

## maybe i could get used to this

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/42675921) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/42675921>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Origins SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Hetta the Chicken (Origins SMP) &amp; Technoblade &amp; TommyInnit</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Technoblade - Character</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit</a> , <a href="#">Hetta the Chicken (Origins SMP)</a> , <a href="#">Origins SMP Ensemble</a> , <a href="#">Mentioned skeppy - Character</a> , <a href="#">Mentioned ConnorEatsPants - Character</a> , <a href="#">Mentioned Jerma95</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Crack Treated Seriously</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">She/He Pronouns for Hetta (Origins SMP)</a> , <a href="#">Not Canon Compliant</a> , <a href="#">Dialogue Heavy</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">FicBox 2022 East</a>
Stats:	Published: 2022-10-27 Words: 1,728 Chapters: 1/1

## maybe i could get used to this

by [swagcore](#)

### Summary

Of all of the things that Techno expected to happen at 9 in the morning, Tommy arriving at his door with a chicken in his hands was not one of them.

or: orgins!techno raises hetta with orgins!tommy

### Notes

incase you missed the tags, hetta is referred with both she/her and he/him pronouns! enjoy the fic! <3

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

Of all of the things that Techno expected to happen at 9 in the morning, Tommy arriving at his door with a chicken in his hands was not one of them.

“Uhhhhh...”

“Isn’t he so cute, Techno Blade? Look at her little orbs!”

“First off, never refer to eyes as that again, and second, you haven’t told me why you came here—”

“WOW I can’t believe you’re so heartless...life’s so hard as a single mother, you know, and I can’t believe you wouldn’t help a single parent with raising a child...isn’t that right, Hetta?”

“Cluck.”

*Well, that answers Techno’s question.*

“Hang on, so you’re the one that came to MY house.”

“Indeed I am.”

“Brought your child here.”

“It’s very hard, you know!”

“Just so I can do free babysitting for your kid.”

Silence fell across the room.

“...Yes.”

“Oh my God—”

“Listen! I was trying to pathos and logos my argument—”

“Wow, did you just learn that in 10th-grade English class?”

“Fuck you, man!”

Techno rolled his eyes, he didn't want to argue with Tommy right now.

He sighed, “Listen, Tommy. What's in it for me if I help take care of...”

“Hetta.”

“Right. If I help take care of Hetta, what's in it for me?”

And that finally shut Tommy up for a while. Thank Susan Wojcicki.

A few awkward ticks of silence passed before Tommy excused himself to set up some chairs to sit on.

“Take a seat, Techno.”

“Okay.”

“So,” Tommy said, “What do you crave?”

“What is this, an off-brand therapy office?”

“We make due what we have due! But what do you crave in your soul, Techno Blade?”

“Mmmm. Carrot.”

“Ahhhh I see.”

Tommy started taking notes from a book he seemingly got out of thin air. How on Earth Tommy got that book was beyond Techno’s understanding but he’s willing to do anything for free carrots.

“You see, Techno, the sharp bits of the carrots represent your jadedness for life, and as a wise man once told me, you should start to smoothen out. It’s very good for your digestive system.”

“I’m gonna be honest with you,” Techno said, lying down on the seat as if he was in a real therapist’s office, “I just really want carrots.”

“Oh.”

“Yep.”

“Well that I can provide. They call me the Carrot Man for a reason.”

“Literally no one calls you that, Tommy.”

Tommy gasped, “You’re insulting a single mother during these trying times?!”

“I wasn’t insulting you! Anyways, where’s your child?”

“My child? He’s right–”

The look on Tommy’s face said it all.

“What the fuck?! Hetta! WHERE DID YOU GO?!”

And with that, Tommy burst out of the door in record time, screaming out bribes of seeds for Hetta to come back.

Techno chuckled to himself and continued on with his day.

---

The next few days were pretty peaceful, for the most part.

Wilbur came over the next day, offering a new way for Techno to get carrots. Techno raised an eyebrow at the offer, but after Wilbur demonstrated how he could get infinite rabbit's feet if he killed Techno constantly, Techno became less skeptical.

And Techno definitely went on board when Wilbur gave a downpayment of 3 stacks of carrots.

And so, Techno would just stand on top of a hopper, respawning over and over again, and Wilbur would farm his feet. It's remarkable how efficient this system worked, and with a double chest of carrots by the end of the week, Techno was pleased with himself.

Until Tommy arrived.

"Knock knock, bitch. It's me, Tommy Innit" Tommy said as bust the door open,

"Wh- *Tommy!*"

"Did you enjoy my knock knock joke? The joke is that I knocked down your door," Tommy paused to a baffled Techno, "I need help, Techno."

As Tommy raised out his hand, he revealed a Hetta that looked, quite frankly, terrified.

"I've tried singing her lullabies to go to sleep, rocking him to bed, and tried reading her a bedtime story but nothing's working! He's still twitching and shit."

"Have you tried being quiet? Also don't bust down my door next ti--"

"Blah, blah, blah, my name's Technoblade and I know more about Tommy's kid than me--"

“You’re the one who busted my door down and asked for help!”

Tommy sighed in defeat, “ *Fineeee* , you try putting her to sleep,” and then Tommy handed Techno Hetta.

It was only then that Techno realized that he knows nothing about chickens.

So as he awkwardly took Hetta into his paws, and with nothing else to do, he just started petting Hetta.

As he started to pet her, she visibly started to calm down. Within a few minutes, he was fast asleep.

With nowhere to put her, Techno just placed him on a pillow.

When he faced Tommy, he was (very quietly) mouthing “*Holy shit*” .

Techno motioned Tommy outside of his house and by the look Tommy gave him, the two were ready to talk about Hetta.

With the door somewhat shut behind them, Tommy was the one to break the silence.

“How did you do that?” Tommy whispered.

Techno shrugged, “I dunno. I just figured that he’d like to be pet.”

Tommy nodded in response, “Huh. I’ll keep that in mind for next time then.”

“How long have you had Hetta?”

Tommy jolted in surprise at the sudden shift in conversation. After a bit of thinking and counting on Tommy's part, he said, "Around a week?"

"So...I was one of the first people you told?"

Tommy shook his head, "Ehhhhh, sorta. It was more like you were THE first one to know."

"*Heh?!*"

"What? Phil was busy at the time—"

"So you ask the person who knows nothing about chickens?!"

"I was running out of options, okay! It was early in the morning and Tubbo was sleeping in and Ranboo would probably say some shit like, 'Oh I can't right now, I'm too busy meowing at my chat.'"

"...I don't like what you're implying about Ranboo's streams right now, Tommy."

"Listen man, am I right or am I right? Amen."

Techno slowly turned his head while giving a death stare in response.

After Tommy burst out into a fit of laughter, Techno continued.

"Listen, Tommy," Techno said while massaging his forehead, "I'd be willing to help you as long as you give me enough carrots for the week, alright? Wilbur's starting to run out of carrots, and Tommy."

Techno placed his hand on Tommy's shoulder and stared directly into Tommy's eyes, "**I need my carrots.**"

“Woahhhhh, okay, okay. I’ll start a carrot farm that you can harvest at any time, okay?”

“Good,” Techno said while taking his hand off of his shoulder, “Do you want me to sign something or…”

“We can just handshake on it.”

One handshake and waving Tommy off later, the thought finally struck Techno.

*Oh my God. Is he an adult with responsibilities now?*

---

Techno pushed down the thought, *that’s an existential crisis for later* . He can just treat raising Hetta as any other job for now.

Tommy was teaching her how to swim by the river, with Techno supervising. The worst-case scenario is that Techno would have to call someone if things went awry. Even so, he’d doubt he’d need to call Phil, or anyone off-server for that matter. Techno’s pretty sure if he’d call Connor or God forbid *Skeppy* for help it would make the situation much, *much* worse.

As Techno dangled his feet above the water, he chatted with Tommy.

“Anything exciting happen with Hetta recently?”

“Mmmm, I got him a new friend!”

“Oh, so she’s socializing now?”

“Yes, yes. Isn’t that right, Hetta?” Tommy said while he scooped him out of the water, “His name is Jerma the 95th and he’s made out of mud and cobblestone.”

*Oh. So she’s not socializing.*



“Gonna ignore how much of a PETA violation that is right now—”

“ARE YOU IMPLYING THAT HETTA IS A PET?! How dare you.”

“I WASN’T IMPLYING THAT!”

Tommy fake sniffled, “I can’t believe you’d mock a single mother...”

“First off, you’re not a mother, and second, you have my help raising Het—”

“IGNORING THAT FACT. I can’t believe you’d do that in a trying time, Techno Blade.”

Techno rolled his eyes, *he does not want to have this argument right now.*

He took Hetta from Tommy’s arms and placed her on the nearby grass. Reaching into his pocket, he managed to fish out the yoyo Wilbur gave him.

He rolled it on the ground, flicking it back and forth so Hetta could chase it.

Surprisingly, Tommy decided to do something else besides insult Techno repeatedly. While Techno was doing yoyo tricks to entertain Hetta, Tommy talked about anything on his mind.

It first started with Tommy rambling on about his superhero scam. He’d cause crimes, creating a demand for superheros, and then start a superhero business to respond to the “crimes”. Techno raised an eyebrow at the legality of the entire scheme, but Tommy insisted it was the best thing since sliced bread.

Techno sighed, *at least it wasn’t Wilbur trying to get Hetta addicted to potions.* Besides, it sounds like Tommy hasn’t figured out how to fully monopolize the superhero business yet, so it should be fine. For now.

Eventually, the conversation topic changed to how Tommy got Hetta.

That seemed to light a spark in Tommy's eyes. Before Techno knew it, he was babbling about Phil's flight course making him find Hetta.

As Techno asked more for the story, it made more sense. Tommy was doing Phil's flight course, Phil had to leave to do something, Tommy found an egg on the ground, and Hetta just so happened to be in that egg.

So essentially, Tommy found a kid on the ground and decided Techno would be a great parental figure.

Techno questioned why Tommy couldn't wait for anyone else to wake up to take care of Hetta, but honestly, Hetta kind of grew on Techno.

Techno and Tommy were complete opposites, but that just meant they balanced each other out. One was loud and reserved, the other chaotic and predictable. Whatever Hetta needed, the two could provide it.

With the sun setting behind them, Hetta curling up between Tommy and Techno by the riverside, and the yoyo long forgotten, Techno thought to himself, *maybe I can get used to this.*

## End Notes

AHHHHHHHHHHHHH ITS FINALLY DONE!!!! i am very happy with this fic :D its been. a long while since ive written bedrock bros so hopefully i did then justice. also this was written for the dsmp ficbox event (which. i crammed in as many point bonuses i could) and hy didn't specify what fandom so i picked. the prompt was too funny not to pass up

but tysm for aj and my irl for being my betas! esp my irl god bless they don't know anything about origins <3 i luv both of you

but !! hopefully you enjoyed the fic! it was v fun to write <3 wishing u have a good day :)

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