just another brick in the wall

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Summary

Sans gets drunk. Things... don't go as he planned.

Notes

tw// that sans is drunk? its mentioned like, twice and hes fully capable of consent, esp considering hes the one who bought pap's time

uhhh blame fresh for this they tried to come for me w angst so i obviously had to return the favor

See the end of the work for more notes

Sans gets drunk off his coccyx, because he’s forgetting— something? someone?— and it hurts.

(Alcohol helps him forget.)

He stumbles out of Grillby's, shortcuts to a brothel, and shoves a wad of cash at the employee at the register. Leaning against the counter, he slurs that he wants a monster (preferably a skeleton) to
fuck, and the employee sighs and rolls his eyes but leads him to a room and— his first thought is that this skeleton’s pelvis and femurs and just everything is pretty, and delicate. And maybe if Sans wasn’t hurting so badly or so drunk he would have been kind to the working monster, but. That’s not the case.

Sans pretty well fucks into that tight, pale blue pussy without preamble, uncaring of the muffled whimpers and cries from the other side of the wall. All he can think about is the pressure, the femurs in his hands creaking and scratched up by the tips of his fingers gouging in as he pounds in and out. He's tired, he's so fucking tired and his soul hurts, and fucking this random skeleton makes it hurt a little less, makes him feel warm in some strange, unknowable way and so he pushes himself harder, faster, until he's spilling over, filling that pretty cunt with him cum. He pulls out, only barely processing the answering whimper as he plugs the liquid inside with two fingers. The skeleton's pelvis is shaking, trembling under his hands and he wonders, briefly, if they came.

"well, sweetheart, i got ya for another hour at least." Dipping down, he breathes over the twitching lips, grinning as his cum starts to spill out. "better clean up my mess."

He licks them open with one slow movement, lingering as he tastes the almost sweetness of their magic— it reminds him of something that just flickers beyond the reach of his memory, teasingly blinking in and out, and Sans scowls. Shoving his face in deeper into their cunt, he pries their legs even farther apart and gets to work. Tracing his tongue up past their hole, he laps at their clit like a dog— it’s wet, messy, and wanting to hear their voice he grazes it with his teeth. It catches on the indents gently as he nuzzles it, and he hears them practically yelp at the sensation, hips jerking uselessly. Heh. Cute.

Pressing the flat of his tongue against it soothingly, it throbs in agitation; he can almost see someone’s face floating above him in his mind’s eye, all scrunched up in the middle of a complaint, and as it disappears Sans burns in anger. This was supposed to help him. (And it did, for a while.) But the pain is back, and he’s drowning in it, and he just wants it to go away.

So he stands up, wipes at his mouth carelessly, and grabs their hips. Something’s changed— not only his shift in his mood, but the way the monster is standing, the way they’re reacting to his touch. It’s... different. And annoying.

“sssshit,” he grumbles, and then bumps their hips together sloppily.

Unsteady, he swats their coccyx, drags them towards himself as close possible, and slurs at them through the wall. “a’most forgot yer a f-fuckin’ whore, huh, prolly ‘njoy bein’ all stuffed up with cum... damn, betcha love it. ey?”

From the other side of the wall, he hears them sob quietly. For some reason, his eyesockets burn, and he swipes at them furiously before thrusting in. They shriek, and Sans fucks into them deeply, drags them back onto himself uncaringly, trying to ignore the way they’re mewling and wriggling frantically. Their cunt’s hot, even hotter than it was before, and as he forces himself in deeper he shoves aside the thought that it’s because of him and his cum.
“nnf, h-hah— thats it, thats right, fuuuuck, yeah, little— little cumslut d’sn’t want t’be all clean, you goddamn cocksleeve, yew just need me to fill you, r’ght?” They’re crying, even as their pussy clenches around him, and Sans leans his forehead against the wall, sweat dripping down as he pounds away at their fucking glorious tightness, and growls as his hips stutter.

His cum is molten hot inside them, thick and staining, and he slumps against the barrier tiredly as the pain somehow sharpens.

“tha’s... tha’s all you want.”

End Notes

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