

## Songbirds, Snakes, and Bees

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## Songbirds, Snakes, and Bees

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.

### Notes

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

It was the first night of Dream's imprisonment, when Tubbo had gone to sleep the safest he'd ever felt. Yet, it was also the same night when everything had fallen to become so very, very wrong.

Tubbo felt... dizzy.

The walls were shifting around him in a mismatch order of colour, and brought forth a nauseating feeling to the forefront of his stomach.

Spinning wildly on whatever he stood on, Tubbo immediately reached down to his waist for the axe that never left his side even while asleep in bed.

Because that was where he should be. Under the warm woollen covers of his progressing home in Snowchester.

His senses sharpened as someone, or *something*, grabbed his shoulders in an uncomfortable way.

*Threat threat threat they are here to hurt and harm defend yourself-*

“Woah woah woah! I'm sorry you m-must be so confused!”

Tubbo blinked blearily, what surely couldn't be, but *looked* like his exact doppelgänger, stared right back at him.

Dream must have drugged him. His war torn mind descended into tactics on how to escape whatever was about to come, searching for any weapon possibly nearby which could provide a minor advantage-

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

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

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.

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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 *live*, were given as a reward.

Or at least. That was *their* plans for him.

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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.

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On the second day before the three days end, the alternate Tommy entered the training booths, along with the Tommy of *this* 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 ever dare 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 the training mats which decorated the floors around them.

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* -

Tubbo settled for fake tears instead. Controllable, but realistic in nature. The perfect show for those who'd stopped their training to watch their meeting.

"T-Tommy! T-t-they said y-you'd come here a-and-"

Sniffing a glob of snot from his nose, Tubbo leant back into the hug with a possible imposter.

If the doppelgänger really were hostile, it was doing an amazing job.

"Tubbo! T-that other me said you w-weren't really the Tubbo I knew, but I-I still know we're friends no matter what!"

A sniffle came from Tommy, as he buried his face deeper into Tubbo's mangy shirt.

"P-please don't leave m-me too."

"I-I'll protect you!"

Schlatt's high pitched laughter rang out within the training facility, as well as other noticeable giggles at their display.

A wheeze alerted Tubbo to Dream's position that was just within his line of sight. The masked figure seemingly glaring into his very soul.

All he would need to do was to try not cry real tears.

He failed.

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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.

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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 snuffle.

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.

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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 had a sneaking suspicion that he wasn't much of a fighter in other universes, and wasn't a crowd favorite either.

BadBoyHalo's turn was after that. He hadn't made much noise or spoken with anyone other than Skeppy who'd been stuck at his side.

Oddly enough, he felt uncertain about the ability of the man.

Then when Schlatt strolled right in Tubbo realised something.

Just like Tommy, some of these people weren't from universes where fighting was the norm!

Schlatt strode out, and Wilbur walked in.

Perhaps if his hunch was correct, then it may be even easier to deal with people not used to a serious fight and dirty tactics! Because the ones here didn't offer anything other than showmanship and the barest of basics.

Quackity was herded into the auditioning room.

He'd have to be careful and know just how the target lived before first, but also had the advantage of fighting against all of them before! Just the simplest of knowledge might just save him here.

Fundy tripped over on his way out of the room, just before Skeppy nervously stumbled past him on his way out.

Had the hallway always been so empty?

He was dragged out of his thoughts when Skeppy burst through the doors with a scared expression, and practically ran right past Tubbo to the exit.

Well. Apparently it was his turn to present.

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.

These arrows were so much lighter than he'd ever experienced before. Made for flashiness rather than tearing flesh and organs, but could likely deal a lethal amount of damage if used properly.

The other Tommy wheezed harder, as the male pointed down to him.

“Look! Look! Jesus, this guy is so f\*cking funny! Does he think he has a chance? Huh?!”

It reminded him of the elections. When Schlatt exiled both Wilbur and his best friend, before enslaving Tubbo himself.

Only for his own execution to take place.

Anger seethed once more in his veins.

Tubbo placed his other arrow against the side of his practice bow. Intending to focus on the target now he knew the arrow's weight.

“See? He hasn't got any f\*cking clue! I'm sh\*thing myself over here! Do you think his own Tommy would piss himself laughing at this too?!”

The raucous laughter crowded his brain. Filling him entirely with anger against what was being done to him against his will, and the comments about his *real* best friend.

Still with his index finger pointed down at him, and a glass of blood red wine in his underaged hand, Tommy grinned down at him.

“Look at him! The f\*ck's just a little *pawn* ! He's gonna die instantly at the cornucopia I bet it-”

*“It's just as Dream said! . . . I'm just... I'm just a pawn, and this? This is checkmate.”*

Unbridled rage filled him to the very core.

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.

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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 doubling upon that as Philza got the same.

Giggles rang out at Tommy's very own three. Tubbo grabbed his friend's hand in comfort, and got a relieved look back from him.

Sapnap had gotten a ten. Dream chuckled a bit at George's own eight, but still didn't say much.

BadBoyHalo had gotten a five, which definitely surprised Tubbo. In his universe, Bad had been a decent to say the least sword user, and was unrivalled with a trident by no one other than Technoblade.

He was also a cunning man, however. So Tubbo noted not to let down his guard.

Schlatt beamed at his eight. Grabbing Quackity by his shoulders, and whispering something into the man's ear that made him freeze, just before shuffling back to where he sat with a nervous expression.

Wilbur got a six. Something that didn't really surprise him seeing as the man had never been the sort to fight with weapons.

He was much better with explosives and words.

Quackity got a five.

Schlatt's grin grew wider, and Tubbo couldn't help but wonder if it'd been planned by the two of them.

Fundy received a seven, which was much more than Tubbo would have guessed. Despite being a good fighter in his own universe, this Fundy was apparently from a place of cogs and wheels. Not 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!"

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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 than 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 *never* 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.

A loud bang exploded into the area signalling for them to fight.

Tubbo didn't hesitate before running straight into the forest. Not even taking a single glance behind himself lest it slow his race.

Once reaching the leaves, however, a cannon's blast sounded around their enclosure.

Someone was dead.

A screech that sounded as if BadBoyHalo had seen something truly horrendous echoed across their walls.

As long as it wasn't Tommy, it was fine.

Just who was he kidding with these internal monologues?

Tubbo shook, just as he had before the revolution.

Before being ordered to chase after his two heroes and kill them.

Before his own execution.

Before making the choice to exile his best friend.

Before seeing his friend's tower of mismatched blocks suggesting a very dark turn of events.

Before seeing the friend with his executioner.

Before giving Dream one of Tommy's disks.

Before doomsday.

And before their final battle itself.

Would it always be him and Tommy, against Dream in the end?

Ten minutes of pure running inside of the forest made Tubbo realise something.

Another cannon shot made him flinch. The knowledge that once more, another person, and he didn't know who, had died somewhere permanently, weighing on his soul.

He would have surely met up with Tommy by now, if something hadn't gone wrong.

So, the obvious answer to his plea, was that something had gone wrong.

It was deathly silent from where he stood with tall spruce and oak trees surrounding him in an unnatural way. So, a likely choice of action, was to retrace his steps very carefully to find his friend.

Any move that Tubbo took here would be extremely dangerous, and he didn't have a single weapon to defend himself with.

The forest showed signs of animal life forms now. No evidence of a human passing through other than himself was anywhere near him.

So the choice he could make with the highest chance of meeting up with Tommy, was to walk back to the cornucopia, and start from there.

Stealthily, he made his way back through the undergrowth to get back to the centre of their hell.

A deer trotted past Tubbo at some point, and despite his focus on finding his ally, he made a note

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 *dead* friend pulling him over to the *absolute edge* .

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 themselves to sleep, wondering just where his other half had gone?

Emotions flooded his mind. Depression from the death of one close to him. Anger at this awful place, and just what they'd done to innocent people.

It was the catalyst to his explosion.

In an instant, Tubbo reverted back to his war tuned instincts, and yanked at Dream's leg so that he fell down to the floor.

The man yelped from the sudden action. Sapnap and George snapping out of their relaxed posture and beginning to move at the boy threatening their boss.

“Sh\*t!

Before they could get close to him, Tubbo in a rage filled delirium swung his weapon down at his former tormentor's face. The strike being blocked in the nick of time, with much less strength or ability behind it then he would have guessed. The axe slowly drawing nearer with each gasp Dream took.

“Get the hell OFF of him!”

Just as George and Sapnap had gotten close, Tubbo kicked upwards. Directly getting George in the chest sending him out and onto the concrete ground below.

They were horrible fighters. Not possessing either strategy or structure in their hits. All that they had was brute force and their own rage.

Dream took his thinking as an opportunity to push back the iron axe with all of his remaining strength.

Tubbo took the movement to shoot upwards and swerve around to be behind Sapnap. That gleaming axe of his, held tightly with but one hand.

Just as he grabbed the bandanna wearing man by the hair and positioned his weapon to strike, Dream yelled out breathily.

“YOU WOULDN’T DARE-”

Then without the barest hint of any emotion other than that ever present rage, Tubbo perfectly cleaved a deep line into Sapnap’s neck.

An obnoxiously loud cannon shot blasted out from the arena. Signaling Sapnap’s first and final death.

Blood gushed out a lot faster than he would have expected. In the final control room this same person who he’d just killed had slit Tubbo’s own neck, while staring Eret in the eyes which shone from behind his glasses. Everyone of them, accustomed to bloodshed and murder.

However, this Dream wasn’t.

Tubbo could tell by the sheer shock and terror which radiated off of the man. Stumbling backwards as if he’d been physically hit.

Out of the three of them, George was the first to make a sound. His face contorted with horror and the ever prevalent emotion of fear made his world spin.

“Wha- w-what?!”

It was then, that Dream seemed to fully realise just what had happened.

Watching the other’s expressions, Tubbo deemed this to be the right time to allow the body to collapse onto the floor. Allowing for his peers to suffer from the psychological effects of having a friend die in front of you.

In the back of his mind, he tried to reason that he was better than a murderer. Killing someone just because they had killed someone important to him, was nothing other than to submit to the language of beasts.

However, war would teach one the survival instincts they need to live. If not Sapnap, then the dead body would have been *himself*.

“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

universe.

None of them *knew* .

Not a single person here had probably ever experienced true fighting, apart from perhaps Technoblade or Philza.

What crazy fate did *he* have to have, to have not been born in a world of which they could all live in peace in?!

Dream shuffled slightly towards him. A truly murderous look shining from within darkened eyes.

“I’ll f\*cking *kill* you for this, b\*tch.”

After those words were hissed out, he struck. Going for Tubbo’s left side without a proper weapon to guard with.

Unlucky for him, people who couldn’t fight with any arm in an emergency were a *liability* .

Swiftly switching his axe to the other hand, Tubbo used the masked figures' momentum against him by turning on his side and grabbing the hoodie of his jumper. Pulling forwards to hopefully throw him onto the ground and strangle the man.

Only moments before launching fully forwards, in a desperate attempt to free himself, Dream pushed up and back with his legs to likely get a headshot to shock him with.

That was just the same movement his own Dream would make when aggravated, and in a stunned state of mind.

Tubbo arched his own neck back, barely even missing the mask which flew past his vision, and kicking his leg. Forcing the other fighter to the ground.

“Hgluh!”

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

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

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 *whhheeezzzee* 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.

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.



In his own universe, they were all survivalists. Working to meet their one true goal for the end of time.

However, the pig hybrid was different.

A gruff personality, combined with a keen knowledge for historical events, had become a guard of sorts that he'd hired after a threat of speeding zombies had invaded.

Then, strange as it was, they'd become good friends.

But something had gone wrong.

In an accidental mishap, Technoblade the unkillable died.

Here, he was still living.

They'd clicked together instantly.

Together, it was possible for them to actually survive whatever onslaught of murderers came for them. They could live *together* just as before.

The river ran cold and fresh into their bottles, while the two waited for their tied up hostage to wake up.

Tubbo had never existed in his own universe, yet what he had seen so far of the boy was very underwhelming.

Him and 'Tommy', of whom his trainer had informed him of beforehand, had stayed away from all weapons and kept to themselves. Being easy bully targets for players like 'Dream' and his crew.

Technoblade apparently had met all of these people before in his own universe, and had stressed

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

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.

Or so he'd been informed.

“Hey hey hey. I'm sure he's in a better place now, okay?”

This was the sort of thing you tell a grieving child, right? At least, it seemed to be working. The sniffles beginning to quiet down as Tubbo listened to what he said.

Taking that as a sign to go ahead, Philza carried on.

“I bet that if we die here, we just go back home. Though it must be so scary to happen in front of you, he's probably asleep in his bed right now.”

The sniffles disappeared, and Techno was giving him an amused look for whatever reason. Actually, it was probably because of the bold faced obvious lie he'd told.

“I'll tell you what.”

After a few seconds of hesitance, Philza continued onward.

“Tonight, how about you stay with us?”

“WHAT!”

Technoblade stomped over. The amused look he'd previously carried being traded in for indignation.

Philza let the taller man pull him to the side so that they were out of earshot from their captive, before whisper/yelling his next words.

“Are you *insane* Phil?! That kid is just a burden to us! He could be *working* for Dream with all we know!”

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.

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.

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.

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.

Tubbo visibly peaked through this time, and froze. A myriad of emotions flying over his face while synthesising confusion, and fear, lay dominant.

His most common combination of emotions to show.

“Wha- what?”

Now he needed to be confused. Unaware that his hunter had been slaughtered. A perfect little wolf behind the lamb’s wool.

Technoblade stood beside him now. As the four pictures on screen faded out to nothing.

“I-I don’t *understand!*”

Folding his arms menacingly, Technoblade glared down at him, yet hesitant from the younger’s reaction.

“You’ve got a bit of explaining to do here.”

Swishing his arms about and pulling a tear to his eye, Tubbo nervously looked back towards his aggressor.

No shield, and one weapon. Not one piece of armor had been given to them to train with, nor was in the cornucopia from his experience.

Better not push his luck.

“I-I don’t *know!* Who c-could have a-after he killed-”

The tears pushed out from his eyelids. Tubbo taking extra care as to not show any signs of a threatening aura, or intent to harm.

“Hhhhoooooof.”

The sigh had come from Technoblade of all people.

He fearfully watched as the much larger pig hybrid sat down next to him, making his side of the log creak much louder than what was likely good for it.

The night air was frigid without a blanket, but he was used to this.

Just as if he wasn't doing something immensely strange, Technoblade kept sitting next to him and not moving an inch. Seemingly enjoying the fresh air.

How peculiar.

Their silence went on for a few more minutes. Tubbo pretending to be too fearful to say anything, and the pig hybrid peacefully resting.

“You know, in my universe, you're dead.”

Startled from the sudden flow of the conversation, his true emotion of confusion leaked out for a singular second.

Technoblade just kept on going. As if he normally started conversations with other people whom he didn't trust nor know very well about their own death.

“Me'n Phil used to run this place called the Arctic Empire in the olden days. After a while, everyone I knew cept for him died. We had a false competition going on, and *someone* took it too far.”

It was interesting. The very man who wished for his death back home stared at him with dark eyes. Peaceful, in a time meant for battle.



“Do you know what it’s like to be in a war?”

*“I’m sorry Tubbo. But I’ll make this as painless and colourful as possible”*

*Sure, it was truly beautiful. But painless was far from what he’d experienced.*

*“You wanna be the Hero Tommy? Fine! I’ll be your villain then.”*

*L’Manberg was nought but a crater, and Wilbur was dead.*

*“Chaos wins!”*

*This time, L’Manberg was truly gone. Even more withers than the last time flew about wrecking havoc. Above it all, a man who had killed him before laughed as he destroyed the very thing that had kept so many people together for such a long time.*

“Were you in war, Technoblade?”

In surprise, Tubbo realised that he hadn’t added on any stutter to the sentence. It’d sounded almost daring instead of a simple question.

The pig hybrid could only sit there in confusion.

“It wasn’t a real war, but now... I think we’ve fallen into one.”

He seemed to be almost contemplating something. Mind far away from reality and in a world

different to Tubbo's own.

"I'm going on watch. Next time we see you from tomorrow onwards? You're dead."

Without a single glance back, the taller strode to the river side. Sitting down on top of a rock.

Only one of the three fell asleep that night, and in the morning he was gone.

---

Tubbo was well used to being sleep deprived.

When you could die at any moment in time, it was a definite necessary skill to have in your arsenal.

With his trusty backpack having been left at Tommy's grave site, it was lucky that nobody had found it during the night.

What moment had it even fallen off in? If he'd had it on his person while with both Technoblade and Philza, then there was no chance of survival.

Now, he'd settled it over his back. Taking out the iron blade which was crusted in blood to a different portion of the river to clean, where the duo he'd spent the night with wouldn't find the blood tracks.

Firstly, however, he'd paid his respects to Tommy.

This would be the last time he'd ever see that pale face again. The flowers thankfully hadn't started to wilt yet, and Tubbo sure hoped they wouldn't for a long while.

Then, he set off in the complete opposite direction from both the river, and the cornucopia.

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 earned 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.

There was no way he'd end this without carrying out Tommy's revenge, and getting back home.

For what was left of him, without Tommy around?

A small slip of paper fell out of the discarded packaging.

Tubbo picked it up. Flipping the item over to read the side with words that danced in the light peeking through foliage.

*Great job dude! Here's a little something to give someone if you need to. Always cool to see an underdog take the show! Give us more entertainment :) - Dream*

*P.S- If you win I'll offer you a deal, my double was boring, right?*

Dream?

*"I'll offer you a deal! Either you give me everything you have right now, or Tubbo dies. Him, or the disks!"*

It was at that moment when Tubbo realised everything they'd done was being broadcasted to the citizens of this universe.

Everyone had watched him mercilessly murder both Dream and Sapnap, and were still spying on him from hidden cameras everywhere.

So instead of crumpling up that paper in anger, he wiped the fury off of his face and folded it, then tucked it into his pocket.

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 *need* 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 *sure* , 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?”

The normally friendly guy had an unnaturally serious expression on his face as he took an arrow out of the quiver -seriously, this guy had to take off the *entire quiver* to get the arrow out?! Even the one back at L'Manberg had been majorly better.- before awkwardly placing it limply onto the string.

Aiming it right at the former President and his son.

His plan was becoming clearer. All Tubbo needed to do was wait for a distraction...

Iron axe was held firmly in his grasp, diamond axe itself having been placed onto the branch above him, hidden, he got ready.

Below, things were getting a lot more tense.

“Don’t you *f\*cking dare* speak about Fundy that way. Get your filthy minion to put down his bow or else I’ll-”

“What! You’ll f\*cking what! *Bark* me to death?!”

The fox hybrid in question whimpered. Tears beginning to gleam in the corners of his eyes.

Quackity had entered the conversation now. Uncharacteristically angry and shouting

“I’m NOT his motherf\*cking minion you jerk!”

Any moment now there had to be *something* -

“*Hey Wilbur.*”

“*Yeah, Tubbo?*”

*“I know that you’ve said before about how ‘glorious and cool’ our nation will be once we make it, but... why are we making one in the first place?”*

*“Are you trying to say that you don’t agree with my decisions?”*

*“No! Oh no sorry, I w-was just thinking about how Dream wasn’t really... well...”*

*“Look here Tubbo. Dream is a dictator, alright?”*

*“Really?”*

*“Yeah! He’s so controlling with whatever we do! You know, he hates us as well, right? I mean, look at what he did to us!”*

*Who was this man?*

*The cold walls of Pogtopia loomed down over him. The same thing happening whenever he saw his technical brother after being adopted by Philza.*

*What had happened to that kind face?*

*Maniacal laughter filled the air, and it made him realise that maybe Tommy had been the only certainty he’d ever had.*

*When did it all go wrong?*

*Schlatt convulsed repulsively. The wide grin over Wilbur’s face as his enemy succumbed to mortal weakness reminding him that despite everything, death could be beautiful to some.*



*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.

“You three can just f\*ck off to hell!”

The duo sprinted away. Kicking up dirt and dust as they fled.

Tubbo let out a deep breath before sliding back on his face of innocence that the two very confused and frightened son and father pair would recognise better.

“AGK!”

With a strategic tumble out of the tree, him making sure to land in a crumpled position, Tubbo fell down to hopefully speak to his former friends.

Or, their alternative selves at least.

Wilbur gaped, open mouthed, as he scrambled up. Fundy being huddled to his father’s side with slight tears still remaining in the corners of his eyes from the confrontation with Schlatt.

It was strange to see the former president alive.

“H-Hi?”

Tubbo made sure to phrase it as an anxiety ridden question.

Wilbur then started laughing. It was ridden with relife, but sounded insane just as it was.

If it was uncomfortably similar to his own friend’s laugh, he hid the emotion well.

Within chuckles as the two with him looked on in disbelief, the former President began.

“You- you seriously just-!”

The cackles echoed around the forest. His son just stared back at his father nervously. Sparing glances over to Tubbo now and again which were surprisingly unhostile.

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“So! This is our base.”

The pair had been surprisingly accepting after the realisation that he was the one who'd saved their lives. It was much different to the paranoia which had plagued his brother figure within the confines of Pogtopia.

However, he wasn't completely stupid.

Tubbo could notice the glances that Fundy would be given every now and again, along with the subtle nods back.

But the fox hybrid's overall reluctance to agree with whatever Wilbur was insinuating was a very suspicious occurrence.

Then there was the fact that nobody knew just what the former President's world was like, perhaps even Fundy being included in that statement.

In fact, the short was holding his iron axe and didn't even settle it down once they reached the hazardously made log shelter.

“So Tubbo, really wasn't expecting to see you throw that thing down at Schlatt and what's-his-face. You really helped us there! Don't know how we would have gotten out of there without your intervention.”

Tubbo rubbed at the back of his head. Managing to look as bashful as possible while gazing down at his feet.

“I-I didn’t really know how to use it in a fight, b-but I didn’t want to watch anyone die.”

He peaked up to see the reaction of the two others.

Disappointment. The both of them looked disappointed.

What were they looking for? There was no reason that two survivors from the first day and nearly the second would be stupid. So what were they planning?

Another question that wiggled at the back of his head was about whatever world Wilbur had come from. Whether or not it was one like his own could drastically change the outcome if a fight were to occur.

“Oh yeah.”

Was it a world which focused on song? That would be the most likeliest outcome for someone like him-

“I saw that Tommy died on the first day.”

Tubbo froze. Fundy had disappeared somewhere which he *should be focusing on but* -

“H-he... Dream killed h-him.”

Tommy was alive back at home. His Tommy was okay and waiting for him to come back *alive* .

Wilbur gave a blank stare over him, before his features softened to understanding. His mouth parted and eyes relaxed even more.

“That must have been really hard for you, huh.”

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?

“Hey. Hey Tubbo. You good?”

Back to reality, he manipulated his face into seemingly being shocked. As if trapped in mulings of which, he'd actually been in.

Wilbur snorted at the action. Finding amusement in the regular action which was to be found in a fighting ring.

“You're looking a little sus there, bro.”

Sus?

His confusion was pure enough to show through, and so he did. Giggles ringing out from the tallest as he laughed at a joke nobody else knew.

Wilbur was eating his rations with a vigorous grin at every bite, each time he finished a sentence another glance would be sent his way.

So the food that Tubbo had was likely laced with something.

Fundy stood up abruptly. Saying that he wasn't very hungry underneath his breath to his father, before giving Tubbo one last look and then lying down under a shelter.

Neither of them had blankets, nor sleeping bags.

What should he do?

Tubbo shuffled around. Grabbing at the food and raising it to eye level height when Wilbur began to look a bit more excited.

Definitely laced with some sort of potion.

Unless... was it a sleeping drug?

Should he take the chance and eat the bar? It wasn't like he really needed to eat that day. War and starvation had been a common occurrence back at his home, so Tubbo was used to going for a day without proper food to eat.

Tubbo decided to play it safe.

-----

Fundy pried his eyes together. Wishing that he could be back at home, in his nice warm bed. Listening to the sound of cogs and wheels tumbling around him.

Instead, he was trying to rest with the sounds of birds and wind in the trees.

He was a fox hybrid of course. Wouldn't that mean he was meant to live in such a place?

No. He wished to be back home where the threat of death wasn't around every corner from some people he'd known before.

Once his arrival had been announced, Fundy had frantically tried to spy somebody he knew that didn't look like they were going to kill him on the spot.

Then, his father appeared.

Somehow, he'd been the only one there that Fundy could actually tolerate.

Schlatt was somebody that he'd known from a city nearby. The city was undergoing a siege of rats, but had working travel and a drawbridge that he dreamt about replicating.

But this Schlatt was different.

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 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 than 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 *wasn't* 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 *something* 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.

Tubbo had long since gone to sleep. His soft breathing audible from the log he'd uncomfortably lain against.

That was him. Always able to do the most unconventional tasks easily.

Wilbur was probably watching them from a tree.

There would be no sleep tonight. Within the next half an hour at most Tubbo would wake up, and become a puppet for whoever he'd see first. After that, they would raid the sleeping base of Schlatt to collect their prize.

Suddenly, his dad was standing up rigidly. A photo of BadBoyHalo himself having floated past almost an hour ago, so it couldn't be anything from the trainers' side.

Dread pooled in his stomach and Fundy shot upwards. Reaching for his iron sword of which they'd been lucky to get at all, let alone two.

It's pair sat snugly in Wilbur's hand. Almost being held similarly to a kitchen knife.

Silently, he tiptoed to his alternate version of a father.

And he heard it.

Soft grunts and growls teased the air. Sounding as if some sort of large beast were foraging for food nearby. Perhaps hooves were being pushed into the undergrowth.

But there wasn't supposed to be any sort of creatures fitting that description around them.

Wilbur signalled for him to come closer, so Fundy did so.

"I'm going to go check whatever's making that sound, okay?"

The whispers were light and breathy. No sign of them possibly alerting *whatever* was nearby.

Creeping forwards, the man then stopped to whisper something close into Fundy's ear.

“Stay with Tubbo, in case he wakes up. I'm counting on you.”

There was nothing else for him to do but nod, as the man who was steadily losing his trust then snuck into the underbrush.

Could he deal with the enslavement of another on his consciousness? Or should he take his chances and leave the man who was steadily becoming clear to him that it *wasn't the Wilbur Soot he knew* .

With a heavy heart, and thoughts about death, Fundy never noticed how Tubbo's breathing was inaudible.

He should leave. *He needed to run away now !*

Eyes opened and looked up to him.

Would the chance of his survival heighten if he were to flee into the forest-

Fundy froze. Tubbo's eyes locked with his own.

These eyes were just so *blank* .

“T-Tubbo?”

He finally managed to croak out some words. Tears threatening to pour from his eyelids at any second-

“Fundy. What was that noise in the forest.”

What.

His fur stood on end. The fact that Tubbo hadn't asked a question, but ordered him to explain what was going on sitting behind the fact that

*Tubbo wasn't being controlled .*

---

“Good evening! How've ya'll been feeling with our favourite underdog!”

A lime green cloak with a lavish display of decoration adorned the shoulder of the clearly blond, but masked, figure speaking.

This man was Dream. Though perhaps it was easier to say, he was *a* Dream.

Through a time traveler caught and put to death, there had been some truly astonishing discoveries made with the information the man had left behind.

Namely one of them being their hunger games.

After a catastrophic event which caused many to die out, the remaining people were bleak.

It wasn't as if they had a shortage of food per say, in fact, food and luxury was the absolute least of their problems if they weren't a slave.

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 *Technoblade* 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 *Capital* 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.

They needed one more month before doing so however. So they'd continued with regular proceedings to make a game before the big game changer.

Nobody had expected *Tubbo* of all people to have such a powerful alter.

There was thought to every action that the young boy took. A glaze over his eyes as he stared *into their hidden cameras* .

It was unnatural! But the audience gobbled all that sort of sh\*t right on up.

Dream had watched as Tubbo sent an arrow into the loud upstart Tommy's glass, and strolled away daintily as his copy cried and tried to help his bossy friend.

Then, his own copy had been brutally killed. In a way that sent shivers down his spine imagining just what could have happened to *him* .

The cruelest of the thirteen was right. If next month they were to bring many winners to the games, then this Tubbo would surely be one of them.

His young apprentice Ranboo had *yearned* to meet the boy himself. Being one very much after Dream's own heart.

And this Tubbo, was one that he wanted complete control of.

Despite the fact that the night was in action, nobody was sleeping.

The audience roared for blood. It was exactly that of which they craved, no matter what universe they came from.

Eager eyes followed a young boy, as he stared down a fox hybrid who everyone knew would not

make it through the night.

---

Tubbo stared Fundy in his startled eyes, knowing that now was not the time for games.

After hiding bits of the food he'd been given into a pocket and then going to sleep, it was obvious that both Wilbur and the fox hybrid had been planning to do *something* to him.

It hurt. Knowing that these people who were once his family were betraying him once again.

But this was no time for reminiscing over the past. In fact, Tubbo thought, it was the exact time to focus on the present.

Because now Wilbur had gone to investigate whatever had been shuffling around in the woods. And it sounded far too uncomfortably like a Hoglin.

So far, he hadn't seen any signs that hostile mobs spawned in this world. Not a single monster had been prowling about the forest despite the dangerously low light levels, and he'd only heard three people actually mention them in passing.

BadBoyHalo, Technoblade, and Philza.

All of the appearances had been in caves by mob spawners. Even Philza's uncomfortably familiar story of a baby zombie had been met with strange looks sent his way. Technoblade commented on a ravager he liked afterwards and his general feature alluding to Piglins existing in his own world.

Skeppy had then straight up laughed at Bad's story. A wonderfully told tale about phantoms attacking his and his own Skeppy's base, before they got saved by a stranger of whom he couldn't recall, but Tubbo had an idea from the green cloak across their shoulders.



But also, Hoglins didn't *exist* in the overworld.

Something was clearly very wrong.

“Y-you're- what?”

Fundy looked so confused. And in a split second of judgement of which Tubbo would later regret, pulled the hybrid down to his level. Shushing him calmly without a hint of the fake fear which had been his previous cover.

There were more important things at stake right then. Without a shield, armor, and even proper *weapon* , it was insane to think that something was defying the laws of nature close to them.

Something wiggled at the back of Tubbo's brain. Some small fact he'd forgotten.

“W-wait, what?!”

Immediately as Fundy spoke up, he clamped the other's mouth shut. Orange fur tickling against the palm of his hand while attempting to listen to the grunts and foraging of a monster.

“Listen, we have to be very *careful* with how we deal with this.”

Tubbo hissed out the words to the fox hybrid of whom could do nothing but stare at I'm with wide eyes.

Such fear and innocence. It wasn't a real feature he'd seen in quite some time.

He felt guilty.

Holding a finger to his mouth in a shushing manner, Tubbo carefully let go of the other's snout.

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-*

The creature close to them shuffled before running over to help what was probably his comrade.

Whatever Wilbur had done had gotten the creature's attention.

“Psst- Fundy.”

Tubbo whispered. Immediately making the fox hybrid's ears perked up as his dark pupils bore holes into his eyes.

Against his better judgement, he didn't want to be directly responsible for the deaths of people who had once been his family back home.

“We have to get away from these things. Do you have any idea where we can go when we won't get killed?”

Fundy's shivering increased.

“Y-yeah. Just past the b-back of the shelter we keep our food.”

Nodding, Tubbo began to creep over there. Remaining careful incase of a third creature being stationed nearby.

The fox hybrid followed close behind him. The cold air likely not being a problem with his thick coat of fur.

They reached a large oak tree finally. Fundy hesitating before crawling under some large roots that left a hole only just big enough for a person to fit into.

Tubbo didn't falter, and slid in right after the other male.

It was a moderately large dirt cave.

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.

Other than that, it was quiet.

“I-I-”

Fundy was trying to say something. All Tubbo could do was watch on. Tears were fully dripping down onto the cave floor.

“ *I didn't mean to -*”

The fox hybrid was in full on hysterics.

Tubbo pet at his back while tears poured down harder. Was this what it was like to comfort someone? Hopefully, it worked.

“ *I didn't mean to try and hurt you!* ”

Fundy pulled at his orange-tipped ears. Crying uncontrollably while he just watched. Hoping that maybe the other would elaborate on just what he meant by that.

It took a while of back patting before the fox was coherent enough to speak.

“T-Tubbo- I, no, *w-we* tried to d-do something awful!”

So the food had been drugged with something. Tubbo absent mindedly thought. More focused on the job at hand rather than past grievances.

“Wilbur said t-that you would kill us a-and were nothing *like* the Tubbo f-from our universes!”

Well, it wasn't as if he'd been *wrong* .

“Then w-we stole some stuff off of Schlatt and got t-these *mind control drugs* and we-”

“Woah woah woah, what?!”

Tubbo startled to attention. Mind control drugs?!

If such a thing existed, then just how did it work! If something like that had been back in his own world then Dream could have controlled just about *anybody* to do his bidding and-

“Tubbo, I’m sorry!”

Tears were fully pouring out from the other’s eyes in a torrent. This was real guilt. Had Wilbur been the one to suggest using such drugs on him?

He shuddered. Tubbo blinked to try and get the image out of his mind of an imaginary scenario back in his world where Dream had gotten control of-

“Well well well. Just look at these scoundrels we’ve got in here!”

They tensed and immediately swung their heads around to see just who had spoken.

Although, it wasn’t as if either of them would forget the voice of JSchlatt himself.

With robes fit for a king now soiled with mud and grime from the climb in, Schlatt still grinned triumphantly down at the pair in front of him. Diamond sword drawn out and angled right at them.

Quackity soon tumbled into the hole. Not being nearly so graceful as his boss had been to make a quiet entrance.

Fundy’s tears stopped. Settling for a wide expression of fear instead.

Tubbo couldn't blame him. They were up against a long ranger bow wielder in a confined space, which was actually the only good thing going for them. But the problem was the confined space in the first place, along with the diamond sword that Schlatt held freely.

Tubbo clenched his iron axe tightly. Not bothering to disguise his sneer at the new arrivals.

Was there any point in hiding his expressions anymore? Perhaps it was best to give up on fully pretending in these circumstances.

Schlatt smiled widely. Reminding him of times spent under the rule of the tyrant.

It was almost like a reunion.

With the most drunken walk imaginable, the ram hybrid began making his way towards them.

“You can imagine just how great my surprise was when I found out about your third little party member! Tubbo! Great to see you pal! That axe you've got their was a real f\*cking pain to me. Why don't we fix that.”

The older reached down to grab the weapon just as he yanked it away. Earning a scornful look from the elder.

“Sheesh. You're ruder than I would've expected.”

Schlatt leant down to face him and Tubbo swallowed.

“If you don't hand it over, I'll just kill you right away.”

Quackity had his bow trained on him. Despite the hesitancy in his features, there was no doubt that the other would do whatever it took to survive the night.

The diamond sword was also a problem. He didn't know just how powerful the old goat was. He'd gotten an eight in the testing trials, but Tubbo very well knew that the scores didn't translate to full

capability.

Especially seeing as how the two looked pleased with themselves when the results came through.

Schlatt looked annoyed at his silence.

“Well? You wanna f\*cking die then?”

Making eye contact with the other, Tubbo handed over the weapon which he spent so long with.

It was immediately snatched out of his hand. His captor not having any need for subtlety as he stared at the blade before chucking it behind himself for his associate to flusteredly catch.

“Ha! To think that we thought someone was throwing *this* thing at us! I’ll give you something, we were definitely tricked in the moment!”

Schlatt then moved in close. Rancid breath tickling against Tubbo’s cheeks.

“We *won’t* be tricked again.”

Suddenly, the hybrid burst into an insane sounding laughter fit. Unfortunately, it was familiar from his time under the man’s government. Both Quackity and Fundy seemed to be startled, however.

With a wild looking grin on his face, Schlatt then turned back to face them all before clasping his hands together and speaking.

“Alrighty then! Let skedaddle from this weird f\*cking cave, huh? You guys are coming too, of course.”

Tubbo stood up. Fundy following behind him with slight tears dribbling into fur before disappearing.



Quackity went out the hole first. Throwing out the three bags worth of supplies which were an astounding amount of items considering the situation they were all in.

Schlatt stood by the entrance, holding out his arms in a mocklike, beckoning manner.

“You guys first.”

The smile he wore was truly demonic.

Tubbo crawled out first. Easily getting past the dirt and few roots in the way. However, he didn't get out as easily as Fundy himself did. The other getting not a single hint of dirt on himself.

It was much darker out now. The trees blocking out most light coming from the stars and moon before it could light their way.

Absentmindedly, he wondered whether or not Wilbur had been captured, or if he was still investigating the creature.

*He had forgotten one thing .*

“So! Let's get to business here, people!”

*One simple thing that could easily be forgotten.*

A snapping came from the undergrowth which made them all turn their heads for a second.

*It wasn't as if it were a regular occurrence, after all .*

Schlatt rolled his eyes but warily trained his diamond sword and new iron axe towards the sound.

“What the f\*ck is it now?!”

*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 *least* 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 its 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 twang 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 *hellscape* .

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 *just killed his friend* - 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.

---

Technoblade swung his netherite axe with an unnatural ease.

Both he and Phil had spotted a *rat* nearby. And just as always, the voices called for blood.

There was something he knew. Something that he could never tell Philza about, and it tormented him. Back in his own empire everything was always open between them.

No matter the universe though, it was the same old Phil who he was grateful for.

Of course, not that he'd ever *say* that.

“Sh\*t! Just stay away from me!”

The voice carried out from where they'd cornered their little weasel.

GeorgeNotFound looked so terrified that it was almost funny.

**Blood was needed, blood needed to be *spilt* .**

“Oi, mate! This isn't a f\*cking restaurant you know! And we have a job we're meant to be doing right now.”

Technoblade swung his head to stare the other in the eyes, before throwing the axe directly next to the kid's face.

Or maybe he wasn't a kid, looked young enough to be one or whatever.

Not like it would matter. They had a job to do.

As he yanked out the blade with ease from the tree, the guy or whatever muttered something under his breath.

“All you guys here are *monsters* .”

Hm. That was interesting. Not being limited to both him and Phil, that meant someone *else* was a monster.

Or maybe the kid had never had an English lesson before. He wouldn't judge.

Philza had also picked up on it, though.

“It'd be interesting to know who else you think is a monster round here.”

With a glare and a few trembles George spat out his next words.

“ *F\*cking Tubbo !*”

More shivers began to roll over his figure, as the guy seemingly remembered something.

Tubbo?

Technoblade let out a little snort and nudged his friend's shoulder.

“I told you the kid killed his friend, should'a bet something on it too.”

“Kill his friend?! That f\*cker murdered Sapnap and-”

A bigger shiver 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 accidentally 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

There wasn't anything else he could do now other than hope for a miracle. That a potion of healing or at least a golden apple would fall from the sky.

Did those even exist in this reality?

Another gurgled choke came from beneath him. Fundy was staring at something behind him and was trying to point at whatever it was.

Something heavy smacked him in the side of the head.

Disoriented, Tubbo spun around to face this attacker with the diamond axe in his hands-

“WHAT THE F\*CK HAPPENED TO FUNDY?!”

It was Wilbur.

With a shredded bright yellow lab coat, the man stood looking horrified at the state of his son.

*“Fundy is a traitor! He burnt down the flag , and betrayed us!”*

*“Isn't he your son, Wilbur?!”*

*“Not anymore!”*

*“Did you do this?! F\*cking hell, how bad is it? Looks as if he's in so much pain .”*

Tubbo was still slightly disoriented from the smack to the skull. Soon realising that the item which hit him had been a branch that Wilbur accidentally pulled back before arrival.

The former President raced towards his son and knelt down. A grimace beginning to form as he stifled his tears.

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*."

His voice cracked on the final words, and he immediately spun over to face Tubbo in the eyes. Angry beyond recognition.

“F\*cking *help* him! D-do something that’ll *save* him-”

Suddenly a wheezing noise came from Fundy’s chest and blood began to flow from his mouth, springing Tubbo into action.

He gathered up more shreds from his clothing and pulled besides the fox hybrid. Courtesy could be saved for later he needed to do this *now* .

It didn’t matter.

Because a cannon fire burst their eardrums, as a sign that Fundy hadn’t made it through.

His hand went limp in Wilbur’s grip. The last face the fox ever had was one of confusion and fear.

Perhaps he’d thought his dad had never cared. Because in Tubbo’s universe it was only *him* who’d seen the tears of remorse from his words that Wilbur had made. Being confided to himself without the knowledge that his own spy was there all along.

Fundy never knew about how bad Tommy felt from his torture of the boy. The nightmare he had of his time both in exile and with Technoblade. Never knew about Philza’s slamming of walls because no good grandfather would *ever* have said that to their struggling grandson.

Tubbo knew he should have apologised for many things. But the person with the most need for an apology from everyone on the server was Fundy himself.

And now this Fundy was gone.

Wilbur hugged the body close to his chest. Crying about how he couldn’t lose the only version of his son he had left to love.

A few tears dripped from Tubbo's own cheeks. Unable to control his emotions with the traumatic death of his friend having occurred in front of him.

After a while, Wilbur stood up.

His face was shadowed and although tear tracks still lingered, it was obvious that something had changed.

Sharp eyes turned over to Tubbo. A scathing anger it's boiled and bubbled inside from the death of his child.

"I won't ask how you didn't get controlled, because *I don't f\*cking care* . But *who* the F\*CK killed him."

Another tear rolled down the man's cheek which he hastily wiped away.

"Q-Quackity shot him with the bow, but died because of the-"

"The f\*cking zombified pig freaks?! That bas\*ard deserved much *worse* then what he got that *sh\*t stain* ."

Suddenly, the man locked his eyes onto the diamond axe at Tubbo's side.

"Where the f\*ck did you get that? Hand it over so I can *kill that motherf\*cker JSchlatt* -"

He trailed off into mumbles. Obvious signs of anger and shock, but it wasn't as if he could give away his own weapon!

Tubbo mutely shook his head, and Wilbur's neck snapped around to glare at him once again.

"*I said to hand over the f\*cking axe, Tubbo. I'm going to make it through here for Fundy's sake and kill those f\*cking imposters.* "

Wilbur looked deranged. No wonder, because the state of Fundy's body behind them was really a sight to see.

He needed to be firmer with his answer.

"I'm sorry Wilbur, but I can't give this to you."

That seemed to make the man snap.

"Oooh! So *now* you're revealing your true colours as a dirty f\*cking thief! I f\*cking knew it was an act last time, that's all you people ever *do*."

Things were getting tenser. His life was now in danger and he could die-

*Just like Tommy and Fundy did right? You could have easily stopped that from happening if you just been faster and stronger each time. Selfish little pawn, huh?*

Tubbo felt an onrush of anger from the rising tension.

"I didn't do anything wrong! You guys tried to drug me and-"

"Well HOW do you f\*cking know we tried to drug you, huh?!"

"Because-"

A snapping twig behind them. Tubbo spun around with the axe in his hand held defensively and ready to engage when ever needed.

With his cape drawn askew, JSchlatt emerged from the leaves. Looking just as pissed as ever.

“You f\*cking b\*tches got Quackity killed!”

Wilbur hissed behind him and then pushed his way forwards to face the hybrid in the eyes.

“You f\*cker killed my F\*CKING SON!”

The two then began to hit each other. Neither in possession of a weapon to use and settling with their hands.

Schlatt punched upwards and got Wilbur in the eye, the other attempting to get a proper strange hold by grabbing the man by his horns.

It looked pathetic.

People had just *died* , and these two were f\*cking scrabbling like children.

Tubbo was *done* with these games.

“ENOUGH!”

He yelled out. Making the two stop for a moment, before they turn their attention onto him.

“So you're trying to act all *brave and strong* now?!”

Schlatt took a step towards him and Tubbo drew his axe out threateningly. From the mild shock in the elder’s eyes it was obvious he hadn’t expected Tubbo to fight back.

Wilbur now glared at him once more. Tear stains obviously covering his red cheeks in the frigid night air.

“You f\*cker think you’re so clever from surviving, but let’s get real! The pair rules are just a huge

*f\*cking lie!"*

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-*

“AND YOU!”



With a shaky arm he pointed to Wilbur. Both his former brother, and former leader.

“YOU MADE US INTO child... soldiers.”

Furiously, he rubbed at his eyes. The itching was getting worse over time, and his anger was slowly calming itself back down.

“Wilbur... we trusted you and you tried to kill u-us all. You blew up our whole *country* .”

His voice was shaking now. Huh.

The two were looking at him with both shock and some other unrecognisable expression on their faces.

The air was tense around them. Their argument and the dead body lying nearby bringing an aura of anguish that he sure wished wasn't familiar.

Tubbo's tears had stopped.

A grunt came from below. Startling them all away from current issues, for a perhaps even deadlier one.

One of the two Zoglins stood below their tree. A white and singular eye gazing up at them, while the skull of its empty other socket stared alongside it.

Then with a comically long wind back, it ran forwards in a direct path towards their tree.

*The tree shook .*

Fundy's body slid as the boar monster below them cause a large rift to appear in the roots below them.

Wilbur quickly rushed to the aid of his dead son and carefully held the body. Forgoing his general grip to a grasp as the creature wound back once again to rush forwards and push the tree over again.

Belatedly, he realised they were going down.

“F\*ck all you b\*tches!”

Schlatt raced to the other side of the tree and smiled uncertainly as he stared at a branch which was just in reach of their precarious position.

Tubbo knew he was going to try and make a jump for it.

“Schlatt! If you try that you are going to fall!”

It was obvious, really, there was no way he’d make it.

“Suck it d\*ckheads!”

With a gleeful smile of certainty, Schlatt ran and leapt to reach the branch before him leading to a different tree.

Fingers outstretched and shredded cape flowing in the wind, his hand just barely missed the opening. Leaving him to fall in what seemed like slow motion.

After falling to the ground with a loud and audible thud, the Zoglin halted in it’s tracks.

Then with a roar, the second burst through the woods, and ripped as well as geared at the flesh of the fallen former King.

Both him and Wilbur stared on in shock as blood began to cover the monster, and it’s friend

sprinted over.

The two then started eating the body.

As was expected with a zombified monster.

“We have to go while they’re busy!”

Grabbing a hold of Wilbur’s wrist which wasn’t covered by Fundy’s fur, Tubbo dragged the petrified other with him to the floor and they began to run. A roar sounding behind them which meant that the two were surely chasing after their prey.

Thankfully he’d managed to grab his backpack before leaving. But if the two of them survived perhaps-

Wilbur ripped his wrist out from Tubbo’s grasp. Leaving him to stumble before turning around to see the still figure of his former leader.

Gently he reached back for the wrist which then got pulled back again.

Tubbo’s panic began to rise as Wilbur wasn’t saying anything. His face slowly stretched into its true emotion because hiding just *hurt* now.

“Wilbur, come on we have to f\*cking run-”

“I’m not going.”

After a second of careful consideration, Fundy was set down gently to the forest floor. His father then sitting next to his son who was beginning to pale.

Despite the low levels of light, it was easy to see how resolute the former rebellion leader looked.

“W-what do you mean you aren’t coming?!”

Wilbur was calm despite the rising danger of leaves being trundled over.

“I’m going to wait here with Fundy. It’s not like I have any other reason to survive, if not for the pair rule.”

What was this ‘pair rule’?!

“I can’t go on with this anymore. I’m far too tired”

The sound of angry grunts and roars shook the air around them in gusto.

“Hey Tubbo. Win this game for us? Please?”

Finally he could make out a sorrowful smile on the teary eyed man’s face. This was a sacrifice  
*Wilbur was sacrificing himself for -*

A roar was louder, and Tubbo could see a single white glow coming from the darkness.

*He couldn’t do anything .*

So with tears in his eyes, he ran away from the man who had once been his brother, and the corpse who’d once been his very best friend.

Wilbur’s smile remained, as hooves trampled him and tore away any sense he may have once had. While a cannon screamed from above.

---

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 *only* 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 *some* 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.

Eye narrowed forward, and having counted the cannon strikes, Tubbo knew within his heart that it was only him, Philza, and Technoblade.

He needed to win. For all the people he'd failed both here, and home.

-----

Philza sat on top of the shared log between him and Techno, in the shared camp they lived in.

He was old, and tired.

They'd killed two people together so far. Skeppy, and George.

But really, it was Technoblade who'd done everything.

He was dead weight. It was time to admit that.

And once Techno killed Tubbo, there would only be one other person for him to defeat.

Him.

Phil shuffled uncomfortably on the wood. Because when the time came to it, he couldn't be sure that the pig hybrid would murder him.

Technoblade was his son, apparently. He loved Philza with all the heart and caring that he could give, despite how unworthy he was of a person that he'd technically met only a week ago.

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.



Silence.

Having been brought to alert, Philza's eyes shot to the arrow which had lodged firmly in the wood by his left.

With the remnants of fear leaving him from the scare, Phil finally noticed a small pouch that contained something.

And when his shaking hands opened it to find a vial, tears began to form in the corners of his eyes.

“So this is your idea of mercy.”

POISON was written on a small white stripe attached.

-----

A cannon shot, and the taste of acid arose to the center of Tubbo's throat.

He had to swallow it down.

It had crossed his mind whether or not doing this made him as despicable as the ones who'd put them in this position.

He was not, but that definitely didn't mean he could ever be the same person again.

The final blood of many who would never go home stained his hands.

Shamefully enough, this had likely helped him for the future. Because in his own world the experience of a fight was exactly what you needed to live another day. War was their ways, and this game he'd been transported to would be a help for if Dream ever escaped from prison, or for if an even greater and *worse* person took the green clothed man's place.

Hopefully that person wouldn't be him.

Tubbo was currently standing in the cornucopia. It's wide and empty space providing neither an advantage or a disadvantage.

Tommy's body had long since moved. The reason why the four in the forest hadn't been moved, still unknown to him.

There were no landmines, nor tnt available for traps. So he took a different route.

So he got to work on his project.

In an hour's time, Technoblade arrived. Expression indistinguishable from his regular face.

But anger and sorrow layered his body in a cloak of blood. From within his grip it was easy to see his netherite axe, and a crossbow.

Memories of the other with the ranged weapon were plentiful. None of which involved any gain for his side or happiness upon achieving something.

This would be it.

As the hybrid got closer, Tubbo could see stains of some kind over the man's clothing. Almost as if he'd cradled the body of someone close to him.

That was his fault.

“Why did you do it.”

Technoblade’s voice was rough and cold. They both knew exactly what he was talking about.

Another reason why Tubbo had chosen this large space to fight in, was for the audience watching to enjoy the carnage. Getting those sick minds to see the reality of what they faced in the games.

“I want to go home.”

Vocals cracking at the words, Tubbo softly smiled.

The pig hybrid *hated* it.

Snarling, he pulled out his netherite axe and drew his crossbow to a charged point. The man glaring at him in the eyes as anger suffocated their surroundings.

And it was rightly so that Technoblade was angry.

The hybrid shot forwards, and then they were face to face.

Tubbo’s diamond axe blocked the attack just in time.

Pushing back, he realised that the other definitely had more strength and the ground got ever so closer.

Speed it was then.

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

pulled him inwards.

Sh\*t!

Tubbo desperately tried pulling away to get away from this scenario which could very well end in his permanent death.

No. He couldn't do that to Tommy. Nor could he fail for *any* of the others he'd met in this world!

In a last ditch attempt, he flung his diamond axe at a close range to the other's face.

Technoblade flinched and brought his head to the side, quickly letting go of Tubbo's wrist and trying to stumble away from the shot.

But instead his axe cleaved through a surmountable portion of the other's ear.

“F\*ck!”

Small amounts of blood dribbled from the wound, and it was then that Tubbo realised that the pig hybrid had broken his iron axe.

He chucked the now useless piece of wood away and saw that a few scratches show on Technoblade's hand.

*This meant that motherf\*cker broke his weapon with force alone.*

His whole arm could have been crushed! Warily, Tubbo leant away while the other recovered and strategised.

This was the time he needed to pick up his bow from it's hidden nook in the wall, but that weapon could leave him with a *major* disadvantage depending on how good this Technoblade was with the crossbow-

“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 *Tommy might still have been there did Tommy go to the cornucopia for his sake ?*

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.



Then, an arrow was perfectly shot by Tubbo, into the center of Technoblade's forehead.

...

...

...

A cannon blasted, and a shocked face softened before falling out of Tubbo's rang of sight.

Technoblade was...

He wanted to both laugh and cry at the same time.

This was a canon kill to a cannon shot!

An insane singlar laugh released from his throat, before finally, Tubbo puked.

It had been a long time coming.

Flashing lights from the dome above him showed his name, and with all caps 'WINNER' was spelt out below.

Was he really? It didn't feel like he had won anything, really.

People were dead, and at least half of those deaths were his own fault. He'd killed just to be selfish again, and was now being rewarded for it?!

This was hell.

A bright light shone from above, and he was sucked away. Weapons having been dropped to the ground ages ago.

"Beam me up, Scotty."

Tubbo mumbled under his breath as he was slowly taken away.

The thirteen trainers stared down at their finished winner.

*This game had gained the most popularity and support that any other had before .*

Dream had needed to lie down after laughing too hard at the use of his donated poison. Seriously, that was *not* how he'd expected things to go!

Four of the trainers had a bad disposition against their winner. Those bringing the obvious Tommy, Tubbo copy, Philza, and Technoblade.

This month had been so amazingly awesome!

Ranboo walked in. Handing a list happily to his role model.

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 *would* 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.

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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.

There was a city of beauty, which would never be finished.

A diamond shaped hole left in the heart of another.

In space a ship crashed into a deserted plains.

While a both living and dead Demon wished he could have saved his friend.

A cottage was left clean and tidy, despite the disappearance of its owner. Friends and family denying the death of their loved one.

And in one very special universe where war continuously rages, the jail held not one, but two souls within its confines.

Tubbo was sleeping, but would soon wake up.

## End Notes

:)

For all of those from when I first posted this story who read the epilogue, forget it immediately. Guess whose stupid butt has decided to write out maybe 50+ more words for this thing? Well, GUESS WHO?!

Also the Pit just came out today and seeing Tubbo win and look at those zoglins in the cage

just made me think of this.

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