

@GrianMC

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@GrianMC

by [Sixteenthdays](#)

Summary

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Techno says frankly.

“You know,” Grian says again. “Your- Watchers.”

Techno squints for a moment before understanding visibly dawns behind his eyes. “*Ohhh*, you mean Chat?”

(On watchers, and Watchers.)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“Does that really not bother you?” Grian asks. The event’s having a short, unscheduled break while Wilbur is off trying to figure out if something is on fire, and Jimmy’s taken the opportunity to go look for food, so it’s just Grian and Technoblade, for the moment, sitting on a bench painted Noxcrew colors.

“Huh?”

“You know,” Grian says, and makes a vague gesture next to his head. When Technoblade’s expression remains blankly confused, he sighs. “I don’t want to say it. Every time I acknowledge them they’re insufferable for weeks.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Techno says frankly.

“You know,” Grian says again. “Your- Watchers.”

Techno squints for a moment before understanding visibly dawns behind his eyes. “*Ohhh*, you

mean Chat?”

“Is that what you call yours? They’re so *loud!* I can hear them from here. Doesn’t it drive you mad?”

“Little known fact, I was actually driven insane years ago,” Techno says, with such a completely flat affect that if it wasn’t for the smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth Grian might’ve thought he was serious. “But nah, not really. It’s not like they can really do anything. They’re just noisy.”

Grian readjusts his glasses, and talons click against metal and glass. “That’s what you think.”

Icey / I4

@I46578

@grianmc @grianmc pspspspsp pesky bird where are you its been weeks

M4Lpractice

@xnihilo

grian would eat dirt and like it

TheArtGoose

@TheArtGooseH

HES LIVE HES LIVE GRIANS LIVE FOR MCC!!!

eefin

@weemwoom

lore? grian lore?

|

cyno !!

@ccynosaur

WHERE

“Martyn,” says Grian, hauling himself up the red weeping vines and into Martyn’s horrible little heart-shaped box, “*why* did you have to involve them?”

Martyn, who had been standing on the furnace and staring out the window at Cleo’s little shack, jumps and hits his head on the roof. “*Grian,*” he says. And then: “What do you mean, them?”

“You know,” says Grian. He sits on the floor, pulling his wings in so that the stupid things don’t bash against the windows and bruise. “*Them.*”

“I don’t, actually,” says Martyn. “We’re not even *teamed*. I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Grian groans, tipping his head back and hearing the sound flutter up his throat into song. “The *eyes* on us, Martyn. The ones you got all excited last time we played. *Them.*”

Martyn opens his mouth and then closes it, and then sits down hard on the edge of the furnace. His eyes are wide. "Them," he repeats.

Grian counts down in his head. Seven minutes till midsession break is over. Maybe this *wasn't* the best time to bring this up with Martyn, if it's going to take this long, but, well, too late now.

"What about them?" asks Martyn. He adds, quickly: "You think I did something. I can't- What do you think I *could* do?"

"Tell a story with them in it," complains Grian promptly.

Martyn blinks. "You think I had a *choice*?"

"It's your story! Of course you had a choice," says Grian. He groans and knocks his head against the awful squishy netherwart wall again. "And now they won't shut *up* about it."

Martyn blinks again, curling his feet back into the furnace's upper shelf. He says, "I thought you of all people would understand. You were taken too. But I guess it's different, to be exalted, to be taken and then given all the freedom you could ever want to just fly away from them and not look back."

Grian blinks at him.

"Well first of all, I didn't *ask* to be a bird," he says. "Didn't exactly *choose* that. And it's *worse* now that you've gone and got their attention. I have to preen again! I hate preening. And second of all, *obviously* I'm not free of them. I just choose to ignore them."

"You just choose to ignore them," repeats Martyn, flat.

"It's the only way I know how to deal with them," admits Grian. Four more minutes of peace. "I've been trying to avoid... I don't want their full attention ever again." He makes a face. "Well, I have their full attention all the time. But I don't want it when they think they can *talk* to me. When they think they have *leverage* over me."

Obviously they have leverage over him. But if he doesn't acknowledge that, things won't get ugly. It's a simple plan. Maybe even a loophole.

"It's always about leverage with you, isn't it," says Martyn, after a long moment. His eyes, that bright unnatural blue, stare right into Grian's, which have probably gone all ringed and yellow again, *why* are the Watchers so insistent on him being a bird?

Grian hops to his feet and shrugs. "I'm a hermit! It's what we do."

"I wouldn't know," says Martyn, in the tone of someone who does know and disagrees. He's silent for another long moment as Grian shifts back and forth on his talons and contemplates the fact that he should really have stayed seated. "You can really just... pretend they don't exist? And they're fine with that?"

"Fine is a strong word," says Grian. "They can't do anything about it, though. Not if I act like I can't hear them threaten me."

"Freedom," says Martyn. Grian can't read his face, or his tone.

Two minutes left, and Grian's got to get back to the pointy flammable cake before break is over.

“Try it,” he tells Martyn. “It’ll be better for both of us. And uh- good luck with Cleo. I’d take the eyes on us any day over *them* plotting my death.”

“Thanks,” says Martyn, flat. He doesn’t say for what.

Grian decides that’s as much as he’s going to get, and drops down to the river below.

blods 🍷

@blodeuwedd

[short video clip of grian punching stone]

what is WRONG with him

|

Arien



@Local_slav_bird

i want to pickle him in a jar and see what happens

spooky scary skeleRin

@rinthehecker

so grian and scar in their latest video... 😏

|

vikki

@chikintendie5

😏

|

Cal 🍷

@Solarivm

😏

|

iicarusspooky

@iicarusseas

the TITS

Cherri

@CherriFireLive

@GrianMC WHEN’S THE NEXT EPISODE!!!

ely

@septicwreck

@grianMC we miss you :(

The timer ticks down to the next game, slow and steady.

“I don’t think they mean *harm*, really,” Grian says, eventually. “They’re only looking for a good show. It’s just dangerous to give them too much power over you. That’s all.”

End Notes

first of all. [thank you to all the twitter users named in the fic for allowing us to slander their good names for the sake of metafiction](#)

second of all uhhhhHH please don't read this as like, a screed against fandom and fanworks! its not!! we were just very inspired by [this post](#) by sparxwrites and wanted to write a study of grian and the watchers from this particular angle (that being, the watchers as the audience, in a very literal sense), and how that take on it could contrast with both martyn's take on watcher lore and techno's similar-but-very-very-different relationship with his audience.

my cowriter zeph wrote a big chunk of this. also shoutout to cal for the grian would eat dirt tweet i fuckin guess

thanks for reading <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!