entertainment

by orphan_account

Summary

No one likes Sans they way they should.

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Sans comes into the Bar often.

He rarely eats. Sometimes drinks--- often he just shows up to tell funny stories and jokes. Just as often he sits quietly, away from everyone else. There are always bruises- bruises that never get explained. Sometimes, the fire monster see cracks and cuts when those sleeves slip up when the skeleton reaches for something. Sometimes, the fire monster see cracks and cuts when those sleeves slip up when the skeleton reaches for something.

Grillby pretends the bruises are the same as those cuts.

It easier, to pretend thats what it is. A pitiful attention-seeking behavior. Grillby pretends its that, just self harm, but he knows its not. Everyone knows thats not it. Those bruises on his face are from someone else- the bruises that so often ring his throat is from someone else-- the few times his arm or leg bones are cracked and untreated are from someone else.

And the small skeleton is so jumpy. Flinches at every fast movement. Flinches when his brother looks at him, flinches whenever the tall skeleton arrives to pick him up after drinking, or just when Papyrus feels his brother should be home.

The Dogs don't acknowledge it, the drunks don't care. Grillby ignores it all too. Those pleading eyelights had long since stopped. What happened between the brothers wasn't for him to know-
interfere.

Even if his soul aches in concern when Sans comes in with a now ever-present limp.

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It's best when he cries, Papyrus thinks.

Sans lies underneath him, eyelights gone, sobbing quietly as he cradled the newly-broken wrist. Always so damn quiet, no matter what he was doing or what was being done to him. Its nice, just as it is irritating.

Papyrus wants to see him break. Break in more ways than simple cracked bones. He wants to see him cry, scream, plead, struggle. It'd be cute. Sans never fights too hard against him- he's too small to. And He loves him too much to. Its the funniest thing, really.

Papyrus loves Sans, too. Papyrus is the only one who cares about the little pathetic monster-- is the only one who would care. Sans is useless, everyone knows this. And there would be no one that'd miss him, if Papyrus ever got sick of his pet.

Or if Sans finally got brave.

It was no secret how much Sans dreaded waking up. Or breathing. The self-inflicted cuts and other wounds were no secret either, not when Papyrus could see what laid under his clothes whenever he wished. Papyrus thought they were cute, too. Nice, pretty little scars on his nice, pretty little pet. It was fun to poke at them, and just as fun to trace them with a knife.

Sometimes, late in the night, after Sans has finally cried himself to sleep, Papyrus likes to trace them. And wonder what it'd be like to break him forever. After all, Who would miss him?

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Undyne knows. Of course she knows.

How could she not when neither Sans nor Papyrus try to hide it? She's seen it before, in both TV shows and in some of the more serious cases in the Underground. The bruises that could only come from being hit, from being beat. The jumpiness, the hopelessness, the fear. Sans had always been so jumpy, even before 'this' started, that it made her wonder if it'd happen ever before 'this'. She knew she was supposed to stop it- it was her job. But.

She just didn't care. No one else did, either.

If anything, she was curious. Undyne had always found Sans a bit cute- physically, at least. Small and frail, helpless it seemed. She'd never hurt someone she cared about, but Sans...... She was curious. Undyne found herself wanting to know what he'd look like without that annoying grin.
Wanted to know what he'd look like underneath her, trembling, crying, broken and bloody.

It had to be fun, if Papyrus kept doing it. Maybe he'd let her borrow him for a night.

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Alphys knows. She knows very well.

Papyrus sometimes brings Sans to her lab, when his "game" got a little.... too rough. Now, she isn't quiet a Doctor, not that kind, but she's good at it, and is only getting better with the constant practice. Papyrus brings Sans to her, because he knows what kind of things she likes.

When Papyrus brings in the little skeleton, there's always a thrill. Sans looks so, so tiny. So frail and broken and adorable. His wrist is bent backwards, his tail crooked and cracked, bruises almost everywhere on his bare-bones, and tears stain his face. It never fails to make her soul pound faster-- her body felt a bit warmer in a very pleasant way.

Sans bleeds. The color is so nice, far better in person than in her anime. And it's something that monsters don't do. But after seeing his soul for the first time, it made sense. Whatever Sans is, it's not a monster. Which makes it fine, to feel this way. It's fine, that these things happen, because its not happening to a person.

Alphys fixes whatever injuries are there. And for payment, Papyrus lets her play around with the tiny little thing for a while-- as long as she heals him afterwards. She should invite Undyne over for that sometime.

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Toriel first meets him through the door.

His voice is light, feminine, somewhat cheery and smooth. Through the door, he almost sounds like a child. He shows up often, telling jokes to the door despite no response, and after a week or two of listening, she finally shares some of her own. It fun- a nice relief from boredom.

His jokes vary from knock-knock jokes to self-deprecating humor. Sometimes, the jokes are very morbid. But she finds it funny. This silly monster talks about killing himself so often, it almost reminds her of her own child. But, not. Because it doesn't hurt her soul to hear it.

Sometimes, she wants to encourage him to do it. Do it right outside her door so she could hear it all-the way he'd choke on his own vomit, convulse and writhe against the snow and hit his body against the door before he finally dusted. But she keeps quiet, because if he did, what would she have to keep her entertained?
When they first meet, in person, he's more perfect than she'd imagined. The skeleton is tiny, large sockets and the soft voice that makes him even more child-like to her.

How sweet.

When she finally gets a chance, Toriel studies him. There are dark marks under his sockets from countless nights spent awake. There are healing bruises that makes her stomach swirl with a heat. It looks like there are others with the same interests as her. When his sleeve slips up, she sees the deep, perfectly aligned cuts on his bones, and it sends a thrill through her.

Sometimes she wonders why he hasn't finished the job. Sometimes she wants to finish the job herself. Wants to see him hurt, wants to see him broken, wants to feel him dust. But she won't, of course, because who else will keep her entertained?

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Asgore had always been.... fascinated by Sans.

The Judge, A murderer. Yet, to all others, he is just a laid-back joker. And above all things in life, He puts family first. Even if family doesn't quiet return that love. It's endearing, to say the least.

Sans is fascinating to the King. So tiny, frail and fragile, like a child. Yet, this "child" could easily kill him, as he had those other children. How could something so small hold so much power? A mystery to be sure.

Despite that power, he's so, so weak underneath him. All Asgore has to do to keep him from using his magic- from fighting back- is remind him of his brother.

" Do you not think Papyrus would be disappointed that you let this happen? Do you think he'd want to see you again if you told? Or if you hurt me? I am The King, after all."

All he has to do is that, and Sans gives in to whatever Asgore wishes. Sans face flushes adorably when he's made to dress-up in whatever clothes of his choosing-- a dress, or his favorite, striped sweaters. He looks like a child, he sounds like one, He practically is one. Asgore always has such a hard time holding back.

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