

Adventures in Babysitting

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Character:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	don't even touch my fics if you're 'problematic twt' or fucking whatever shipping minors and especially with adults is fucking disgusting, and no, i dont give a shit if it's your coping mechanism, GET A BETTER COPING MECHANISM. NOT ALL COPING MECHANISMS ARE HEALTHY. , anyway with that aside, Ranboo & TommyInnit Friendship (Video Blogging RPF) , Happy TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Hurt TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Sad Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Ram Hybrid Toby Smith Tubbo , Happy Toby Smith Tubbo , Happy Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , make that a tag cowards, Platonic Life Partners , Platonic Relationships , Friendship , Tubbo and Ranboo are married PLATONICALLY , Tommy lives with them in their giant fuckin mansion , Hurt/Comfort , Babysitting , Domestic Fluff , Fluff , Fluff and Humor , Tooth-Rotting Fluff , Awkward Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , I miss bedrock bros..... , Adopted Children , Parenthood , Mild Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Light Angst
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Adventures in Babysitting

by [WhyB](#)

Summary

DNI if you ship minors with each other or adults. Can I stop you? No. But out of respect and general polite rules on AO3, just skip this and find some other fic to read.

Tommy figured out of everything in his life (unlife? revived life?) he's experienced the most difficult scenarios one has to go through. Death, isolation, abuse, manipulation, being physically beaten to death-- the list kind of goes on and on.

Well, the world seems to be a bitch because Tommy never considered having to keep a small undead piglin alive for 4-6 hours.

Notes

again, reminder, dni if you're shipping minors either with each other or with adults. I can't stop you but for my comfort as a victim of grooming from an adult, it would give me peace of mind.

TW: Brief panic attack, possibly forced interaction through a door

Thats all :) this is very fluffy. I'll probably write more bc im loving the babysitter uncle tommy idea as well as the 'Beloved' family dynamic hahskdfjds

Tommy figured out of everything in his life (unlife? revived life?) he's experienced the most difficult scenarios one has to go through. Death, isolation, abuse, manipulation, being physically beaten to death-- the list kind of goes on and on.

Well, the world seems to be a bitch because Tommy never considered having to keep a small undead piglin alive for 4-6 hours.

Recovery has been decent, all things considered. He's not dead, poggers, he's also living with Tubbo and Ranboo in their giant fucking mansion now (He'd been so proud when he learned Tubbo was a gold digger and Ranboo ended up being fucking rich as hell--) he's also getting regularly scheduled therapy sessions, meeting with old friends-- tying up loose ends.

Living past a war isn't easy, obviously. He's not always okay, but no one is these days. If anything, he's just glad he has some kind of support system to fall back on. Since the dust has settled, battles are over for the most part and no one wants to fight. So they just... hang out now. It's a lot like pre-L'manburg or the disc wars-- there's pranks, but nothing lethal and no grudges really held beyond playful light hearted ones.

And he's forever grateful to have that now. He'd never say it, obviously, but living with Ranboo and Tubbo has improved his mental health by twenty fold, if not a hundred. Puffy says it's because with them, he's always felt the most safe and seeing them be safe and happy is helping his brain follow lead or some shit. Listen, Tommy likes Puffy and likes those therapy sessions but sometimes they drag on for too long--

Tubbo and Ranboo have a family now, which is weird. Not a bad weird, just a new weird. They got married, but they both made it very clear the situation was platonic (Tommy was still upset he didn't get to go to the wedding because he was in fucking prison, but they gave him an allium flower crown and named him as their witness on the official document, so he forgave it)

And they have a son, which took Tommy a long time to get used to. Michael isn't much of a trouble maker, he takes way too much after Ranboo. He's adopted, for sure, and mostly quiet when he's not running up and down the halls playing airplane with Tubbo.

Tommy had been so sure this was a part of their life they didn't want him involved in. It was their kid, and they were extremely protective of him. He's seen the way they act when Techno is in town, they're unbelievably paranoid (though, Tommy understands why. You don't exactly hear that your best friend is dead, gain a son and then suddenly decide he's good to hang around war criminals. Doesn't add up.)

However, Tubbo surprised him yet again by almost insisting they bond.

"Michael has to be friends with his uncle, doesn't he?" He says, pouting as he hoists Michael into his arms and balances the tyke on his hip.

Tommy pauses, awestruck, "I'm an uncle?"

Tubbo's laughter is infectious, but underlaid with tones of playful annoyance, "Of course!" As if, who else would be? There was no doubt.

His grin grows, "I'm an uncle!"

"You're an uncle!" Tubbo says back with the same fervor.

"I'm a fucking uncle!" He yells, bursting with joyful energy, shaking Tubbo gently with the intended enthusiasm. Michael babbles in Tubbo's arms, giggling;

"Unc'l!" His little piglin arms waving and patting Tubbo.

Fuck. His heart was gonna explode.

"That's right big M! I'm your goddamn uncle! You got so lucky dude, I'm the best uncle on this earth- You've never met a big man better than me-" He jabs a thumb at himself, cocky smile and bravado flying full force.

"Why are we yelling?" Ranboo pipes up, peering from around a corner and in the process of drying his hands with a dish towel.

Tommy's eyes are positively starstruck, "I'm a fucking uncle Ranboo!" He yells, running up to the taller and pulling him into a lifting hug that takes the hybrid a few feet off the ground before placing him back.

"AGh-- Yes, I-I know? Who else?" Ranboo blinks, regaining his bearings but still chuckling. He takes a small moment to adjust the locket around his neck.

"Goddamn right 'who else'! I'm gonna shout that shit from the rooftops!"

Yeah, Tubbo and Ranboo thought he was joking about that. He really wasn't. They got several noise complaints, but to be fair-- with the noise complaints also came small notes of congratulations on Tommy finally realizing he was an uncle to his pseudo-brother's son. Mostly from Foolish. Okay, so maybe only Foolish congratulated him. They meant it, they just didn't say it.

Tommy was officially a large part of Michael's life. When Ranboo was worried and wanted someone to check around the house for mobs, Tommy was up to bat with his sword and skill. When Tubbo was busy directing new builds around the commune, Tommy was hoisting Michael onto his shoulders and running around town. When Ranboo was baking and Tubbo was trying to not light the house on fire, Tommy was still there to put out the flames (even if Michael didn't really mind them).

With one of the parents around, Tommy had no problem watching over Michael. He was the best with kids, they were just genuinely smarter than 90% of the people he knew. You as a kid, "Ay, what do you think the meanin' of life is?" And they come at you with; "Blphhtph!"

That's genius words right there, no doubt. Everyone's just too blind to see it.

The problem came when both of the parents were busy for the night, or rather; they needed a night out. Parenting was good, it helped them, but it was taxing in its own right on their stress. And, well, Tommy isn't exactly sure if they've gotten the time to just hang out and do kid stuff since Michael entered their life. It's hard to be irresponsible when you need to keep someone alive.

Not to mention, even though they got swept up in the domestic peace; All of them were still rightfully children, the youngest parents on the server by far. They'd taken the mantel with pride but that doesn't mean they deserved to never be kids, he'd only just learned how important that was when Tommy lost it.

So when the opportunity to prank Ponk and Sam came along, as well as a fun night out with the now married trio; Karl, Quackity, and Sapnap-- Well, Tommy had to step in and be the big man. He'd assured them, they could have a fun night out doing bullshit and being irresponsible and Tommy would be right here, making sure Michael was okay.

It'd taken hours to convince Ranboo to go. Tommy couldn't blame him, he really couldn't. It wasn't personal, it's not that Ranboo was worried Tommy wouldn't take care of Michael, but that everything else wasn't good enough, safe enough, to assure both his and Michael's safety. Leaving Michael with two guardians instead of one was always a better idea, but leaving Tommy alone with the kid in a world where previously, no one cared about family for anything more then blackmail?

He relented, eventually, after Ranboo had double and triple checked that the comms would send messages instantly if Tommy needed to contact them, and that Tommy knew to call them first-- not anyone else. That he wasn't allowed to bring anyone into the house, not even Puffy.

They were... stricter than usual rules. But if it made Ranboo relax for a night, Tommy was fine with it. Plus, Tubbo finally got time to let out that chaotic energy he'd been building up. Last week he almost made a building block nation stage war against the guest bedroom door (He'd broken a hole through it and Michael had been delighted. Ranboo found it absolutely hilarious but decided maybe for Foolish's sanity, they should keep the house intact as possible.)

"You have the comm in your pocket, right?"

"Yes, fuck, it's right here." Tommy rolls his eyes, pulling the small brick of a phone from his pocket, flipping it on to show Ranboo the full battery, before shoving it back in his pocket and turning it off.

"And you know what to make for dinner?"

"It's pre-made pizza, Tubbo, it just goes in the fucking oven."

"It won't get too cold, right?"

Tommy groans, "No, it won't, I know where the heatin' is and I'll throw some damn logs in every hour like you said. And if he gets sick or injured I'm to call you immediately, I can't let anyone in the house, I have to keep an eye on him, his bedtime is at 8:30, his favorite book is the light green fairy tales novel on the bottom shelf--"

Tubbo opens his mouth but Tommy cuts him off, "Three books from the right, fabric cover, golden embossing-- YES, Tubbo, Ranboo, I know- I promise- I know what I'm doing. I have all the instructions in the fuckin' book too in case the hours of you drilling them into my head doesn't stick." He snorts, smiling down at Michael.

The little piglin gives a small oink and Tommy reaches down to scoop the boy into his arms, adjusting as he crawls to sit on Tommy's shoulders. Kid likes to be tall, good thing Tommy and Ranboo are freaks of nature when it comes to height.

Tubbo sighs, giving him a wary look. Tommy puts a comforting hand on his shoulder, patting him, "Listen man, I know you're worried, I get it, but I promise I'll keep him safe, alright? We're gonna have the best time, yeah lil' man?"

Michael lets out a scree and laughs, hands fisted in Tommy's hair. He winces at the tug, but keeps a terse grin. Kid had way too much strength for a toddler.

"Okay. Alright, but don't hesitate to call if you need us." Ranboo frowns, lightening up when he reaches above Tommy to bump foreheads with Michael, "We'll be back soon Michael. Try not to kill Uncle Tommy for us."

The piglin makes no such promises. Tommy ignores this and crouches down so Michael is at eye level with Tubbo, who also bumps his forehead with the kid, "See you later Mikey! Be good!"

And then they're off, racing into the fading afternoon sun with mischievous grins. Someone was definitely gonna be at the other end of a pitfall trap within the hour, for sure. Part of Tommy wondered if he should be jealous, but he really wasn't. Ranboo and Tubbo cared for Tommy as much as he cared for them, it was never unequal or dampened by another. They all had time to hang out with each other individually, and Tommy's sort of retired from the whole 'trouble' thing while he's in recovery. Seems like a dangerous line to tread with PTSD.

He shuts the door behind him and does the locks, bouncing on his feet to jostle Michael as they walk into the playroom. The room is colorful, as much as the lightened shades of the nether could be, and the floors were all a softer material with give, better than carpet or the hard wood floors in the living room. Michael practically uses Tommy as a ladder to hop to the floor and race over to his bucket of toys, wooden swords and dolls carved by friends.

Tommy eases to the floor, ignoring the slight ache in his knee that's always seemed to persist, even after his revival in the prison, and smiles.

"Alright Lil' M, what's the plans for today? World domination? I'm partial to that one."

After awhile of playing house and making messy paintings that Tommy hangs on the wall with a smug grin (See, that one's Tubbo and Ranboo and then there's HIM, the best subject to paint-), they end up making paper crowns with the stupid amount of construction paper Tubbo collects for the kid.

They also end up making some paper horns for Michael, because he wants to be just like his dads and well, Tommy can't say no to that face--

Tommy's being decorated with another sticky glue covered crown with pasted on jewels (are those real emeralds? Christ, Ranboo WAS stacked--) when the doorbell rings.

Michael's keen ears pick up the noise and he looks at Tommy with a confused snort.

Tommy frowns, "Yeah, you and me both big man." He mutters under his breath. Part of him wants to leave Michael here in the room while he checks the door, but there's no way he's leaving the kid alone in here with a potential threat nearby. Is this what Tubbo and Ranboo feel like all the time? It's scary. It's not like Michael's not safe in the house, he always is, and he's allowed outside with

supervision and without on certain occasions, but it's definitely the dead of night right now-- and Tommy's alone.

"How 'bouts you get on my back and we'll check it out, yeah? Nothin' to be scared of, we're still the kings of this joint!"

With faux confidence, the piglin brightens and shifts his own little golden paper crown, jogging around to hop onto Tommy's back. The teen shifts his hair out of his face, partially ignoring the silver strands that'd developed after coming back to life, to pull the mess back into a small ponytail, just to clear his vision.

He waltz's up to the door and lets out an annoyed, "Who is it?"

Silence, pure stunned silence for what feels like way too long. It even unsettles Michael, who shifts to hide his snout behind Tommy's neck.

"Tommy?" The voice that returns is so quiet, he's barely even sure he's heard it and not imagined it. But it's distinct in his lower range and accent. He should not open the door, he cannot open the door. He's specifically been told to not open the door, but specifically do not open the door for fucking Technoblade.

"Go away." He responds with shaky resolve.

"You got me there, now I have to leave," Techno responds dryly, "Real convincin'!"

"You're not allowed here and you're not even allowed near the house. Go away."

"I'm not here to cause trouble or anythin'--."

"I don't care what you're here for," Tommy snarls, "I don't care why you came, I only care that you leave so get off the fucking porch and go away!" He snaps, forcing his voice to waver and lower when he notices Michael let out a confused and scared sounding oink.

There's a quiet that falls between the two, and Tommy wonders if Techno actually left.

"Can I just say hi?"

"You did. Hi. Now go."

"We haven't talked once since you got out of the prison."

"For good reason."

"I know-- I know it's for a good reason but-" Techno falters, seemingly at a loss for words, "Listen, I know I have no reason to-to be here or anythin' and I know we're enemies, technically, but I want to... check in. Phil wants to check in."

"You had several chances to 'check in', Technoblade. Especially after I--" Tommy falters, setting Michael down and rubbing the boy's shoulders reassuringly, his tone shifts, "Hey lil man, why don't you head to the kitchen and grab a cookie for me and you, yeah? I'll be done here soon, I promise. Then we can chill out on the couch and watch a movie."

Michael nods and pauses, before slowly holding two hooved fingers and giving Tommy puppy dog eyes.

This kid, man.

"Yeah, alright, two. But don't tell your dads or they'll have my head for letting you have sugar after 7."

Michael squeals and runs off, racing into the kitchen. Tommy winces and calls after him, "Walking speed! Don't trip-- christ..." He shakes his head, turning back to the door. With a moment of contemplation, he pulls out the comm and sends Tubbo a text.

You whisper to Tubbo_: Techno's here. Doesn't seem dangerous, he wants me not Michael. I'll try to talk him into leaving.

And he shuts it off, shoving the comm back into his pocket.

"You had many chances to check in, blade, especially after I fucking died--" He hisses back, whispering, "But I heard you and Phil had no issue dealing with that fact."

He can hear the piglin hybrid bristling, "You betrayed me."

"We were friends once!" Tommy snips, "We were friends for a long time, Techno, and even if we weren't friends then-- it doesn't mean you fucking toss my shit to the wind. Even Jack Manifold mourned me and he was trying to fucking kill me at the time! You and me, we were brothers, Techno-- We lived together. Did--" He seethes, wiping uselessly at the hot sting in his eyes. He's not gonna cry. He won't. "Did I really mean that little to you?"

"Of course not. O--Of course you meant something to me but that faded once you left."

"I would've mourned you, you know. If you died. Even when you were in danger I didn't celebrate your fucking death. I stood up for you when Tubbo tried to kill you-- Tubbo!"

"Just because you saw what I said doesn't mean you know how I feel. You don't know- You can't know. I already mourned, Tommy, I mourned the minute you went back to L'manburg after everything they'd done to you because by then, in my eyes, you were already dead. You were walking back into the jaws of a lion, Theseus."

"Don't call me that!" Tommy shouts, hitting the door to hear the satisfying rattle of the locks and whine of the wood under his fist, "That--" He grits his teeth, jaw tense, "That fucking name has haunted me for years you bastard, that legacy, it never even fucking came true."

"It's your name--"

"Its your name for me-- Not my name, I've never claimed it."

"Tommy, I'm tryin' to reconnect, I'm tryin' to--" Techno throws his hands in the air, "Fix this. Fix us. You died in that prison and you came back to life, Wilbur's dead, Dream's dead, you live with Tubbo and Ranboo now, you're an uncle--"

"Things have changed. I've changed." Tommy huffs, fingers drifting across the strands of white staining his usually blonde hair, "It's not-- you can't do this anymore. If I want to-to reconnect or some shit, I'll come to you. But I--" Tommy takes in a breath, remembering his breathing exercises that Puffy gave him, "I don't want to. Not now. Not yet."

Techno's ear flicks absently, deep in thought.

"Yet?"

"I'm different now, alright? I-I don't know. It's thin, Blade, there's a thin chance I could-- I don't

know if I could. Could YOU let what I did go? Cause it feels the same to me, the same-- feeling, I think."

Techno hums, "I... could. Eventually."

"Then maybe eventually we can... be on alright footing again one day. But it's-- it's not easy. I can't just let everything you did go."

"And I can't let what you did go either..."

"So... give it time, alright? I'll... let you know if or when I-I feel comfortable with that."

Techno lets out a chuffed laugh, fond, "Your soundin' like Phil."

The corners of Tommy's lips curl into a smile. They've already rebonded and hung out since the end of the wars. Turns out, they have a lot more in common than he thought. It led to a lot of deep conversations over warm drinks.

"Yeah... good. I like him. Even if he is old."

Techno snorts once again, amused. There's another short silence and pause between the two through the door.

"I'm sorry, Tommy. For uh- the door. Coming suddenly. I expected Tubbo or Ranboo to answer and I'd be chased off."

"Tubbo and Ranboo are having a friend night or something." Tommy shrugs, leaning his back against the door and sighing.

"They aren't here?"

"Not yet."

There's a resounding war cry and Tommy can't help but burst into laughter as Tubbo's little sheep hybrid form appears from over a hill he can see from a window and B-lines to Techno. Ranboo's just behind him, a little more apologetic looking than he's sure Tubbo would like.

It takes a few minutes of looney toons style chasing, but Techno leaves with a bemused grin at Ranboo holding Tubbo back from murdering his ex-land lord. Tommy just sees the sweep of red cloaks against downy flake and the edges of pink piglin ears as he walks away. He wonders how much Techno's changed. Neither had seen each other since Doomsday, he's sure Techno would have some questions about Tommy.

Maybe one day they can talk about it over warm drinks too.

Tubbo and Ranboo practically burst through the door, looking around wildly. Tommy, however, is comfortably sat on the couch with Michael tucked into his side, blankets piled over the both of them as Up plays on the monitor and VPN they have set up.

"Ow do?" Tommy smirks.

"Are you and Michael okay?!" Ranboo yelps, rushing over to the sleeping toddler and looking him over.

"Aye, hands off, he's sleepin'." Tommy shushes him, gently bapping the other's hands away. Which only serves for Ranboo to give Tommy wide eyes and check HIM for injuries. "That wasn't

an invitation-- Ranboo I swear to god--"

Tubbo shoves into view, "Seriously, Tommy, are you alright?"

"Yeah, you guys are so clingy!" He huffs, "I told you the kid was okay."

"We were also worried about YOU ya know."

Tommy blinks, "Why?"

Tubbo shuffles his feet, "Cause, I mean, you said Techno was there for you."

"And you definitely wouldn't let Michael get hurt--"

"So what if-if like you did something to keep him safe!" He blurts, wringing his fingers together.

Tommy's shoulders slump, but he smiles, "I'm okay, Tubbo, Ranboo- I promise."

"I know." Ranboo sighs. He falls into the seat beside Tommy, letting his head lean back and rest against the back of the couch.

"We just worry, big man." Tubbo says a little sheepishly, "You and Michael both. All of us. I don't... want any of you hurt."

"Well, good news Tubbs, I'm a great negotiator and brilliant speaker so, you're welcome."

Tubbo laughs, falling on the other side of Tommy and shuffling Michael so he could still rest against him but keep Michael curled in Tommy's side.

"What movie are we watchin'?" Ranboo asks, peering at the screen.

"Up, obviously."

"After this it's Treasure Planet, yeah?"

"Maybe after Michael goes to bed, lil' man is tired." Tommy admits, "But for the record, I did great the entire time and I should be given the best uncle reward."

Tubbo rolls his eyes and reclines, seemingly content to sit with the others and watch the rest of the movie before taking up the adult responsibility again.

Tommy's eyes drift across to the flowers decorating the corner of the room, Alliums in a beautiful glass vase and well tended to, bright in bloom. He rustles Ranboo's hair to hear the other let out an indignant squeak, just to pull him out of whatever spiral he's falling down when any of them brush with danger.

"I'm not goin' anywhere big man. I've cheated an early end before, I'll do it again." He smirks.

"Yeah, yeah. Well, be prepared to babysit again because we had to cut today short."

"For sure. Michael's a good kid, he'll be my second in command when I rule this world."

"Please don't encourage world domination with our kid--"

"Best uncle, Ranboo, remember that. I'm the best uncle."

"I'll kick you out."

"Not me. I'm the best uncle."

The light bickering continues, the lighthearted tone carrying through it all until the group falls into silence and get invested in the movie. It's not long after it ends that Michael is tucked into his bed and the rest of them all fall into their own respective resting spaces.

Tomorrow, Tommy finds a red and white baseball hat with glitter red paint scrawling out the words, "#1 Uncle" on his sleeping hammock. And no, he definitely doesn't almost cry. But he no longer leaves the house without it.

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