

It's a scream, baby

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

old dsmp & scream au

i think it's pretty shit and am only leaving it on my page in case i finally get the motivation to edit it and fucking fix it

Notes

Scream 1996 x dsmp au. Spoilers for scream, and it wont make much sense if you haven't seen the movie. Like at all because im fucking lazy. Just for context I'm gonna do a list of which character replaces who, although not all of them match up completely.

Big warning for a fuckton of gore, murder, slightly sexual content and

Check out teefumz on insta since their art was the soul inspo for this absolute fucking mess

Character swaps -

Billy – dream

Stu - Wilbur

Schlatt - Randy

Tatum - Sally

Sidney – George

Casey – Ace Race (lmao)

Steve – idk unnamed boyfriend of Ace

Maureen Prescott – George's mum, Minx

Phil & Techno, loosely resemble the cop characters (they'll come to play in the next instalment dw) and Tommy and Tubbo are just oc siblings

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

Chapter 1

“Aw man! Didja see ‘er Dream? Her guts completely fell out.. bleh. Trailin’ out like a fuckin’ rope!” Wil giggled, ruffling Dream’s hair before he walked out in front of him, sticking his tongue out in a deranged smile. “I was like a fucking butcher, just slicing right into that fucking whore!”

Dream let out a small laugh. Wilbur’s enthusiasm was infectious, even after a murder. “You wiped her blood in my hair, fucktard. Speakin’ of you better get your alibi sorted, the cops’ll be right up your ass if they find out she’s your ex.”

“Ughhh.” Wil groaned, slumping dramatically. “You’re so BORING, Dream, can’t we just relish the moment for a bit?! I mean did you SEE Steve’s fuckin face when we took him! I bet he woulda killed Ace himself if he could get away. And then when he realised it was us!? Fuckin’ magical.” They recounted wistfully.

Dream snorted out his nose at the others antics, before clapping the taller on the back of the head and raising an eyebrow. “We need to get our alibi’s, fuckface. Do you want to spend the rest of your life in prison? Go have a shower and get to Sally’s. I still have to look after George’s deadbeat father.”

“Aw, fine. But call me after, k? I’ve GOT to hear about how it goes.” Wilbur huffed, sticking out his tongue before giggling again and pulling Dream close into a rough, messy kiss for a few seconds. “See ya Dreamie!”

The blonde huffed, hiding his smile as he reached up to wipe the bloody handprint Wil left on his face. “Dramatic.” He murmured, running a hand through his hair before he turned to his car. He still had some things to attend to before this day was done.

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Wilbur was on edge the whole next day. But not in a bad way – he was excited. Anticipating what to come. He only returned home early the next morning, still tired from his night with Sally and- And Dream. God, he couldn’t wait to see Dream.

He had to half drag Tommy out of bed, shouting, “Hurry the fuck up Toms! You need to pack all your shit up, you’re staying at Tubbo’s for two days!” only receiving a grumbled ‘fuck off’ in reply.

Tommy staying at his friends wasn’t an unusual occurrence. Their famous detective father was rarely home, always out chasing some obscure case with his annoying partner Techno, leaving Wilbur to look after Tommy on his own for most of their childhood. But Wilbur, being as young as thirteen when his dad had left for a month for the first time, didn’t always want to babysit his brother every night. Especially as he got older, started drinking, smoking, fucking- all things he couldn’t really do if he had to supervise his kid brother.

Hence, Tubbo came in. He often dropped Toms off at the Ram household while he had people over, so Tommy was used to it. The other option was letting him stay at home during what him and Dream had planned- but knowing Dream he'd probably try and kill Tommy too, and Wil didn't want that.

"Hurry the fuck up or you're walking!" they yelled again from downstairs, voice echoing through their big empty house.

"JESUS WIL, GIVE ME A MINUTE!" came the aggravated reply, before a 13-year-old blonde boy barrelled down the stairs holding an overstuffed backpack. "Don't let anyone into my room this time asshole, if I find fucking beer bottles in my room again I'll—"

"You'll what?" Wil replied in a sing song tone. "Tell dad? He probably won't be home for another fucking month will he!? You're stuck with me, Tommy!" he laughed, sticking his tongue out again.

Wilbur had always been pretty.. erratic. Childish, even. You could try blame it on his lack of a proper childhood, or his head being fucked up from drugs, but Wilbur didn't care. And he also fucking loved annoying Tommy.

Once he told Tommy that if he jumped off the roof and flapped his arms, he'd fly like a bird.

It didn't work of course, and Tommy broke both his arms and a rib.

Some people would say it was early signs of a serious lack of empathy, but Wilbur called it brotherly fun.

What could you really expect from a kid with an absent cop father? It was hardly Wilbur's fault he'd turned out this way.

"Oh fuck off. Just drive me to school, dickhead." Tommy grumbled, whacking Wil's hand away as he reached up to ruffle his hair. "Asshole."

Wilbur just laughed again, giving him a grin as he opened the car door. "You love me."

After dropping off Tommy, the first thing he did was look for Dream. But instead, they spotted Tubbo's big brother Schlatt, jogging up to him with wide eyes and an almost nervous smile.

"Dude! Did you hear about Ace!" he said instantly, leaning against Wilbur's car. Wil could hardly hide their excitement as he raised an eyebrow. "Ace? Nah, why? Something happen?"

"Something happen?! Did something fucking happen alright. They found them hung up in a tree, guts all falling out and everything. Her boyfriend was there too, fucking stabbed, dead as a doorknob."

Wil made his eyes go wide, acting surprised, but inside they were grinning. God this was fucking perfect. Dream was gonna be so happy. "No. Really? Someone killed them?"

“Yeah apparently! Their saying it’s even worse than when they found George’s Mum.” he paused and looked over to where Sally and George were talking across the schoolyard, George’s face even paler then usual, clearly discussing the same topic. Wil nearly smiled just from how distraught the ravenette looked.

They hated George for getting what he wanted. For getting Dream and taking him for granted. They couldn’t wait for him to be dead, just like his fucking mum. But he hid his reactions, turning back to Schlatt. “Jesus, no wonder George’s lookin’ so shit today.”

“Yeah..” Schlatt took off his yankee cap to run a hand through his hair before putting it back and taking out a cigarette. “What about you, man? Weren’t you too kinda close?”

“Half a fling barely counts as close.” They said with an eye roll, flopping dramatically onto Schlatt’s shoulder and nicking his cigarette to take a drag.

“Oi, that’s mine asshole.” Schlatt grumbled, flicking his friend on the forehead before he took back the cigarette. “And besides, it’s still weird, innit? That I had Modern History with Ace every day and now she’s been fuckin’ gutted. Literally.”

Wil let out a soft snort at the pun and shrugged. “Yeah I guesssss. Now c’mon dipshit I need to see my girlfriend before class. Y’know, make sure she doesn’t need any consoling.” He grinned, winking at Schlatt as he stood up properly.

“You’re insufferable.”

Wilbur didn’t get to see Dream again until lunch and watching George lean against him as they all talked about Ace’s death made his blood boil. He supposed it was unfair to be angry, seeing as he was sitting with his arm slung around Sally’s waist, head resting on her shoulder, but it didn’t stop him from getting riled up.

He wanted to show George all the things he’d done with his boyfriend, the marks he’d left on his skin that George never noticed because he hadn’t been with Dream for years. Not how Wilbur had. Not even close.

He was pulled back out of his thoughts when he heard George ask, “How do you… gut someone?” Wilbur looked up at him with a grin, chuckling slightly. Still talking about Ace, it seemed. He moved their head from Sally’s shoulder to the top of her head, practically leering at George.

“Well, you take a knife, and you slit em.. from groin to sternum.” He replied with a tiny smile, enjoying the way George cringed back at their words.

“Hey.” Dream called, fixing him with a look that nearly made Wilbur scoff. “It’s called tact you fuck rag.”

George looked back up, pausing before he asked. “Hey Wil, didn’t you used to date Ace?”

Wil looked back over at him, cocking his head slightly as he wrapped his arms around Sally's waist. "Yeah, for like two seconds."

"Before she moved on to Steve." Schlatt laughed, causing Wil to hit his cap off. "I thought you dumped her for me?" Sally frowned, tugging on a strand of her long red curls.

Wil glared at Schlatt before he turned back, kissing Sally quickly on the neck. "I did, he's full of shit. He's just still annoyed Quackity dropped him for his new throuple." Schlatt flipped him off with a scowl as Wil stuck his tongue out through a grin.

"Fuck off, asshole. Besides, are the police aware you dated the victim?"

Wil cocked his head again, draping himself back over Sally as he looked at Schlatt. "What are you saying? That I killed her?"

Sally huffed Schlatt shrugged, the redhead relaxing back on Wilbur's chest. "Wil was with me last night, ok?"

Wil gave a cocky smile. "Yeahhh I was."

"Oh yeah? Was that before or after you SLICED AND DICED." He cackled, making Sally roll her eyes.

"Fuck you too nutcase, where were you last night?" She huffed, brushing her hair out of her eyes.

Schlatt grinned, taking out his third cigarette of the day and lighting it. "Working, thank you."

Wil nodded, moving their head off Sally's and looking straight at Schlatt. "I didn't kill anybody." They said after a few seconds.

Dream finally sat up more, looking over at Wil. "Nobody said you did."

Wilbur turned to face him again, giving another smile and laughing. "Thanks, buddy."

They looked at each other for maybe a little too long, Wil not turning back around even as Sally began talking again, finally looking away as George stood up, kissing Dream's cheek before he left.

Wil laughed again as he left, running a hand through his messy brown curls and straightening up his sweater before he leaned back over Sally.

Today was the boring stuff. Making sure they were both going strong, maybe freaking George out a bit and working on framing Mr Notfound.

Luckily for the two, everything so far seemed to have worked like a charm. Mr. Notfound was still successfully tied up in the cupboard of Wilbur's house, where he'd been since the night of the murders, ready to be framed. Sure, Dream being arrested as a suspect after

George accused him was pretty fucking annoying, but it provided the perfect opportunity for Wilbur to call George as the killer while Dream was locked away, clearing the other of suspicion.

Wilbur chose not to stay at Sally's that night, instead running over the plan in his head again as he fiddled with his knife, imagining how satisfying it will feel as he plunges it into George's heart.

The next day of school barely even made it til third period, something Wilbur was endlessly grateful for. He posed the idea of a party to celebrate the early finish to Sally and George as they walked, the offer quickly being accepted. Wilbur couldn't pay attention after that though, loosely wrapping his arm around his girlfriend as he thought about Dream, staying back to kill their principal. Lucky bastard.

Wilbur wished he could be there, see Dream drenched in blood, looking sexy as all hell in his tight white shirt and jeans

He had to go home instead though, giving Sally a quick kiss and wishing it could be Dream. Tonight though, it would be. and she would be dead.

He checked he had everything ready at home- beer, weed, condoms; corn syrup, knives and the mask.

He headed to the video store after for some horror movies and to see his mate, walking up behind Schlatt and overdramatically pretending to fall on him, knocking the dvds he was holding out of his hand.

"Hey-" Schlatt started, before he spotted Wil's grin and sighed. "Fuck you, asshole." He huffed instead, picking the discs up again.

"Jesus, this place is packed tonight, man."

Schlatt looked over again for a second, before turning back to the shelf. "Yeah, we had a run in the mass murder section."

Wil leant over the shelf, resting his head in his hand. "You coming to my fiesta tonight?"

"Yeah, i'm off early tonight. Curfew, yanno."

Wil nodded, pushing his beanie back over his curls. He absent mindedly looked through the chick flicks in front of him as Schlatt dealt with a customer, before he heard him say "Aw now that's in poor taste."

Wil followed his gaze. "What?"

“If you were the only suspect in a senseless bloodbath, would you be standing in the horror section?”

Wil looked over at Dream, who was indeed standing behind him in the store, and frowned slightly. “I mean yeah.. but it’s not like he did it. It was just a misunderstanding.”

Schlatt scoffed, raising an eyebrow. “Are you kidding me?! He’s practically got killer written on his head in bold text.”

“Oh really?!” Wil mocked, face twisting up as his voice raised, before he returned to normal in a second. “Then why’d the cops let him go?”

“Because they don’t watch enough movies.”

“Yeah? We’ll why’d he want to kill his own boyfriend?”

Schlatt shrugged and gave a grin. “There’s always some bullshit reason to kill your boyfriend. What if George wouldn’t have sex with him?”

Honestly Wilbur had to admire the way he spoke so insensitively about the deaths. Maybe in another life Schlatt would’ve been a killer on his own. But Wil just laughed instead, even though it was true. “What, he saving himself for you?”

Schlatt shrugged. “Maybe. Hey, now Dream tried to fucking kill him, ya reckon George would go out with me?”

Wilbur’s eyes shot to his forehead, and he let out a startled laugh, before his expression returned blank again and he shook his head. “No. Absolutely not. Ever.”

Schlatt scowled and turned around, and Wilbur paused before he planted his own theory. Dream wasn’t the only smart one in the group. “Ya know, I reckon it was his dad, man. Why can’t they find her pops?”

“Cuz he’s probably fucking dead somewhere!! There’s a formula to all, a very simple formula! EVERYBODIES A SUSPECT!” He shouted the last part, frustrated, drawing looks from store goers. Wil quickly mimed smoking a joint and pulled a face, getting people to look away again.

There was a pause before Schlatt spoke again. “I’m tellin ya, the dads a red herring. It’s Dream.”

He turned to walk to the next shelf but found himself face to face with Dream, the blonde grabbing his shirt collar and pulling him close. “How do we know your not the killer?”

Schlatt paled and Wilbur grinned as he walked up and boxed Schlatt in, resting his elbows on Schlatt’s shoulders, letting his breath tickle his neck.

“H-Hey Dream.” Schlatt swallowed.

“What if your fucked up alcoholic mind lost it’s reality button and went psycho?” Dream said lowly, barely bothering to raise his voice. Fuck, that turned Wil on.

“You’re right, if this was a movie i’d be the prime suspect.”

Wil leaned in closer, caressing the back of Schlatt’s ear as he lowered his voice again. “And what would be your motive?” he breathed into the shell of his ear.

Schlatt pulled away from his grip with a scowl, turning around to glare at Wil before he looked back at Dream. “It’s the twenty first century. Motives are incidental.”

Dream gave a small chuckle, smiling at Schlatt and patting his cheek condescendingly. “Incidental. I like that. That’s good.” he laughed, stepping back and giving Wil a quick nod before he left.

Schlatt whirled back around, looking indignant. “You telling me that’s not a fucking killer?!”

Wil just laughed and also started to head out. “Seeya at my place tonight, man.” he said instead, getting a begrudging ‘bye’ in reply.

The party started like any other. But with one serious difference.

Wilbur, was in fact, not high.

considering he hardly even bothered to be sober at school, this was saying something. But he was told he needed to be on his game tonight. Dream’s orders. He supposed that was fair enough when planning to commit at least a quadruple homicide, but he was still pissed about it.

He glanced up at the time. 11’pm. Finally, it was about time for the action to begin. “Sally, would you mind grabbing a few beers from the garage?” they called to their girlfriend, moving his arm across the back of the couch as they turned to look at her.

Sally huffed but stood up anyway. “What am I, your fucking maid?”

Wil just grinned at her, blowing a kiss. “Thanks babe.” he replied, waiting for her to be gone before he stood up, announcing he needed the bathroom. He didn’t go there though, instead taking the opportunity to slip out the side door and donning the black cloak, and a simple mask with a ‘:)’ on the front.

His heart was pounding, all his restless anticipation for the night finally going somewhere as he entered the garage behind.

Sally was distracted getting the beers as he slipped in, standing behind her.

She turned around with a small sigh, but startled when she saw them, stepping back for a moment before giving another huff and fixing him with a look. “Is that you, Schlatt?”

Wilbur shook his head slowly. Honestly, the fact she thought he was as tall as Schlatt was almost insulting. He was her boyfriend, you'd think she'd know his height.

It was clear she didn't believe them though, raising an eyebrow and using her spare hand to brush away a red curl.

She was beautiful, Wilbur had to admit. Fun to fuck too. They'd almost miss her when she was gone. But it was worth it.

"Alright, you've had your fun, now get out of the way. George will flip if he sees that costume." Sally told him, sounding almost bored.

They just shook his head again.

"Oh? You want to play psycho killer?" Wilbur nodded, smiling under the mask. It was clear some of his humour had rubbed off on her. "Ok, fine, how's this. Oh, please don't kill me Mr. Smileyface, I want to be in the sequel!" she said with a doe eyed expression.

Wil didn't let himself laugh, instead revealing his knife and stepping forward, grabbing her arm and running his knife across it, drawing blood.

"Ah! What the fuck?!" she exclaimed, dropping a bottle on the ground as her eyes widened, scrambling back. Apparently she was finally realising the danger.

He followed her forwards, not wasting much time as he wiped the blood off his knife and tilted his head, before he ran at her, making her let out another yelp as she scrambled away, opening the fridge door to block him.

"Fuck." he said breathlessly, holding his gut for a moment, before he got up again and faced her, only to get a beer bottle to the shoulder.

Wil grunted. Now that had hurt. She threw another one desperately, but it missed, cracking on the pavement and sending glass skidding across the floor.

Wil hauled himself back up, smiling giddily at her fearful expression as she got up and sprinted across the room.

She looked hot like that, eyes wide, panting with adrenaline, blood on her arm. Maybe if she'd looked like that more in their relationship this never would've happened.

Wilbur watched as she dove towards the doggy door in the garage, struggling to fit through it, and instead of chasing her down he walked back, flipping the switch for the garage door. And watching as it rose closer to the roof, her stuck in the middle of the door.

She started screaming as she saw the roof approach, but with a tingling crack she went silent, body going limp.

Wil walked outside the door, facing Sally's body. Her head was crushed in a weird shape up against the roof, arms dangling in front, ass out the back. Definitely dead.

It was almost like a scene in a porno, when the girl got stuck in the washing machine, or a door. Except normally the girl wasn't the victim of a brutal murder.

Wil giggled slightly, before he reached up his hand with the knife, digging it into her lower stomach and up as high as he could reach, stepping back as blood started to pour out.

Split from groin to sternum. It was practically his calling card at this point. Dream like to strangle people, and Wil.. Wil liked to watch their guts turn inside out.

He didn't want to push his luck though, so he stepped back, and quickly left, shedding his costume as he rejoined the party.

It was about an hour later when Wil was chatting to George by the door that Dream appeared, just like they had planned.

He leaned against the doorframe, giving the two a 'hey'. Wil watched the way George tensed slightly, clearly still wary of him.

"Dream?? How did you get here?" he asked dramatically, tapping his chin with one finger in a way that said he knew what was going on.

"I'm here to see George." he murmured, looking over at his boyfriend.

Wil smiled again. "How about you guys go up to my parents bedroom to.. talk..." he clapped his hand and fist together with a suggestive look. "whatever.."

Dream shot him a look, playing it up for George, but the British boy actually nodded. Wilbur had expected it would take more convincing.

"Alrightttt, you two have fun.." he winked, and Dream punched him lightly in the groin as he followed George, making Wil double over slightly. "What the fuck, man." he huffed, waiting til they disappeared upstairs.

He fucking hated the idea of Dream with anyone else, but it had to be done if they wanted to fully destroy George. To take everything from him.

Besides, it's always the virgin that survives the horror movies. So they just had to make sure George wasn't a virgin.

Wil still hated to think about it. To think about Dream's hands running over George instead of him. Would Dream be rough with George the way they were? Slap him, pull his hair, taunt. Or would he be loving and gentle, boring, in a way Wilbur had never experienced.

Would he cradle George gently, kiss him softly, teasingly, slowly pulling off his clothes... Wil's cheeks heated and he snapped out of it. His job wasn't done yet.

He grabbed a little bag of corn syrup and his knife, pulling his mask back on as he snuck out. Most of the partygoers had left, planning to ransack the school a little, not knowing they'd

come face to face with the corpse of their principle hanging in the field.

Wil waited in the hall, trying to block out the quiet noises as he waited for Dream's signal.

The next part of the night was the fun part. Taunting George and cleaning up the strays.

Wilbur was to pretend to stab Dream in front of George to clear him from suspicion, scare George a bit and then go and fucking kill as many people as he could goddamn see before he took care of George.

So they did.

Wilbur got to have his fun for a while, scaring the fuck out of anyone who happened to spot him, including George once or twice. Unfortunately for Wilbur's bloodlust, most of the partygoers were gone, except for Karl and Sapnap, who Wilbur spotted making out beside the house.

They grinned, wiping the corn syrup from the knife and assessing the situation, because despite his act, Wilbur could think things through.

He could tell the area was too long, there was no way he could sneak up on them without them running, not unless he could phase through fucking walls. So he took a bit of a risk.

Wilbur removed their black robe and mask, standing just in their yellow sweater and jeans, slipping the knife in his waistband before he walked down. "Hey fellas!" he called as he walked forwards, causing the two to break apart instantly, blushing.

Karl looked down but Sapnap met his gaze. "What the fuck, Wil?" he huffed, watching the brit approach.

Wilbur didn't stop walking however, standing less than a metre away before he took out the knife.

"WHAT THE FUCK, MAN--"

Stab. His throat was bleeding.

Another. He fell.

Another. So did his boyfriend, with a gurgled scream.

Wil just laughed again, kicking Karl's body to the floor. It was a shame his sweater was covered in blood though, it'd be a pain to get out. He turned back to the house, knowing Dream would want him again soon, but stopped in his tracks.

Oh fuck. Schlatt was standing right there, white as a motherfucking sheet.

"Hey, Schlatt, man we can talk about this--"

“Did you just fucking- oh my god- what the fuck- I- what’re you-“ Schlatt babbled, before he cut himself off and bolted.

Wilbur swore under his breath, picking himself up and chasing after him, only to be met with George standing at the door, frantic, holding one of Wilbur’s fathers handguns, Schlatt shouting at him from the driveway.

“JESUS GEORGE, WE GOTTA GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE, WIL’S GONE MAD I THINK THEY FUCKING KILLED KARL!”

Wil skidded to a halt, quickly following Schlatt up to the house, copying his actions. “DON’T LISTEN TO HIM GEORGE, HE KILLED DREAM, HE KILLED MY SALLY!” he half sobbed, walking up to Schlatt. “He killed my Sally, George!” He grabbed Schlatt’s arm, throwing him down the stairs and walking towards George. “Gimme the gun, please George, GIVE IT TO ME!”

George looked between the two for a moment, hands shaking before he stepped back. “Fuck you both.” He spat, locking the door.

There was a pause between the two boys, Wilbur’s act dropping as he walked over to Schlatt, who was pressed against the banister, terrified.

“Your lucky I have to get inside, or I’d kill you right now.” He promised, before he jogged around to the side of the house again. Unfortunately for George, he had a key.

He slipped into the kitchen, just in time to hear a gunshot, a crash. So Dream had the gun.

He moved forwards to see the Scene. Schlatt, dead on the floor, George, hysterical over him and Dream leaning back on the door, perfectly calm, green eyes sparkling as he scratched the back of his head with his gun. He watched Dream raise a bloody finger to his mouth, and lick it. “Corn syrup.” He narrated, standing up properly as George started walking away. “Same thing they use for pigs blood in Carrie.”

George stumbled back, shaking his head and turned to run, only for Wil to step forwards and stop him.

George clung to them, still shaking his head. “Wil, please you gotta help me, please-“

But Wil only met her with a small smile, licking his top lip and putting on a deeper voice. “Surprise, Georgie.”

He got to watch the shock register on his face as George looked back at Dream, who raised his eyebrows in mock shock.

“No..” George whispered, making a desperate attempt to get away.

It doesn’t work though, Dream bolts to the other side of the kitchen to block him in, Wilbur standing behind with a crazed grin. Killing makes him another kind of high, the adrenaline is crazy. He could do this forever and be happy.

“What’s the matter George, you look like you’ve seen a ghost.” Dream taunts, pointing the gun at her as he inches closer.

George sobs as he runs back, backed against the sink as Wilbur and Dream block him in. “Why are you doing this!?”

“It’s all part of the game, gogy.” Wil smiles.

“Called, GUESS HOW IM GONNA DIE.” Dream finishes, his grin almost as unhinged as the brunette.

George sobs, looking up at them angrily. “FUCK YOU!”

“Oh, no no no no no.” Dream murmurs, as Wil dramatically hands him the knife in return for his gun, the brunette looking lovingly at his partner in crime. “We already played that game, Georgie. You lost.”

Wil cuts in, brandishing the gun as he talks. “See it’s a fun game, Gogy, see we ask ya questions, and if you get it wrong.. BUGAK!! Ya die.”

“And if you get it right, you die.” Dream finishes with a shrug.

“You’re crazy, both of you.” He whispers, Dream’s knife up against his chest.

Wilbur comes to stand up behind Dream, resting his head in the crook of his neck, one arm around his waist as he’s done hundreds of times before. “Actually we prefer the term psychotic.”

“You’ll never get away with this.” George rasps.

The two killers eyebrows raise in sync, Wil giving a small laugh while Dream remains impassive. “Oh no? Tell that to the poor sod being hung for your mothers murder.”

Wilbur’s eyes drifted to his neck and jawline as he spoke, remembering the marks that had been there days before as Dream taunted George.

Wilbur honestly wanted George to just be dead, but he knew Dream was more involved.

“Why would you kill my mother?” they heard George whisper, zoning back in.

“Why? WHY? You here that Wil I think he wants a motive.”

Wil relaxed against his neck again, giving another smile.

“I don’t really believe in motives, George, I mean, did Norman Bates have a motive? Did they ever decide why Hannibal Lector liked to eat people?” He paused, tilting his head. “We did your mom a favor, Sid. The woman was a slut bag whore who flashed her shit all over town like she was Jennifer Lawrence or something.”

Wilbur giggled again, much more relaxed than his boyfriend. “And let's face it George, your mum was no Jennifer Lawrence.” Wilbur just kept laughing while Dream remained passive.

“Is that motive enough for you? Or how about this? Did you know your slut mother was fucking my mum and she's the reason my ma moved out and deserted me.”

There's a pause throughout the group. “..what?” George whispers, and even Wil is a little shocked.

“Think about it. On the off chance I get caught-a motive like that could divide a jury for years, don't you think?. You took my mother, so I took yours. Big sympathy factor. Maternal abandonment causes serious deviant behavior. It certainly fucked you up. It made you have sex with a psychopath.”

Wil picked up again, stepping back and shrugging his shoulders. “That's right. Now you're no longer a virgin.” He gave an exaggerated giggle, holding his hand over his mouth in a very theatresque way, before he aimed the gun up again.

“Now you gotta die. Those are the rules!”

Dream gave a lazy smile, wrapping his arms around George. “Just pretend it's all a scary movie, baby. How d'ya think it's gonna end?” he murmured, before gesturing his knife at Wil.

Wil paused for a moment, not sure what he was referencing before he stood up straighter with wide eyes. “Oh. OH! This is the greatest part. You're gonna love this Georgie, just wait. Yeah you're gonna love this one, it's a scream baby. Hold on, I'll be right baaaaaack.” He mocked dramatically, waving his arms in front of him like a ghost as he backed out.

Wil returned not much later, dragging George's gagged and bound father with him.

“Attention! What do we have behind door number three, Gogy!?”

“Dad-“ George cried, trying to go towards him, only to have Dream pull him back, knife back to his side.

“Guess we won't be needing this anymore, huh?” Wilbur laughed, pulling a burner phone from his pocket and slipping it into Mr.Notfound's. The phone that had been used by the murderer just days before.

“You guessed the ending yet, Georgie?” Dream mocked.

“C'mon, think about it, your daddy's the chief suspect. That's the phone that made the calls. The evidence is right there!” Wil exclaimed, arms opened wide, looking absolutely maniacal as he spoke.

Dream spoke into George's ear. “What if your father snapped? Your mom's anniversary set him off and he went on a murder spree, killing everyone...”

“Except for me and Dream... we were left for dead.” Wil nods with a shrug.

Dream gives Wil a quick smile. “And then he kills you and shoots himself in the head. A perfect ending.”

Wil drops her dad to the ground, picking up the gun again. “Everyone dies but us. We get to carry on and plan a sequel, CUZ LET’S FACE IT, THESE DAYS YOU GOTTA HAVE A SEQUAL!”

“Say goodbye to your dad, Georgie, he’ll be dead too soon enough.”

Dream meets Wilbur’s eyes, a lazily crazed smile on his face as he takes the knife and stabs it into George’s gut, just in time to see the front door click open.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

« That wasn't the worst bit. Because as he locked eyes with the knife wielding blonde he heard a voice say, "Dream? The fuck was that noise-"

And Phil found himself face to face with his eldest son, drenched in someone else's blood, holding a gun."»

Chapter Notes

Techno is now a random friend he's not related to them in any way

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Philza had started packing as soon as he heard the news. A double homicide, a girl found brutally gutted, a boy being stalked by the killers. It sounded like a potential serial murderer. And it was all happening in Phil's home town? He had to figure this out.

And he'd be able to see his babies. God, it'd been a while, hadn't it? Phil just wasn't meant for the parent lifestyle, he was an adventurer, a detective. Before Wil he'd never had to be tied down, but his darling wife had changed all that. He'd loved her, truly, and his beautiful children.

When she passed, though, staying had been too hard. Painful. He knew the kids would be alright, anyway. Wilbur was very smart and mature at 14, looking after his 10 year old brother so well that Phil hadn't even worried the first month he left with his partner. He left them more than enough money for anything they'd need (being a notorious detective paid). It was basically every child's dream, no supervision, a big house and endless money.

They'd always been just fine.

Phil knew visiting once or twice a year for a few weeks wasn't really enough, but they always seemed perfectly happy, perfectly capable, and Phil had a right to his own life anyway.

He was worried about them being alone with this potential serial killer though. So there was no doubt in his mind; him and Techno would just have to return a bit early.

When Phil pulled into his driveway though, it was clear something wasn't right. "I'm just gonna have a quick look around, Tech, you can unpack the car." He instructed, before stepping out, scanning the front yard. The grass clearly hadn't been mowed for a while and you could see the paths where a bunch of people ran through it, and the scent of alcohol was prominent.

The next thing he spotted was a smashed beer bottle around the side of the house, sighing as he headed over to pick it up. He didn't entirely reach it though, because as soon as he was close enough he saw – something, no, someone.

Two teenagers, one at an awkward angle on the floor, the other half on top of him, propped against the wall. Covered in relatively fresh blood. Dead.

"Oh fuck." He whispered, before bolting towards the front door. Techno, picking up on his urgency immediately followed right after, reaching into his waistband where he knew his gun was. "Tommy- Wil- oh fuck." Phil said under his breath, shoving the keys into the door and pushing it open.

He was immediately met with a body, sprawled out on the floor, bullet wound to the back. But as he turned his head to the kitchen, he saw the main event... A tall boy with blonde hair was standing against his sink, holding another bloodied dark haired boy. What was more disturbing though was that the blonde's knife hadn't even left the body yet. He'd just been killed.

But that wasn't the worst bit. Because as he locked eyes with the stony eyed blonde he heard a voice say, "Dream? The fuck was that noi-"

And Phil found himself fact to face with his son, standing there, drenched in someone else's blood, holding a gun.

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Wilbur froze, eyes widening before he noticed Techno's hand moving towards his waist and Wil snapped back to action, holding his gun at them. "Arms up or I fucking shoot." He demanded, wondering how he managed to sound so steady.

Just a moment ago he'd been ready to fucking celebrate and now- his dad and his annoying partner had shown up. Oh god this was not ideal. It wasn't like they could lie their way out of this one. They'd seen Dream kill George, soon they'd see Mr. Notfound and Wilbur- well everything about him right now was pretty fucking incriminating.

He heard a thud behind him as George's body fell to the floor and he heard Dream walk up behind him. "I thought they were fucking gone!" Dream hissed at Wilbur, eyeing the two detectives.

"Wilbur, what are you-" Phil tried to start, clearly shocked and not really processing what had happened.

Wil whirled back around to them. "Shut the FUCK up Phil! I'll fucking shoot either of you if you move." He threatened, but his voice was a bit breathier than he would have liked, before he glanced back over at Dream.

"They usually are! I haven't seen either of the fuckers for months, and they weren't supposed to get back until February!"

Dream scowled, making sure his knife was visible as he sized the two up. While Philza didn't seem very physically imposing it would be stupid to underestimate him. You don't become a nationally revered detective without encountering battles and surviving.

Techno on the other hand.. before he'd partnered with Phil and essentially replaced his sons he'd been an illegal cagefighting champion, and was clearly very fit. He was also way taller than Phil, at about 6'2, although still a few inches shorter than Wilbur. Not that it mattered. Techno could easily beat the shit out of both of them, even if Dream was pretty strong himself.

Meanwhile however, Wilbur was in an almost reminiscent state of shock. It was weird. Phil had never caught him drinking, smoking, fucking, partying, skipping class, fighting, sneaking out- because he was never there. Since they were fourteen, he'd never fucking been there.

(Maternal abandonment causes serious deviant behaviour, remember)

But now that Wilbur was in the middle of a murder, arguably the worst thing he'd ever done, Philza had caught him. Wasn't that just hilarious.

The heartbroken look on his dad's face almost made them laugh. Like he had any right to be upset. He didn't even know Wilbur. He'd never fucking cared.

"Wilbur... what is this?" Phil whispered, not daring to lower his hands though.

Wilbur barked a small laugh, mood shifting drastically way too fast, looking back at him and slinging his spare arm around Dream.

"This is my boyfriend, father, maybe you'd know that if you were ever here." Wil spat. God. Phil had to ruin everything for him.

Phil's mouth just widened, not expecting that answer. "That's not- what is this Wilbur?! This isn't ok, why have you-?"

“What? Homophobic, father? Can’t accept your bisexual child?” he taunted, giving a slightly manic laugh.

Phil just seemed upset. “You know that’s not what I’m talking about, Wilbur, you-“

“NO, Phil, I don’t KNOW. How the fuck could I know anything about you when you aren’t even fucking here!”

“I- darling, Wilbur, that isn’t true, of course I know you, I’m your dad, Wilbur, my son-“ Phil seemed on the verge of tears as he took a step towards Wilbur, holding his arms out too him.

BANG.

Phil stumbled back from his advances, looking even more shocked if that was possible. Although, so did Wilbur, who didn’t dare lower his gun, even as his hand shook.

“I’m not your fucking son.” He replied breathlessly, before he looked back at Dream.

His eyes were wide, begging Dream for something he didn’t know. He wasn’t necessarily upset, more shaken. Surprised. He hadn’t imagined it all going this way.

But Dream stepped closer to him, bringing up his hand to take the gun from his boyfriend, squeezing his hand before he did, and looking away again, towards Technoblade.

Dream pointed the gun at him, looking like he was going to talk when Wilbur leant against him from behind again, laughing softly, but not joyfully. “I just shot my father.” they murmured.

“Yeah.” Dream replied simply, before he looked back at Techno who was still standing with his arms raised stoically, even though he clearly wanted to help Phil, his eyes frantic. Dream

took a second to aim (he wasn't as practiced with firearms as Wil) and shot Techno too, making sure they both seemed entirely out of it before he turned to the brunette.

"Wil. Are you with me right now?" He asked, placing the gun to the table and turning the brunette who was staring dazedly at the detectives.

"Fuck, um, yeah. That-" they gave a weak laugh. "That was unexpected, huh?"

"Yeah. It doesn't change anything though. We need to sort out George's dad and each other before the police come, alright? Then it'll be just us Wil, we just need to get through this bit." He reaffirmed, getting a quick nod, before Wilbur looked behind him.

"Oh shit Dream."

"Hands where I can see them. Both of you." Came a monotonous voice.

Techno was standing, leaning on the wall as a steady trail of blood leaked from his wound, his pistol pointed right at the two.

Wilbur felt his heart leap, taking his hands off Dream's waist and holding them a bit above his head.

Dream on the other hand, didn't, cocking his head at Techno and starting to walk forwards.

"Stop. I will shoot." Techno repeated, seemingly completely emotionless, but Wilbur saw the shake in his hands.

Dream kept stepping forwards. "I know something you don't." he murmured as Wilbur watched him, transfixed.

Techno kept the gun pointed at him, breathing harsher now. But as Dream became less than a metre from him the pink haired man had no choice.

click.

Dream lunged forward, pulling the gun from his hands and pushing Techno back to the floor.

“You must really be distracted, dear detective. You left the safety on.” He laughed softly, looking at the collapsed man.

Then he turned back to Wilbur, who gave a distressed smile.

“Fuck man, what are we gonna do now!?” they asked, running a hand through his slightly matted hair.

Dream shot him a look. “Get a grip, Wil. The same thing we always planned. We stab each other now, frame the fucking dad, and wait for the cops. Got it?”

Wil took in a shaky breath and grinned at him again. “I- yeah. Yeah alright.”

Dream fixed him with a look, before nodding. “Good. Now hand me the knife.”

Wil hesitated. “I-I- oh shit, I-, holy fuck. Um, why don’t we just fucking run Dream!? Why are we sticking around here!?”

“Wilbur.” Dream said authoritatively, stepping forwards and placing his hands on the brunettes shoulders. “Calm the fuck down. They have no proof it’s us. You stay here with Tommy, we graduate school, and then we can move to fucking Australia for all I care, alright?”

“Ok. Ok. I just-“ Wil paused, shoulders shuddering slightly before he wiped his eyes, clearly very shaken. “I know he’s a shitty dad and all, and probably nothing will change now he’s dead but fuck... I really didn’t think...”

Dream pulled him into a hug which Wilbur melted into, shoulders shaking silently. He only took half a minute though before he pulled back and sniffed, handing the knife to Dream and stumbling forward a bit to where Phil lay, his eyes still half open, blood steadily flowing from the wound.

“Will... why did-“ Phil cut himself off, choking mid word, eyes fluttering as he looked up.

Wilbur just shook his head, kneeling down to run a hand through Phil’s hair. “Fuck me dad! I don’t fucking know it’s not like I had a fucking parent here to help me with anything! It’s not like I even know who the fuck you are! I guess you didn’t expect your fucking son to be a murderer, did you, but here we are! ” they rambled, barely even making sense to himself.

The blonde tried to reach up but failed, curling up slightly as he coughed, before eventually saying, “I love you.”

Wilbur just barked out a laugh, standing back up and pacing slightly. “Oh no. Fuck that. You can’t fucking say it to me now after I didn’t hear it for the past seventeen years of my fucking life. You aren’t even my dad, Phil! You just left your kids as soon as things got FUCKING hard and barely even talk to me unless its about your fucking work and your AMAZING PARTNER TECHNOBLADE. I’m the one who raised Tommy! I taught myself how to cook, how to clean, how to pawn off the useless shit in your room if you forgot to send us enough money to survive the months! If you fucking loved me YOU WOULDN’T ALWAYS BE FUCKING GONE.”

Wil stopped his rant suddenly, stepping back again and facing Dream, who didn’t seem very phased considering what just happened. He was used to Wilbur’s fast as fuck mood changes at this point. The way the brunette could go from laughing to screaming to crying within a minute was a bit unnerving, but it wasn’t really like either of them were entirely sane.

“You done?” Dream asked with a raised eyebrow.

Wilbur glanced back at the bodies one more time, at his father, still painfully bleeding out. “Absolutely fuck you Phil. Go to hell.” They whispered, before they faced their boyfriend again and nodded. “Yeah. Fuck. Let’s do this. Let’s get fucking stabbed and frame this dickhead.”

Dream cocked his head. “You sure you’re good?”

Wilbur let out a slow breath. “Yeah. YEAH. I’M READY BABY, GET IT, COME ON LET’S GO!” he started encouraging, holding his hands behind his head as Dream started to approach them with the knife out. “I’M READY BABY LETS- OUGH.” He grunted, doubling over and holding his hands over the new stab wound in his side. “Good one man, Jesus.” He gasps. “Oh shIT- my turn.”

Dream eyed him for a second, before biting his lip and handing over the knife. “Don’t forget- stay to the side and don’t go too deep.” He instructed.

Wilbur nodded. “Ok. I’ll remember.” He murmured before he jerked forwards, shoving a quarter of the knife just under Dream’s ribcage.

“FUCK! GODAMNIT WILBUR!” he swore as he stumbled, grasping onto the railing.

“Sorry Dreamie, guess I got a little too carried away.”

Dream looked up, previously white shirt now almost entirely a dark red. “Fuck. Ok. Untie George’s dad and shoot him in the fucking head, if I call the police now they’ll be here in fifteen minutes, alright?”

Wilbur nodded, still hunched over slightly. “Christ almighty- fucking- yeah, alright. Alright.”

By the time the police did arrive, Wilbur and Dream looked entirely unsuspecting, practically unconscious and both semi delirious from blood loss. Wilbur was in the hospital for nearly the whole night before he was deemed well enough for the police to question him.

He entered his foyer again to see Mr. Notfound standing over his friends corpse, tried to run, but was shoved hard into the wall (which is why there were bruises on his arm and back, or so they claimed) and stabbed in the side, causing him to pass out from pure shock and anxiety. Wilbur cried upon the news his father had also been killed and was then left alone to rest.

Later when Dream was questioned his story backed up Wilbur's perfectly. Him and George had been found in a comparable position when George's dad had yanked them apart, stabbing Dream, who pretended to be dead as he watched Mr Notfound stab his own son, disappear for a minute or so, come back and shoot himself in the head. At this point Dream made a half delirious call to the cops, talking of murder and asking for help, unable to provide many details over the phone in his state of shock.

So, the two eye witnesses were believed. Everything went absolutely amazingly for the murderess boyfriends. Other than one catch. Because when Tommy was sitting by his hospital bed, hugging him, distraught about what went down, someone came in to deliver the wonderful news! Technoblade had survived, and was now being kept in a coma, somehow clutching onto life

Chapter End Notes

Thinking of doing a prequel or alternate ending to this lmao, including a follow up with like Techno but we'll see ig

Comment sequel ideas or i'll just kill off Wilbur /lh/j

End Notes

Sorry the last half was so clunky my motivation is vv fucky so I wrote the last scene a month after i started lmao.

i haven't really been in the dsmp fandom since 2020 but the characters are a great template for au's/crossovers and I couldn't resist

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