

Bloodstained Apron, Bloodstained Knife

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Bloodstained Apron, Bloodstained Knife

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Summary

Technoblade is the Blood God, and is tired of this fact. When he hears rumours of a retired war god, he sets out to find him, but the famed Butcher is decidedly not what he expected.

Or, Beef invents UHC and gains a somewhat false reputation.

Notes

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

They call him the Butcher.

It fits him, Technoblade thinks, in the way an old jacket fits, a bit snug and tight at the armpits, but familiar. He doesn't look like much of a god, kneeling in the tiny patch of vegetable garden tucked against the side of the cottage. The Butcher wears a plain cotton shirt and brown trousers, with a big floppy sun hat and a belt of gardening tools on his hip.

The Butcher rises from the dirt and turns to face him.

He has a kind face, Technoblade thinks, with twinkling blue eyes that wrinkle at the corners when he smiles a greeting. His thick black beard is neatly groomed, and his smile is genuine.

"Hi there," the Butcher says.

"Hallo," the Blade replies.

"Do you want to come inside?"

Techno considers this. Instinct and past experience warn him against it. This unassuming man with dirt under his nails and a tapestry of faded scars along his arms is a god, and an old one at that. They call him the Butcher for a reason.

But Techno is no stranger to the sword and the man may be the Butcher but he is the Blade.

"Sure, I'll come inside."

The cottage is all light woods and easy comforts, bookshelves lining the walls and windows thrown open, sunlight dancing over a quaint kitchenette and a leather armchair in the corner. A patterned rug in brightly dyed wools covers the floor, and there's a closed oak door to the side, half hidden by hanging plants. There are plants everywhere, growing on the windowsills and sprouting from pots, green and vibrantly alive.

"Can I get you anything? A drink, something to eat?" the Butcher calls over his shoulder as he closes the door behind them.

Laws of hospitality dictate he say yes, and Techno inclines his head in accordance.

The Butcher grins, hangs up his hat and his belt of tools and rinses his hands methodologically under the tap, dries them on a soft white towel and gestures for Techno to sit.

There's a round wooden table in the kitchen, three wicker chairs haphazardly placed around it. Techno takes the seat closest to the exit, while the Butcher sits opposite, placing a bowl of fruits on the table between them. Techno takes an apple. It is crisp and juicy and red as blood, but it tastes far sweeter.

"So," the Butcher says when Techno is finished, "what brings you here?"

The revelation, the moment of truth. The silence before the storm. He has been searching for this little cottage for many months now, trekking across hill and valley, through snow and sand, the heat of the sun on his face and the cool of the breeze in his fur.

"I heard rumours," Technoblade begins, a catch in his voice he would rather not acknowledge, steepling his hands on the smooth sanded surface of the little wooden table, "of a war god, alone in the wilderness, whose name meant death to all who heard it. And I heard he retired. And I wanted to know how he did it, because I'm growing weary of my name being ash on strangers' tongues."

"And what do you mean by all that?"

Techno answers bluntly. "You're a war god. So am I. How do I make it stop?"

"Ah," the Butcher says with an understanding smile, "I see. What's your name?"

He straightens in his seat. "Technoblade, the Blood God, Emperor of Ice and King of the Antarctic Empire. The Wither Lord. My sign is the hog head, explosions are my calling card. I have fought a hundred thousand battles, and they say I never die."

The Butcher nods. "You can call me Beef."

"Heh?"

The Butcher- Beef- laughs. "I don't have any fancy titles anymore. You want to learn how to control the bloodlust? The anger? Get rid of all that. Remember you're a person under all those expectations."

"But they call you the Butcher."

"And that was one of my names once, but I've moved on. They called me the Butcher and left piles of ores at shrines they built for me, and brought me golden bread and slaughtered bulls. Now I grow tomatoes in my garden and feed the stray animals that wander past, and I'm happier."

"But your power-"

"Is meaningless. I'd trade it all for a good pair of socks or a game of poker with my friends. Godhood is great and all, but it isn't what makes me happy. I don't need to be lauded in laurels. I'm happy to just, well, be happy. And I'd rather be a god of animals than a god of war."

Technoblade considers this. He drums his fingers on his thigh, foot tapping against the floorboards. Past experience tells him otherwise, instinct flaring in alarm. A god without power is a god forgotten, and to be forgotten is a fate worse than death for those who cannot die.

"And I'm not really a war god, anyway," Beef says with a roll of his shoulders. "I'm a god of competition. It just so happens that my most popular contest is a death game, but that wasn't intentional. Originally UHC was about teamwork, working together to slay the dragon when every heart lost was lost forever. Then people started killing each other, like people tend to do, and the rest is history."

Old history, Techno thinks, older than him and his empire and all that he's built. Older than all he's destroyed, too. Maybe older than Phil, if that's even possible. But if he isn't a war god, then...

"So what you're saying is you can't help me."

"What gives you that impression?"

"I've- I've slaughtered thousands- they herald me as Death's son, as the Angel's blade- my heart beats only on the battlefield- I thought you would understand. There are voices ringing between my ears screaming for carnage, and I came here against my better judgement because I'm tired of the noise. I sought you out because I believed you were like me and that you had somehow found a way to resist the call."

"No god can resist their calling for too long," Beef says simply. "It is our domain, part of us, and even those of us who are halfway to forgotten still feel its pull. But that doesn't mean there aren't ways to manage it. I taught Etho everything he knows, you know," Beef says with a chuckle and a wink.

"Uh, am I supposed to know who that is?"

The Butcher's face is one of shock. He sighs, a tired thing, and Techno *feels* the weight of time settle on the old god's shoulders.

"Has it really been so long even his name is being forgotten?" Beef mutters to himself.

Techno shuffles in his seat, glances around the room, calculates the microseconds it'll take to summon his sword, his magic. He's misspoken, though he's not sure how, and this is another god's land- he can taste the magic buzzing in the air, and should the Butcher draw his weapon he'll have the advantage. He may be the Blood God, but he would rather not try his luck.

But there is no tension in the air, no sudden sharpness or drop in pressure. Beef is not angry.

"Never mind all that," he says with a shake of his head, "something to discuss another day. Now, I

may not truly be a god of war," Beef continues firmly, "but if you seek peace, a way to calm yourself without bloodspill and bloodsport, I can still help you. They called me the Butcher for a reason, after all, and I didn't get these scars gardening. I'll help you, and I only ask for one thing in return."

"And what is that?" Voice wary, jaw tight, eyes narrowed. Never trust a stranger, never pray to a foreign god.

"Simple- tell me your story."

Bruh. The old man's a nerd; he sounds like Phil- are all old gods like this?

"Heh? Why would that interest you?"

Theseus. Exiled. Snow and cold. Emeralds, glittering green.

Beef shrugs. "I'm old, I don't get out much. I want to see what the next generation is up to, what's happening across the street, you know? Stick around for a while, share some stories, I'll do my best to help you and tell you what I know. I mean, there really aren't any downsides," Beef says nonchalantly, reaching for an apple from the basket between them.

Technoblade recalls his teachings, the lessons he learned first verbatim and then in practice. Opportunities multiply as they are seized.

"Alright then," Technoblade replies, "I think I'll take you up on that offer."

The Butcher smiles, eyes crinkling at the corners, and his smile is genuine.

"Welcome to the sanctuary, Blood God. Now, how do you feel about vegetable gardens?"

End Notes

You know what this fic is? It's me going "hey so since Beef created uhc which is basically a blood sport what if he was the blood god haha" and I immediately ended up with like five different ideas before writing this one, and he isn't even the blood god here lmao. Also this is *technically* part of AU-gust 2021? The first day prompt was ancient gods and I had this half-written, so I finished and edited it to post it today. Idk if I'll do anything for the other prompts, but if I'm feeling inspired there'll probably be a few more oneshots in the future. And I know Techno was making mc content during the old age of mcyt but he's so strongly associated with the new era that I really wanted to play up the divide for this fic, hence his lack of knowledge on Etho for example :D

Beef as a god of competition (and animals) is inspired by him inventing UHC and ABBA Rules Caving, as well as the sheer amount of CTM maps he's completed, hence the references to wool and ores, and the gifts of bread is a reference to he and Pause calling bread popsic! The animals bit is from things like Building a Zoo and Pixelmon, and Beef's many irl animals.

(Also the son of Death part is in reference to goddess of death!Kristin but Techno isn't Phil and Kristin's kid, it's just to show his association with that pantheon especially as a god of war and a god of death would probably be pretty close. I'm not a big fan of FD SBI).

Other random tidbits- the three chairs at the kitchen table are for Team Canada, the apples and Eden motif thing was entirely on accident, the teachings Techno mentions is literally just Sun Tzu, uhh oh yeah the Greek references are drawn from dsmp!Techno headcanons! And yes, the bit about the first UHCs being about killing the dragon is true- VintageBeef did actually invent UHC and you can still find the videos on his youtube :D

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