

A Secret Garden

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/29494146) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/29494146>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Major Character Death
Fandom:	Dream SMP , Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo , Ranboo & Wilbur Soot , Ranboo & Technoblade , Ranboo & Toby Smith Tubbo & Wilbur Soot & Technoblade , Ranboo & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo & TommyInnit , Technoblade & TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Wilbur Soot , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Ranboo is a Good Friend , Ghost Wilbur Soot , Flowers , Gardens & Gardening , Headcanon: Ranboo Likes Flowers , Not Canon Compliant , Techno is OOC , but it's also very soft, until the second chapter , if you want something happy do NOT read the second chapter , Angst , Grief/Mourning , Character Death , Mental Breakdown , Crying , Sorry Not Sorry , The Author Regrets Nothing , okay so theres a third chapter now. , Moving On , Running Away , Memories , Bittersweet Ending , TommyInnit is Alive , Hugging , Yelling , Anger , Angst and Hurt/Comfort
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-02-16 Completed: 2021-03-12 Words: 5,387 Chapters: 6/6

A Secret Garden

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Summary

Everyone had interests. Techno liked blood. Wilbur liked blue. Tubbo liked bees. For what people knew, Ranboo didn't have a specific interest. Ranboo himself knew differently. He had always admired flowers and their endless beauty and vibrant colors, and he wanted all the flowers in the world.

OR

A headcanon I came up with on Twitter where Ranboo likes flowers!!

Notes

Hey, y'all! I hope you enjoy this fic of pure fluff! It's not very often that I do fluff, but I thought that today it's something we all need, am I right?

Techno is sorta OOC, but I genuinely don't care, it works with the story!

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

Growing Flowers

Everyone had interests. Techno liked blood. Wilbur liked blue. Tubbo liked bees.

For what people knew, Ranboo didn't have a specific interest. Ranboo himself knew differently.

Everyone has secret interests, or interests that they don't want other people to know about. Ranboo's was flowers. He had always admired their beauty and vibrant colors, and he wanted all the flowers in the world.

He hadn't told anyone about his love of flowers; he was afraid that they would make fun of him for it. But there were some that seemed to know anyway.

Techno had given him flowers ever since he had moved onto his land. He found no use for them, so he gave them to Ranboo, and Ranboo moved those flowers to a secret room and put them in dirt. They grew slowly, but they were beautiful nonetheless.

Tubbo had no idea what Ranboo liked. He had kept most of his interests secret and hadn't mentioned anything specific, so everyone else was lost as to what to give him as gifts.

Eventually, all secrets get told... or, at least, discovered. Ranboo was walking into his secret garden and saw Ghostbur floating above him, looking at the flowers and smiling softly.

Ranboo panicked like any normal person would, and he yelled, "What are you doing here?"

Ghostbur was clearly startled, whirling towards Ranboo in shock. Seeing who it was, he smiled and said, "I accidentally floated through the wall and found myself here! I love your flowers, by the way, do you need help collecting them?"

Ranboo was rooted to the ground. He hadn't expected Ghostbur to find this of all people, but now he was here, and he was offering his help, and he didn't make fun of him.

He nodded slowly and replied, "Sure, I'd love your help, Ghostbur."

Ghostbur whooped and said, "I'll go get some right now!"

Ranboo's heart was as full as his garden; Ghostbur had since found so many flowers that he had to create an extension to his secret room. It was as though the flowers were opening for him specifically, and he loved them all.

He usually had to spend a bit more time taking care of the flowers, so when Ranboo was gone for longer, Tubbo began to get suspicious of what he was doing. Ranboo's disguise was that his cats were being needy, but he knew that Tubbo wouldn't believe it for long.

Techno continued to give Ranboo flowers that he managed to pick up on his journeys. Ranboo was eternally grateful; if Techno hadn't given him that first flower, he never would have the garden he has now.

Ranboo figured that it was about time that he thanked Tubbo for being his friend, so he picked his favorite flowers and tied them into a bouquet with a spare string he found.

He headed to Snowchester with a frantic mind and a pounding heart. What if he doesn't like them? His brain said worriedly. But he knew that even if Tubbo didn't like them, the thought was enough.

He knocked softly on the door, and a grinning Tubbo opened the door and practically yelled, "Hey, big man!"

Ranboo looked down at him and smiled. "Hey, Tubbo."

He saw Tubbo look at the flowers in his hands and scrunch his eyebrows in confusion. "Are those for me?"

Ranboo nodded and held them out. "Thank you for being my friend, Tubbo. I'm grateful that you've been here for me, and I'm glad that I know you."

Tubbo took the bouquet and laughed. "No need to get so sappy, Ranboo." But there was a playful tone laced into his voice, and below that was a tone laced with honey and sugar and happiness.

Tubbo wrapped his arms around Ranboo, and he leaned down and hugged him back, fighting tears.

Ranboo was bringing Tubbo to his house to show him his building progress when Ghostbur came over to him. He tried to get him to be quiet, but he was already talking.

"I have more flowers for you! Where should I put them? Do we need another exten- Oh, hi, Tubbo! Anyway, do we need another extension?"

Ranboo looked at Tubbo, who was laughing softly at the events unfolding.

"Oh, was I not supposed to say that?" Ghostbur asked innocently.

"No," Ranboo hissed at him.

His smile dropped. "Shit, I'm sorry, Ranboo."

Ranboo just shook his head. "I don't think we need an extension room, just plant them wherever there's an empty space." Ghostbur sped away as fast as he could.

Tubbo looked at him and said, "What was that about?"

Ranboo sighed and decided that he would have to show Tubbo himself, so he led him down to the basement and into his garden.

"Did you... is this yours?" Tubbo asked, and he nodded. He watched as Tubbo's face transformed from wonder to a grin.

"So that's where you got the flowers for my bouquet!" Ranboo nodded again. He swore that Tubbo's delighted laugh lit up the room and made the flowers unfold.

Two days later, Ranboo had just left his house when Techno came back from another one of his journeys.

"Here, two oxeye daisies and 3 sunflowers," he said, and he passed Ranboo the five flowers. "I don't need them. There aren't many today."

Ranboo shook his head and said, "It's okay, thank you, Techno." He watched as the man entered his house and decided that he should make something to thank him, and what better than a bouquet with the first flower he had given to Ranboo?

He knew that Techno may be weirded out and take it awkwardly, but he wanted to give him something, so he gathered 14 flowers, tied them together with a string, and walked over to Techno's house.

A few seconds after he knocked, Techno opened the door and looked up at Ranboo. "What do you need?"

He held out the flower bouquet. "This is just a thank you for letting me live on your property and stuff, and for everything so far." He stumbled over his words.

He saw Techno's eyes light up for a moment, but then he was back to his careless demeanour. He took the bouquet from Ranboo's hands and said, "Thanks, I guess."

Ranboo nodded softly, and he pointed at one flower, a navy blue cornflower. "This is the first flower I got, the first one you gave to me. It sort of... inspired me to make a secret garden, so I wanted to thank you. I hope you like them."

Techno looked at him with the most sincere and kind look he had ever seen from... well, Techno. "Thank you, Ranboo, they're great."

Ranboo smiled and said, "You're welcome. I gotta go now, bye, Techno!"

Techno waved at him and shut the door, and Ghostbur suddenly appeared in front of Ranboo. "That was the happiest I've ever seen him."

"I bet," Ranboo snickered.

Ghostbur suddenly started asking questions. "I have more flowers! I never asked, which kind is your favorite? Do we need an extension room yet? Are you going to give bouquets to anyone else?"

Ranboo shook his head and laughed quietly. "No more bouquets, let's just work on our garden."

Ghostbur's questions suddenly stopped. "Our?" His voice sounded disbelieving, but it was hopeful.

He nodded. "Yeah, our garden. These are your flowers too, Ghostbur."

Ranboo watched as his eyes brightened. "Our garden!" Ghostbur chuckled happily.

When there was a knock at the door at 11 at night a week later, Ranboo was surprised. Tubbo never knocked, so who would be at the door this late?

He opened the door to see Tubbo, Ghostbur, and Techno holding baskets of flowers. "We thought we could help you with your garden, so we got a bunch of flowers for you!" Tubbo said. Ranboo's eyes filled with tears.

He let the three in, and they set down their baskets on his table. Techno's two baskets were the largest and clearly had the most flowers.

"We each gathered our own flowers to give to you," Techno said quietly. "I hope you like them,

Ranboo.”

Ranboo couldn't speak, but the three understood. “We should go to the garden to plant them!” Ghostbur said excitedly.

Ranboo nodded and followed Ghostbur, Tubbo, and Techno down to his garden. He breathed in the scent of the flowers and knew that he was home.

Falling Apart

But then, it all went wrong.

Tommy was dead, wasn't he? He was dead, and Ranboo hadn't done a thing to save him, no one had. No one had ever done anything for Tommy, and all he did was pay them back when all he got was empty air.

He went into his tiny garden, plucked red and white flowers from the dirt, and pulled an allium out too, putting it in his pocket.

When he walked outside, it was sunny, too sunny for what he had just heard. It should have been raining, but instead the world was smiling when one of the first friends he had made was gone. Just like that.

He walked towards Tommy's home and pulled out the red and white flowers, placing them around the walkway, letting the fact that Tommy was gone sink in.

Over the next bit of time, he occasionally pulled the allium out of his pocket, going down to his garden solemnly and watering his flowers. It didn't feel the same.

Two days after he had planted flowers around Tommy's house, he went back, pulled out the allium and threw it to the ground. "Here, Tommy, have a flower."

And then he remembered, and suddenly his voice got softer, sadder. "There's no one there to pick it up anymore."

When he went into the room where Tommy had told him about the plan to ruin George's house, he opened the chest to find an allium, sad and wilting, the one that Ranboo had given him all that time ago.

Ranboo's heart filled with a sickly liquid like honey, melancholy and warm, but ice cold at the same time.

When he went back home, he went down to his garden to water his plants and saw Tubbo there, staring at a red flower. When he saw Ranboo in the doorway, he burst into tears.

Ranboo immediately rushed over and watched his friend cry, and he gathered him into his arms, rubbing his back as Tubbo sobbed, let him cry. "I miss Tommy," he said, over and over, the words muffled as he spoke into Ranboo's shirt.

His heart broke as he watched Tubbo's shoulders shake as the weight finally set in. He couldn't imagine what it must be like for him. He had lost his best friend in the world. Ranboo didn't blame him for denying it for so long, not one bit.

When Tubbo let go, he looked up at him, his eyes filled with shame, and he said, "I'm sorry."

He shook his head. "No, don't be sorry, Tubbo. You're allowed to cry."

"Thank you, Ranboo." It was a faint whisper, but Ranboo heard him.

"Of course."

And he watched Tubbo leave, his soul aching for him.

A few days later, two hours after he had told Techno, Niki, and Phil that Tommy was dead, and Techno had laughed and said "finally", he was running home to water his flower garden and saw a red cape swishing into Techno's house. The blood god was home.

He went into his house and walked down the stairs to his garden, grabbing a water bucket from the floor as he went inside.

He started pouring water onto the flowers when suddenly he got to an empty spot. He could have sworn that there was a red flower there, but he shrugged and continued watering the plants until he got to another spot that was only dirt. He remembered clearly that there was a white flower there.

And immediately, he was suspicious of Techno. He had just happened to be entering his home, and two of his flowers were missing?

Not that Ranboo was mad; in fact, he was honored that Techno thought his flowers worthy of taking, but it did seem odd that he did so.

So when Techno left to go get himself some supplies, Ranboo rattled on the door until it opened and walked into Techno's house.

He climbed the ladder up to the top level, and he looked out the window for a moment, checking if Techno was still there, if he could see him in his house. When he didn't see anyone, he walked around the room, looking around, until his eyes landed on two flower pots, one holding a red flower and another one holding a white flower.

When he looked at the side of the table, he saw a sign, Techno's handwriting scrawled on it. It was only one word.

"Theseus"

Techno missed Tommy more than he let on.

The air felt wrong, sad, so Ranboo decided to leave, closing the door behind him quietly. He let out a sigh as he went back to his garden, watering the red and white flowers and the alliums, making sure that they didn't die like Tommy had.

Moving On

Every day, Ranboo watered his flowers, and every day his eyes lingered on the alliums for just a fragment of a second longer, letting the pain sink in like thorns in his mind.

Tubbo came to his garden every day, helped him pour the water into the soft brown dirt, and as it spilled over the flowers, the two of them let the silence say the words they didn't know how to.

He was getting better, moving on; at first, he had been stuck in anger, angry at Tommy for leaving him and Tubbo, Dream for killing him, and himself most of all, for not doing a thing to repay him, never listening to his stories.

Sometimes he still spiraled back into grief; there was one particular moment that he remembered when he and Tommy had been searching for flowers, laughing in the sunlight and picking up flowers of all kinds, and when they ran some of the flowers fell. Tommy had given him a rose silently, looked away, and turned to go home.

He still had the red rose, black at the tips of the petals and crumpled, wilting more every day. He didn't care; he would keep it safe until the day it was gone, as dead as the person who had given it to him.

When that memory sent him down the pit of grief, he brought out the flower and clutched it to his chest, ran outside, and sat down, swaying with the grass until the clash of feelings faded enough so that he could breathe.

One day, Tubbo asked him if the memories haunted him too, and Ranboo raised an eyebrow and said, "What do you mean?"

Ranboo let words spill out of Tubbo's mouth for the next hour, let him ramble and vent and cry about how he wanted to get out, he just wanted to escape the memories haunting him.

And once he was done, Ranboo nodded and said, "I think that we can do that."

Tubbo looked up at him hopefully, tears in his eyes. "We can..."

"We can run away. Come on, we'll take Michael, we'll take the bees and the flowers, we'll leave here. We'll leave Snowchester, Tubbo."

And then they did. They abandoned Snowchester, and they told Techno and Ghostbur that they were leaving. Techno helped Ranboo pull the flowers out of the dirt, put them gently into a basket, and told them to take care, giving them a rare smile. Ghostbur said that he would visit soon, bring Ranboo more flowers, give Tubbo more bees.

And then they were gone, running through the thick snow until it wasn't snow anymore, travelling through jungles and forests and swamps and trying to make their supplies last, trying to keep Michael warm and fed.

A few days later, they reached a spot deep in the woods and spent two hours making a tiny cottage for themselves, mixing oak wood, birch planks, and stone.

Ranboo looked at Tubbo and said, "Where will we put the garden?"

Tubbo gave him a soft smile. "Out in the open, Ranboo. There's no one you need to hide it from now, no one will judge you."

So he set his flowers down in front of the house, scattering them around the patch of land. As he dug his hands into the dirt, planting each flower individually, he smiled.

One of Tubbo's bees flew over to a white flower, its fluttering wings shining in the daylight.

Every day, Tubbo and Ranboo went out to get supplies, hunt animals, and find more flowers for Tubbo's bees and Ranboo's garden, leaving Michael at home to sleep in his bed. Ranboo always collected alliums; they were his favorite flower, after all.

Ghostbur visited sometimes, as promised, brought baskets of flowers and a few bees for Tubbo, and he always said that most of the baskets were from Techno to Ranboo.

There was always a little note on which Techno had scribbled a message in his liquid, honeylike handwriting. Most of the time, he had written, "Stay safe." Most of the flowers that Techno had gathered were roses.

Ghostbur's baskets were full of blue flowers, and he always brought the baskets over, gave them a bubbly laugh, and let them take the baskets. He even helped plant all of the flowers in the garden that was quickly growing.

Every time he left, Tubbo and Ranboo waved at the figure retreating into the endless trees, telling him to come back soon.

The Butterfly

Every night, Michael asked for a bedtime story, and he always asked for the same one. Ranboo would always sit in a creaky wooden chair next to his bed, taking a deep breath as he got ready to tell the story for what felt like the thousandth time. He had memorized every word.

"The butterfly wasn't always a butterfly, you know that? Before its blue wings fluttered and shone in the sun, it was a kid, just like everyone else, trying to survive."

Ranboo could almost see the blue butterfly shining in his son's eyes, and he smiled and began the next part of the story.

"That butterfly wasn't a butterfly when it was younger. That butterfly was a caterpillar, dependent on leaves and sunlight and hiding from prey, avoiding obstacles, but sometimes, it almost got caught in spider webs."

Almost gotten caught in the webs and webs of lies, the silky, sticky mess. That represented Dream, Ranboo thought. The web represented Dream and his lies and his manipulation. Forever the puppet master, the one in control of the chessboard.

"It usually managed to avoid them, until one day it was spun into its own web, one that closed it in and held it tightly within its clutches, trapped it in what felt like a pitch black void."

And that was just like Ranboo himself, tangled inside a mess of his own thoughts and his own lies. But were they lies, or fragments of unretrievable memories?

"After what felt like an eternity, the caterpillar was free, but it felt different, and suddenly it lunged into the air, soaring through the wind, occasionally flapping its sapphire wings."

The beauty of Ranboo. Was there any? He didn't know, but he knew who brought out as much of the beauty as he had.

"The sun beat down on the butterfly, making it feel free and warm, and it thanked whoever had set it free."

In reality, Ranboo knew that butterflies freed themselves, but if he was the butterfly, than Tubbo was the one who had freed him, made him truly happy again. He was the sun too, making him feel warm and fuzzy and free from the webs of lies in his past.

Ranboo stood up, ignoring the indignant squeak from the chair he was sitting in, and pulled a blanket over Michael's already-sleeping body. "And the butterfly flew off into the world, savoring the freedom that it finally had."

He shut the door quietly when he left.

Michael was growing up; there was no denying that. He was growing up fast, and Ranboo and Tubbo treated him accordingly. They introduced him to the outside, showed him the giant garden that took over most of their land, and the bees and their hives and honey.

When Ghostbur came over the next time, he looked at Michael and let out a soft giggle. "Hi, Michael! Would you like some blue?"

Ranboo pulled him aside almost immediately, and Tubbo laughed as he watched Ghostbur almost fall with the weight of the baskets of flowers he had brought.

While Ghostbur and Ranboo were planting flowers, Tubbo felt a tug at his sleeve, and he looked down to see Michael standing beside him.

"What is it, Michael?"

"Will I ever have the flower to my bee like you have Dad?"

Tubbo's heart melted into a puddle of warm goop, flooding into his blood and making his limbs feel like a soft night inside with the fireplace on.

He smiled at Michael and said, "Someday."

Home

Chapter Summary

babe wake up a new chapter of a secret garden just dropped

Chapter Notes

THIS IS PROBABLY THE LAST CHAPTER. LISTEN IDC IF TECHNOS OUT OF CHARACTER I WANT SOFT TECHNO AND THATS FINAL

Ghostbur came frequently, always bringing more and more baskets of flowers, and he always said that Techno had tried to make as many of the baskets as he could.

The first time he'd said that, Ranboo asked, "What do you mean by 'make', Ghostbur?"

"Oh, did you not know? Techno makes baskets! He weaves them out of strips of wood all the time."

He raised his eyebrows. It didn't sound believable that Technoblade would weave baskets in his free time, but he'd nodded anyway.

Michael was learning more words every day, his consonants getting clearer, and Ranboo watched him blossom, open up like a flower looking at the sun.

One day, they heard Ghostbur's voice bouncing off the trees in the distance, but when he arrived, he wasn't alone.

Techno was walking next to him, his burgundy cape swishing behind him. When he looked up and saw Michael, he suddenly smiled softly, and he turned to Ranboo. "So that's Michael?"

Ranboo nodded his head and watched as an infectious smile spread across Techno's face; he had never thought that he would be seeing Techno wearing a grin spreading from ear to ear, but here he was.

Michael approached Techno and tugged on his cape, and when he realized it was soft, he started rubbing his hands on the velvet. Techno didn't push him away; in fact, he let out a quiet little laugh and said, "Hi, Michael."

Ranboo was partially in shock; Techno was being nice. That was a sight he never thought he would see.

It was a day full of surprises.

Ghostbur floated over to Ranboo and started telling him about everyone back at home. Apparently, everyone was still grieving over Tommy's death, but they had learned to live with it over time, try and accept the fact that he was gone.

Dream was still in prison, and the Egg was still trying to take over the entire server, but they hadn't gotten to Ranboo and his Tubbo yet. They hadn't gotten to his son. They hadn't gotten to his happy family.

And it really was a happy family. Ranboo was finally happy; he finally felt like he was home, truly home, with his husband and his son. He finally felt free from the strings that had been controlling him before, the people that used him as a puppet.

He watched Techno sit down, letting Michael crawl on him, and he realized that even Techno had a soft spot for someone.

When Michael pulled Techno's hair out of his short ponytail, he just laughed again and shook his head, letting his hair down.

Ghostbur had stopped talking and was now following Ranboo's gaze, and when he saw Techno and Michael on the grass, he smiled and said, "Techno's a big softie, deep down."

He watched Techno pull a poppy from the ground and give it to a giggling Michael, and he hummed in agreement.

Ranboo and Tubbo stood side by side, watching Ghostbur try to drag Techno away from Michael, and all they could do was laugh. When he finally got him away, Ranboo ran forward and grabbed Michael, picked him up, and walked back to Tubbo, letting him take him.

"Do you want some food, Techno? A drink? I don't know, it's your first time here, I want to make you feel welcome."

Techno nodded and said, "My health is low, I might need some bread."

Ranboo turned around and went inside, and Technoblade followed him in silently. As he opened barrels to find some soft bread, he heard Techno take a breath, and he waited for him to speak.

"So how have you been, Ranboo?" An awkward tone seeped into his voice, but he was trying to ask him genuinely, and Ranboo smiled.

"I've been all right, I've finally found a home. What about you?"

Techno let out a soft sigh and said, "I've been... coping. I'm still getting over Tommy."

Ranboo was confused as to why Techno was telling him of all people, but he let him talk anyway.

"He looked up to me, and I kind of failed him. I'm not supposed to make mistakes, and that was my biggest one."

Ranboo's head jerked up towards him, and he said, "No, you're allowed to make mistakes. You're a person, we all mess up sometimes, that's not something you can control, Techno."

He nodded and let out a quiet little scoff. "Thanks, Ranboo."

The silence in the house returned as Ranboo kept searching for bread, and when he finally found some, he passed it to Techno. "Here you go."

"Thank you. And also..." Ranboo watched as Techno pulled his classic red cape off and passed it to Ranboo. "Here. Take it."

He shook his head. "No, it's yours!"

"I have, like, a thousand more. Besides, it fits you better anyway. it's getting small on me."

Ranboo raised an eyebrow, remembering the cape fitting Techno just fine, but he took the cape anyway. "Thanks, Techno."

Techno nodded his head, and Ranboo could tell he was trying to hide a smile.

He pretended like he didn't see it, and he tied the cape around his neck. It was warm and comfortable, smelled oddly like strawberries.

He walked out the front door to see all of the flowers planted, and Ghostbur said, "I think our work here's done, Techno!"

Techno gave Ghostbur a little nod and said, "I may not be here next time, but Ghostbur will be, right?"

"Yeah! Of course."

The two picked up the empty baskets, and Ghostbur said cheerily, "Bye, Tubbo! Bye, Ranboo! Bye to you too, Michael!"

Ranboo thought he was the only one who heard Techno mutter, "Goodbye. Take care."

And Tubbo and Ranboo waved at the retreating figures of Ghostbur and Techno, looking out into the sunset.

An Old Friend

One day, Ranboo and Tubbo are sitting in the grass with Michael when they hear a voice in the distance.

"TUBBO! RANBOO! LOOK WHO I'VE BROUGHT!"

They both turned to look at Ghostbur, who was walking besides someone familiar.

Tommy had a scar across the bridge of his nose, and he was much quieter, looked more timid. Was he real? Ranboo didn't know, but he sat frozen in shock.

Tubbo, on the other hand, quickly came to a stand and covered his mouth. Tommy walked directly towards him and stopped in front of him, shoes crunching on the grass. "Hello, Tubbo," he said quietly.

And suddenly Tubbo was yelling, and Ranboo tried to shut him out. "You can't be real. You CAN'T BE! YOU LEFT ME, YOU MADE ME GRIEVE TWICE FOR YOU ONLY TO BE ALIVE? I WAS ALMOST IN ACCEPTANCE, TOMMY! I HAD ALMOST ACCEPTED YOU WERE GONE!"

"Tubbo-" Tommy's voice was quiet, and there was a tiny tremor in the middle of the word.

"NO! You left me, you left me. You were DEAD, Tommy! Please, I was almost moving on, you... YOU CAN'T JUST SHOW UP HERE!"

"Tubbo!"

"TOMMY, JUST SHUT UP!" Ranboo looked up to see Tubbo's fist whirling towards Tommy, and Tommy flinched away, looking at Tubbo with horror in his eyes, memories swimming deep in the bright blue pools.

Ranboo leapt to his feet and put a hand on Tubbo's shoulder tentatively, whispering, "You need to go inside, take some time, love."

Tubbo nodded, a stunned expression of his face, and he turned around and walked into the house, grabbing Michael from the grass on the way. He shut the door behind him.

Ghostbur looked at them in shock. "I'm going to go plant flowers behind the house," he said quietly, and he took his baskets of flowers and let Ranboo and Tommy have a moment alone.

"How have things been, Tommy?"

Ranboo watched Tommy sit down, the flowers surrounding him, and went to sit next to him, and suddenly words were spilling out of Tommy's mouth.

"I died, Dream punched me to death, he sent me to the afterlife, I... saw things, I was stuck in there for months, and then he brought me back, everyone thought I was dead. Sam failed, he let me die in there... I don't like talking about it, but I can trust you, right?"

When Ranboo nodded, Tommy opened his mouth again and said, "If anyone touches me... it feels like his hands are still there, on my skin, ghosts of fists punching me to death, just like he did."

A sense of fear trickled down Ranboo's spine like cold water. "I'm so sorry, Tommy."

He nodded and replied, "Thanks. Me too. big man."

They sat in silence for a moment, and Ranboo pulled an allium from the soft dirt and passed it to Tommy. He took it, running the pads of his fingers over the soft lavender petals, breathing in the fresh scent it held.

"Can I have a hug?" Tommy murmured, so quietly Ranboo almost didn't hear him.

"Wouldn't that make the hands come back?"

"I don't know. I want to try it anyway. Please."

So Ranboo nodded and let Tommy cautiously lean into him and timidly wrap his arms around him, and he gently put his arms around Tommy. He felt hands clench onto the back of his clothes and noticed that Tommy's shoulders were shaking, and he let him sob into his shirt, not caring how many tears soaked through it. Tommy deserved to cry after all this time.

They stayed like that, sitting in the flowers, Tommy hugging Ranboo and crying, and Ranboo holding onto him and letting him cry.

When Tommy finally let go and pulled away, his cheeks were covered in streaks of tears, and he gave Ranboo a watery smile. "Thank you, Ranboo," he whispered.

Ranboo gave him a nod and smiled back. "Of course."

They heard the door open, and they turned to see Tubbo standing in the doorway, regret painted on his face. "I'm sorry, Tommy, I shouldn't have yelled. I just... I missed you. I'm glad you're alive."

"I missed you too, Tubbo. And it's okay," Tommy said softly, giving Tubbo a smile.

Tubbo gave him a goofy grin back, and he said, "Oh thank god. I thought you wouldn't forgive me - which is fine! - and I would have to live with this guilt for the rest of my life, which, of course, I have to do anyway, and-"

Tommy cut him off with a laugh. "It's okay, Tubbo. Please don't stress about it."

Ghostbur floated back to the three of them, standing in the flowers, and said, "My baskets are empty! I think it's about time to go, Tommy."

Tommy nodded, and he turned to Tubbo. "See you around, bitch."

Tubbo let out a laugh. "See you, Tommy."

Ranboo turned to Tommy and said, "Goodbye, Tommy. Stay safe."

He looked at him and nodded. "Yeah, I will. You too."

He watched as Tommy lifted the allium to his chest, clutching the stem tighter right before he turned around and followed Ghostbur, who was yelling his goodbyes.

Ranboo and Tubbo waved at the two of them, letting the wind soar through their hair as they let the knowledge that Tommy was alive sink in.

i hope u enjoyed :D take care of urself!

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