

Questions

Eventually, Sans starts asking why.

It takes a while for curiosity to whisper its way through the howl of rage. For a long time, just the sight of that thing is a lightning strike straight to the heart, head pounding, eyes dilating, and— quite literally— seeing red. He can't look at it without killing it, and he can't kill it without eviscerating it. Only when he stands over its twisted body, blood soaking into his shoelaces, does a stillness come over him. Silence. Safety. This is his slice of serenity, just Sans and his still-warm corpse, and in these moments he has enough peace of mind to let it wander. To wonder. To speculate. The question rattles behind his teeth, but it's still dead; it can't answer yet, there's no use asking.

But then it's only dead for seconds. Sans blinks and they've gone back again. There it is again, that look, the lightning, the kill, the kill, again, again, again. They could do this forever. It's already been forever, hasn't it? Forever has come and gone. Sans is starting to ask why.

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First uttered, the question forces its way through a grimace, more growl than inquiry. "Why?" he demands, and that's all. Vague. Internally he kicks himself, briefly wishes their do-overs were consequence free, settles on the fact it must know what he means.

It does. Its eyes light up just before it goes out again, breath lost, tongue dead mid word. Sans releases its throat and waits for it to reappear, upright, neck unbruised, and when it does, it smiles and says, "Are we talking again? I missed that so much!" and that's all. Sans won't allow it another fake-sweet word. It eats a skewer through the gut.

"Hey, don't get so mad. You're the one who opened this door."

Beheaded.

"C'mon, I miss our conversations. You used to be such a talkative guy."

Impaled.

"Sorry... Jeez... If you want *me* to talk, then—"

Gutted.

“— at least finish your question! I'll answer anything you want!”

Stabbed.

But nowhere immediately important, just through the abdomen. It crumbles, knees to the snow, and gurgles a little, gasps for air, tiny noises of pain. Sans trudges closer, then crouches down, and then slaps it upside the head. It falls on its side, right on the bone jutting wrong through its spleen, and it hisses as the struggle deepens its wound.

“You look frustrated about something.” That's him talking, but he's unused to the sound of his own voice, unfamiliar with the sorts of things he used to say.

That thing is surprised, too— pleasantly though, all puffy with pride 'cause it got what it wants. Sometimes that sparkly little eye is all it takes, but Sans is willing to try patience today. Give and take.

“Just looking for a-a little clarity,” it gives. “Wouldn't wanna start rambling about something random, like, hah, who asked?”

“Then answer me this— and you better be finished by the time you're dead...” A deep breath, darkened eyes. “Why are you doing this?”

“Oh...” it says, and that shy expression is taking everything from him. “Oh, Sans,” it says, coy, and coughs blood into the snow. “That's a great question, and I'm so glad you asked, but I-I'd need a lot... *a lot* more time to explain that one.” Big, glittery eyes dart between his stone face and the bone through its middle, pathetically clutched in one red-gushing hand. It's never looked so embarrassed to be fatally wounded. “So? Hehe, could you?”

Sans watches its life trickle into the snow, fingers frost-bitten, face flushed and sweaty. He watches it watch him. As long as those eyes are alive, he'll never know peace. He huffs and stands up, and with a snap of his fingers he could rip this thing to the usual shreds. He walks away.

It calls after him, singing some selfish song. Same as always. That's what it knows, so that's what it does. It takes.

Slowly, agonisingly, solipsistically: bled out.

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These are snippets of things. Dunno where they will go or when.

“You asked me before, but I didn't get the chance to answer. I'll never forget it... ‘Why are you doing this?’ There are so many things wrapped up in such a short phrase. ‘Why this? Why me? Why are we still here?’ But those are just explanations... and what you're looking for... well, that would be a *solution*, wouldn't it? When you ask me, ‘why are you doing this?’ really what you want to know is ‘how can I make you stop?’ And I don't have an answer for that one. Except that you can't.”

“I was just trying to get your attention.”

“Well, you got it now, pal, in literally *the* most roundabout way possible. ‘Cause— get it? There's nobody else around. Anywhere. I couldn't pay attention to ‘em even if I wanted to. How's it feel, kiddo? Was it worth it?”

“This is the only way! I *have* to do it like this. Otherwise... Otherwise, you would never look twice at someone like me.”

“You mean a cold-blooded killer? Heh. Can't imagine why someone would wanna steer clear of that.”

“No, you dummy. The killing came after. The soul rot came first, and that's never going away.”