

play of the game

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play of the game

by [Blubfishblue](#)

Summary

“Don't you just want to hurt somebody?” Is the question asked. And Squiddo could honestly say 'no not particularly' but that's not a fun answer is it. Cause Squiddo wants to have some fun.

Sure this isn't a world people come to for fun, but something they learned earlier here was intentions don't matter. Only actions do. Words are useless, and violence is the only action that people like to hear.

So when Squiddo was asked if they want to hurt someone, they say “Sure, ^-^”
”Wait, how did you say that with your mouth?” Wemmbu asks.

Notes

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

“Don’t you just want to hurt somebody?” Is the question asked. And Squiddo could honestly say ‘no not particularly’ but that’s not a fun answer is it. Cause Squiddo wants to have some fun.

Sure this isn’t a world people come to for fun, but something they learned earlier here was intentions don’t matter. Only actions do. Words are useless, and violence is the only action that people like to hear.

So when Squiddo was asked if they want to hurt someone, they say “Sure, ^-^”

“Wait, how did you say that with your mouth?” Wemmbu asks.

“Don’t even worry about it.”

Wemmbu pauses for a second, before deciding that it’s just not his problem. “Okay so, let me show you a device.”

“A device? Spooky.” Squiddo laughs.

“Oh this is more than just Spooky, Squiddo.”

“OwO?” Squiddo asks.

“I’m not answering that. Not if you owo”

“(π~π)” She replies sadly.

“Wow, what is actually wrong with you?” Wemmbu asks, he leaves it in the air for a swift moment before retracting it. “Actually, doesn’t matter. Please do not tell me, it’s probably scarier than the machine i found.”

“Found?” they question, you don’t just find machines, those are built.

“Eh,” Wemmbu gives her a handwave.

Wemmbu leads Squiddo down a sketchy looking pathway out of spawn. Not one of the main (heavily trapped) paths that no one really takes anymore. Nor one of the trodden dirt paths that people take to avoid the main ones. But a mined into the side of the hill 1x2 tunnel.

It heads into the mesa and eventually starts to veer upwards steeply. It’s a shitty staircase, one made only for efficiency, and it kind of bothers them. It’s not actually hard to put in stairs. Doesn’t matter if it’s some evil base that only you ever know about. Do your knees a favour.

Like come on Wemmbu, can’t break from your devious schemes to put up some infrastructure? Really?

But it doesn’t matter, because soon enough they reach the device. And it is spooky.

Sitting in a hand-hollowed cave, just big enough to host the machine and barely enough to navigate around it. Lit by the faint sunlight from the hole in front of what must be the barrel.

It looks like something of a tnt cannon, like the really complex fucked up cannons people use in factions. Lines of redstone run into rows of dispensers, all dropping into a water stream that ends with a slime launcher.

This is a weapon. A very very big weapon. Rationally Squiddo knows where she is, in a secret hideout of a known killer, on a world made of bloodshed. Somewhere that they always knew there wouldn't be peace, but they wanted to hope.

But actually being here, seeing this. She might not know the exact workings of these device, or what the output of it will be. But they know what ambition looks like. What the line between could and should is.

And all she can do is laugh. "This is amazing Wemmbu."

The line is in front of them. Good and evil, kill or not kill. These are choices that Squiddo made joining this world. Not that they'd admitted it to themself. But really, could she call herself a lifestealer if she passed up on this? Did they want to?

"Wanna know what this thing can do?" he asks.

"Heck yeah!" Squiddo exclaims, cause this thing is going to be killer. Very literally killer.

Which is exciting, cause they've never really killed anyone before. Well, technically she has, but those were, for the most part. Already dead creatures that don't count as people. or in self defence. This is going to be the first time they've instigated.

And that's just thrilling. A proper thrill, her hands are trembling and eyes are starting to water. They're not sad, nor crying. But just anticipating.

Wemmbu gives them the rundown on how the machine works, and then tells them what they need to do: Lie.

That's the whole plan, Wemmbu's made a murder machine, and Squiddo just needs to lie to the victims, lead them to the slaughter house. Easy.

Squiddo doesn't have any enemies in this world, they're so new here they haven't had the time. Or motive really. They introduced themself as a tourist. Someone who's not here to make the big plays, just observe them with a notebook and camera.

So no one is really going to suspect her for murder. People would follow where they led, and that's not a feat most people in this world can claim. These people have made a lifestyle of treachery. It's a game to them.

And Squiddo made some passing comments that they weren't planning on playing it. Which in turn, makes this more shocking, more dastardly. Lifesteal is a game, and honestly, it's very exciting.

Deaths aren't permanent here, killing isn't really amoral, it's more of a dick move than anything monstrous. And the name of the game is who can be the biggest monster. So really, lying about even playing the game, is a damn good play. Squiddo is going to get a good grade on Lifesteal. Something normal to want and possible to achieve. They giggle to themselves.

"Pretty cool right?" Wemmbu asks.

"Yeah, it really is." She says, cause it is. It really really is. Who knows how many people this thing could take out at once?

"So, anyone in particular you want to kill? Didn't someone spawnkill you day one?" Wemmbu prods.

"Hmm. Mapicc did apologise though. I don't really feel the need to kill him."

Wemmbu frowns and writes Mapicc's name on a sign. "We're killing him. Anyone else?"

"I haven't really made any enemies, who do you need to kill?" Squiddo asks.

"Prince Zam. He killed me and I need to kill him. And his team."

"Isn't he sorta a loner?" Not that Squiddo really keeps up with other peoples conflicts, she just heard that not many people trusted Zam this world. Apparently he betrayed one too many people last server.

"No. He was working with Mapicc, and a few others." Wemmbu tells her

"Oh right, for your bounty thing. I heard about that. Did you win?"

"No." Wemmbu frowns. "Zam got me. That's why were killing him."

"Should we target your team from that? They did fail you." they suggest.

"Yeah, put em on the board." Wemmbu agrees. Squiddo scribbles three names down on signs. Leowook, Clownpierce and Minutetech. Supposedly some of the strongest players around.

"Who else? Does Zam have other friends? I heard people don't like him?"

"Uh. I think he has Pangli, I heard they were a day one team up. Not sure if they're still together, but lets kill him anyways?" Wemmbu asks. Since Squiddo is the one bringing the targets, they do get final say over who they kill.

"Sure. Does Mapicc have friends?" Squiddo agrees, writing the pangolins name down on their hitlist.

"I think he's with like, Bacon and Parrot."

"Isn't Parrot banned?" She really doesn't know. Squiddo hasn't been around Lifesteal long enough to receive gossip. Ash has, and he does share the things he's heard. But Ashswag is

chronically anti-social, so he's really not a good source.

"Bacon's not."

Squiddo shrugs and writes his name down.

"Other people you gotta get back at?" Squiddo asks. She would put some names up, but she really hasn't been wronged by anyone.

"Peentar. He got Minute to kill me. That bastard."

"Yay! >:3 More victims! Who else?"

"Yeah, uh, Jumper scammed me. Her stupid glitched parkour. We need to kill her."

"Alright, alright, anyone else?" they nod excitedly. Squiddo's never done a murder like this before, just the planning of it is thrilling. She can't wait to get to the actual dirty deed.

"Umm. Not off the top of my head. How many names do we have?"

"Nine I think. Ten if we count Parrot." Squiddo counts.

"I don't think Parrot counts." Wemmbu tells them.

"Poor guy. He'd be devastated if he heard that." Squiddo states.

"Dumbass shouldn't have gotten himself banned then."

"Didn't you blackmail him? Aren't you a reason he's banned?"

"No. I only threatened to expose him, he was compliant. For the most part." Wemmbu says.

"Alright. Now that we have our list, I need to get working on a plan to get people there."

"It's gotta be a friendly sounding event. People will come for competitions, but they'll be on guard. We need them to not suspect anything." Wemmbu says. Trying to think of what might work.

"Friendly. Whats friendly? Friends." Squiddo thinks out loud. "I've got it! A party!"

"Okay," Wemmbu nods, hyping her plan.

"But not just any party! A birthday party! No one will be rude enough to not show up to a birthday party!" Squiddo exclaims.

"Hell yeah! Love it. Just set it up on that plateau across from here, I'll block up the cannon's line of sight for now. You set up the party." Wemmbu smiles.

As Squiddo sets up a place for her party, she realises that she's heard this story before. A purple guy killing at a birthday party? It's familiar. So they decide to host it in a family diner.

It's a funny enough reference to Squiddo that they don't care if anyone else gets it.

Fredbear's family diner gets constructed, the doorway lined up to the railgun Wemmbu built. Squiddo plans some party games, and because they love a hint of irony. They hid a depiction of Purple guy, just standing there. Waiting.

As the day of the party arrives, Wemmbu tells her they need more guests. Invite everyone. It's not an unreasonable demand, so they do it without really thinking. And then they realise that maybe they don't want everyone on the server dead.

A few of these people have been pretty nice. Like Pangi killed someone for her just the other day. And Squiddo really didn't want Ash to get caught in the crossfire.

Ashswag had always been a friend to them. Not many people really understand the worldhopping lifestyle that Squiddo enjoys, but Ash comes with her sometimes.

Out of all the worlds they've ever been on, all the people (& non people entities) they've met. Ash might just be one of her best friends. He's legitimately a nice person.

Not that a claim like that would be widely believed on Lifesteal, Ash's home server. Where people are just as familiar with him as Squiddo is. But Ash does know how to be nice to his friends. He just doesn't have many friends, so no one finds this out.

He claims its too be cool or something, so Squiddo is fine keeping his tender side on the down low. It wouldn't do well to piss of Ash, when he's one of the main reasons that Squiddo came here.

But the issue is that Ash is a good friend, and he wouldn't miss her party for anything, cause that would be rude. And he's a nice person. Which is bad in this case, cause Squiddo is not being a nice person back, they're gonna kill people. And Ash is going to be one of those killed people unless they figure out a way around him.

Squiddo could tell him the truth, that's the first idea she considered. Because its easier to keep truths straight than lies. But if they're inviting the rest of Ash's team, he might want to warn them, because again. Ash is a good friend.

And While Squiddo doesn't really want Spoke or Planet dying today, they do want hearts. She thinks that she'll be able to head back to the Lala Legion team after this murder party. Spoke seems pretty chill, and Planet likes killing people. They'd understand. Probably.

But mainly they just don't want Ash dead. The rest of the team is fine to kill, just not Ash. Squiddo would feel bad. While Pangi was also nice to her, she doesn't care about him anywhere near as much. He's acceptable collateral.

Dragging their feet won't protect anyone. Squiddo takes out their comms and hits dial on Ashswag. It rings once. Twice. Three times. They let out a breath they unknowingly held, and it continues ringing. Four times, fives times. Then the comms go silent.

No answer from Ashswag. Not unexpected, the man has always been bad at picking up his phone. No worries, there was still the next 10 hours to figure something out. He'd already said that he was coming, when she first pinged the server. So had like fifteen other people.

Now, in getting to know the Lifestealers, Squiddo can be certain that not everyone who RSVP'd is actually attending. So Squiddo might get lucky and Ash and Pangi won't show up. But they won't count on it.

So it's time for some last minute reorganising of the diner, making a place that they can easily shove Ash in before the rain of arrows hits. It shouldn't be too hard. Right?

Wrong. The layout of this place needs to be precise, the lineup has to be, well. Lined up properly. And any place they could store Ash, any other guest could end up standing in. There was no good way to protect Ashswag here, and it was really starting to worry Squiddo.

But they'll fumble that hurdle when they get to it. Cause they've squandered all the remaining time and now guests are starting to arrive.

Spoke arrives first and loudest, as he always does. He's a strange man, but one that Squiddo has taken a liking to. He doesn't stray away from danger the way that most people do. He doesn't know everything about the glitched entities that Squiddo hunts, but he's always excited to learn about them. And he teaches Squiddo about exploits in return.

All lessons strictly hypothetical of course, Spoke tells them what he's put in place to counteract them. Then he leans in close and tells them how to circumvent those safeguards. Not that Squiddo is likely to do these exploits, and especially not on a server like Lifesteal. It's fun to learn about.

Minute and Lewook arrive together next, Spoke's been shouting the coords in chat and everyone who's coming has starting making their way there. Squiddo's not really met Minute or Leo before. Sure she ran into them at the wedding, but that wasn't the most social event, seeing as the reception was mainly bloodshed.

All Squiddo really knows about them is that they're among the most dangerous fighters on the server. But today isn't going to be a battle they get to try to fight. That's the beauty of this trap, the victims will be dead before they even realise anything's up. Jepexx, Mapicc and Bacon arrive next, and instead of greeting them, or doing decent host behaviour, Squiddo's eyes are glued to her Comms. Ash isn't coming. Thank god. Ash is safe. Not doing well apparently, which that sucks. But at least Squiddo isn't the one hurting him tonight.

The remaining guests get there pretty soon after, Pentar, Zam, Pangi and Jumper. Red and Cube still swear that they're coming, just that they'll be a little late. Red insists that they should start without him. But Squiddo doesn't really want to do that. Because she sorta needs everyone here so they can all die.

Squiddo leads them all inside Fredbear's Family Diner, and show's them the party games they've set up. Everyone is more than happy to play into the parties theme, some of them getting up on stage. It's a good party. If it weren't a murder plan, Squiddo could still be proud of their work as a host here.

The party takes far longer than Squiddo wanted it to. They expected maybe half an hour of entertaining guests while trying not to expose their imminent demise. But Wemmbu's having to troubleshoot an issue with the canon, and Reddoons still hasn't arrived.

So it's not going ideally, but way more things could have gone wrong and haven't. So things are still looking up here. It's after Bacon asks about the 'no alpaca's' sign that things really start going right. The group decides that animal cruelty is funny actually, and Squiddo had brought the llama's up to the diner already. And as the party is punching a llama to death, Squiddo gets a message from Wemmbu. The cannon is fixed. A single repeater was off, and that was enough to break the whole machine.

A stunning example of why Squiddo doesn't do redstone, and a sign that now was the time to get the party lined up to die. A morbid thought, they realise. But they knew what they signed up for at the start of this.

Lifesteal is a bit like herding cats. No one wants to listen, but a fair few of them are pretty food motivated. It's still hard to get them to line up, but for the promise of cake, most of them are fine staying still.

As Squiddo finagle them all into a line, Reddoons arrives right on time for his death. The final guest to arrive, and thankfully his addition gives Squiddo a great new reason to stall. She now needs to craft one more cake to account for Redd.

They fiddled in their inventory, pretending to look for the cake. The hardest part of all of this was trying not to look nervous, but Wemmbu said that he was moments away from firing the cannon. This was going to be a bloody spectacle, but what a spectacle it'll be.

Their first foray into the wonderful world of incredible violence. This was what Lifesteal was really about. And Squiddo was seconds away from her first taste.

They smiled, and handed Jepexx a watermelon slice. Then when Jepexx rejected the very much not cake, because Squiddo did in fact not make any cake and now is struggling to stall because they already told Wemmbu to fire and now it's just waiting for the carnage, and trying to not let the victims know.

Squiddo is shaking when it finally hits. The line is restless, but unsuspecting. No one expects a trap, they just expected a better host. And honestly, Squiddo is sorta disappointed in herself for this poor party planning.

Just as they reach a crafting table, stare at it, move some more stuff around in the inventory. They back out of the table, turn around and they feel the world slow down. They hear a deafening thwock. The sound of arrows embedding in armour, and the lineup collapses and a gush of red.

The impact of arrows ripping through body after body, sending the corpses barrelling over each other and tripping up the four people left living.

The dead didn't have time to scream, but the survivors sure do. Squiddo knows she needs to get out of here. But there's four people and eight corpses between here and the door.

"What?" 4Civt chokes out after he stopped his initial scream. One arrow partially through his chestplate, digging into his guts, but not deep enough to kill.

Fredbear's Family diner has been painted red and polka-dotted with flaming arrows. The remaining guests seem stunned with shock, Spoke is just screaming words that don't make sense, Bacon is telling Spoke to shut up and Jepexx hasn't said a word this whole time. 4C's gone silent after his solitary plea for explanation. 4C can look around at what happened later, it's not on Squiddo to explain.

Cause they can't really explain. The only reason was that this is Lifesteal, and this is what happens here. Whats the point of touring this place if they can't partake in delicacies like this?

Squiddo can hear a laughter that's louder than the lingering anguish in the diner. It's odd. She didn't expect to be able to hear Wemmbu from this distance, and it's only after she's fled she realises it's her own.

"You idiots!" Squiddo screams at the top of their lungs as they run, "You idiots!" Idiots for trusting them, for underestimating them. For saying that someone like Squiddo wouldn't fit in on Lifesteal. For implying that she's weak.

No one pursues Squiddo as they flee.

End Notes

i'm sure there was room for some like, fnaf shit here that could have been clever and relevant. but im actually allergic to fnaf. so. :shrug:

I had never heard of Squiddo before she got added to lifesteal, but i am so so glad that i was introduced to her. she's so blorbo. i want to put her in a hydrolic press, then scrape the goo of her off, dry it to a powder, then put that powder in a capsule. then put that capsule in water and it would expand back into squiddo. lmk if thats an insane thing to say. did you all have those grow in water toys? remember those? those were cool as hell, do kids still have them? I finished this fic late last night to prepare for my 48 hour hermitcraft lockdown. but unfortunatly i still had to edit it today. thats the worst part of writing. that your supposed to look over it before just sending it out.

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