

## the masquerade ball

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## the masquerade ball

by [demoliti0nlovrs](#)

### Summary

blood smeared on the floor, occasionally tracked in footprints away from victims. to anyone else it would be horrifying but to the man with the pink hair, boar skull mask, and red velvet cloak, it was beautiful.

such is a masquerade ball

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aka that oversimplified totsmp rewrite where technos a serial killer, some other people are there, and everyone dies

### Notes

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

a masquerade ball

people gathering in small groups, speaking over drinks

such is a masquerade ball

a group of three boys, one with a beanie, a yellow and blue mask sits on his face, another with a patchwork sweater and a purple mask with green accents, the other with a white bandanna holding his hair from his face, face covered by a mask decorated in painted flames.

they stand close together, laughing at an inside joke. they're in love, all three with each other. the air is light with it, one occasionally giving a small show of affection like a chaste kiss or grabbing a hand and holding it for a while.

bright is the masquerade ball

across the room, a married couple chatting quietly, hands clasped. the man, blond hair tied back, wears a crow mask, his wife with one resembling a hawk, dark hair falling across her shoulders in a carefree way.

lively is the masquerade ball

nearby, another couple, one short, the other tall. the taller wears a black and red cloak and a plain black mask, the shorter clad in blue, a sparkly blue mask adorning his face. they stand pressed against one another, the shorter with his arm around his partner's waist.

light-hearted is the masquerade ball

a pair of women stand near the food and drinks table. the girl in the blue dress, pink hair cut just above her shoulders, face covered by a lavedar mask with feathers decorating the edges. the taller wearing a suit, long brown hair dyed bright colors underneath, the mask of a sheep covering her face. they both wear rings, promising each other their love would last and that one would be honest with the other.

lovely is the masquerade ball

a group of three younger boys somewhere in their teens, laughing loudly, stand near the stairs. one is very tall, a split colored black and white mask accompanied by a simple black suit and red tie. the shortest, with dark brown hair, wears a green dress shirt and a mask that appears to be themed after a bee. the last, a lanky blond, wears a white shirt, cleanly pressed, a red tie contrasting with the stark color. they're close friends, comfortable with each other, a good blend of chaotic and calm.

exciting is the masquerade ball

a final couple sits in the corner, a brunette and a blond. the blond wears green, a simple round white smile mask covering his face. the brunette, rather than a mask, wears white sunglasses, his shirt a simple blue dress shirt paired with black slacks. the pair sit across the table from each other, hands clasped over the top. they smile fondly at each other, blocking out the noise of the surroundings.

pleasant is the masquerade ball

lastly, a man stands alone on the balcony at the top of the stairs. he wears no ordinary mask, rather the upper portion of the skull of a boar. long pink hair braided and lain over his shoulder, the attire of a wealthy monarch. he stands silently, ominously. watching the people.

remarkable is the masquerade ball

the man with the pig mask grabs a sword from a display, remaining silent as he stalks down the stairs towards the three teens. the tall one notices first, warning his friends. the two others run, hiding. as their friend selflessly defends them, taking a sword to the stomach and falling lifelessly to the floor, his blank stare aimed at the ceiling, they huddle under a table, holding each other and trying to stay quiet.

suddenly alarming is the masquerade ball

as others notice, screams ring out, panic fills the air. the next target is the three lovers. the boy in the beanie is taken first, his partner with the flames on his mask goes to help him, only to be struck by the same blade. the one in the patchwork sweater kneels next to them and cries his heart out. he begs the man to take his life as well but the man refuses, moving on.

frightening is the masquerade ball

the married couple faces the pink-haired man next. they're happy with the life they lived, they say, they're only request is to be laid together.

the man fulfills their request, respectfully laying them next to each other as they had asked. he looks upon their bodies almost with remorse, as though he'd been attached to them. the look is erased and he walks away.

threatening is the masquerade ball

the two women had run to a corner and were hiding behind a window drape. the man pulls the red fabric back. both girls scream briefly, holding onto each other tightly, begging the man to spare them. he seems deaf to their requests as he slays the taller girl first, her partner sinking to the floor with her body, sobs wracking her body. she looks up at him with fear in her eyes. he takes his sword to her neck, leaving her to bleed out on her partner. once again, he stalks away.

eerily silent is the masquerade ball

the nearby food and drink table shivers with a sudden bump. the man pauses to hear hushed whispers from under the table. he walks over to the table and says something simple but menacing, two boys crawling out from under the table in response, faces stained with tears. it's the two who'd watched their friend be the first to die.

the man seems to hesitate for a moment before shaking a thought from his head and taking the blond first, a sword to the chest taking his life. the shorter brunette follows suit in the same way his friend did.

sorrowful is the masquerade ball

a shout comes from behind the man and he turns. the man is confronted with the short man wearing a blue mask coming at him with what looked like a curtain rod. the man with the sword holds his weapon out in front of him and the other, unable to stop his momentum, runs into it, killing himself. he falls to the ground with a final cry for his partner, who comes running over in tears. he begs the man to kill him and, unlike the boy in the patchwork sweater, his request is filled. they lay together in the middle of the large room.

static is the masquerade ball

the final pair now stands at the top of the stairs, faces stoic. they'd said their goodbyes and accepted

their fate. the blond shouts to the man, telling him to come get them.

the man does, he takes the taller first, not paying attention when his body falls down the stairs limply. the shorter is next, suffering a similar fate as his partner.

over is the masquerade ball

the only sound the man can hear is the quiet cries of the boy in the patchwork sweater. he looks out from the balcony he first stood on.

blood smeared on the floor, occasionally tracked in footprints away from victims. to anyone else it would be horrifying but to the man with the pink hair, boar skull mask, and red velvet cloak, it was beautiful. he didn't know why, but it was. to see that he did all this, it was gratifying. a wave of guilt came over him but it washes away as the man walks down the stairs, cape flowing behind him.

he puts a hand on the only living person left, the boy in the patchwork sweater. he looks up, tears pouring down his cheeks. he asks what the man wants but he gets no response. the man asks him a question, to die or not to die. the boy pleads to join his lovers and so he does. the room is finally completely silent.

the man stands in the middle of the ballroom, looking up at the chandelier. he stands there for a while, thinking. finally, he drops his sword to the floor with a loud and sudden clang. he strips off his gloves and cracks his knuckles. he walks to the door of the ballroom where the guests entered but will never exit.

he takes off the boar skull and laughs whole-heartedly. he leaves the ballroom, on to another place. his intentions are the same. it would simply repeat. he retrieves his horse from the stable and rides off to the next city.

such is a masquerade ball

## End Notes

so like I was inspired to write this came to me late at night and I did it, yes I made techno a serial killer so what

I did cry while writing karl and ranboo, yeah

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