Songbirds, Snakes, and Bees

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Archive Warning: <u>Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</u>, <u>Major Character Death</u>

Fandom: <u>Dream SMP, Minecraft (Video Game)</u>

Relationship: No romance to be found here - Relationship Floris | Fundy & Wilbur

Soot, Tubbo & Tommyinnit, Clay | Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF), Jschlatt & Quackity, Technoblade & Philza,

technoblade & tubbo, Clay | Dream & Toby Smith | Tubbo, Darryl

Noveschosch & Zak Ahmed

Character: Toby Smith | Tubbo, Tommylnnit (Video Blogging RPF), Clay | Dream

(Video Blogging RPF), Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF), Philza,

Floris | Fundy, Wilbur Soot, Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF),

<u>GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF), Jschlatt (Video Blogging RPF), Alexis | Quackity, Badboyhalo - Character, Skeppy - Character</u>

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Traumatized Toby Smith | Tubbo, Toby Smith | Tubbo-centric, Toby Smith | Tubbo Needs a Hug, Tommylnnit Needs a Hug (Video Blogging RPF), Toby Smith | Tubbo Misses Tommylnnit, Major character death - Freeform, I mean come on guys it's the hunger games, Trigger warning for technical Sucicide, Lot of fighting, plot of backstory too, Minecraft Mechanics, If nobody asks questions in the comments I'll be sad PLEASE-, BAMF Toby Smith | Tubbo, This dude be STRONK

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Collections: <u>alexs fav ffs :] (mostly crimeboys tntduo or sbi)</u>

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by MVickery

Summary

A Hunger Games meets Dream SMP featuring awesome Tubbo, insight into current events, and fight scenes.

No prior knowledge of the Hunger Games is needed to understand this, but knowledge of the Dream SMP is a must.

Alternate universes get summoned to a world with their own doubles who organise a horrendous game. In this world they will fight till one winner remains, and that winner will be sent back home to their families.

What the world doesn't expect, however. Is a boy from a world already accustomed to war.



The creature in his skin was speaking, he had to get away!

"Uh Tommy?! I think I'll need some help here!"

Just before Tubbo could make any possible movement to escape from the being's grasp, something heavy thumped him over the head. Sending him down into the land of nightmares from fights past fought.
When he'd woken up hours later, it was only to find out that Tubbo had been unwillingly forced into a different universe to partake in a game of death.
He was the second option to be brought out. Instead, the one before him dying due to a physiological difference which prevented them from breathing this world's air.
To find out that his Ranboo's alternate universe double had been stripped out of the End and put into an unfamiliar place, only to die painfully without knowledge on what was happening was harsh.
But it thankfully, it did help him come to terms with the fact that these people were not his friends, nor anything like the loving citizens Tubbo had known during his entire life.
He would have to be trained by his alternate self, to kill his alternate friends, so that hopefully the rights to go back home and <i>live</i> , were given as a reward.
Or at least. That was <i>their</i> plans for him.
It had been a nerve racking day when Tubbo first met the very people he would have to fight against.
His own 'trainer', a word which definitely never fit himself in any sort of way, had basically said to give up.

"Uhhh... I don't know. It's not like *we'd* have any chance of winning. But Tommy is here! Though Tommy said he was real, well, you know, you could still help him out! Just like the other us's have done before when it wasn't Ranboo's turn on the spot! Anyway, I'm sure it'll work out for you if you help him."

Instead of immediately focusing on the weapons, Tubbo decided to watch the other contestants first.

One of the first few he spied over, which gave him chills to see alive and well, were Schlatt and Quackity.

Schlatt, was a king from a great nation. He'd bragged before that he'd even hunted servant children on his grounds.

From the way the man had looked at him over the feasting table, it was obvious just what his particular fate had been in that universe.

Quackity, was a bit different compared to all of them.

From a country called Mexico, he had 'online friendship' with only a small portion of whom Tubbo knew the man was involved with.

Both him, and Schlatt, had been drawn over to each other. Quackity became an easy target for the only person who'd first spoken to him, without much of a threat being casted down from distrust.

Then, there were Wilbur and Fundy.

At the sight of the two of them together, it had made Tubbo's heart stop. Fundy apparently being from a mechanical world, didn't know anyone other than his dad.

Wilbur still hadn't said what his original world was like. A fact which made him classified as a threat in Tubbo's mind.

The inner journaling he was making from within his head made Tubbo feel... confused. Although

it wasn't as if he'd ever need to write all of this down anyways. Many people spoke about their prowess in the field for both attack and defence, however during their training times, only few of them could hold standard positions and exercises. Not a single person he knew back in his original world would dare let themselves lower to such a standard, unless they wanted death to immediately take them. It was only when he noticed that Philza and Technoblade, who'd been awfully quiet, would always move into a hidden section of the room when practicing combat, that he'd realised the truth. Nobody was actually revealing their full strengths. The final main group he kept his eye on to memorise their order, was the Dream Team themselves, who boasted about their origins loudly enough for Tubbo to hear. George, born in a country of both flowers and colour, who'd been outcast by his peers because of his physical inability to see reds and greens, before being adopted into a group of rebels against their country's views. Sapnap, having been born in the nether itself, a famous criminal that destroyed structures and occasionally killed people, a member of the notorious Dream Team gang. Then finally, the one who Tubbo had kept his eye on the most from a hidden spot on the rafters above. Dream himself.

He looked exactly as he did in Tubbo's own universe. Unlike some slight changes in others clothing, Dream had the regular green jumper on and same unsympathetic mask.

Apparently, he'd come from a universe where his friends would hunt him like prey. A manhunt for their own friend just to pass the time.

Tubbo didn't know why many people who'd also been listening to their conversation flinched away when they'd heard that.
Just like 'his' Dream, this one also had a perhaps even larger ego when talking about his feats.
How he'd killed many people, when forcing them into a game of which if they couldn't hunt him in time, they would suffer a terrible fate.
Thankfully, as he'd already mentally noted, Dream really was more outwardly narcissistic.
Unless it was all an act, so he'd better stay far away from the marble faced hunter.
By the end of his first day, Tubbo had made a full list of everything he knew for each and every person.
It may just be the decider between life, and death.
On the second day before the three days end, the alternate Tommy entered the training booths, along with the Tommy of <i>this</i> universe.
Sporting a black eye, pink tinged clothing, and multiple grazes, Tubbo could figure out just what was likely to have happened.
But it was Tommy .
Of course, he looked a lot more confused and fearful than his own Tommy would everdare to show.
His 'trainer' dropped him in an unfamiliar room, with the very people planning to kill him, as well

as setting a hand upon his double's shoulder, making a flinch visibly roll down his spine. Tubbo's hate for this world's Tommy grew, and with it, the realisation that he needed to be there for the pink clad stranger of a best friend. So creeping away from his hidden spot of safety, Tubbo walked warily in front of his enemy's to greet the other boy. "Tommy? I-is that... you?!" Start off with a simple sentence. Make it clear enough that the target would understand his intentions, but standing further away in case a physical confrontation was unavoidable. Keep the words naive and questioning. Manipulate the thoughts of all hearing to think that he was confused and afraid. Even Dream had believed his desperate ploy to gain more time during his capture back in their final battle. If they think you're weak, you'll certainly be underestimated. Wide teary eyes turned to look at him. This Tommy was definitely different to his own. "T-T-Tubbo?!" Immediately the taller scrambled over to hug him tightly while he struggled not to flinch away. Seemingly honest judging by both close contact and tone of voice. His friend smelt of flowers and

True tears however, were threatening to gather in his eyes. Tommy being *right there* and them being so close that they could hear each other's *heartbeat* -

the training mats which decorated the floors around them.



The pink Tommy, as Tubbo mentally dubbed him, had never fought in his life.
This had made the games Tommy, very mad and have a tantrum over, that lead to him being beaten up and not being allowed to attend his first day of training.
Their world had been a lot happier. But here Wilbur edged away the second pink Tommy tried to start a conversation, and Philza was just apparently too daunting to talk too.
The pink clothed boy had burst into tears once again, yet the two persisted. Sticking only to the hidden and unpopular corners of the survival section with berries and rope traps.
There was something bothering Tubbo, however.
Perhaps it was the painful way each action, expression, and reaction looked the same as his own Tommy might have made before the rebellion. Or perhaps it was just the sheer loneliness that filled his heart.
Something must be to blame for these feelings he was getting.
On the third day, Dream, Sapnap, and George walked over to them while Tubbo was attempting to teach pink Tommy how to tie a sailors knot.
George looked mildly interested in a display showing useful ties, when Sapnap hadn't taken his eyes off of them.
Dream himself sauntered over, before laying his arm down upon Tommy's shoulder.
Tubbo suppressed the urge to take out his emergency knife to hack away at whatever flesh he could find.
"D-Dream?"

Tommy, still not being used to how dangerous everyone was, looked over to the hoodie wearing murderer with innocence in his eyes.
Dream let out an approving hum, before shoving him forwards with a harsh push.
Unconsciously, Tubbo noted that the push didn't send Tommy flying, and didn't have an unbeatable amount of force in it.
Consciously, however, Tubbo moved to try and shield his friend. Unnoticeably shifting so that his own body would be in the way of Dream, if he were to attack once more.
Sapnap laughed. Pointing at the two of them crouched on the floor, looking back with fear filled eyes.
"Ha! I heard you were a duo of wimps!"
George remained silent, but watched on with his eyes hidden by the large glasses he normally wore. However, an unconfident smirk was what Tubbo used to determine that the man also wasn't feeling pity for them.
That ruled off any possible weak points in the Dream team. Not that there was much of a chance for one there anyways, but he needed a miracle to survive all of this and get back to his true universe.
Tommy.
Dream threateningly leant in close to the two of them before practically hissing out a whisper.
"You'll be the ones we go for first. Good luck."
With that, the Dream team posse walked away. Leaving him and the shivering pink Tommy behind.

Tubbo's mind worked a mile per minute. A confrontation here would be unavoidable. Only a proper trap would have any chance of killing them, and even with *that* there was the fact that the three were witty enough to likely get out of one.

Really the only chance was to pick them off one by one and avoid their sight at all costs which would mean multiple inescapable traps would have to be made-

From beside him, Tubbo heard a sniffle.

The instant he turned around to see Tommy- *pink Tommy's* face, all he could think about was how he was tearing in the eyes.

The war had taught everyone back in his universe to hide their true feelings. To appear weak when strong, and strong when weak.

But this version of Tommy had never had to deal with pain the way his own had.

So why did it hurt so much to see the copy of his friend crying?

Tubbo hugged Tommy. Willing tears into his eyes to show fear rather than logical analytics.

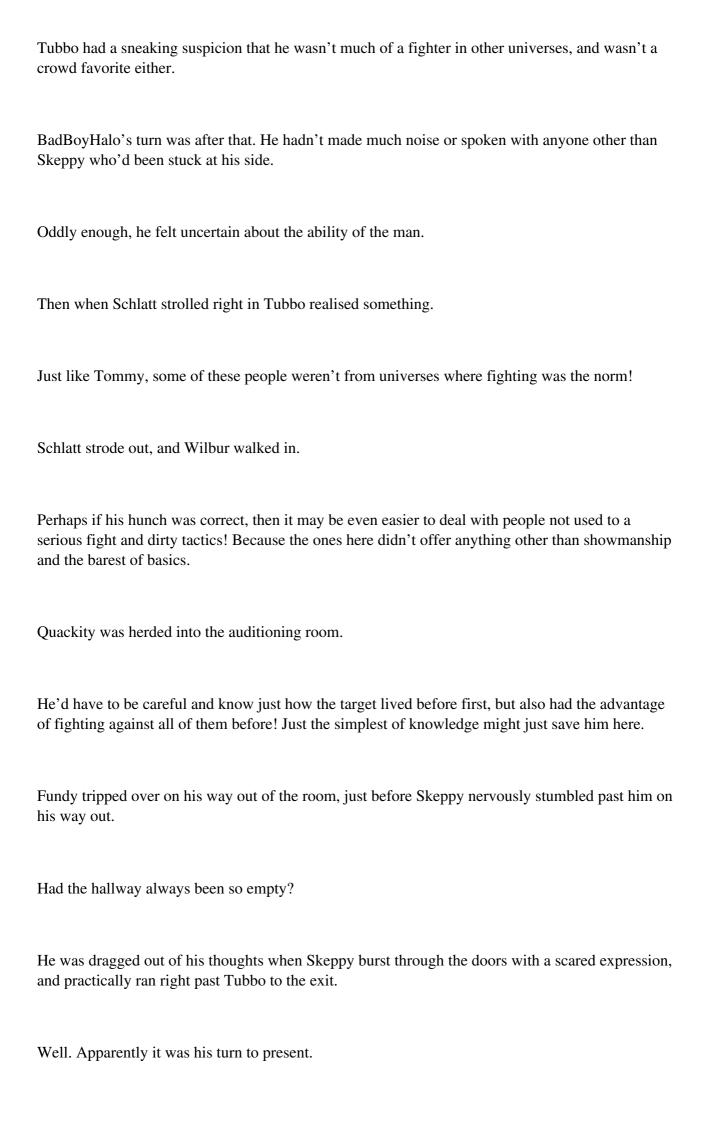
"T-Tubbo! I-I-I dont k-know how we'll-"

His best friend's voice was cut off by the tears he shamelessly wept.

Had he and Tommy ever cried together back during the wars they'd gone through? Or was that something lost in their early childhood.

During dinner that day, Tubbo noted the way that Philza had glanced over at them. As if he wanted to say something, just before he instead turned away to speak to Technoblade.

Tomorrow, they would each be showing the thirteen trainers their best skills.
Tubbo couldn't help but yearn to release his anger out on the very people who'd put happy citizens like Tommy in harm's way.
All thirteen contestants waited outside on chairs for their turn to present to the trainers what they had learnt.
Apparently, the order that the thirteen were placed in was that of their popularity as well as likeliness to win an overall game.
Fitting he was unlucky thirteen.
This was apparently their 74th time of pitting alternate universes against each other.
Technoblade went in first, which Dream had loudly complained about before his turn after that.
Once finishing their showing of what they'd learnt, one could leave for either one last training area, or to rest in their rooms for the actual game to begin the next day.
Technoblade had waited for Philza, before it was Tommy of all people's turn at fourth place.
Shakingly, his friend walked in. Before only minutes afterwards rushing out with tears in his eyes.
Tubbo advised him to go to his room and sleep. They'd need it for the long nights coming up.
Then it was Sapnap's turn, and George's after.



Tubbo stood up and brushed off his pants, before walking through the imposing door of the auditorium. What had likely been a simple room, was decorated by four racks with multiple weapons displayed upon them, as well as a few straw dummies to practice upon. With a sinking feeling coming from within his gut, Tubbo realised that there was no other option than to display a fighting skill, rather than something menial. A large open room could be seen from below, and it was there that Tubbo saw the other trainers. Dressed in variously different garb, they mostly stood looking down at him with glasses of what would likely be high quality wine precariously held in their hands. So. He'd have to present for the people who'd place him here, ey? The Tommy of this universe gazed down and then did a double take before dragging over what Tubbo instantly realised to be his other self. "Hey! Hey! Tubbo! Look down there, it's you! Remember last time just how the other you stabbed his foot with a sword? That was f*cking hilarious mate!" Familiar laughter rang from the large awning and played at his heartstrings. A deep seated hatred for this particular version of his friend was growing even stronger. Tubbo tried to ignore the multiple accounts of laughter at his expense, and grabbed a bow as well as a few arrows. Standing at a reasonable distance away from a target, he released.

And promptly missed entirely.



Tubbo, with perfect accuracy and posture, spun around glaring.
Then released his arrow directly into Tommy's glass. Spilling the blood like liquid completely over the imposter's face.
Immediately, the sound of chairs scraping from the ones who'd been sitting down occurred.
Tommy, who'd landed on his arms and knees from shock had let out a scream so loud, it probably had been audible from the outside.
A deathly silence filled their room afterwards. Each trainer locked their gazes with Tubbo while maintaining a mixture of horror, shock, and confusion.
He glared back at them as menacingly as possible, before dropping the weapon he'd used to cause such chaos down onto the ground.
Then with that, realising a calm smile which caused a few to jolt back, Tubbo calmly exited the room. Leaving the silence behind, as well as what he desperately hoped were Tommy's teary sniffles.
Tubbo had been left alone in his private dormitory, before they gathered all of the contestants to their combined eating room to see their scores.
Five guards had been sent to escort him, despite all of the others getting one each.
Nobody had seen their trainers yet that day.
He'd sat down next to pink Tommy, who'd thankfully not noticed how the guards warily studied him, and got comfortable to read whatever score he'd been given.
It was a score out of thirteen.

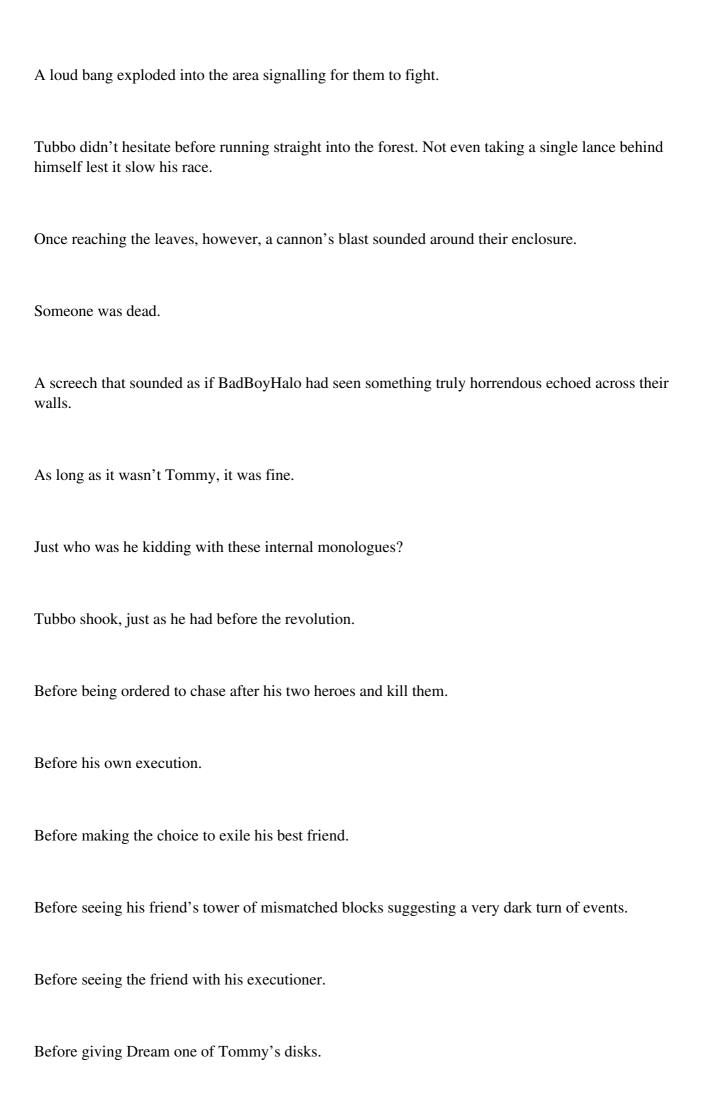
So everyone's surprise when Technoblade's score was the	perfect match was audible in gasps.
Dream sneered slightly at his own twelve. Meanwhile dou	bling upon that as Philza got the same.
Giggles rang out at Tommy's very own three. Tubbo grable a relieved look back from him.	bed his friend's hand in comfort, and got
Sapnap had gotten a ten. Dream chuckled a bit at George's	s own eight, but still didn't say much.
BadBoyHalo had gotten a five, which definitely surprised decent to say the least sword user, and was unrivalled with Technoblade.	
He was also a cunning man, however. So Tubbo noted not	t to let down his guard.
Schlatt beamed at his eight. Grabbing Quackity by his sho the man's ear that made him freeze, just before shuffling be expression.	
Wilbur got a six. Something that didn't really surprise him sort to fight with weapons.	n seeing as the man had never been the
He was much better with explosives and words.	
Quackity got a five.	
Schlatt's grin grew wider, and Tubbo couldn't help but wo them.	onder if it'd been planned by the two of
Fundy received a seven, which was much more than Tubb good fighter in his own universe, this Fundy was apparent weapons and war.	

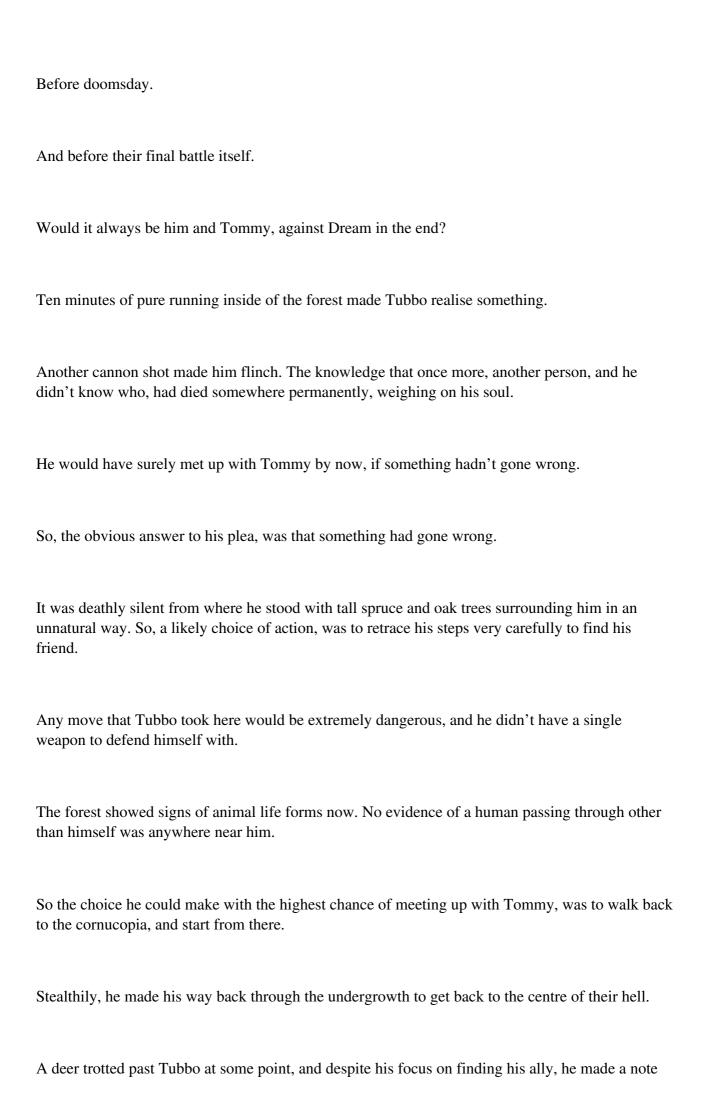
Skeppy was given a six, just before BadBoyHalo hugged his friend. A small grin showing that perhaps he'd practiced to get that high with Bad in the first place, and their efforts had paid off.
Next it was his own turn.
Pink Tommy squeezed his hand in what was probably meant to be a comforting way.
A big, fat, zero took up the screen, before it all went dark. Multiple people's laughter rang out. Dream's wheezing more audibly than anyone else's.
So. It seems this universe's Tommy had advocated for him to be in last place, and henceforth be targeted as easy prey by the top spots.
As pink Tommy once again squeezed his hand and stared innocent eyes at him, Tubbo faked his best, fearful, voice he could possibly do.
"I-I'm fine!"
Thirteen slabs of concrete created a circle around a large metal structure, which was the apparent cornucopia.
The pink Tommy was unfortunately three different podiums away to his right. Separating them with the impenetrable wall of both Technoblade and Dream, of whom would most surely go to the centre first.
A minute countdown was all that separated them from either a gruesome death, or victory.
Tubbo had immediately started scanning the outside perimeter as soon as he'd arrived. Him and pink Tommy having discussed earlier how they would instantly run straight into the forest behind them, before meeting up in the middle to look for camouflaged shelter.

Tommy had made a joke about how if they'd have to live underground, he would die of claustrophobia.
Pogtopia came to mind as memories of his own Tommy he'd failed attacked him with the vigour of one who'd been betrayed.
Thirty seconds. Contestants were beginning to get into running positions and making eye contact with their associates.
Forest area all around them. A shimmering blue dome arced over their heads in what was apparently an unbreakable wall.
The cornucopia had even better goods in it then Tubbo had previously thought there'd be. Multiple backpacks settling in various places, along with unhidden food and weapons of every kind which would surely be useful.
Only one problem remained with collecting such valuables. Everyone else would be going too, and the bloodlust filling the air did nothing to help settle his nerves.
Ten.
Tubbo brought himself back to reality. Focussing solely on his goal.
Nine.
Remember every possible weak spot and <i>never</i> let others see your true abilities in the face of danger.
Eight.
He looked over to Tommy. His friend looked almost sick to the stomach, however was obviously determined to do something.

Seven.
Unconsciously, his constant act of a fearful face began to weaken. Changing into what might have been one of a fighter well used to stressful situations.
Six.
Wilbur and Fundy exchanged nods. Likely getting ready to instantly flea into the forest.
Five.
Schlatt smiled over to Quackity. Almost assured about something. Those two would likely run for the goods.
Four.
Technoblade gave a quick glance over to Tubbo. He barely noticed it, but the man then exchanged a nod with Philza who looked too relaxed for such a situation. They would definitely go to the cornucopia.
Three.
The Dream team were all grinning. Bloodlust in the way they held themselves, as if they would run directly to get weapons.
Two.
Tommy looked over to Tubbo. And as his friend had a focused expression upon his brow, he shakily prepared himself for what he would have to do to survive this.

One.





of possible food and perhaps even a freshwater source. The soil around him got increasingly muddy. It'd been the same texture for both Tommy and Dream's podiums, likely going back even further to others. It meant he was getting closer, and would need to put his guard up even higher. Finally, he had arrived at his destination. The roof from the cornucopia peeking over a bush he was surveying from. Skeppy's broken form was visible from where he hid. Not much blood was leaking, and it was definitely death by a snapped neck judging from the lay and posture his corpse took. It certainly wasn't the first broken neck he'd seen, and definitely not the most gruesome. But the fact that this Skeppy would never respawn, seeing as this universe only had one life rule? The Skeppy lying dead in front of him, would never be able to go back to his life and tell the people who'd cared about him what had happened. Would never see his best friend again. Tubbo shook his head slightly so as to not noticeably disturb the leaves which cloaked him from view. Camouflage being essential to his survival. A few items which hadn't been claimed yet taunted him from an open position. Then, he realised that the mud showed footprints. Tommy's going straight to the very place they'd agreed not to go to.

In that moment, all vestiges of his sanity left him.

Tubbo stumbled out from his hidden alcove, and dashed directly to where his friend would likely be.

With an expression of desperation over his face, and a speed which rivaled most inhabitants of his own universe, he reached the inside of the cornucopia. Coming face to face with Dream, Sapnap, and GeorgeNotFound.

A rule of war, that he'd learnt quickly from a very young age, was to gain any advantage you could possibly get

This was what led him to grab a lone iron axe, that had likely been disposed of for the diamond weapons, and few netherite options.

A second rule of war, however, was to take stock of your surroundings. To use the terrain to your advantage, in any way you can.

So, after noticing both George and Sapnap's diamond swords, then Dream's own diamond axe, and then finally looking down to see TommyInnit. Just, lying there.

The world froze solid around him. Red staining the pink of Tommy's shirt, like blood on a flower.

Tubbo didn't even react to getting surrounded by the Dream team, only looking down at the body of his friend who would never move again.

A maniacal laugh erupted from Dream himself. Jumping off of the box he'd been previously perched upon, and strolling right up to his next victim.

"Hey! We were waiting for you to come for ages!"

The smiley masked man cackled in delight. Giving a rough kick to Tommy's corpse, sending him to face upwards. Eyes fearful and a mouth dripping with crimson blood greeted Tubbo, who just couldn't move from where he stood.

"What! Cat got your tongue? He was just soooo annoying. Cried through it all as we had a little

fun!"
Dream gave him a slight push that tipped him down and onto the ground. Another horror filled glance at his <i>dead</i> friend pulling him over to the <i>absolute edge</i> .
In the days back in his own universe, Tubbo had often imagined seeing Tommy in such a state.
It grew ever more gruesome after his presidency, after spying a tower of which held so much misery and pain in it making.
Then, their final battle.
Sapnap giggled, and joked about the iron axe still held firmly in his hand to George.
The final fight to get the disks back. Every moment he savoured with his friend by his side, because it may as well be his last.
Before they all banded together, and defeated Dream.
This was the absolute opposite of what had really occurred, as well as his worst nightmare.
Everyone was separated and against each other. Dream had won

Tommy... was dead.

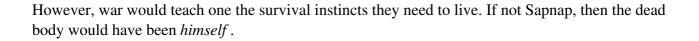
"Hey Tubbo! You wanna say anything before we have a bit of fun?!"

This wasn't his Tommy, but he had grown to become friends with him.

But back in another universe, was there a garden which would be left to rot? Would his very own copy cry themself to sleep, wondering just where his other half had gone?







"W-what the... what the f*ck?!"

Dream was suffering from the influence of shock. The normally sadistic man was now reduced to a stammering heap from seeing the death of one close to him.

"No, w-what the f*ck did you just d-do?"

Tubbo took a step forward, causing the other to flinch. George was completely terrified, but still within his line of sight incase of any threat.

Instead of fighting, he walked over to Tommy's body.

The other two were stuck frozen, as he crouched down to inspect the corpse which lay bleeding on the rough, cornucopia concrete.

Multiple wounds indeed. He had not gotten an easy death.

Why did that hurt? If it wasn't his own Tommy... then why couldn't the sight of this body be like any other?!

"What were your original worlds like? I'd assume you didn't fight often with how uneven your marks are, and how slowly you threw an axe strike."

He stood up again from the half crouch that Tubbo had gotten into. Glaring down at the two remaining tormentors of his friend with a look that hadn't reared it's ugly head since showing their trainers just what he could do.

George still stood unmoving while looking down to Sapnap's body. Dream was beginning to snap out of his own state of shock, a sign from how he'd previously lived in a moderately used fighting

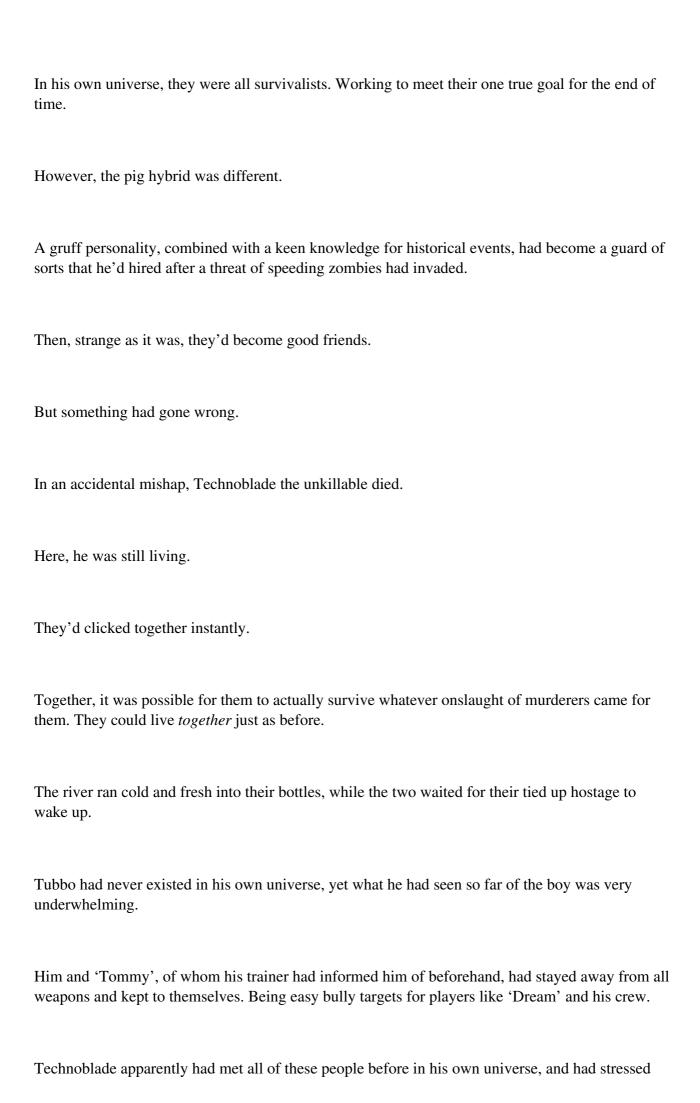


Slamming Dream's back onto the concrete below, Tubbo set a foot upon the older's chest. Constricting air flow to the lungs which so desperately heaved for oxygen.
George had run away mid-fight. Not being the sort to rush into physical confrontation without a plan, nor chance.
"So. Dream. Have you got any ideas?"
Wheezing breaths came below him. Very different in nature from his laughter, but sounding much the same.
It wasn't funny. Tommy was dead.
Suddenly, Tubbo's mouth split off into a grin. Low chuckles echoing out, and the man before him flinched back in fear. How shameless of him!
"You know, just before I came to this place, I actually just defeated you with the help of Tommy and most everyone here?"
Pushing his foot in harder to Dream's chest made him groan. This made even more chuckles appear from himself.
This was the most powerful man he knew! Beaten, like a dog!
But Tommy would never see this. Would he?
No.
The mood sobered.
It was then that Tubbo realised that no tears would appear. There was no room to show emotions

He wouldn't cry for a boy he barely knew. This wasn't his Tommy, this was another person who had his own life, friends, and family.
"You're a whhheeeezzzeee f*cking monster!"
Tubbo had forgotten that Dream was below him.
Then with a face scowling once more, he lifted his iron axe high into the air.
Underneath him, the green hoodies man was still struggling. Didn't he see ?!
The weapon swung down and cleaved a direct hit to a skull. A feat he'd never done before, and wouldn't want to in a hurry.
It was truly worrying just how satisfying the crunch of bones sounded.
The cannon shot fired, muffled to his ears.
After a second of thought, he then leant down to take away the diamond axe from Dream's side. Placing it in a backpack along with the iron axe he'd used to murder two people.
Then, Tubbo carefully picked up the other Tommy off of the ground. Too focused to care about the blood from his own wounds which hadn't yet dried.
He began to trek back into the forest. Uncaring whether or not someone might see him as an easy target to attack with his weapons away, and a corpse in his arms.
Following his earlier footsteps, Tubbo ended up in a flat area. Flowers bloomed in random patches and a spot of sunlight shone directly into a middle patch of grass that glowed vibrantly.

with threats all around to claw and bite at your expense.

That was where he lay Tommy down to rest.
It wasn't a burial like one he'd ever experienced before. A stone hard expression sat upon his face while placing flowers around the other's dead body.
If his own Tommy were to die, would he have wanted to have a funeral like this?
It still wasn't his own Tommy, however. His Tommy was all sharp humour and fights, as well as the pure personification of chaos incarnate.
This boy lain before him, had suffered because of someone else's choices. Softer and unknowing of war.
An unknown bird called out into the forest, as Tubbo then saluted his friend before turning away to find the river.
Tommy was waiting for him, after all.
Just as the cool water of the stream met his vision, the world faded into darkness as his consciousness failed him.
Two others watched in shock at the sight.
Philza Minecraft had always been a loner.
Friends were people who would come and go as they please, taking whatever they could and never giving back till their final breaths.
Maybe that had been what made meeting Technoblade so strange.



just how good Dream was in battle.
But Tubbo? He was a child. Rated the worst score on their judging day by their trainers, he was an easy target to aim for.
Just how this kid was still alive was concerning to say the least. Especially with the sheer amount of blood that coated his body, which had only slightly washed away into their drinking water.
How unsanitary.
"So Phil. Do you recon we should question him now?"
Techno looked over to him, curiosity in his eyes.
Well, it wasn't like they had anything to fear after all. Underneath everything was a true warrior of blood. Only showing kindness to him of all people.
Philza couldn't help but feel grateful that he was the only person who could experience this side of the 'stone hearted' killer. It made him wonder just about how the games would end if it were only the two of them left.
"Better now than never, mate."
With those words said, Technoblade dumped the entire contents of his water bottle onto the young boy's head.
Immediately, Tubbo's eyes opened. Showing a fear that made Philza's stomach curl around at the corners uncomfortably with guilt.
The boy started shaking and looking around in terror, struggling surprisingly well against the ropes which held him down.
Techno began.

"So. Did you kill your friend Tommy or something?" Philza sighed from the blunt way his friend had delivered the words, despite having thought that himself. Tubbo's face suddenly dropped to show both horror and that ever present fear of his. "T-Tommy i-is..." His face further fell as if reliving past events too traumatic to explain. From where he sat, Philza ruffled his hybrid wings to feel more comfortable. "Dream k-k-killed... I c-can't-!" Suddenly the boy jolted, and thick tears ran down his face. Snot dripping from his nose exactly like the day he'd seen the two kids meet up for the first time. "D-Dream murdered Tommy." More tears rushed down the boy's face, and Philza just couldn't help but feel sorry for him. For one to experience the death of another at such a young age was a tragedy. Technoblade, the ever present stoic, sighed dramatically at the news. Weakening his grip on the netherite axe they had easily obtained. "Did you fall on his body or something?" Spoken while gesturing at the volume of blood present. Philza politely nudged him in the side with

He then stood up and walked to kneel at the feet of their tied up hostage who was crying about the death of his best friend.

his elbow. Coughing nonchalantly as the other gave him an exasperated glance.



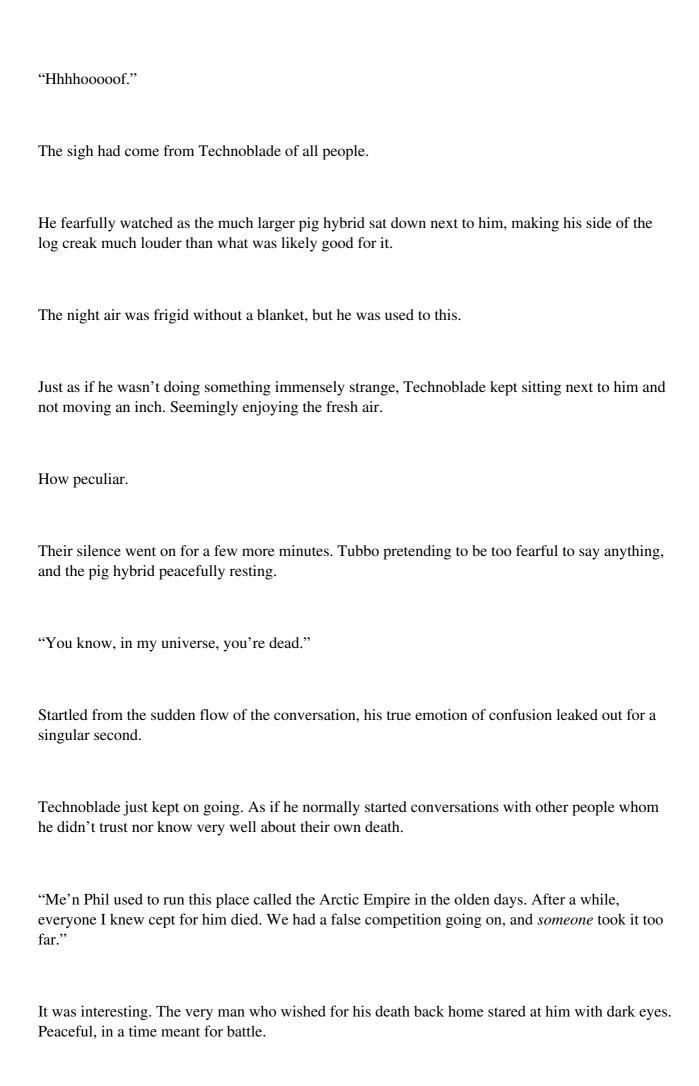
Shrugging his arms only made the pig hybrid even more agitated. Philza then made some placating hand movement's to try and cure his friend's wrath. "Relax, Techno! It's only for a night. In the morning we just kick him out early or something! All it means is that we have an extra person. We'd need to do some watches even without him around. You don't want his death to be on you, do you mate?" That seemed to be the trick. Making Technoblade mellow down to a level when he would agree to what was asked. So the two of them headed back and explained to Tubbo their deal, which was agreed to easily enough. The poor kid was likely in shock from seeing death up close. If worse came to worst, they could easily kill him, anyways. Tubbo watched as Philza easily fell asleep. Unaware of the plotting eyes cast upon him. He'd put on a hefty display of tears when he'd first come too. Ready to start attacking whomever had captured him, only to find that it was the two people that he desperately hadn't wanted to meet. Technoblade, and Philza. In his own universe, they'd sided with Dream to destroy every material thing he'd ever cared about.

So after giving the absolute worst speech on loss he'd ever gotten, Philza was just merrily falling asleep. Not even waiting to watch the area cast out pictures of his fallen members and friends.

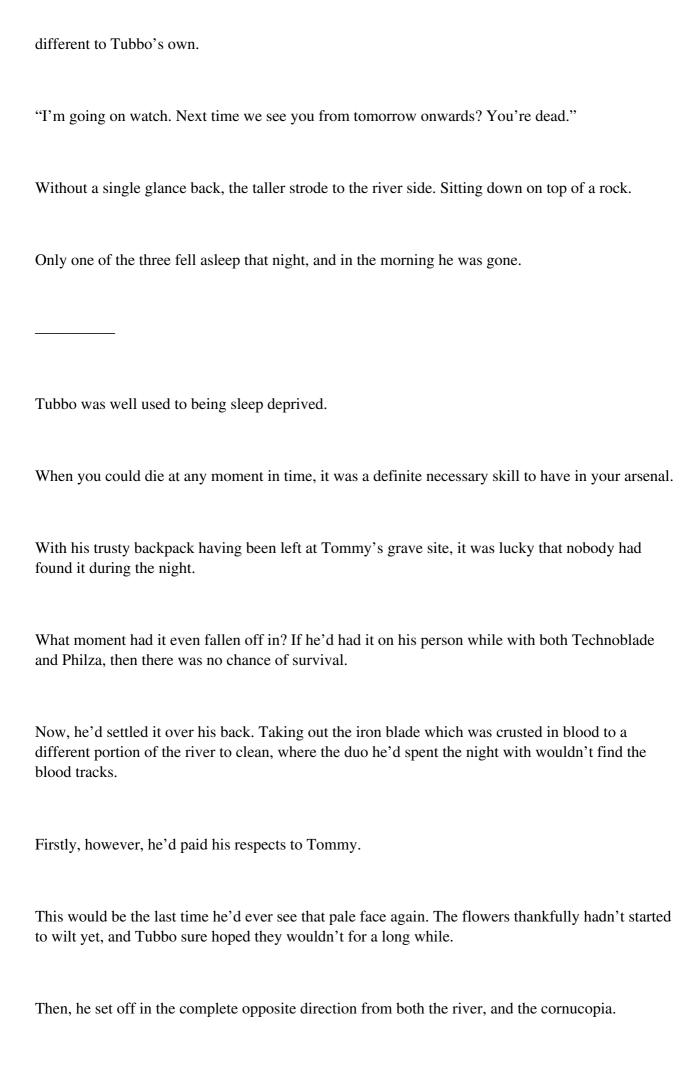
It may have been New L'Manberg, but in all honesty it was exactly the same as it'd ever been. A cesspit of violence and need for control which had swept up everyone, including him, to it's wills.

He, and Technoblade, sat awkwardly on two different ends of a log.
Both him and Philza had gotten a sleeping bag from the cornucopia. Likely, nobody had tried to stop them from getting any materials. It was a well known fact that the pair of them were amazing fighters.
But Dream had been one too.
Suddenly, music began to play and the sky lit up.
A photo of Skeppy showed on the screen. Displaying above it his number.
Then Tommy appeared.
Each photo they had the exact same background and expression. Tommy stood there with light in his eyes and life in his skin.
Memories of placing his corpse flashed past Tubbo's eyes.
Technoblade was still sitting beside him, so he flinched into himself. Curling up into a ball while being scrutinised.
Peeking through a hole, Sapnap showed up.
An audible suck of air came from beside him, as Technoblade must have put two and two together. That the very man on screen should have been alive and well with Dream.
Speak of the devil, and he shall appear.
When Dream showed up on screen, showing the same posture as everyone else before him, Technoblade jolted up.









He was travelling west.
The ground got firmer, and trees more dense. The overall feel to everything seeming much safer environmental wise than-
A chime gleefully pinged from over his head, and Tubbo swung his axe up to intercept whatever threat might befall him.
Then a small package dropped onto the forest floor besides him. A drone from above having been cleaved clean in half.
Wait, this had been explained to them as a sponsorship parcel! They could only be donated by an extremely wealthy person to one in the arena, if they caught the eye of such a person.
Was it his display so far that had earnt this?
Cautiously, Tubbo poked the relatively small box with the end of his weapon.
Nothing happened.
Should he take the risk to open it? Or had the trainers been plotting his demise with this simple contraption?
He decided to take the risk.
Inside was a small potion of poison as it was obvious from the shade of green it held.
Drinkable, not throwable.
Was this some kind of message from the organisers to tell him to end it now? Tubbo felt disgusted. Holding the vial away from himself.



Cameras. He should look out for any visible cameras nearby.
Tubbo gently placed the potion of poison back in the box it'd come in, before moving it to his topmost shirt pocket.
Suddenly, something in the forest snapped.
Tubbo immediately crouched down to the floor, silently searching for cover from whatever was trundling through the brush.
He clambered to disguise behind a tree trunk just moments before Fundy nervously entered his vision.
What was he doing around here? He'd been on the eastern most side of the forest while being one person away from his own starting point in the circle.
Wilbur's footsteps were quiet. Muffled as he caught up to his son's side with what looked to be an iron axe held in his hand.
The two of them had wrapped their shoes in cloth. Not a bad idea, but hazardous if a chase were to occur.
What really mattered, was whether or not they were friendly.
Suddenly, louder footsteps crunched from behind Tubbo.
Was it an attack? An ambush for the unknown members in WIlbur's group?!

Swiftly, he scaled the tree that had formerly been his shelter to see the duo who were frightened?
An angry expression sat upon Wilbur's face, and petrified on Fundy's. It made Tubbo figure out that it was likely another unplanned guest who had arrived.
With a diamond sword of all things, Schlatt waltzed in. Quackity by his side with a bow and half full quiver of arrows.
It was appalling the way the weapon was being held, but it would still probably get good aim.
Tubbo eyed it with longing in his eyes.
The bow was what he was best with. With that, he definitely stood more of a chance against whoever had actual combat abilities.
A plan was forming in his mind, just as the two parties below him met up.
"So! Have we come to an agreement, Soot?"
Schlatt grinned gleefully as the expression on the man in question sneered even further.
"You can take your whole deal and shove it up your ar*e! We <i>need</i> that stuff to survive, and if you think that i give a single sh*t about your threats then you are DEAD wrong."
Both sides were at a standoff. Tubbo wondered whether or not it was food that they were speaking about, or weapons.
Or perhaps even something better than the norm.
"Are you <i>sure</i> , Soot? I mean, Furry over there is just a f*cking waste of space! I mean, it's not as if you two could fend me off. Quackity?"

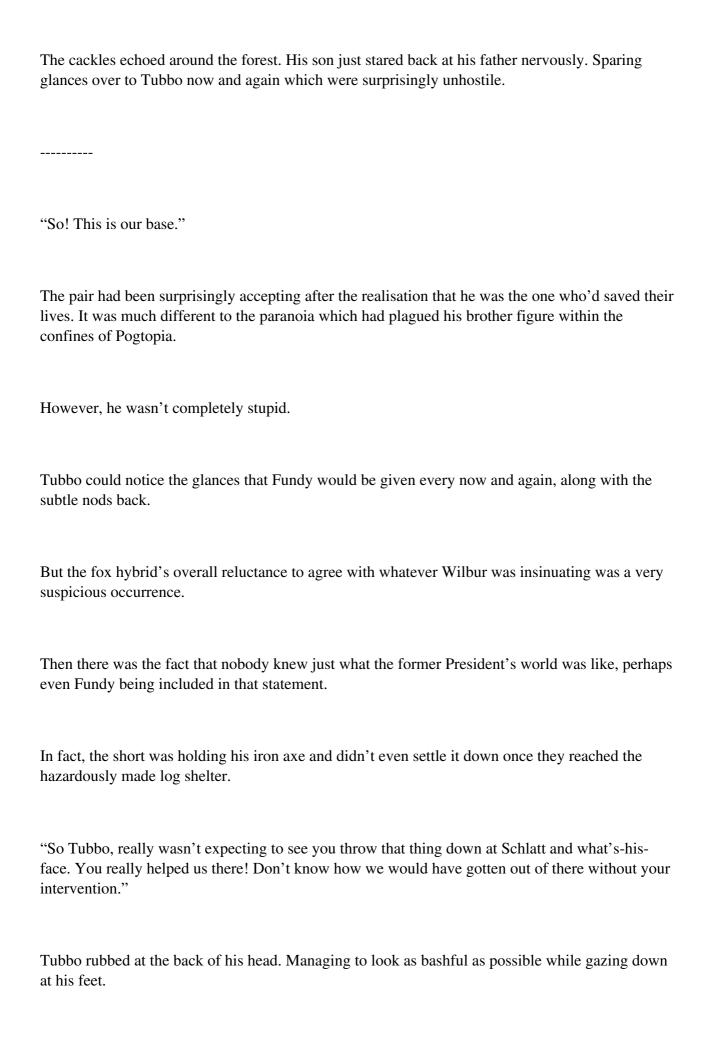




Where did this begin?
Tommy smiled at him warmly from on top of the stage. This would be Tubbo's own legacy. His time to lead!
Why did Wilbur abandon them.
Everything he cared about
HOW?!
It went out with a bang in the end.
A cannon's boom shook their ear drums. The four below him startled by the shock that someone they knew had just been permanently killed.
Tubbo however, didn't take any chances.
He threw down the iron axe. Watching as it thumped, having landed directly into a well placed tree root right between Schlatt and Quackity.
The two reacted immediately.
"IT'S AN AMBUSH!"
Quackity stumbled as fast as he could to where they'd come from. Schlatt following, but not before

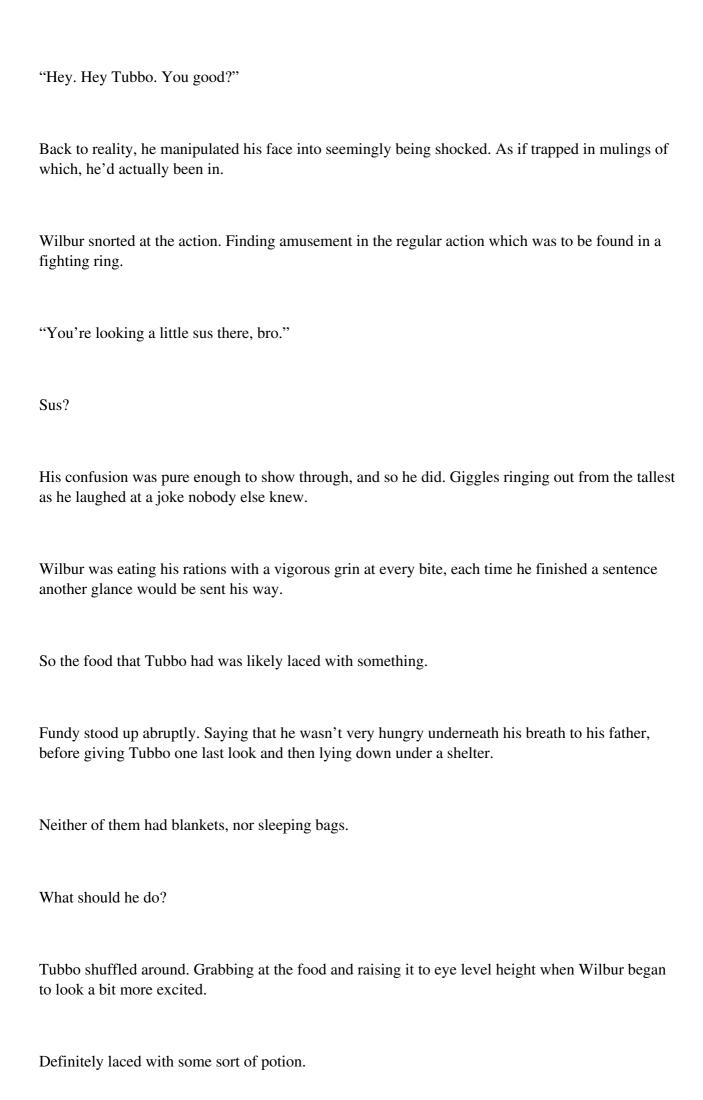
hissing out one final thing to the shocked Wilbur and Fundy.

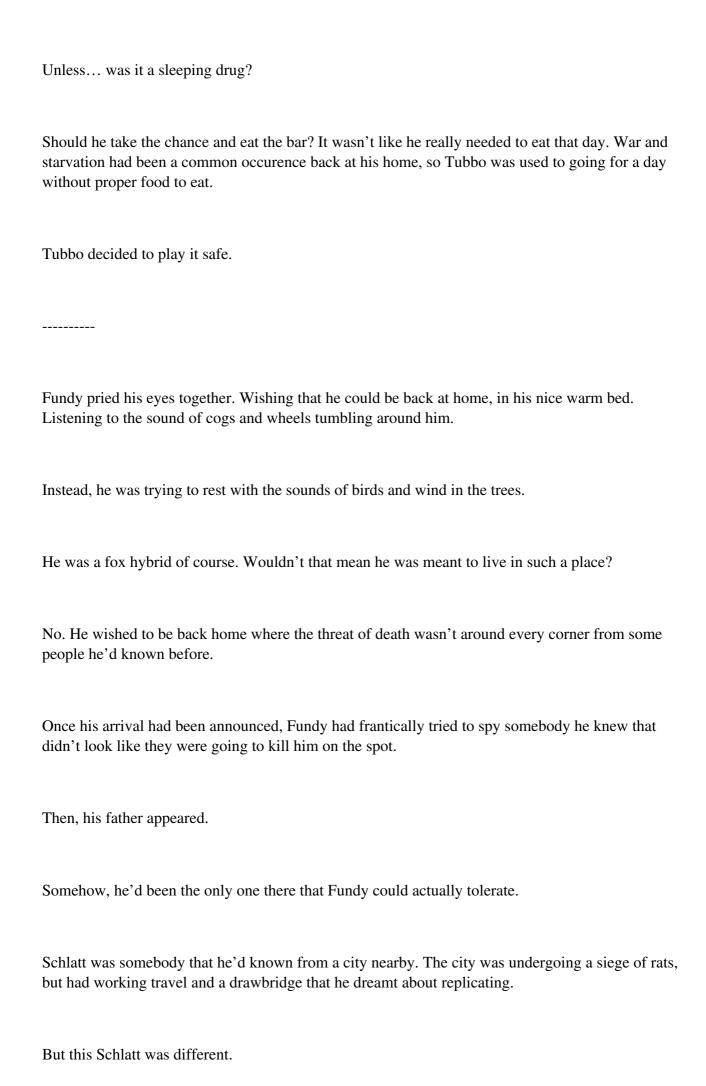






An alarm shot down Tubbo's spine. Him trying not to outwardly show the chill of realisation that had engulfed his senses.
What Wilbur had done was a practised response.
The acting was near immaculate. If it weren't for his previous background with both Wilbur and the environment they'd grown up in, there wasn't much of a chance somebody would find out.
There was no true emotion behind those words. Only the dripping lines that had promised his safety just before-
This wasn't Pogtopia anymore. This wasn't even L'Manberg. However, the fact that this Wilbur was keeping a likely very harmful secret from him was very concerning.
Fundy had appeared once again. Surprisingly, he was covered in dirt and leaves from the foliage covered ground.
He must have dug something up.
Wilbur smiled and gestured for the fox hybrid to come closer. Him doing so and depositing three different bars of rations that had been available at the Cornucopia.
But the two of them hadn't been to the Cornucopia.
Nothing was adding up! Tubbo exchanged polite conversation with his alternate former friends while trying to add together the pieces.
Just how capable were the others in the arena with him?
Wilbur and Fundy were having a conversation about wiring and technical problems.
Was the former President also from a mechanical background?





As soon as Fundy had gotten close to the other Wilbur, he'd told him to stay as far away from the horned man as possible.
Watching Schlatt shoot his crossbow directly into a hay target and making it swing wildly from side to side fueled that fear.
Wilbur had been right.
Philza was drawn off. Staying close to Technoblade of whom was a both feared and worshiped warrior back in his hometown.
Then one day, TommyInnit himself was brought in. And Tubbo appeared from thin air.
Fundy had seen neither hide nor hair of the boy previously, but Tubbo had been one of his closest friends back in his original universe.
But Wilbur had told him something that made him pause.
This Tubbo was different.
It was obvious from the way that he hid in the shadows and wherever else he'd been, that this person was much more fearful than his own friend.
It was completely understandable, but under these circumstances death was around every single corner.
So instead, Fundy stuck around Wilbur. Learning how to use a simple knife, which wasn't so simple as he'd thought it would be.
Their plan was simple.

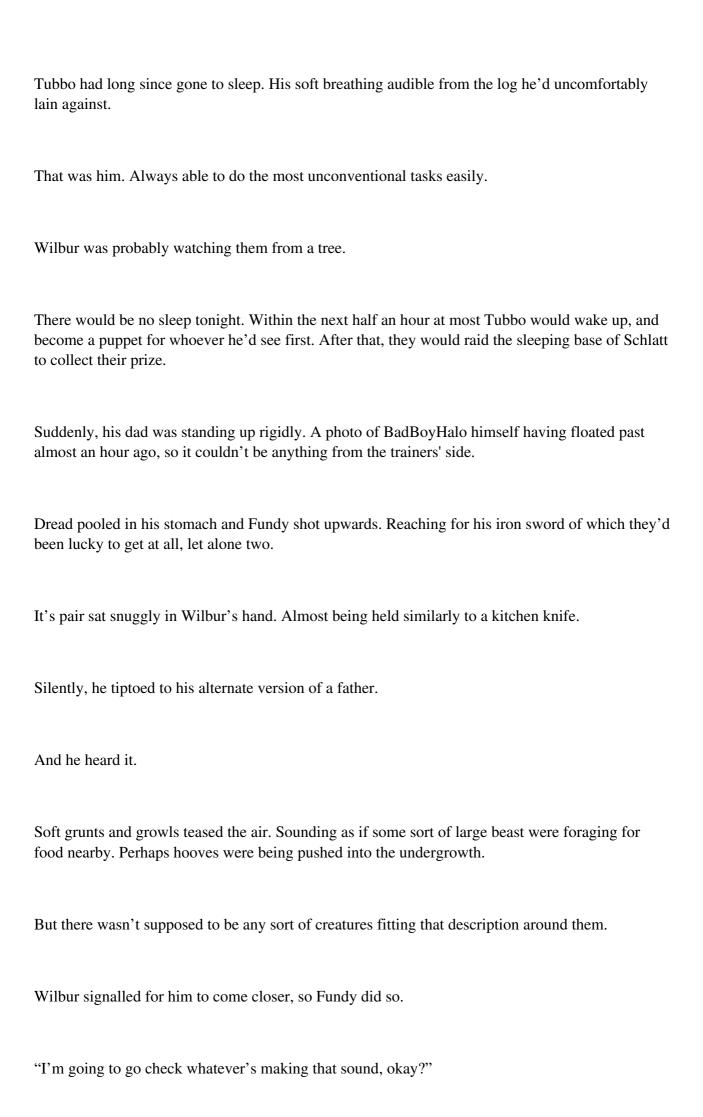
So as they ran from the Cornucopia, a plan was formed to steal off of other competitors until their death was caused by starvation. A dangerous plan, but it was the best chance they had to survive. Once they'd gotten situated in a roughly made hut using knowledge from the training gym, the two had gone scavenging together. The first camp they'd found completely empty, and them not knowing whose stuff was in those bags, gladly looted everything they could find. Leading to the discovery of a small bottle of pills. Once arriving back to the hut, Wilbur had let out a cry of joy. So Fundy, ever the trusting, had believed it was a good thing what they had taken. Instructions on the back wrote about how to use them. Simply to place one of the three pills in the food or drink of whoever were to take it for the desired results. However, it was what the contents of the pills resulted in that filled Fundy's heart with dread. For one full day and night, whoever took a pill would be under the complete control of whoever they saw first upon waking up. It just wasn't right that something existed which could take away all semblance of thought and

It just wasn't right that something existed which could take away all semblance of thought and control. It was brainwashing.

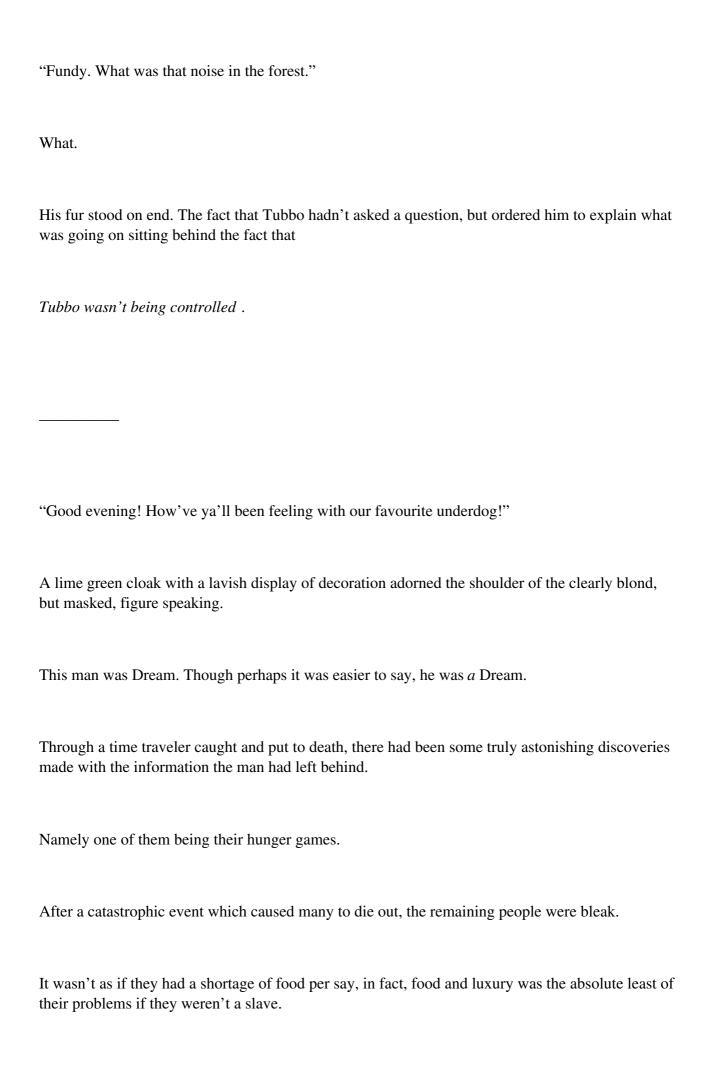
And a *part of the reason* why he hated it so much, was because of just whose hands it could fall into.

Then, Schlatt and Quacity had come running. Both with better gear, and worse morals then he would have even seen back from the universe Fundy had been born into.

They were barely scraping by!
It was only through a stroke of luck that Tubbo had saved both his and Wilbur's necks from the two who were after them, and just as Wilbur had said to him, had perhaps not been just through luck.
He'd been the one to get a zero when facing the judges, so how could he still be alive?
Tommy was dead if the first day's cannon shots and pictures were to be trusted. Tubbo was attached to the dead boy's hip, and <i>wasn't</i> dead.
Wilbur ranting had been strange. Disjointed, but still making perfect sense.
However, Fundy was one who would always trust his own instincts.
There was definitely <i>something</i> going on, but perhaps his father wasn't as trustworthy as he made himself out to be.
Those honey sweet lies that rolled off of his tongue. It was sugar in his ant farm, and they were the ants. Readily gobbling up whatever words he spoke.
It was easy to forget in the down time.
Only whenever a rival such as 'Oreli' was brought up, did the man get agitated.
Tears rushed to Fundy's eyes as he lay on the cold and spiky forest floor beneath their shelter.
Tomorrow, Wilbur was going to force Tubbo into helping them kill Quackity, and force a pill of obedience down JSchlatt's throat.
Then, their goal was to enslave, god he hated that word, somebody like Technoblade to kill off all the other survivors and set them free.

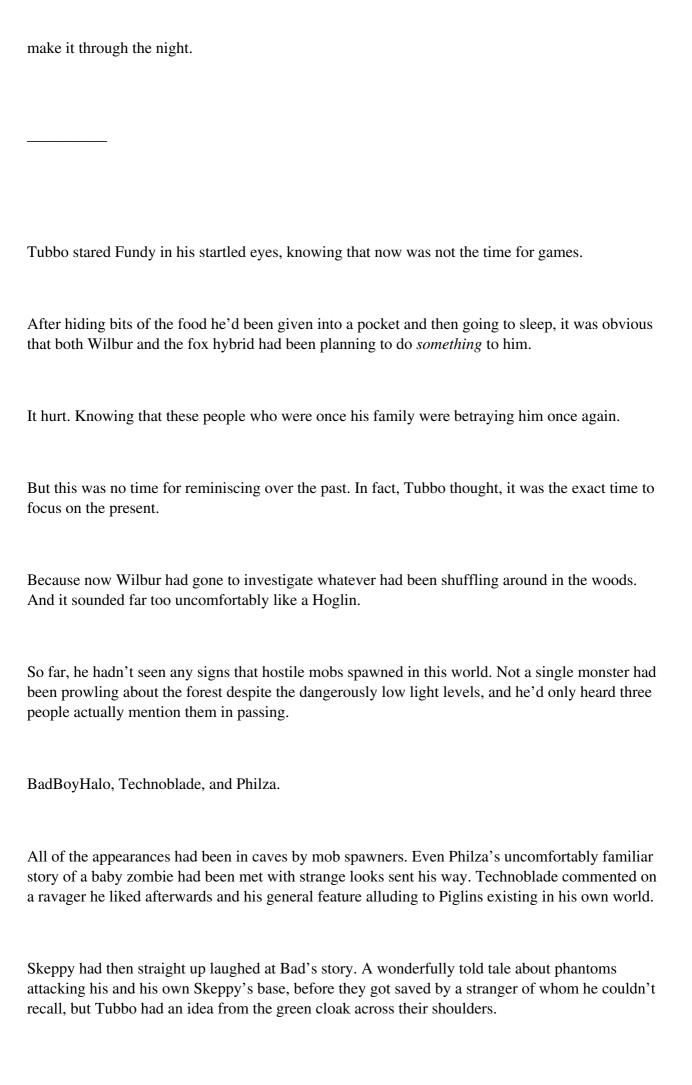






Their problem was boredom.
Those who died were mere peasants. From the districts without proper healing available these people would die out.
However, in the Capital there had been a game which fueled the enjoyment of them all before these trying times.
The Hunger Games.
Sending young children from the former thirteen districts to their gruesome deaths for the amusement of others.
Well, to be fair, it was pretty funny.
Dream had been one of The Chosen.
Out of the very little amount of people who had alternate versions of themselves, he was the best
Of course that idiot <i>Technoblade</i> had some very annoying alters of himself, but that didn't fully sway the results.
Every month they would repeat the games. Killing going awfully quickly with just how little people there were.
And that was it! The games had been becoming boring!
Oh so predictable outcomes every time were becoming so draining on the audience. Riots were even threatening to break out in the <i>Capital</i> of all places!
The cruelest of the thirteen had been the one to suggest the next month's theme. Pilling their resources together to bring about twenty-six competitors of whom had either won their games before, or were completely new players.

-	d one more month before doing so however. So they'd continued with regular s to make a game before the big game changer.
Nobody had	d expected <i>Tubbo</i> of all people to have such a powerful alter.
There was t	hought to every action that the young boy took. A glaze over his eyes as he stared <i>into</i> a cameras.
It was unna	tural! But the audience gobbled all that sort of sh*t right on up.
	watched as Tubbo sent an arrow into the loud upstart Tommy's glass, and strolled awayn is copy cried and tried to help his bossy friend.
	wn copy had been brutally killed. In a way that sent shivers down his spine imagining ould have happened to <i>him</i> .
	t of the thirteen was right. If next month they were to bring many winners to the games, abbo would surely be one of them.
His young a Dream's ow	apprentice Ranboo had <i>yearned</i> to meet the boy himself. Being one very much after on heart.
And this Tu	bbo, was one that he wanted complete control of.
Despite the	fact that the night was in action, nobody was sleeping.
The audience they came f	ce roared for blood. It was exactly that of which they craved, no matter what universe from.
Eager eyes	followed a young boy, as he stared down a fox hybrid who everyone knew would not





Fundy had received the message. Signalling for the older to follow him, Tubbo then began to crawl up as silently as he could. The grunts were seemingly getting closer, and he had no way of protecting himself. Grabbing his trusty iron axe from where Wilbur had placed it, the two then began to creep out of the place. Fundy being far too befuddled to say anything about his captive getting away. Slinking over the roots and branches easily, he was impressed to find that this Fundy was just as good as his own version of the guy when stealth came to play. Perhaps it was a perk of having the features of a fox. A loud grunt startled him from his thoughts. Tubbo flinched before sinking down as low as his body could allow him too. To lessen any chance of his body being seen by whatever was nearby. What was it? That one fact he had forgotten-The grunts were louder. This one was coming from a different direction, so whatever it was wasn't what Wilbur had gone to investigate. There were at least two of these unidentified creatures close by. Before he realised it, Fundy was pressed up right against him. Shivering in fear and probably very confused. A high pitched and inhuman squeal made it's way through the air. Sounding right from where Wilbur had gone to examine minutes ago.

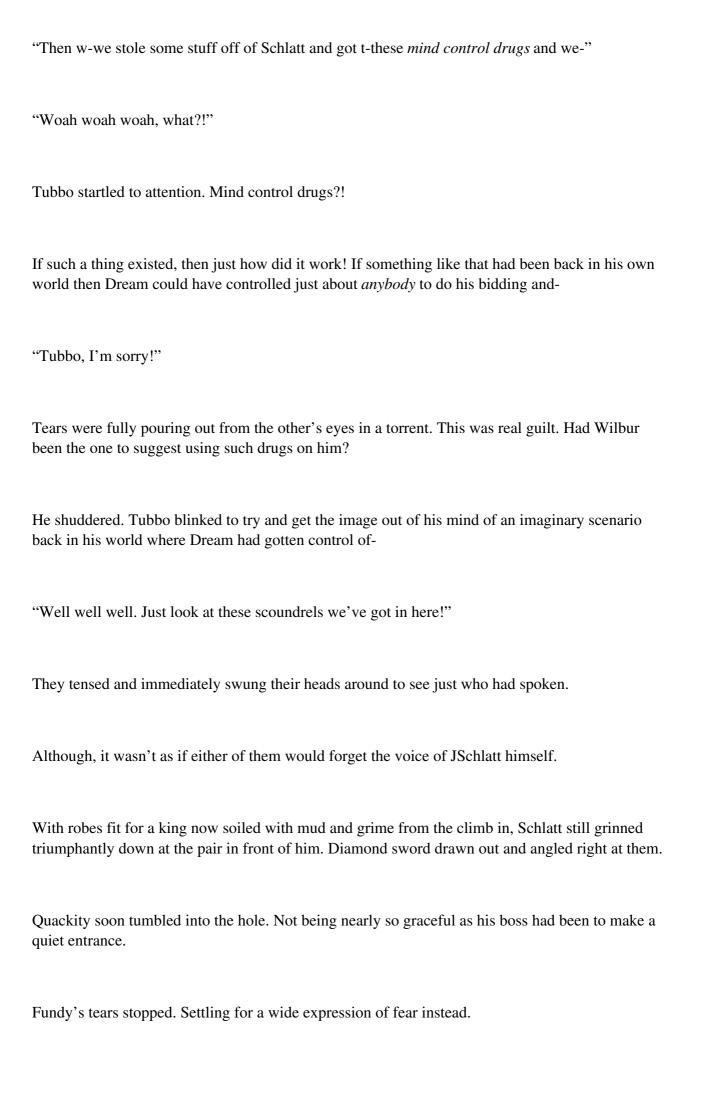
It sounded so familiar what was he forgetting-



Roots dangled down from the top. Three bags also sat to the side. Only slightly unzipped to reveal something which shined in the light. His companion, however, instead of looking around them was huddled up against the wall. Arms tucked around his legs as what looked to be tears were forming at the corners of his eyes. Glow worms lit up their little hide away. It hadn't been apparent from the outside, but the inside was bright enough so that they didn't have to peer into darkness. This was the perfect opportunity to get information. He should do it. It would benefit him no matter what! Infarction, killing Fundy would mean he was one step closer to being with his real *Tommy*. Would it be worth it? Tubbo glanced at the alternative version of his once friend. Fundy had been a steadfast supporter during the revolution. During Schlatt's reign the other had also been compiling a record of all and any weaknesses that the goat hybrid had. During Tubbo's very own Presidency, when he'd made the biggest mistake of his life, Fundy had rightfully argued against him. However, this person was not his Fundy. Vulnerable, Scared, Weak, This person was the sort that had no place in his own world. But he couldn't fail another friend who had family waiting behind for him. Tubbo sat down next to the boy. Leaning his head back against the wall to listen to the sniffles that

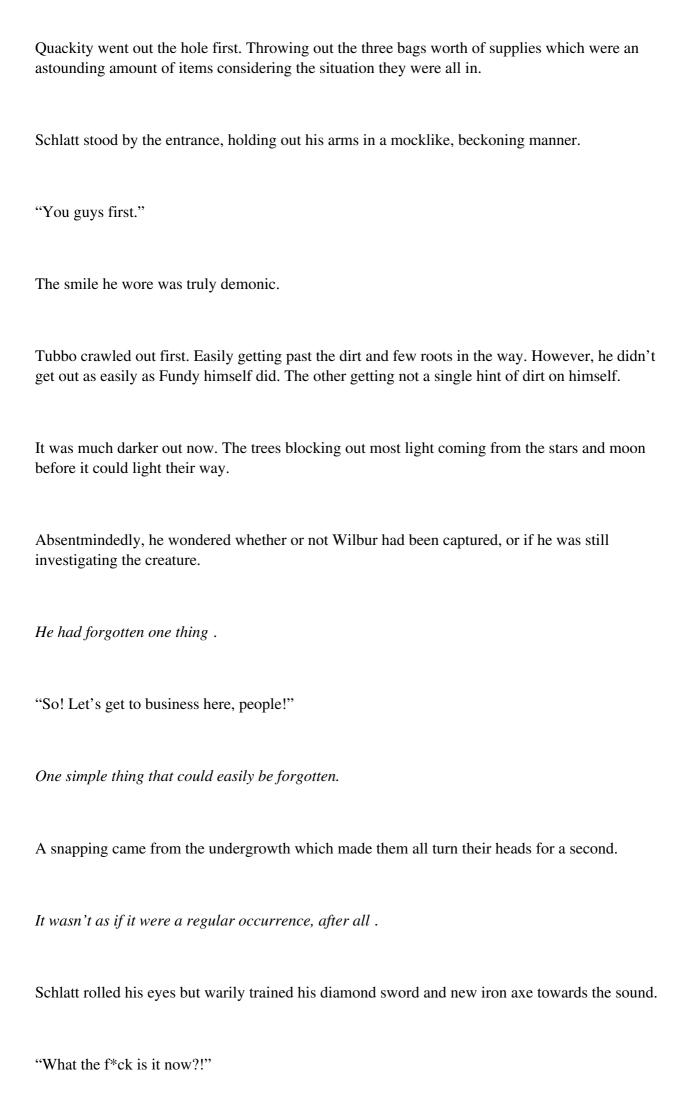
came out from the fox's nose.







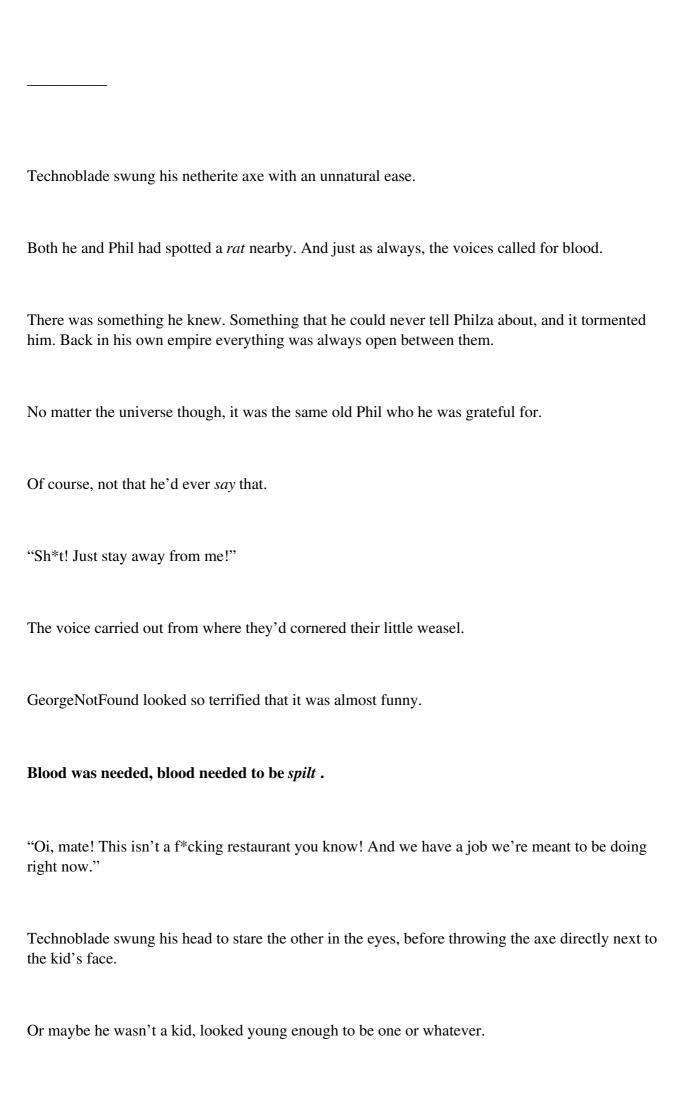




Because nether creatures tended to stay in their home plains.
Tubbo's eyes widened as a Zoglin crashed through the trees.
When in the overworld for too long, a Hoglin will change into a Zoglin.
Unconsciously, he grabbed Fundy's hand and pulled the other away from his staring contest with the beast.
"WE NEED TO RUN, NOW!"
To the cries behind them wondering what the f*ck it was, Tubbo pulled away his niece from confusion and fear.
They needed high ground STAT.
Zoglin's were terrifying monsters that came from a regular Hoglin. A Hoglin in itself could defeat you if you don't have diamond armor or at <i>least</i> full iron if not a pro.
They didn't have a single piece of armor, and not even a weapon to use.
Zoglins, however, were different from a Hoglin in much worse ways.
One would attack anything and anyone, as well as not feel any pain from wounds. Meaning that if you stabbed it right in the eye it would just pull your sword back into it's own skull to pull you in closer.
They also had much more bloodlust and range than a regular Hoglin. This brewing from it's inability to figure out the simple problem of who was friend or foe.
Spoiler alert, he was foe.

"What the f*ck was that?!"
Fundy was speaking and Tubbo slid to a halt. Glancing around for any possible means of escape.
The tree!
He could see it in the distance. Star light glistening off of it's vibrant green leaves.
That was where his axe was. He'd already considered whether or not Fundy would make a difference to his continued survival if the fox hybrid found his secret weapon and discarded it.
Future problems don't matter if you don't have a present.
"Fundy, follow me! Fast as you-"
An arrow whizzed towards them in slow motion. The familiar twange of a bowstring allowing for Tubbo to jolt into action and pull his friend close to him-
Instead of hitting Fundy in the heart, it skewered right through a section below his right shoulder. Lodging into the flesh instead of tearing right through because of the weight and density.
But that didn't matter. Because now this friend was screaming.
Tubbo had been shot many times before. Especially during his revolution day when Dream would send volleys of arrows onto them which had occasionally been poisoned or with other enchantments. It always hurt, but with the help of healing potions and armor to protect himself it was fine! That was expected of a soldier like him!
But this Fundy had never needed to fight for his life before, and there were no potions or armor to help lessen the pain of a blow in a very painful position.

The fox hybrid collapsed to the ground screaming. His hands shook as they reached up to the arrow which must have been blurry considering the tears pouring down his face.
Bright red blood which had small bubbles was what greeted Tubbo when he grabbed at his friend who was falling to the ground.
Sh*t, no, he couldn't lose another person here in this <i>hellscape</i> .
Blood that colour indicated that the lung had been pierced. Although it would have been obvious from the flecks of red which gurgled out of the victims mouth and coughs began to rack his small frame.
"Gottem!"
This was his fault. It was his fault!
No time to think about that, the tree was their only hope left!
Ignoring the beast still shuffling through the woods, and the people who might have <i>just killed his friend</i> - Tubbo carried the surprisingly light fox toward the tree.
They needed shelter and something!
A roar came from behind him and another shot of the bow rang out. This time, it was towards something else.
A crash and string of curses as well as yell made him think it didn't really go well for them.
With a grimace permanently locked onto his face, Tubbo did just what he always did best.
He ran.





A bigger sniver ran down his spine visibly while his voice quietened.
"And Dream."
What.
BLOOD. KILL HIM YOU'VE GOT TO. DESTROY?! DESTROY! RIVAL
RIVAL
RIVAL
RIVAL
RIVAL
No! Technoblade tapped at his head wincing as the voices grew louder.
"Tubbo killed those two?!"
Philza was speaking. It would always make them quieter when the other was around but this was an unexpected circumstance.
Eagerly nodding, thinking that he might have found a way out of getting killed, George nodded along.
"Yeah! We made a t-trap at the cornucopia and got Tommy which made Tubbo go haywire! Did it easily too and had been acting the whole time-"

The voice trailed off into nothingness as Technoblade just tried to stay calm and focus on the past.

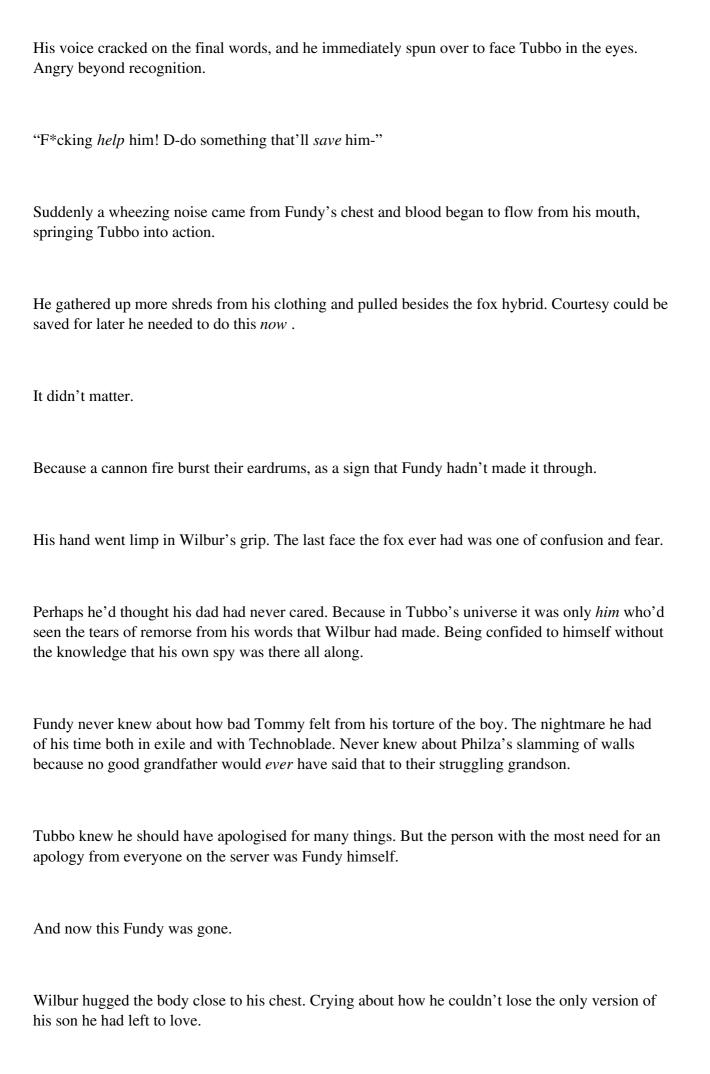
Trying to think about any signs the kid had left to alert the fact that he knew how to fight -

Fear.
It was an emotion that the great Technoblade didn't often feel.
He didn't know how to handle it correctly. This was all going so wrong but there was one thing he knew.
Settling into his usual gruff self, the pig hybrid and the Antarctic Empire's one of two kings, he spoke with more malice than normal.
"Guess that means you guys were the best saints of this game, huh.
Something about that seemed off to him, but instead of dwelling on it, Technoblade swung his axe down to deliver the final blow. A scream echoing out into the crisp night air, and a cannons shot fired.
A cannon's shot fired, but it wasn't Fundy so everything was fine.
The fox was held firmly into his body and was now at the top of the tree. The sound of the Zoglin trashing the land around them below.
But Tubbo had no time for that.
Ripping off a large portion of fabric from his clothes, he held it onto the wound while knowing that there wasn't a single chance that Fundy would survive such an injury with their current supplies.
He had a poison potion, but that wouldn't do $sh*t$.

The hybrid's breathing cut through the air in sharp wheezes. Blood trickling down his lips and staining fur with cloth alike.
However, the worst part was that he was fully conscious.
Tears hadn't stopped flowing once from the boy's eyes. Only they had been going for multiple reasons during the night.
It felt as if in their extremely small amount of time together, they had bonded. It wasn't conventional, or even with proper words combined with it.
No. They were just in the worst possible position to make a real friendship last.
Coughs began to explode from Fundy. Each one obviously causing him extreme agony and bringing up even more blood to soak the surrounding area.
Regular blood was also spread out over Tubbo's hands as he held down the cold, and small body to prevent him from hurting himself accidently from body spasms.
The arrow would have to be kept in to prevent total blood loss.
There wasn't really much he could do here.
Flustered tears began to form at the corners of Tubbo's eyes before he hastily rubbed them away.
Combat was never fair. Why should this one be any different?
Quackity screamed below them, and a cannon blasted after a brief delay.
Served him right

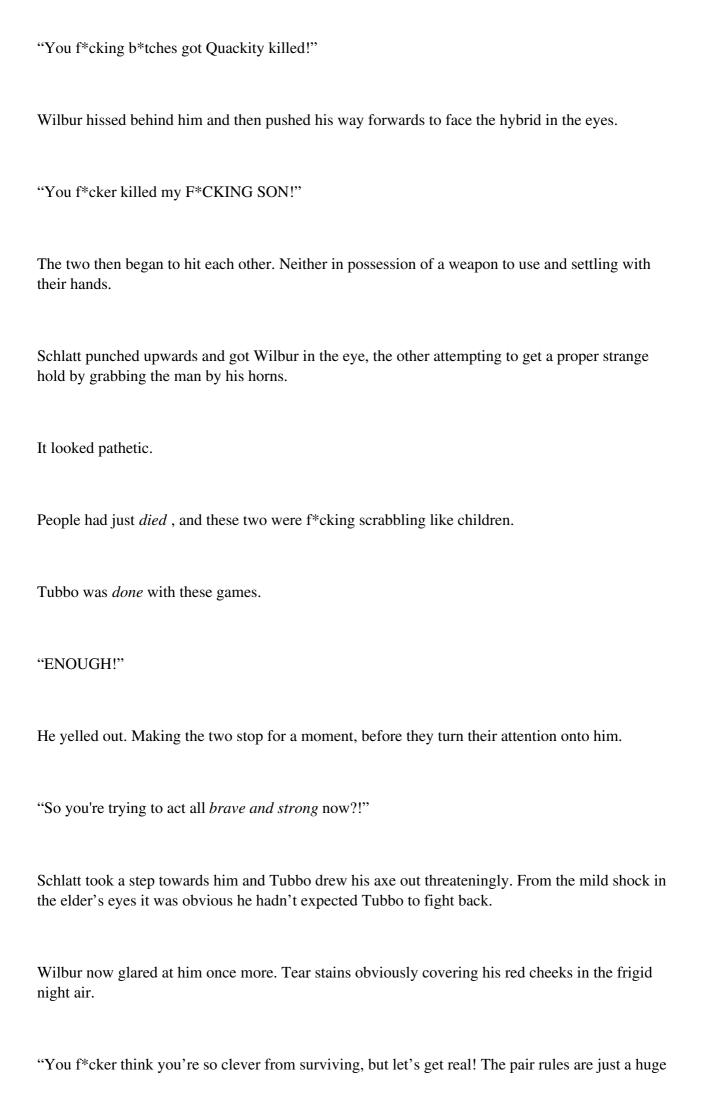


Fundy, in his conscious state, shakily faced his father. Seemingly flinching as Wilbur began to stroke the fur between his ears.
Watching on, Tubbo couldn't help but realise that he'd never seen the duo act this way in his own world. The fox hybrid living a tragic life of being hated by his family no matter what actions he took.
A cough suddenly exploded from the smaller of the pair's chest, causing larger flecks of blood to be launched everywhere.
At least the sounds of a raging Zoglin had faded away.
Studying the body, he could easily tell that now there was no way for the fox hybrid to make it.
Tubbo sucked in a gasp of air to calm himself. He was trembling.
"D-Da-"
As Fundy tried to speak Wilbur shushed him down. Full tears now dripping without falter from his eyes.
"Shhh. I-it's going to b-be okay!"
Despite the tears, Wilbur was smiling.
He wanted to try and comfort them so badly. But if he were to do so it would only ruin things for them.
"You're g-going to be fine, Fundy! I-I'm sure that it's going to g-get all better and we'll both get out o-of here together."



	w tears dripped from Tubbo's own cheeks. Unable to control his emotions with the traumation of his friend having occurred in front of him.
After	a while, Wilbur stood up.
His f	ace was shadowed and although tear tracts still lingered, it was obvious that something had ged.
Sharı his cl	p eyes turned over to Tubbo. A scathing anger it's boiled and bubbled inside from the death hild.
"I wo	on't ask how you didn't get controlled, because <i>I don't f*cking care</i> . But <i>who</i> the F*CK kill,
Anot	her tear rolled down the man's cheek which he hastily wiped away.
"Q-Ç	Quackity shot him with the bow, but died because of the-"
"The stain	f*cking zombified pig freaks?! That bas*ard deserved much worse then what he got that sh."
Sudd	enly, the man locked his eyes onto the diamond axe at Tubbo's side.
"Who	ere the f*ck did you get that? Hand it over so I can kill that motherf*cker JSchlatt -"
	railed off into mumbles. Obvious signs of anger and shock, but it wasn't as if he could give his own weapon!
Tubb	oo mutely shook his head, and Wilbur's neck snapped around to glare at him once again.
	aid to hand over the f*cking axe, Tubbo. I'm going to make it through here for Fundy's sake kill those f*cking imposters."







Unlike the hybrid, Wilbur seemed unafraid of the weapon cast his way.

"Look at you two! You guys look so f*cking similar, it's like I'm back in my *own* universe! *Neither* of you were any good as President, so I don't know how I thought you may be better in a different world!"

Warning alerts sounded up in his head from having revealed part of his story to the two and cameras, but frankly, Tubbo didn't f*cking care about *any* of that!

Schlatt scoffed at his words. Less perturbed about the weapon now he'd become used to it's presence.

"Oh *please* . If you can name ONE bad thing that *I* could have done as President, I'll give you applause. I'm a great king and-"

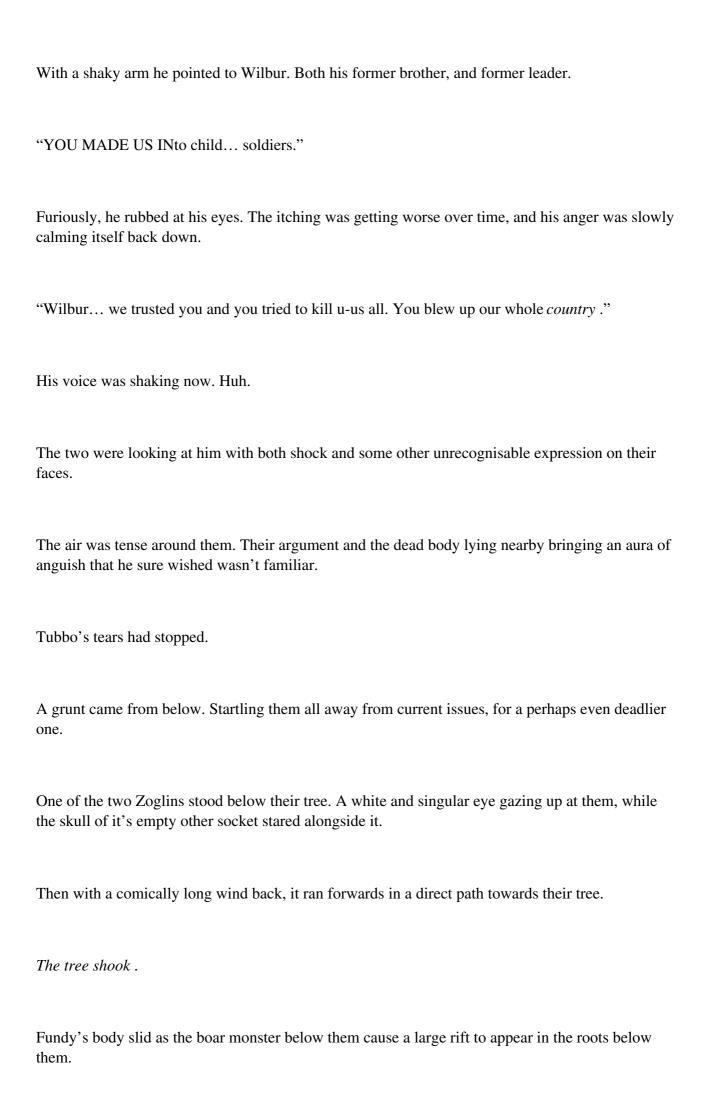
"Oh shut up you alcoholic! Bet you committed *tax fraud* or something and burnt your pace to the ground!"

Wilbur interrupted the man.

With a head full of blood and ash, Tubbo suddenly lost control of his senses. Pointed to Schlatt and then loudly exclaiming what he had wished to for a long time.

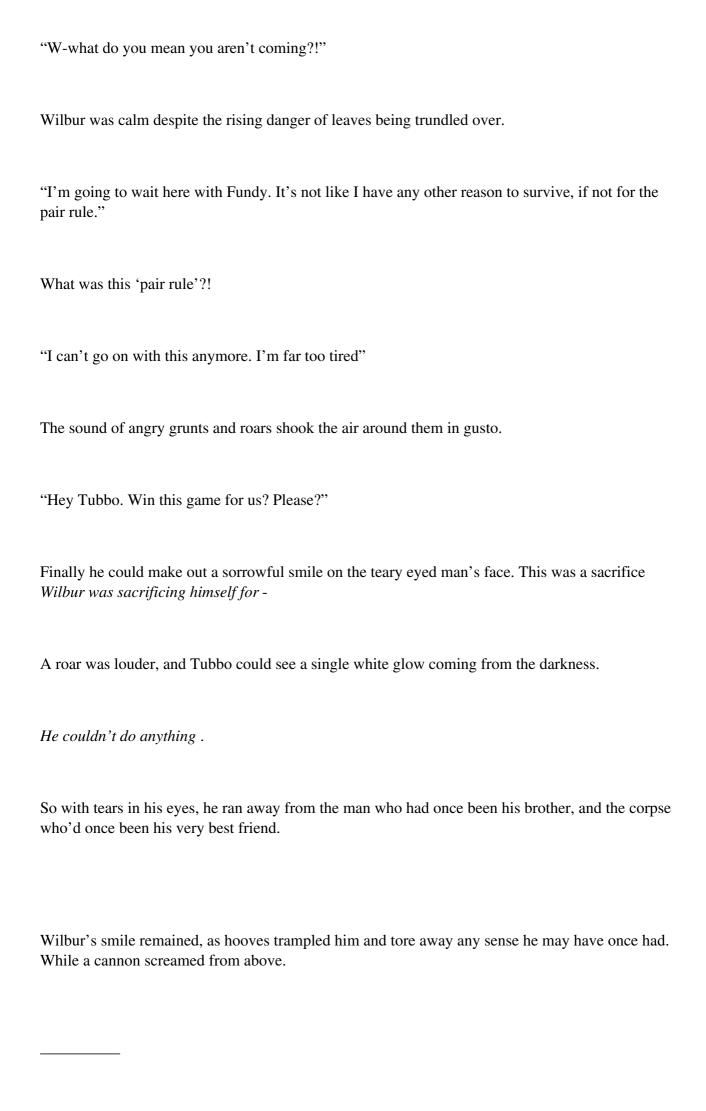
"YOU FORCED ME INTO YOUR CABINET, AND EXILED MY FAMILY! THEN AFTER TORMENTING ALL OF US YOU MADE ME PLAN AND DECORATE MY OWN EXECUTION WHICH *HURT* SO BADLY, THEN DIED OF A HEART ATTACK THE NEXT WEEK!"

The two looked shocked at his words. But now slight tears were gathering into Tubbo's eyes and he needed to hide them don't show weakness or they'll kill you-







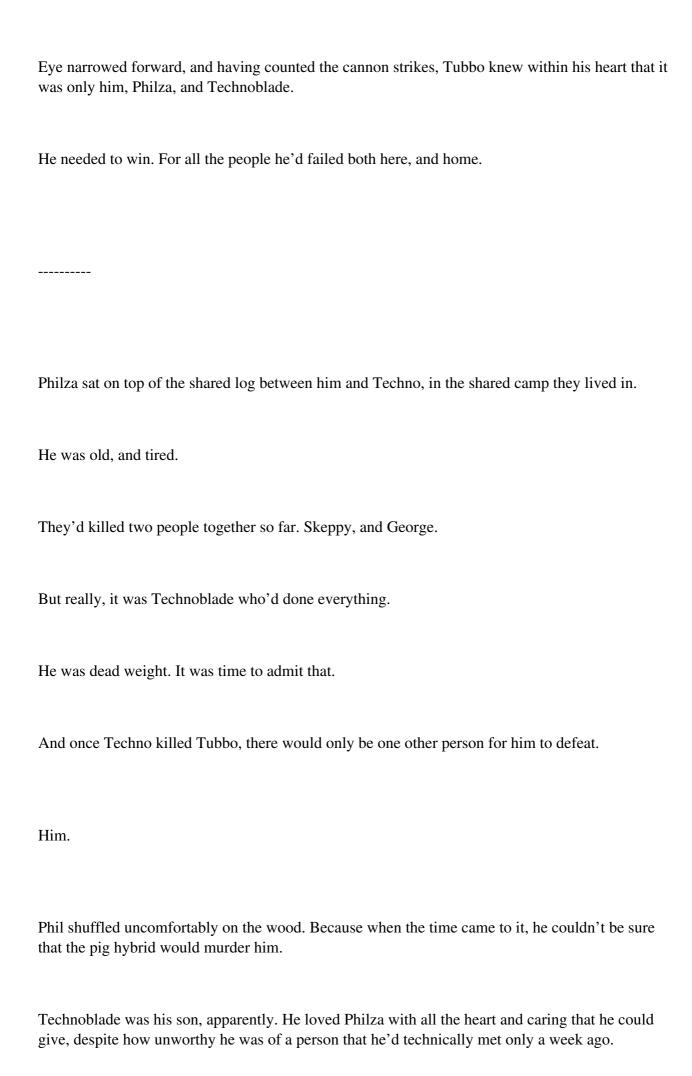


Perhaps it wasn't a blessing to be known as the cruelest of the thirteen.
The cruelest sat on his leather backed chair, in a flash and fancy office that had been commissioned by him, and <i>only</i> him.
This month's batch had been exhilarating.
Viewer rates had been rising just like never before! Most in there to see how their underdog was doing, and boy was he doing well!
In the 74 times they'd summoned others from different universes, not once had a Tubbo won.
The order of their ranking system was based on both the popularity of a contestant, and their overall winning prowess. But both their nine and eight had only ever gotten one win before.
Although, there was one odd of winning that would always be manipulated by the cruelest as to not expose the lies.
Next game had been scheduled to double in size!
Their best winning contestants would be brought back to have a game, while those who'd either never won a game before or never played would be fresh blood!
Only <i>some</i> had the potential to be brought to their world, and boy were they excited about it.
This would bring a whole new era of games to life!
Other than this, his pair rule (or pear rule as he originally had called it) would still be in place!

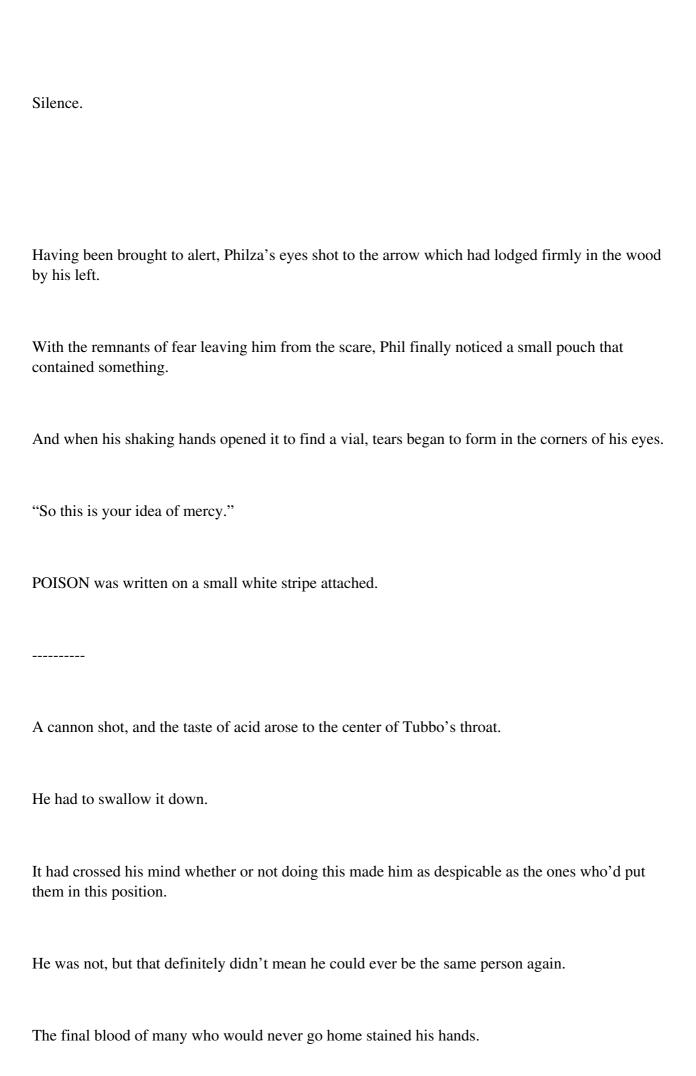
After all, both that and the torturing of Karl Jacobs had been his idea.

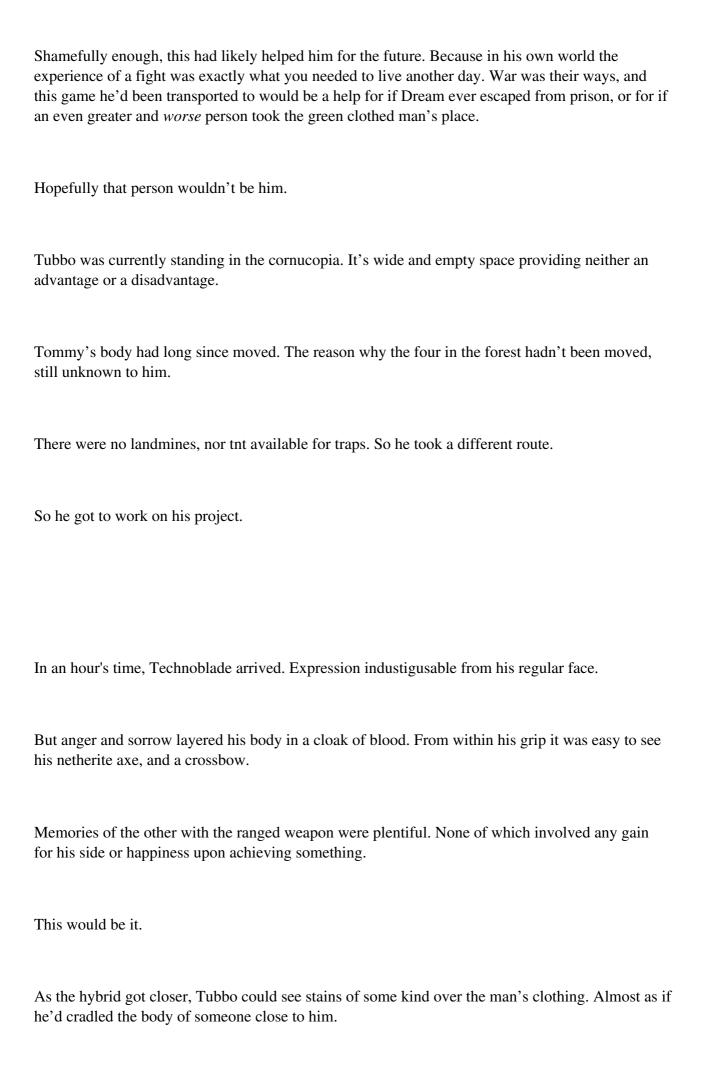
The cruelest smiled, having known that only half of his thirteen would ever know of their rule.
The cruelest laughed, having known that this was the best show he'd seen in years.
Because life was all a game!
BadBoyHalo grinned wider. Knowing that his alternate self and other Skeppy were rigged from the start.
Tubbo would be a wonderful new toy.
He had a goal in mind.
There was only one way to get through this and win the games, and it was by killing two people who had hurt him many times in his own world.
It was painful to go back to the site where his friends died the night before, but he needed those arrows and that bow .
Tubbo avoided the spot where he knew Wilbur was. Making sure not to gaze at the stinking brown stain in the grass which was Schlatt.
At least a zombified creature would rarely be out in the daytime.
FInally, he found the weapon, and strangely enough, his iron axe from a while ago.
Ignoring the hoof print embedded into Quackity's face was hard, but to resist kicking the body

which had killed his friend was much harder.



This Techno was much stronger than his friend, and he was tired.
As the time drifted by slowly, he reminisced over the paths he could have taken.
One he could have made which would make things so much easier, would have been to kill Tubbo when the young boy appeared.
But what sort of horrors had the kid seen to become a killer able to defeat Dream?
Phil had his faith in Technoblade, though. His friend/son would be able to beat the little sh*t with his eyes closed!
A small grin appeared over his face, when he closed his eyes and lifted his face up to the sun.
Would Techno be forced to kill his father? Or would he rather kill himself?
The sound of a bow string echoed from the depths of the forest.
A whizzing rushed closer and closer to Phil's head which could not be avoided.
A thud.







Swinging his arm around, he twisted from their weapons grip and pulled with all he could to bring the much larger man forwards, and swung down. Technoblade regained his balance just in time, before growling and aiming his crossbow at Tubbo's chest and firing.

He narrowly dodged the plain arrow *not a firework?* And brought out his iron axe to block when the other was swinging again.

Their blades danced in the sunlight. Metal glistening and blinding them for seconds before the two would once again engage in combat.

A well aimed kick to Tubbo's knee sent him to the floor, only for him to crawl back and scramble upwards as a boot stomped directly where his stomach had once been.

Technoblade should be winning. It was only the fact that Tubbo had both experienced fights to the death before, and general luck that he was still going. A gash on the others leg providing proof that it wasn't *completely* luck.

But the stinging cut on his left shoulder yelled out that he wasn't anywhere the level of skill and talent this man had.

"You f*cking killed PHIL!"

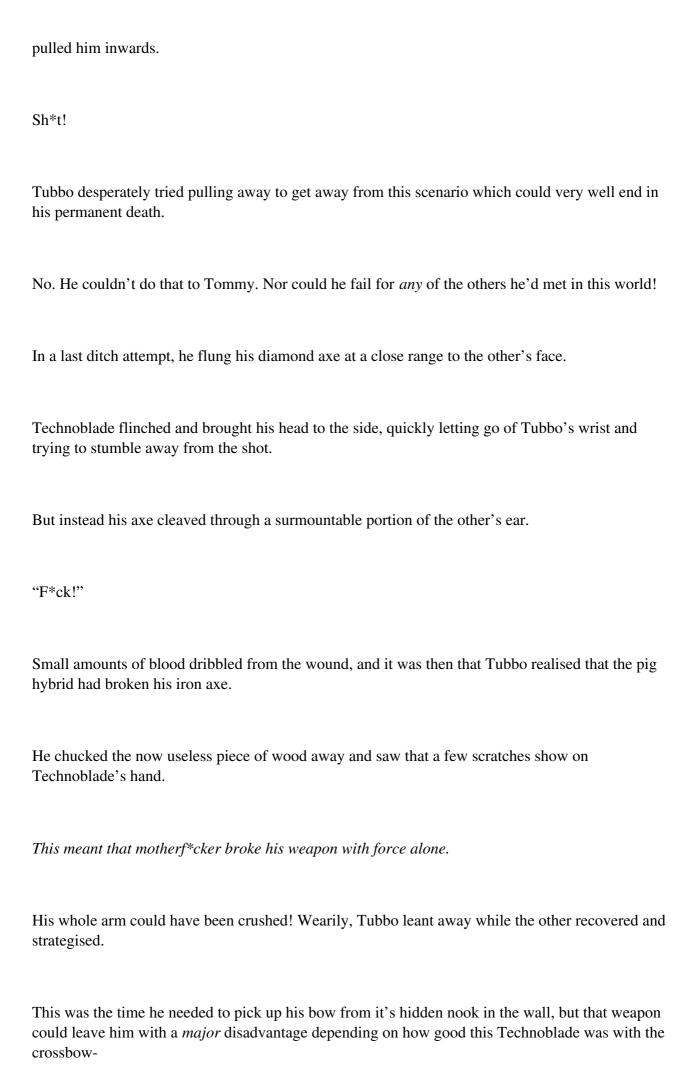
Netherite buried itself in the ground near Tubbo's foot, before it and a few leaves were brought back up by Technoblade who was pissed.

His stomach filled with guilt realising that the normally stoic killing machine *had real tears in his eyes* .

"YOU KILLED PHIL!"

An arrow shot past his leg barely, giving Tubbo enough time to skid around and face the larger's side. It was there that he tried smacking his iron axe into the hip of his nightmare incarnate-

Technoblade's flaming red eyes came into contact with his own as the hybrid grabbed his arm and



"So. Why did you f*cking do it. Wanted to *ruin* us and make the pair rule completely useless since your own was taken away?!"

Hissing a bit at the blood, the pig hybrid stood up to his full height. Loading the crossbow once again in case Tubbo were to make any moves towards his position.

"What the f*ck is a 'pair rule'?! It's not like I wanted Philza to die! I just want to go home and see my family-"

"PHIL WAS MY FAMILY, TUBBO!"

Technoblade's eyes had a misty sheen to them as he argued his case.

"I didn't *care* that Phil was from a different world. *He's my f*cking dad!* We could have gotten out of this hell hole *together* and then live at peace at home! But *ohhhh*. You just had to go and f*cking convince him to *poison* himself when we could've-"

"But you would have *had* to kill him! That was my whole point there, and I *also have a family I want to go back and apologise to*!"

The pig hybrid shook his head, seeming disturbed by his answer.

"You don't understand what I mean! The pair rule! The higher of an allied pair would be told that if they won, both them and their partner could go free!"

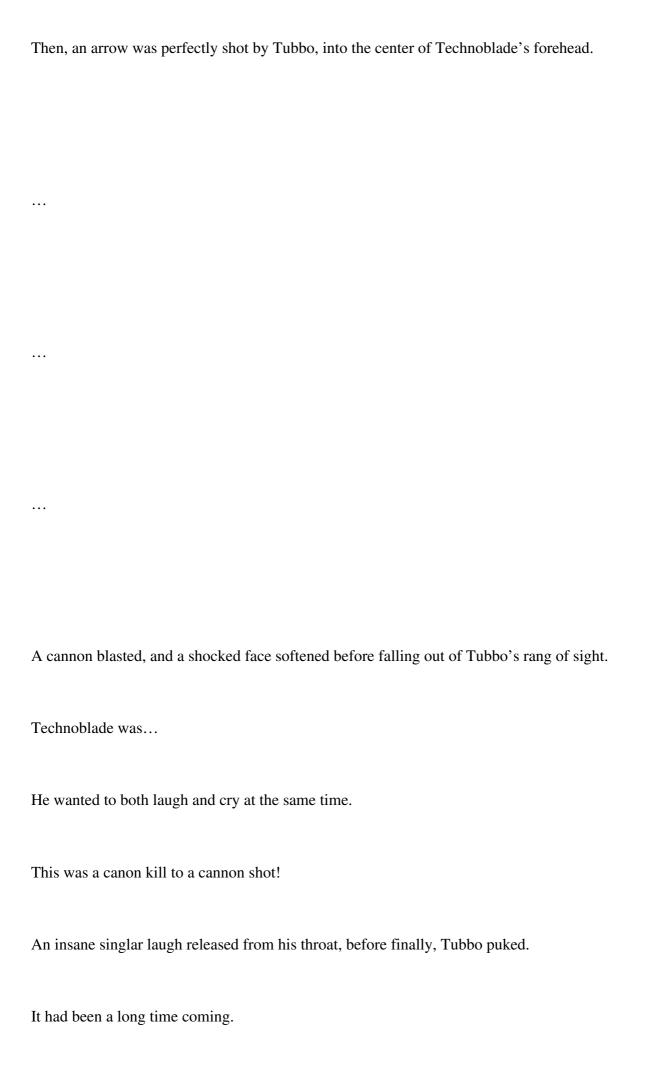
Ice crackled around him as Tubbo froze. A deep coldness penetrating his heart as *things began to make sense*.

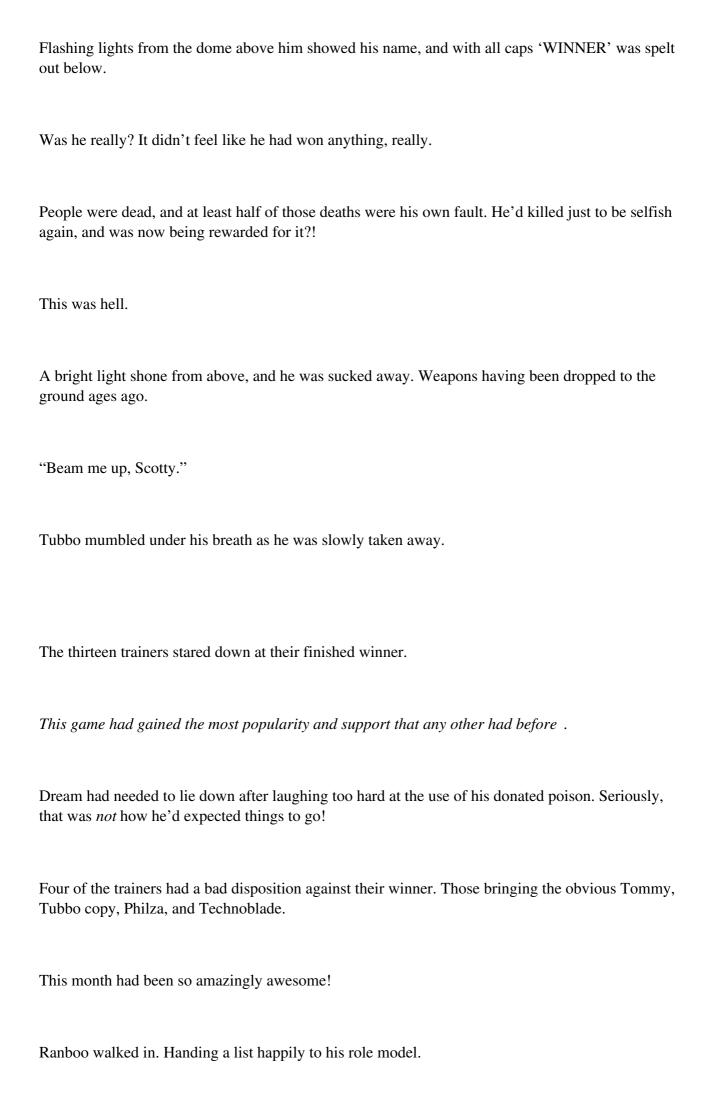
Tommy's word to him. The way that powerful players formed teams even if it meant they would eventually need to kill each other.

Before he knew it, Tubbo was replying

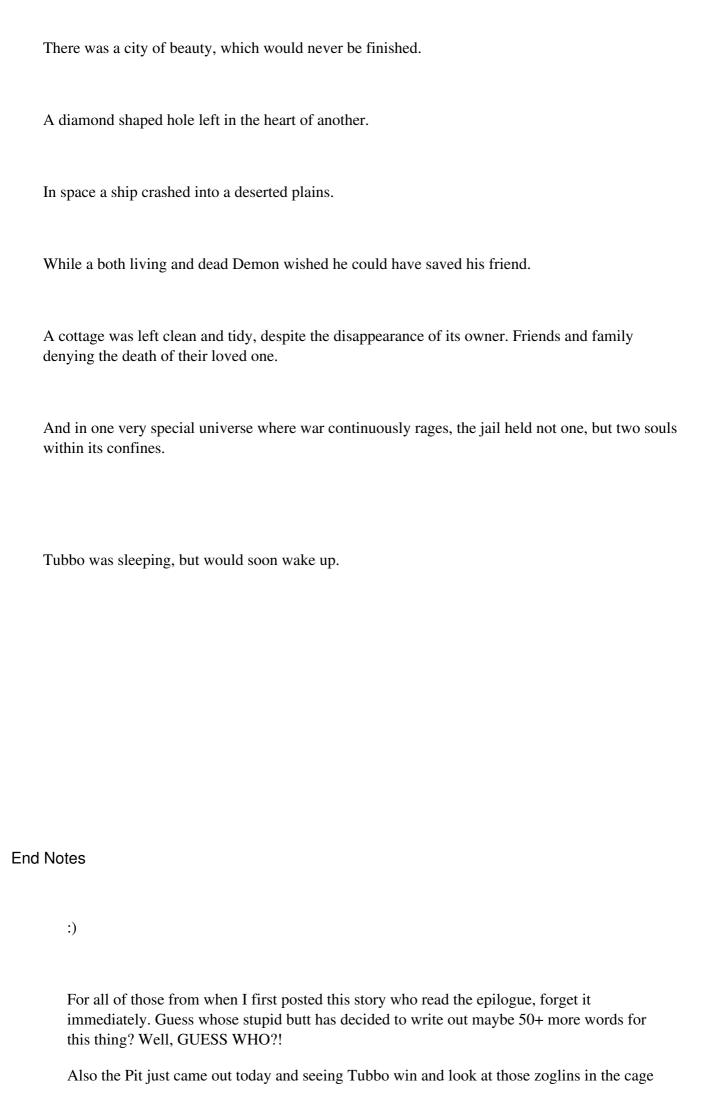
"B-But then why didn't they say-"
" If we were to tell our pair, then they would be killed for disobeying the rules ."
Tommy's silence.
Everyone's silence.
Tubbo wanted to scream out into the open air.
While he was contemplating this new and horrible turn of events, Technoblade began to slowly, and tearfully, draw his crossbow back out again.
Voices tormented Tubbo's head of the ones he hadn't saved. If he'd been smarter and had figured out the twist then <i>Tommy might still have been there did Tommy go to the cornucopia for his sake</i> ?
If he'd of told the other that he wasn't a useless fighter, maybe all of this could have been avoided entirely.
There could have been so many paths that might have been better to take.
The crossbow shot.
And by the skin of his teeth, Tubbo pulled up his axe to deflect the projectile.

He began to run for the cornucopia. Blood pounding in his ears being the only sound he could hear.
Of course, the heavy footsteps behind him were still there but muffled, as a voice called for him to come back.
Tubbo was so much faster than the pig hybrid in his heavy garb. The many disguised small holes serving their purpose of slowing his chaser down and posing a slight problem.
Finally, he was back in the cornucopia. After briefly gazing at the spot where Tommy had died, he moved on forwards to a path to the roof.
Slamming sounded behind him as Technoblade made his way up.
An arrow was drawn to his bow.
A thud of metal as his aggressor's hooved hand appeared on the other side of the ceiling.
The sound of heavy breathing was their only soundtrack instead of words. This was a true battle.
Tubbo had always been best at the bow. His aim was impeccable, and despite not having too much strength, he could still easily draw the string back.
Then, as the pig hybrid's angry and tearing face appeared, the sign of confusion took over as the sun glinted off of the cornucopia's metal surface.





As Dream glanced at the proposed names for their next game, he then nodded and gestured over to the cruelest.
BadBoyHalo took a longer look at the list, before eventually approving and handing it back to the younger for all the rest to see.
In one months time, the games <i>would</i> continue. And this Tubbo was now leading in popularity votes.
So if the kid in front of them would return in just a few weeks, it was fine.
They had plenty more stock to choose from if he died.
Two fathers were left to search for their sons for all eternity.
One group of friends chased after a man they would never find.
A rebellion of the colourless failed dramatically.
A nether born gang was caught.
Many squires and servants left to look for their king.
An abandoned server was left alone seeing as the fun had gone.



just made me think of this.

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