to use my soul seer ability so you can judge everyone for potential unity house and charity center candidates. like we did with you and the others in your batch, you will watch them work during the month. while you do, we will have kara or naomi cover for you.”

I nodded. “I already have the list of things I need to accomplish, and if I have any questions, I’ll contact you through our bond.”

He grinned. “awesome!”
“Patience, kindness, patience again, bravery, integrity, determination, kindness, a mix of kindness and patience, perseverance, and integrity again.”

“nice. ten out of ten. i think you got it.” He looked at his phone. “and it only took you twenty minutes to get it down.” He looked at the group of humans. “thanks, everyone.”

With a chorus of “no problems” and “good job” and more simple praise, they filed out. I found that monster’s hidden traits were a lot easier to find than human Souls were to see. It turned out that the Intent of monsters gave away their hidden traits.

With Sans’ ability, and the practice it took to master it, every time a monster ACTed, their Soul flashed the color of their strongest Soul Trait, or sometimes, their secondary Soul Trait, for a brief few seconds and I was able to read them like I could human’s – I was able to capture an image in my head that Sans, with all his time understanding Souls, would measure based on how light or dark the color was – so I would find out one monster had a Soul with ninety percent patience because the hue of the cyan was almost perfectly illuminated. Alternatively, that same person had flashed a very dim orange, indicating five percent bravery.

Without the practice, I would be looking at an inverted white heart and remain completely clueless – it was more than seeing; Intent was everything. With my training complete, Sans and I decided to call the monster Soul Traits the classification ‘Hidden Traits’, an idea I came up with that Sans and the science department approved of.

I learned that all monsters and humans started off with one hundred percent in each of their Soul Traits. Over time, the weaker traits would diminish. That monster had seventy percent kindness, twenty percent justice, and thirty percent integrity and perseverance. None of the monsters, except Sans, had determination. Sans was an exception because he had personally injected the red substance into himself and managed to survive thanks to an accident that took the life of his father, whom Gaster Industries was named after.

Speaking of monsters and their Souls…

“Have you told Asgore about the monster Souls being inverted?”
Sans snapped his fingers. “that’s right. he’s coming in on friday and i’ll be telling him then. you should be there, too, to explain how you did it.” i nodded.

“So, you have a Soul of kindness, integrity, and determination.” i said to the first person i was interviewing, a human girl who had been part of the batch after mine. she had been working in the Lab, her knowledge in biology proving beneficial for the projects there. “Those are really awesome traits to have. And it looks like you also have all the others at around fifteen percent, except for patience, which is at five.”

“Yeah, I’m not all that patient.” the girl, hallie confessed. she was a really sweet girl with a lot of potential for growth. she was also really intelligent and the second in her class as of graduation.

i shrugged. “Neither am i. I gotta force it.” we shared a laugh. “So, tell me about yourself, and why you want to join the Unity House and the new Charity Department.”

hallie passed with top marks.

the day the Charity Center officially opened, she arrived bright and early and began researching cures for three of the deadliest diseases in the new laboratory. i almost told her to do what at a time. however, at the pace she was going, it didn’t make sense. she was a fast and efficient worker, making me proud of to have her join my department.

“So…when you and sans gonna start making babies?”

i did a full spit take, coughing as i regarded kara. “What the fuck?”

“What?” she sassed. “You two are the mushiest couple ever! I’m surprised you didn’t come back from your honeymoon knocked up.”

“I will break you if you don’t shut up.” i warned.
“Ha, ha! I don’t doubt it!” She giggled.

“what is going on?” Sans asked as he approached us, much to my dismay. “i saw that spit take, so i gotta know.”

“I was asking your lovely wife when you two are gonna start making babies.” Kara said casually.

Sans’ sockets widened, but he gave no reaction beyond that and a low hum as he walked away. I groaned in dismay.

“Got him to think about it.” Kara said with a snicker, walking away as well.

I threw my drink, watching with satisfaction as it hit her in the back of the head and spilled all over her hair. She shrieked, turning to my empty seat.

“YOU ARE SO DEAD!” She screamed.

“don’t threaten my wife, kara.”

“Ugh! Sorry, boss!”

I laughed as I returned to my office.

At the end of the week, I had twenty-five new people in Unity House. Additionally, I had ten people who had joined the Charity Center, with another four pending or undecided. When Friday finally arrived, I was sat with Sans in front of the king of monsters, Asgore Dreemurr.
“Howdy. It is a pleasure to see you again.” He greeted sweetly as we shook hands. “I take it your 
honeymoon was pleasant.”

“Please, the pleasure is all mine.” I replied politely. “Yes, we had a wonderful time.” It was easy to 
be kind with a monster whose main Hidden Trait was kindness. He practically saturated everything 
in it.

“So, onto business. Sans informed me that you discovered a problem with monster Souls. He 
wouldn’t say anything more except that it affected all monsters and you are able to reverse it, as you 
already have done for him.”

I nodded. “I found it odd when I learned that monster Souls are inverted hearts. But seeing Sans’ 
Soul for the first time, I knew immediately that the inverted state was a tampering of the Soul. All 
Souls, monster and human, should be right-side-up, like humans Souls still are. I managed to correct 
this issue with Sans’ Soul by giving it a gentle push with the Intent of righting it. It was that simple.”

Asgore was dumbfounded. “That’s…I don’t understand. If what you’re saying is true, why didn’t 
we know this was a mistake sooner?”

I looked at Sans, but he only waved me to continue.

I frowned. “The only thing I can think of that makes sense is that a mage or group of mages have 
manipulated your mind, as well. Make a person think that something is the truth and they will believe 
it without question. Until it is challenged and proven wrong, that is. As the king of monsters, you are 
connected to the others. So, all they would need to do is manipulate your mind and Soul and every 
other monster would be affected the same way.”

“So, you’re saying they used mind control?”

“i can verify that.” Sans cut in, much to our shock. I wasn’t sure if my theory was true, so Sans 
interruption had me curious about what he knew.

“if you remember, gertrude was a mage of determination and perseverance. she was known to have 
mind control abilities, as gerson’s party found out during the war.
“while she wasn’t one of the seven mages to create the barrier since the seven mages had to only have one main trait each, gertrude, erica, tonio, and jordan were a band who took out countless monsters with their flawless teamwork.” He looked at me sullenly, his mouth twisted into a disgusted grimace. “they were called the band of dominance. it took all of gerson’s party and my father’s best technology to disable them long enough to escape. gerson himself was the only survivor.”

I cringed, turning to stare off briefly. It was odd that Sans knew so much. Was he there during the war that happened eons ago? How old did that make him, time-wise?

Shaking my head, I resolved to ask more later.

I turned back to the two monsters, contemplating my next words carefully. “I think this was a strategy to help humans win the war. Monster are made of magic, having more than humans…how you couldn’t be victorious makes no sense to me.

“I don’t think fate created two beings like humans and monsters to be on such unequal footing. Monsters are already far kinder than humans, so a situation where humans are more violent but less powerful, so monsters can withstand them…that makes far more sense than what happened. Monsters and humans were meant to be on equal footing. And I proved that by reverting Sans’ Soul back to its original state.”

“What would you have to do to reverse the effects on all monsters?” Asgore asked.

I hesitated. “Probably the same thing I did with Sans. However, I am hoping that because of your status as king, reverting the effects on you will be enough.” Sans growled.

Asgore ignored him. “Could a monster do it themselves? Or with their mate?”

“I don’t know.” I replied honestly, having already considered it before now. “I’ve only done this once. I don’t know if others can do it, monsters or other mages. It’s worth a shot if your theory is true.”

“Sans, would you go bring Toriel? She is at the school.”

Sans nodded and blipped out after a moment of telepathic communication with me, ‘Don’t do anything.’
I sighed. “He’s a bit jealous.”

Asgore chuckled, a fondness present in his demeanor. “If anyone deserves to be happy, it’s him. He’s been through too much, which I’m sure you’re aware of.”

I nodded. “Yes, I saw it when we bonded.”

“When **did** you bond? I know you had done so before your wedding. I could feel your…” He trailed off, embarrassment thick in the air.

“It was when we were on vacation, around the time he proposed to me. And that’s when I reverted his Soul to how it should be.”

Asgore sighed in relief. “I see.”

I hesitated. “May I ask you something?”

“Of course.” He replied softly.

“I want to know how long Sans has been around. I can’t reach all his memories, so…I’m worried he’s hiding something important.”

Asgore stiffened. “I…he has been alive a long time. However, due to an accident that no one, except him, has any memory of even though the effects it had still lingers, Sans and Papyrus do not age. Sans has explained his father was swallowed up in the accident, scattered across time and space. We knew nothing about skeleton monsters until Sans found his father’s hidden files in an ancient ruin left behind after the war.

“Skeleton monsters age like goat monsters, one year every decade. Sans must have been about twenty when we began our life in the Underground. The files say the core was created five human years into our stay, and then the DT, or determination, experiment began as a way to free us.

“It was all hidden in files Sans managed to save. During the first five decades, Doctor Gaster tried everything he could think of to free us. However, one of those experiments was finding an alternate reality, and that led to the accident that took the doctor’s life. Sans was a part of the team that worked
on the project and he was the only survivor; his father having given him tools call Gaster Blasters that shielded him. However, with the accident taking Gaster, and their mother having passed on, the skeleton brothers are now stuck with a time freeze of sorts.”

“So then,” I began. “The war…Sans was there?”

“Yes. I’m sure of it. Something about Sans’ story finally clicked with me.”

“What do you mean?” I asked worriedly.

“All the history books claim that no humans were lost in the war that sealed us underground. However, that feels wrong and my memories…Sans explanation must have jostled something in my mind. Up until now, I thought the history books were telling the truth. But I distinctly remember that a few humans did perish.

“However, they were all mages. Gertrude and her team were among them. And they were all taken out at the same time, in the same way, by one monster. Sans…he told us Gerson did it. And if we ask Gerson, he’ll either agree just because it’s easier or tell us he doesn’t remember. He’s ancient, like I should be if I aged, so his memory is not what it used to be.”

The knowledge that Asgore doesn’t age would be interesting if I didn’t know the cause, the news and history channel telling Asgore and Toriel’s story, and the story of their two children.

I blinked and mentally shook myself. I had to stay focused. “Who did it, then?” I didn’t have to ask. I knew who. But…I guess I wanted to be sure.

He looked at me grimly. “Your Soul Mate.”

Chapter End Notes

Some of the info here is newer because it's related to plot that I need for later in the story. I'm worried I might have messed up the timing. But I think I got it and if it doesn't make sense or it doesn't seem consistent, I'll post a write up of the timeline for some of the events here and Sans past and stuff. We will see.

I had A LOT of edits for this one. So much so that I cut the chapter here and placed the
remainder of this scene in the next chapter. So, there's a lot more to some of this info that is important, so prepare yourself.
Chapter 26

Chapter Summary

SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
late. I'm sorry. Writer's block, anxiety, life, and just bullshit is NOT FUN! DX

I have two more chapter ready, but I need to write more before I feel like I can post them. I'm sorry. Have some headcanons while you wait. And more headcanons in the next chapter when it comes. Forgive me. (dies)

Chapter Notes

The line I snorted. “I did say that. Okay!” was originally where that chapter ended, I stared down at the closed sockets of my husband,... being the original beginning of this chapter. Just so you know! ^^;

See the end of the chapter for more notes

twenty-six

Suddenly, with a small pop, Sans returned with Toriel in tow. Sans silently took me by the hand out of the room as they attempted to revert Asgore’s Soul. I couldn’t read his expression, but his Soul was sending off a few chaotic vibes. It was clear he knew what we talked about while he was away. However, he said nothing as we waited.

A few seconds later, the door opened again and a frowning Toriel ushered us back inside. “It didn’t work.” She informed when we were all seated again.

Sans glared at the ground. I looked at him and sighed. “Would you allow me to try if I close my eyes?”

“That is more dangerous than the alternative.” Asgore explained. “I do appreciate where you are coming from and appreciate your attempt at remaining conservative. Sans, will you be alright if your mate reverts my Soul?”
Sans grumbled. “do it before i change my mind.” Oh boy…

I sighed, leaning over to kiss him. “Whatever you want tonight, okay? I know this is hard for you.”

“thanks. hurry up.” Yeah, he was mad. And there was more than one reason.

Trying to remain as unthinking as possible, only focusing on the Intent to revert Asgore’s Soul to its original and proper state, I pulled it out swiftly and gently coaxed it to shift. The Soul moved without any issue and shifted with the barest of touches. With my mind closed off, I felt and saw nothing of Asgore.

With the process completed, I pushed his Soul back. Using my own aura, I purified myself of Asgore’s essence and moved back over to Sans who eagerly bathed me in his magic, a growl vibrating quietly inside his chest.

The change was instantaneous. In the center of Toriel’s chest glowed an inverted heart. However, as it glowed, it shifted and rotated just like Asgore and Sans’ Souls had, becoming the same shape and form as a human Soul.

Toriel and Asgore’s presence became stronger and thicker, which felt more calming. However, Sans was the largest presence, whether because he was more powerful than both the other boss monsters or because of my bond with him, I wasn’t sure.

“That’s…that feels right.” Toriel sniffed. She briefly glanced at Sans with a look I didn’t recognize before turning to the king.

“To think we have been living with our Soul tampered by others, unknowing.” Asgore muttered solemnly. He turned to me with a smile. “Thank you, young one. You are truly a blessing. I am so thankful Sans has you as a Soul Mate.”

I grinned. “I’m glad to help. And I do apologize if touching your Soul has any side effects.”

Asgore regarded me softly. “Have no fear, child. The only thing I felt was you Intent. Nothing else passed through. You have impeccable control of yourself and your magic. I truly cannot thank you enough.”
I grinned. “I’m just glad I could help.”

Later that day, after dinner, Sans pulled me hastily into the bedroom and began ripping off my clothes.

“Whoa! Where’s the fire?” I asked, bewildered by his eagerness.

“you said anything i want tonight. remember?”

I snorted. “I did say that. Okay!”

I stared down at the closed sockets of my husband, a content sigh bubbling in my throat. Even with nothing separating our naked bodies, he was still soft enough that I felt no discomfort from any of his bones.

Sure enough, and like promised, Sans got what he wanted. And now, snoozing with his skull planted softly between my breasts, he looked happier and more at peace than I had ever seen him.

I wanted to wake him to ask about what Asgore had told me. However, I didn’t have the heart to squash his current happiness that I could feel in waves as he slept.

Planting a kiss to his cranium, I glanced once more at the clock sitting beside Sans’ laptop on the bedside table before I drifted off to sleep, too.

“Hello and welcome!” Nate began as he and the rest of the admins surveyed the new interns. “You have all been selected to join Gaster Industries. Granted, this is only the first step. But before I go
into that, let’s have some introductions. I am Nate Fuller…”

Like when I attended the internship seminar, each of the admins was introduced. However, this time, I was among them.

“Hey there, I’m ____ Aster. I’m in charge of the newest department in this fine organization, the Charity Center. And–”

“and she’s also my wife, so hands off.” In a flash of blue and yellow light, Sans appeared. “sup.” He grinned smugly as the new interns gawked, one having bowed and begun what looked like a small prayer. It took everything not to snort or make a face.

“Pshhh!” Nate snickered at his boss. “May I introduce our founder and CEO, Sans Aster.” There were several claps, the boy who had been praying clapping the fastest. His Soul gave off his true feelings; Sans was like a god in his eyes. Oh boy…

“introductions aside, it’s always a pleasure to welcome new faces.” Sans began, having ignored my observation in the meantime. “at gaster industries, we believe that quality is achieved in a more relaxed environment. we value individuality and don’t have the same constraints that most organizations do.

“we still expect professionalism, but what that means is respect and a lack of swear words, other vulgarities, and prejudice, whether it’s on a shirt or not. you are allowed minor curses, especially if you are just expressing yourself and not labeling anyone with it.

He lifted his hand in a thumbs-up and gave a Wink™. “i will give you points if you can make me or any of my admins laugh with a witty quote or meme on a shirt or other apparel.”

“He loves puns…” Mettaton sighed. “It’s truly unfortunate.”

“witty wordplay is also great. regardless, as you may have already surmised by the introduction, we have quite a few departments to choose from. also, at the end of your internship, should you pass, you will be put into a house. for some of you, it is already determined. however, a few of you will be given a choice. anyway, nate will be filling you in on how things are done here. nate, if you will…”

“Right, so here’s the deal…”
I watched as one of the interns made an unnecessary detour to Sans’ office. I had felt something off about him immediately and watched him for a day before informing Sans.

“yeah, there’s something… sour about his soul. he only passed because his references are outstanding, all of which we checked out ahead of time. even the other admins have picked up on his strange intent, which means this guy is up to something. keep an eye on him and ping me if you think he’s up to something dangerous.” Sans and I had developed a system where we could send a ping to the other via our Soul Bond. It came in handy if Sans was needed immediately.

I had agreed and was following him. Sure enough, he entered the office without knocking. It was lunch time, and everyone was in the designated lunch area. This man, Roy Smith claimed he was going out to get his lunch but doubled back immediately.

Once inside the office, he pulled out his phone, looking behind him. I was just out of sight.

“Where is the file you want?”

“I DON’T KNOW. YOU SHOULD HAVE RESEARCHED.” That voice…

“I… I didn’t… you didn’t tell me I needed to.”

“You should have known better. We got you all those damn references. At least pretend to be smart. Look around and find it, damn it.”

I heard shuffling, and the man cursed as he came up empty-handed. I hummed, feeling now that it was time to involve Sans. I sent him a ping.

what is it?
That Roy guy is working for Sandy. He is looking for something in your office. I’m right outside.

great. i’m on my way.

Sans appeared behind me. “leave this to me. head back down.” He strode into the office, not waiting for a response. Despite his instructions, I waited. “can i help you?”

“Sir! Uh…I…”

“what are you looking for?”

“Nothing.”

“oh, i see. so, are you planning to attack me with that?”

The man was silent for a moment, and I couldn’t see what he was doing. After a few seconds, he let out a small battle cry and I heard a loud stomp as he lunged.

“not very smart, are you?” The man yelped and there was a loud thump. “now then, are you going to stop?” A moment of silence with only the sound of movement and a low groan. “okay, apparently not.”

I bent down and let my aura flare out, sending a tendril under the door to Sans’ office. The man yelped as I grabbed him, letting the tendril consume him briefly.

“whoa.” I heard Sans gasp and I could feel attention turn to me, waiting and beckoning.

I stood up and walked the short way into the office.

Sans gave me a look, ‘why didn’t you do what i said?’ He wasn’t angry, at least.
I raised a brow, ‘Really?’

He shrugged and smiled amusedly, ‘fair enough.’

Pulling back my magic enough so that Roy Smith couldn’t escape, I regarded him. “Why were you here?”

“I was looking for something to use against Sans Aster. I was also looking for a seal so that I could write a contract stating that the entirety of Gaster Industries would belong to the Gier family or something similar. I was promised Sandy Gier’s hand in marriage for my help.”

“wow, the giers are so selfish. thank goodness there are recording devices in here. now i have proof that they are still trying to hurt me.” He looked at me. “speaking of that, how did you do that?”

“It’s a hypnotic trance created by purifying his senses. However, I can only ask questions that pertain to negative or dark intent. My magic is purity, so he has to answer honestly.”

“whoa. that’s…really cool. well, let’s call the police.”

“We’re so glad you could join us, Mister and Misses Aster.” The host of the reality show The Couples Competition, Tom C. Daly greeted us as we stepped into the front lobby of their main building. “It is an honor to have you here.”

Like promised, in exchange for letting me assist Asgore in reverting the monster Souls to their original states, besides spending the night having fun between the sheets, Sans asked me to join him in the upcoming season of The Couples Competition. Given that I promised to adhere to his wishes for that night, I agreed, and he replied to the email, accepting the offer to join the upcoming season.

“this is the tenth season, isn’t it?” Sans asked. Tom nodded. “and the competition is always the same, right?”
“Yes and no. Each season, we have the same kind of competition. However, the competitors choose what kind of challenge happens each week by randomly selecting a kind of activity. The participants choose what to do within the competition, and the sole purpose is to wow the judges and viewers. Half the points are from the judges and half are from the viewers.”

I crossed my arms, “Hmm, so we have a fifty percent chance of getting to the next round depending on how we perform.”

“Why do you say that, Misses Aster?”

“Just ____ is fine.” I corrected gently. “And it’s because Sans is still a popular guy and now that he’s no longer available, the scoring could go down because of jealous viewers.”

“that’s up for debate, sweetheart.” Sans countered.

“Why?” I asked, ignoring the host’s beaming face.

He winked. “you’ll see.”

“Oh my god! Sans Aster! I had no idea you would be competing!” Her name was Lily Jones, and her husband was Oscar Jones. They were an older couple, both in their early forties, however they were very fit and attractive despite that. Lily was a well-known model, with her vibrant red hair, gorgeous green eyes, perfect curves, and natural tan making her very photogenic. Oscar was a sound designer, one of the best in the world.

Both were tall, though Lily’s high heels making her only two inches shorter than her husband, who was a millimeter taller than Sans.

“pleasure to see you again, misses lily.” Sans shook her hand. Turning to the olive-skinned man, he grinned wider. “oscar, it’s been a while.”
“Yes, it has. How have you been, Sans?” The dark-haired man smiled, chocolate brown eyes sparkling kindly. He and his wife’s presence were soothing; they were like anyone else, which put me at ease.

“doing well. obviously married now.” He kissed my cheek. “what about you?”

“We have five beautiful children now. Our youngest just had her first birthday.”

“oh, that’s great. will mia and dean will be here, or will they be watching from home?”

“All the kids will be here with my brother and his family for a few of the shows.” Oscar replied. “They will be staying with them until the season ends.”

“nice, nice.” A group of couples began approaching, having just entered the same room. “well, time to go scope out the competition and chat it up.”

“Of course! Let’s catch up some more later.” He turned to me. “If Sans loves you, you must be amazing. I would like to get to know you. Your husband really saved me a few years back.”

I looked at Sans, who rolled his eye-lights. I giggled. “I’d like that. I would love to get to know you, too.”

“A double date it is, then.” Lily agreed. “See you later.” They walked off.

“So, you know Oscar personally. What did he mean by ‘you saved him’?”

Sans chuckled smugly as he reminisced. “he was part of a lawsuit against someone who had been cheating him out of his services. as a sound designer, he’s one of the best in the world. and his client basically stole his work and claimed it was theirs. without evidence, oscar almost lost the case. however, by then i was known for my abilities to see and read souls. so, i was able to find out the truth. the client went to jail for that and fifteen other cases of fraud and all the people that they had stolen from were paid what they were due, which put the guy into debt.”

I frowned. “Does he hate you for it?”
“probably.” Sans shrugged, a little tense. “I revealed him and he didn’t get away with it, which pissed him off. But he’s in jail and I don’t care.” I kissed his cheek and he relaxed into my touch.

“Oh! I know you! Sans Aster!” One of the women from the recent arrivals approached us. “Hello! My name is Harley Reynolds, and this is my husband, Thomas Matthews.” The man grinned as he and his wife shook our hands.

“Wow, we don’t stand a chance with you here.” Thomas chuckled. Harley huffed in reply.

“not necessarily.” Sans replied with a shrug. “heck, I might suck at whatever they have in store for us.”

“Oh, you are just trying to make us feel better.” Harley teased. “I heard you’re a jack of all trades.”

“guilty as charged.” He Winked™, shrugging nonchalantly. Both Harley and Thomas flushed, somehow completely enamored. “doesn’t mean I am good at everything or that I don’t make mistakes, though.”

“Hey, what about me?” I asked him, shoving against his shoulder playfully. “I could be the screw up.”

“whaaaaat, angels are good at everything and can’t make mistakes.” He teased, pulling me against him and kissing my nose.

“Gaaaaah! You troll! No! No! Ahh-aaaahhhh! Stahp!” I roared as he tickled me.

“heheheheheh…” He snickered, ignoring the looks of befuddlement from the other competitors.

Chapter End Notes

Sandy and her family aren’t done yet...^^;

But Roy Smith definitely seems to be. Anyway, I have removed the part of the story that
required math for now because it was taking too long. I'll add that back in once I've finished it. Sorry. Hopefully, there won't be another month long (or more) wait for chapter 27. I'm super sorry.
Chapter Summary

HAVE SOME BACKSTORY!

Kinda mature content because characters die. ^^;

Chapter Notes

So, as promised, I'm posting this on the first anniversary of its debut, which also happens to be my birthday! (shrug) Anyway, this is not edited. I'm sorry, I forgot and just...oops. But at least I posted it. ^^; You're welcome. :P

twenty-seven

Sans was very reserved after the meeting with Asgore. While he was his usual self at work, at home he remained quiet and closed off. His mind was especially quiet, which meant he was purposefully cutting me off.

Originally, I had decided to give him space. But after a couple days, it started to frustrate me. After a week, I couldn’t take it.

“Sans…” I began. I waited for him to respond.

After a couple moments, he looked up from his books. “what’s up?”

“You know what’s up.” I replied simply. Unlike this bonehead, I didn’t cut myself off. He purposefully ignored my frustration.

“hmm.” That was all the response I got from him. He had returned to reading, pointedly ignoring my scowl.
I grit my teeth and balled my hands into fists. “Fine. I see how it is. Since that’s how you’re going to behave, I’m leaving.”

“What?!” He sat up, gawking at me as I pulled an already packed bag from my personal closet. “Where are you going?” He got up from the bed to follow me.

“Oh, so now you care?” I huffed and turned, walking from the room.

Sans followed me immediately. I didn’t make it to the steps before he pulled me into his arms, ripping the bag from my grasp and chucking it behind him. I didn’t even feel him take it and squawked when it suddenly went missing.

“Let go!” I demanded, my voice choked up as the tears welled up.

“i…i can’t.” He mumbled against my ear. “please don’t do this…”

“Then explain yourself. Stop keeping me in the dark.” I shoved him, earning a grunt as he moved away to avoid further assault. Keeping me at arm’s length, he gave me a pleading look.

“i…” He began, hesitating. “i’m afraid to…”

I was so angry that my clenched teeth began to hurt my jaw. My shoulders shook with pent up rage and I couldn’t stop the tears from falling.

“Let me go.” I forced out through my teeth.

“please…” He begged.

“No. Why should I?” I sobbed. “You’ve been isolating from me, mind and body, for over a week! Ever since the meeting with Asgore, you’ve…changed. I tried to give you space, but it’s gotten too hard. Why are you doing this?”

He growled. “damn it…”
“What?!” I shrieked, startling the skeleton to the point of pulling me against him again. I fought back against, though my attempts to break free were far weaker as my emotions shifted from anger to the real emotion behind my actions; betrayal.

“i’m sorry…i just, i’m so pissed at that stupid goat bastard for what he told you…he had no fucking right to tell you something that doesn’t involve him!” The skeleton growled.

“Sans…were you ever going to tell me?”

“i…don’t know.” He admitted. “there are some things i’ve done that are truly awful and terrifying.”

“The resets. Frisk’s genocide runs.” I supplied simply.

“yeah.” He sighed.

“I accepted you even after that.” My fury was dwindling, and my hands found their way to his coat, gripping the edges like a lifeline. “Why would you think I wouldn’t accept you again now?”

“I guess…i don’t know. i thought if you understood the power i had, you might get scared. people often become afraid if something or someone poses a threat as much as i do at full power.”

I hummed. “Well, I’m not like that. Your power means you have the strength to protect the people you care about. You can’t be blamed for your actions if there was a serious reason why you used them to hurt others. War time is a good excuse, and while said actions led to the loss of life, it was done in defense.”

He chuckled bitterly. “no. it was out of revenge.”

“What?”

He rested his head against mine, pulling me flush against him. “i watched as that group of mages murdered my mother. consumed with rage, i slaughtered them. i was a teenager – about fifteen in
monster years – during the war but given that the signs of it were approaching when i was about ten, my father began grooming me for battle immediately.

“the war took roughly five human years from the time it started to when it ended. relations with humans began to sour fifty human years before that. my father knew the war would happen and so he instilled massive amounts of power in me. papyrus was too young to handle the ‘training’ i received. my mother was a fighter, the best in her unit. she was the last to fall. i was supposed to follow her since i was ‘in training’ and i was supposed to support her. but i got separated thanks to one of the lackeys that the mages had.

“i caught up just in time to see the group leader, gertrude plunge her sword through my mother’s back. i can never forget it.”

“About time we destroyed these pests.” Gertrude spat, sneering smugly down at the Dusty remains of the vanquished skeleton monster.

“Not yet, captain. Look! There’s one more.” Erica pointed to Sans.

“Should I take it out?” Jordan asked, a smirk on his Dust-covered smile.

“Hey, it’s my turn!” Tonio whined. “It’s easy kill, too. Look, it’s so scared–AHHHK!”

Blood went everywhere as the light left the red-souled Tonio. The group stepped back as the skeleton monster regarded them with a murderous gaze, shattering the red soul to nothing.

“you filthy scumbags are going to regret killing mom. i’ll show you just how easy it is to kill worthless shit like you.”

A second later, Erica screamed as her abdomen was ripped apart. The cyan soul rose from her corpse and Sans made a point to smash it.

The mages were bewildered, shocked into silence. As they stared, Sans answered their silent question.
“why take your soul and use it to grow stronger when it’s so worthless?” He grinned menacingly.

“Bastard!” Jordan shrieked. “I’ll kill y–!” He never finished his sentence as a bone speared him through his vocal cords.

“stupid things with absolutely no value like you don’t deserve to speak, especially to me!” He yanked the bone out and snickered as the man bled out. Crushing the orange soul, Sans turned to the final mage and grinned. “the last bitch. i’ll make your death as painful as possible since it’s so deserving after what you’ve done. just so you know, i’m not an it – i’m a he. get it right, shit!”

Gertrude snarled. “I’m not obligated to call a pest anything except what it is. Die, demon scum!”

Sans chuckled. “the only demon here…is you. though you’re a pathetic one. not even worth my time.”

One slash and the mage was coughing up blood. Sans grinned wider, a terrifying sight. “i did say i’d take my time.” Bones pierced her arms and legs, rendering her stuck. “oh, this is going to be fun.”

Moments became seconds, became minutes, and then hours, and when Sans was finally done, he regarded his prey with satisfaction. “even if your idiotic species wins the war, you will never see it happen. i will erase you completely and if i see any of your descendants, they will meet the same fate.”

Gertrude spat out blood. “Heh, you might kill me, but I swear that your wrong. My descendants will find you and you will suffer a fate worse than death. Worse than what you’ve done to me. You will get what’s coming, monster scum. And I will laugh from beyond the grave.”

He grinned. “you think so? tell me, do you know why i crushed the souls of your stupid friends?”

“What?”

He grinned, far more terrifying than Gertrude had ever seen. It shook her to her core. “it’s because if you crush a soul to nothing…that’s it. you will never exist again. a soul can only continue if it disappears of its own accord. if someone destroys it, there is no. coming. back.” He laughed again.
“no. moving. forward.”

Gertrude trembled. “You can’t do that. It goes against your nature.”

“oh?” He pulled out her soul, a bruised black color. The purple it once had barely registered past the inky color of hatred and murder that had enveloped it. “well, let’s see if you believe me after i shatter your soul right in front of you. this pathetic little thing will be destroyed by my hands.”

“No! No! N–!” Sans crushed the heart with one hand, watching the light die from his victim’s eyes. He sensed the presence of another and turned as Gerson approached him.

The turtle observed the scene. “Well, I’ll be damned. You certainly know how to handle yourself. No need to stay an underling. You okay, boy?”

Sans nodded, turning in the direction that the other monster had come from and began to walk that way. After a few steps, he stopped and hurried over to his mother’s Dust.

“do you have a container?” He asked the turtle. The older monster handed him a bottle wordlessly and watched the teen gather the Dust and put it into said bottle. Before he left, Sans grasped the pin his mother wore, a gift from him, Gaster, and Papyrus on her last birthday. It was of a blue flower, the same color as her magic, as well as his own.

“rest in peace, mom. i’ll take care of pap from now on.” He grabbed her scarf, too, and followed Gerson back to the monster camp.

“I’m sorry…” I mumbled. “You probably have PTSD from that.”

“yeah. i didn’t know my future soul mate would be human. frisk was the one to instill a small appreciation for humans. without them, i wouldn’t have even given humanity a chance after…” He trailed off. Shaking his head, he continued, “nate made it a lot easier, as well as the other admins and business partners like hue warner.”
I hummed, pulling my husband closer. “I’m glad you can appreciate humans more. It means you’re truly stronger.”

He chuckled. “maybe.”

“Give it time. You’ll understand what I mean eventually.” I smiled against him.

“are you still mad at me?” He asked, his worry present in his voice.

“No. I just wanted you to open up. It hurts when you keep me out. Even if you had just said that you were afraid of my reaction and didn’t want to tell me, I would have been okay. I wasn’t going to force you to spill. I promise.”

He chuckled, his shoulders bouncing. “i guess. but it feels good to get that off my chest.”

“He stiffened. “no.”

I snorted. “Okay, okay, it was just a question. Goodness, you are so stressed. Calm down or I’ll consider the option further.” I teased.

He growled, nipping my ear. I yelped and slapped his shoulder. “bad, skelly!”

He guffawed, “there’s my girl! ugh, c’mon, i wanna nap.”

I frowned. “Okay, then take a nap.”

“let me rephrase. i wanna nap with you.”

“No. I’m bus—aaaaaah, oof! Put me down!” Sans had thrown me over his shoulder. He ignored me as he reentered the bedroom and tossed me onto the bed, following soon after. Soon enough, I was a prisoner of his embrace. “You jerk!”
“i love you, too, babe!” He kissed my cheek.

I sighed. “Yeah, yeah. Love you, Sansy.” I pouted briefly before finally nestling into his arms and closing my eyes.
Important: Wanna get some stuff from me? Read carefully.

Chapter Summary

This will be erased soon. I just want to put this here so people find it.

Please go here for more.

Thank you. I will erase this when I go to post the read next chapter.
**Important: Potential Hiatus! Help Needed!**

**Chapter Summary**

Since I know enough people read this and would probably hate if this went on hiatus after CT Arc 3 is done. And since I know others have waited for my other fics before, too.

**Chapter Notes**

**THIS 'CHAPTER' WILL BE MOVED UP AND BE REPLACED WITH THE REAL CHAPTER. SO IF YOU GET AN EMAIL UPDATE AND YOU SEE THIS INSTEAD, TRYING GOING BACK A CHAPTER JUST IN CASE.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Please read this.

I need a beta, an editor, and a motivator for all of my stories. Without those, I feel like my stories will be lacking. I especially need a lot of motivation for CounterTale. I have written up to 67 or so and made the notes, but I cannot write it. I need help. The same can be said for Under the Spotlight and my one-shot fic that is part of the Boku No Hero Academia/My Hero Academia fandom.

My betas for CT have been busy with their own lives. So I am asking for help. This would mean spoilers for what I have planned. If you don't like that, then this isn't the job for you. However, if no one helps me, CT definitely won't get done. UtS might take a while. My one shots might be fine since they are just that. But since I know people follow CT and UtS, I'm saying it now...

A hiatus with both of these is starting to look more likely. I already had about a month long one for UtS recently. Thankfully, the story is almost complete. But CT is too far from it, since I have a couple mini arcs planned. So please, take a look at the journal links above and contact me on DeviantArt or via Tumblr Ask.

In the meantime, I'm writing something else. Yeah...I'm moving on because writing something is better than nothing.

**Chapter End Notes**
Sorry for spamming this three times.

End Notes

Look at the tags. This is why you should not let me roam free. I will troll the masses with tagging alone. You damn welcome, ya dinguses! XD

Soooooo it’s my 25th birthday and so I’m posting this just after the time I was born, at 7:20AM EST. Hope you enjoy! ;D

Works inspired by this one

Being Sassy Under the Spotlight by RTNightmare

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!