

Families of Blood, Paper, and Heart

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Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Real Person Fiction , Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Character:	TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit's Mother (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit's Father , MOTHER AND FATHER INNIT ARE GOOD PEOPLE IRL THEY ARE JUST GOOD PAWNS FOR ANGST , Wilbur Soot , Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Dave Technoblade , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Sleepy Bois Inc. (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , (ment), Kristen Watson , Mumza , Mumza Ment
Additional Tags:	Wilbur Soot and Technoblade and TommyInnit are Siblings , Sleepy Bois Inc Angst , Sleepy Bois Inc as Family , Angst , Fluff , Fluff and Angst , Hurt/Comfort , Neglect , Child Neglect , Good Parent Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Sleepy Boys are not blood family but they might as well be , Nicknames , Skipping Meals , Panic Attacks , THIS IS ALL FAMILY DYNAMIC , NO DATING HERE , Depression , But only for a bit, its implied to be worse but this fic isnt too bad , Sad TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Sad with a Happy Ending
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Families of Blood, Paper, and Heart

by [losing_my_religion](#)

Summary

“Mom? Dad? I’m home.”

The silence of the house was only broken by his echoing calls for his parents. His parents weren't home, they practically never were. At this rate, Phil was more of a parent to him, despite living a while away.

Tommy groaned, and glanced around the kitchen to see if anyone had left a note saying when they would be back. Finally, he sees one in his father's sharp black scrawl: “We’ll be back in two weeks, there’s money in your account, only call if it’s an emergency.”

Notes

Hey everyone! This is the longest fic I've written to date, so go tell Malachitowykon you love them in the comments. They work so hard as a beta and deserve the world. Secondly, thank you all for all the support on my other fics, I hope some of you like this one too!

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

Chapter 1

Tommy was having a bad day, It wasn't that anything had gone particularly wrong. He had done well on his math test, and even got an A+ on his English essay, but he simply could not shake the overall aura of bad that seemed to radiate off of the world today. His online friends were busy, but he hadn't tripped on the walk home. It seemed like the world was evening out his luck.

With a soft sigh, he began digging through his pockets and backpack for his keys. Thankfully, he remembered that he had put them in the front of his backpack in his last class, and swiftly got himself inside.

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Today was Monday, and the average 16 year old boy, especially gamer, would have been excited to have the house to themselves. No parents to yell when you scream too loud, nobody to tell you when to sleep or when to eat. Yet, for Tommy, this was too normal for it to feel anything but annoying.

Growing up he had learned quickly in school, he was never the best but was never a bad student either. For Tommy however, the lessons he learned at home were much more important. In class he was praised for memorizing digits of pi, at home he was praised for memorizing his father's credit card information. In class, it was penmanship, at home forging his mother's signature. As he grew he found that he was able to sign off on almost anything he needed for school, and was good enough at mimicking his father's voice to call himself out sick if needed. Thomas Simmons had parents by blood and by paper, but never by heart.

Grabbing an orange from the kitchen he made his way upstairs and started his homework. Usually, he'd be the type to procrastinate, but with his parents gone he'd be streaming more, and didn't want to have to end a stream to finish an essay. Hours later he had managed to finish most of the work for this week, thanking whatever deities he can remember that he gets work in weekly packets. Taking a quick glance at the clock told him that it was closer to 7 pm than he had guessed. He

probably should have cooked something for himself while he had the motivation, but now he had a stream to start, so food would have to wait.

Streaming was tiring. Tommy loved his job, and playing games and making videos with a platform this large was a dream come true, it was still tiring though. TommyInnit was loud, cheerful, and *happy*. His persona was meant to be a comfort to others, a light on the darker days. Thomas Simmons was tired, TommyInnit was wired. The duality would give him headaches if he spent too long thinking about it, so he elected to ignore the issue and drown himself in Minecraft.

Wilbur was online, and what better way to drown out his own feelings than annoying talking to the older man. Connecting to the call with an “Oi dickhead!” He quickly found himself distracted by whatever project Will had concocted at three am the night before, and before he knew it, the clock was slowly ticking towards one am. Wilbur caught the clock before he did, and called out to Tommy, reminding him it was a school night.

“Tommy, it's like one am, isn't Motherinnit going to be pissed if you don't sleep soon?”

“I'll have you know that Motherinnit can't hear me right now, but I probably should sleep.” Tommy quipped in response.

He said his goodbyes to his chat, and read out the few remaining donos, finally logging off Twitch for the night just before the hour hand hit one.

Tommy smiled as he logged off, but that quickly turned to a frown as he saw something glinting in the corner of his eye.

His YouTube play buttons. He wasn't allowed to hang them up in his room, his dad once told him he “shouldn't keep trophies for a waste of time,” but he had worked too hard to just toss them out. So they sat in the corner of his room, behind his bed, where nobody could find them.

He sighed and got changed and ready for bed, it's too late now to eat anyway, and there was no point in wasting time being sad. Plus he had just brushed his teeth. He could have a big breakfast tomorrow.

He did not have a big breakfast the next morning. He had woken up on time and gotten himself ready without issue, and thankfully the walk to school was short. So he should have had time for a meal, but waking up that morning Tommy had never had less of an appetite. Deciding that it would

have been a waste to cook food nobody would want, he grabbed a granola bar and his wallet. If he wanted food he could always have a bigger lunch.

Tommy found his morning classes easy, and he breezed through them, chatting with the kids who sat near him, and only being told off for talking once. By the time lunch had rolled around he was confident he had shaken the bad feeling from yesterday. Just as he was getting up to head off campus for lunch, he heard someone calling his name.

“Tommy!”

He whipped his head around to find Owen, a boy in his science class jogging over to him.

“Hey man, I know I don't know you super well but do you think you could help me with last night's science homework?”

Tommy stopped to think for a second, Owen was always chill, no real reason for him to say no.

“Sure man, what's the issue?”

Finding a table in the cafeteria the two teenagers began to work their way through a chemistry assignment, and two headaches over significant figures later they were done. Tommy learned quickly that Owen was a fairly funny kid, and despite living in the same town for most of their lives they had never really spoken. That was mostly Tommy's fault though, it wasn't easy to have friends over when your parents weren't home, so Tommy never really had friends from when he was young. As the two boys spoke Tommy realized that the lunch hour had almost ended, and he began to pack his bag for the next class.

“See ya later man, thanks for the help!” Said Owen as he walked off.

Tommy grabbed his things and quickly headed to his last class of the day, math. Tommy was okay at best in math class, and his teacher had a terrible habit of under-explaining hard concepts and overexplaining the easy ones. Realizing that the bell to start class was about to ring; he pulled out his calculator, pens, paper, and began to will the class to go as fast as humanly possible.

The class was starting Trigonometry today, and Tommy was struggling to keep up with his teacher. However he had managed to get all of his assigned work done, and proceeded to zone out until the

final bell, Tubbo was good at math, Tommy could make him explain it later. For now, all he wanted was to leave the building and start his walk home.

His walk to and from school was short. So why was he feeling so exhausted? He had gone to bed late last night, maybe he should take a nap. He had finished his leftover science homework with Owen today, so he had nothing else important to do.

Shrugging off his backpack he collapsed onto the couch, he should have remembered his uniform, however, he was too tired to care at the moment. Ripping off his tie, he barely took his shoes off before they hit the cushions, he then pulled a blanket over him. He closed his eyes, and seconds later he was asleep.

Tommy awoke to a series of problematic events, each more frustrating than the last. Number one, his phone was blowing up quicker than L'manburg when Wilbur pressed the button. Number two, it was five minutes away from his stream time, and he hadn't gotten anything set up yet. Number three, he was *hungry*, he needed to eat so bad his stomach hurt, but he couldn't eat while gaming, and pushing back the stream would make the fans mad, and *shit* today was a group stream. He was going to be playing with Philza, Wilbur, and Techno. He couldn't disappoint them by asking them to delay. Even if they said they'd be fine with it, he'd already been a disappointment once, he didn't need to do that again.

By the time Tommy had processed all of his thoughts, he realized he had around a minute left to get to his room and get on to Twitch. Sprinting up the stairs in socks may not have been the smartest idea, he has the bruises to prove it, but he lands in his chair just in time to start the stream. Thomas Simmons had left the house, TommyInnit was here.

About a half an hour in, things were starting to go wrong. The usual chaos of the stream had taken over, and the four of them had somehow decided that creating a new Minecraft world, and immediately attempting to fight blazes was a good idea. Phil and Techno were holding their own just fine, despite having stone swords and no armor. Will had taken a few hits and was hanging back, declaring himself moral support, but Tommy felt like he was absolutely abysmal. After dying to a blaze for what felt like the thirtieth time Phil's voice came loudly through his headset.

"Tommy, you ok big man? You're actin' like Techno when he's forgotten to eat in the past week!"

The end of Phil's sentence was shouted, as he had nearly been hit off the edge of the fortress by a blaze.

"Not so smooth now old man!" Will teased back, momentarily distracting Tommy, and the stream

from Phil's question.

"Oh, I'd like to see you try Mr. Moral Support!" Phil called back. Fully taking the conversation away from Tommy's tired nature, but things would only get worse from there.

Tommy felt like a mess, his reaction time was slow, and he kept dying to mobs that normally don't give him much trouble. He was good at this game, it was his job, he had to be. Wilbur and Techno were still taking the piss out of him for dying, and though Phil tried to moderate them, this was their usual dynamic, so nobody was catching just how frustrated Tommy actually was.

Tommy brushed those feelings aside, he could be sad later, right now he had a stream to finish. The rest of the night was just as frustrating, nothing seemed to be lining up in his brain, and even if Will and Techno had laid off on the teasing, each little comment about how he was "just an annoying child" hit a little too close to his empty home.

Tommy knew he could be frustrating, he knew that's why his parents never stuck around for long. He knew that most people hated his stream persona when they first watched, he knew that he was always the annoying kid in class. He was too loud, too vulgar, too awkward, *too much*.

TommyInnit, and by extension Thomas Simmons were simply too much. Too much to love for longer than they were useful, longer than they made you money, fame, or gave you the homework you needed. Nobody wanted him, all they ever did was need him to make others and themselves happy. That was his whole career for fucks sake, he put on a fake smile in hopes that it could comfort someone. Nobody ever came to comfort him with a bright smile, all he got was an empty home and an empty stomach where he couldn't even celebrate all that he'd accomplished.

When Tommy was younger he had wished that he would be the tallest man alive, that he could be the ultimate big man. Now, he wished that he was closer to George in height, he wanted to be small enough to curl into himself and slip away from people's view. He would never be held in the same way he was as a kid, he never fit into someone's arms, he was simply too much for that.

Tommy's thought spiral was only interrupted by Phil's gentle prodding.

"Tommy. Tommy? Mate? Did your headset break? Can you hear us?"

Tommy thankfully snapped back into reality for the last question, which also gave him a convenient lie as to why he had spent so long quiet.

“Ah yeah, sorry chat, sorry guys, my entire PC decided that now was an appropriate time to break. I was talking but I was hearing nothing but my own voice echo, then everything froze.”

Tommy continued “I don't know what happened but it seems fixed now”

Wilbur laughed, “ShutdownInnit should be your new nickname.”

Techno’s “Heh?” rang through the call, making the three of them laugh even harder.

“Well anyway chat, it’s been a few hours, and I think it’s time to log off for the night. Thank you for joining me today Techno, Wilby, and Mr. Minecraft himself. I’ll see everyone in the next stream!!”

Tommy hears the discord notification sound before he sees it, then turns his head to read: “Hey Tommy, stay on for a minute once the stream goes dark alright?” It’s from Phil, he can see the pop-up from his two “brothers” but ignores them for putting his head on his desk.

“Alright, the stream is off, what's up?”

Tommy cringes when he hears how clipped and monotone he sounds, he could have been mistaken for a Techno impersonator.

Phil notices his tone too and shelves his first question for one that seems more pressing.

“Tommy, are you doing alright mate? You seemed a little off on stream, you don't usually zone out like that.”

“I'm doing great big man, no need to worry.”

“Excuse me, that's big men to you,” Techno interjects “there's three of us here.”

Tommy wants to scream, he loves Phil, but he tends to look for the brighter side in everything, which means Tommy can usually get one over on him. Techno is about as dense as a rock, but having Wilbur there is going to be a problem. Wilbur, despite not being the best gamer, was basically a human lie detector. He was the most likely of the three of them to pick up that something was actually wrong with Tommy.

Part of Tommy was yelling now, part of him ached to tell the three older men what was going on. How his parents were gone, have been gone, how he hasn't eaten in days, how he's exhausted, he doesn't have the energy to be happy anymore, and he just wants someone to hug him and tell him that it's all going to be okay.

The other part of Tommy, the more rational part of Tommy, knows that that's all just fantasy. There's no coming home to warm smiles and home-cooked meals for him, there hasn't been since he was old enough to get himself to school. Nobody was there to pick him up when he fell, hell he hadn't seen the doctor since his family was home with him. Eating three meals a day was a luxury at this point, even if he had the money to do so. Thomas Simmons could get kidnapped and it would take days to notice that he was gone. His bones didn't matter, his teeth didn't matter, his organs didn't matter.

Tommy didn't matter.

TommyInnit did, and all *TommyInnit* ever did was annoy people into tolerating him. He didn't need to bother anyone, he didn't need to annoy anyone else, that's how he lost his parents. He refused to lose his second "family" to his own stupidity too. He was a worthless annoying child, a failure of a son, and a waste of everyone's fucking time. Really, his parents wouldn't care if they came home to an empty house, it's not like he cared either.

It was then that he realized that he was speaking out loud.

"I-, Tommy," Tommy could see the pain and fear and sadness on Phil's face.

"*Look at the pain you've caused*" chanted the voices in his head. This is why Tommy never told anyone what he was thinking. He began to pull his arm off of his desk.

"Oh. Oh Tommy," was all Tommy could process before the voices in his head became too much. Wilbur had tears streaming down his face, the lighting set-up making them glow like stars.

“You hurt him, he’ll leave you too.” Screamed the voices. His hand drifted closer to his keyboard.

If it weren't for the situation, Tommy would have thought there was a glitch in the universe's code.

“Tommy, oh god Tommy” Technoblade’s voice shook, his camera wasn't on, but the agony in his tone cut through Tommy quicker than a diamond sword.

“You broke him, he’ll never want to see you again.” The voices were overwhelming now, he couldn't even hear himself breathe.

“Nobody ever will.”

His hand reached his mouse, and he ended the call.

It was all too much, his chest hurt, and no matter how much he tried to breathe it felt as if there was no air left in the world for his lungs. There were tears dripping down his face, they stung, and the salty taste somehow burnt his mouth. There was snot pouring out of his nose, he had never felt like more of a failure.

Stupid Tommy, he could never keep his mouth shut. None of this ever would have happened if Tommy had just learned the meaning of shut up when his mother screamed it at him. His whole life the universe had begged him to be quiet, and the one time he wants to listen all he can do is scream.

He was so cold, he couldn't move himself to get a blanket, he felt dizzy. He was shivering now, how pathetic. All he wanted to do was rest, but it felt as if he had stepped into the antarctic, the irony wasn't lost on him either. Tommy, the fiery red, bright, cheerful, youngest “brother,” was reduced to a shaking cold mess on the floor of his room, with nobody to help him.

Tommy opened his phone, thanking his parents' absence for at least this level of forethought, and sent the only email in his drafts folder.

An email to the school attendance office saying that he would be absent from school tomorrow because of an unspecified family emergency. Once he got the “sent” notification, he closed his eyes, and collapsed, shaking, to the floor of his bedroom. Barely caring if he woke up.

On second thought, Tommy did not like being woken up. His neck and back hurt from sleeping on the floor. There were two more people in his room than ever before, and they were speaking just loud enough for him to hear”

“What are we going to do Phil? I’ve never seen him like this before.”

“We take care of him, Will. I didn’t drive all the way down here to leave him alone in this house again.”

There was a third voice too, but it was tinny as if someone was speaking through a phone. “I’m just glad the kid’s okay, I stayed up all night freakin’ out about him, if I wasn’t so broke I would have bought a plane ticket.”

“Techno you would have stayed up all night anyway,” said the second voice.

“Well this time I stayed up from *worry*, ” said the third voice.

That's when Tommy realized a few things. First off, he was wrapped in a blanket, and definitely somewhere softer than his floor. He thinks it’s his bed. Secondly, he knew those voices, those were...

“Wilbur! Phil!” He said excitedly, he was so happy to see them, he almost forgot why they were here in the first place.

It was only then the exhaustion hit him, and if it wasn't for Wilbur’s long arms and Phil’s quick reflexes he would have made his second trip to the floor.

Before he could process that the two were really there, steadying him, he was being pulled into a tight hug by Phil.

In another universe Tommy would have cried, he would have broken down into tears and fell apart at the simple gesture, though this universe was a little different.

He hugged Phill back tightly, and then steadied himself to stand on his own.

“As much as I’m happy to see you two, can I go brush my teeth?”

Something between a groan and a laugh spills out of the phone, and he hears a third voice, which he now knows is Techno, say:

“Phil let him go, otherwise he’ll stink up the whole room.”

“Tommy, did you call yourself out from class mate? If you did you might as well shower too, we can talk when you're done.”

Tommy could see the slight anxiety in Wilbur's face at the thought of leaving him alone for so long.

“I emailed attendance last night, and I’ll leave the door open so you can hear me.” The creases on Will’s forehead faded slightly as Tommy said that, he was glad he could at least relieve them of some stress.

It was his fault they were so stressed in the first place, and holy shit Phil drove for hours to get to him. Did he even sleep? How much gas did he waste? Can Tommy pay him back?

As Tommy’s thoughts began to get louder, he began to walk towards the shower, quickly grabbing clothes and a towel. His phone was somewhere in his room, but he couldn't be bothered to check for it. His shoulders ached, whether the weight of the world or from sleeping on the floor he was unsure, he just hoped the steam would alleviate some of the tension.

The water was hot. Hotter than he’d usually keep it, but Tommy wished the scalding water would wash away last night. He’d broken his cardinal rule, he’d bothered someone so badly they had to come get him. Oddly enough the voices in his head had quieted themselves. He took his shower in peace and stepped out feeling weary, but ready to face whatever comes next, even if it meant losing the only “family” that cared.

Tommy remembered to brush his teeth before he left the bathroom, and was towel drying his hair while walking out of the room when he remembered. There were people in his home, he needed to put a shirt on. Quickly rushing back, he dressed himself before he was spotted. Then walked out of

the bathroom to face Will, Phil, and Techno, in the kitchen, even if the third was over the phone.

“Hey Will...” The words spilled sheepishly out of his mouth. He had never meant to scare the older man, and seeing him cry last night almost broke him in two.

“Tommy!” Before Tommy could even respond to the man, he was wrapped in a spine crushing hug. He had forgotten how nice it was to hug someone when they were taller than you, being 6’3 with no adults around didn’t give him many options.

He let himself sink into Wilburs embrace, and tried to push away the thought that this might be the last time he ever felt it.

For a minute the kitchen was silent, but for once Tommy was okay with that. This wasn't the silence of an empty home and a broken son. This was simply warm, it was everything Tommy needed.

It was Phil, the actual adult in the room, who spoke first.

“Tommy, as much as I have 10,000 questions for you, I have to ask this one first.” Phil paused, he looked hesitant to ask whatever was coming next.

“Did you plan to kill yourself last night?”

“No,” Tommy answered quickly and clearly, despite it all, he never wanted to die.

The sigh the two let out was visible, and most of the tension had faded from Phil’s body.

From the phone, he could hear Techno say “ one down, nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine to go.”

Their shared laughter killed off the rest of the tension, and before the rest of the questions, Tommy took the silence as a chance to speak.

“It's okay if you want to leave, you know? I was a mess last night, but I don't want to bother you any more than I already have.”

Based on the look on Wilbur and Phil's faces this was the wrong thing to say.

“Tommy, no. You're not a bother to us, and we're already here, why would we leave?”

Phil adds on to Will's statement with a more lighthearted response, “Plus I already started cooking,” Tommy quietly laughs at the way Phil says cooking “why would we leave before that?”

“In all seriousness,” Phill adds “Tommy we care about you, and if midnight drives are what it takes to show that, then I would make that drive every night.”

“Phil but what about gas money? My parents don't make me pay the bills,” Tommy lets his voice quiet for the next part of his sentence, “they aren't that heartless.”

Phil shushes the next few words from Tommy's mouth with just a look, and he can hear Techno say the next bit over the speakers.

“You think the kid will pay for my plane ticket?”

“Techno, *no*, ” Says Wilbur, “Tommy doesn't need to worry about anyone's money besides his own, Phill is an adult and can handle paying for gas.”

“What Will said is right mate, you don't need to worry about money. Where do you keep the plates?”

Tommy had almost forgotten that Phill was cooking, his senses felt dull, and the smell of the eggs hadn't hit him until right then.

“Top right cabinet, let me help” Tommy slid off his chair and towards the right of the kitchen. Phil tried to explain that he didn't need it, but the cabinet was hard to reach for Tommy, it was definitely too tall for the eldest between them.

“Techno I’d offer a plate but it's close to midnight there, yeah?” Said Phil, “Although if you haven't eaten yet today you should do that now.”

Tommy can hear what sounds like walking, and then the hum of a microwave through the phone as he passes Phil three plates. Phill serves them the food as Techno sits back down in front of his mic, ready to eat whatever he had heated up.

Will opens his mouth to start asking Tommy about school, trying to ease Tommy into the topic, and maybe it's the late hour or the American’s blunt nature, but Techno speaks up and cuts Will off immediately.

“Why aren't your parents home Tommy?” Techo’s monotone leaves no room for argument.

Phil tries to jump to Tommy’s defense, “Give him time Tech.” but Tommy steps in to answer anyway. Swallowing another bite of eggs before opening his mouth to speak.

“They're not usually home, they were back for about a day to leave a note and take whatever they needed. I can usually plan on not seeing them for months after that, they call when the time on the note ends and tell me something is ‘delayed’ which means they'll be home at some point in the future. I never know when though.”

“Tommy, that’s illegal,” says Techno, who then pauses and adds on, “at least in the States it is.”

The tension in Phil’s shoulders has returned, he is holding a hard and cold stare at the note on the counter, but Techno’s unspoken question snaps him out of it.

“It's illegal here too, Tommy’s still a minor, and even if he wasn’t, just because it’s legal doesn’t make it *right*.” Phil’s last few words came out as a growl, the boys had never seen him this angry.

Tommy has never thought of Phil as a particularly scary person, but the way those words came out of his mouth was enough to have Tommy’s tail between his legs. He knew Phil wasn't angry at him, but he couldn’t help the voice in his head that was warning him to brace for impact.

“Phil, please calm down,” said Wilbur.

Speaking up for the first time in a few moments. He was making eye lines between Tommy and Phil's angered state, willing the eldest to understand.

Techno, mostly unaware of the tensions rising in the room, continued with his questions.

"Tommy, when they were home, were they good to you? Did they feed you, keep you safe, or did they do something worse than that?"

It was unlike Techno to mince his words like that, but Tommy got the point and answered honestly.

"They were never really home enough for me to have an answer, sometimes my mom would yell, and sure my dad hit me once, when I interrupted a phone call, but..." he trails off, not knowing what else to say when he hears a sigh escape Phil's mouth.

"Just because it was only once doesn't mean it wasn't bad Toms" Will's nickname for him brings him some comfort, he knew talking about this should be harder, but this was his family in everything but blood. Talking to them always came easy, even when things got hard.

Tommy takes the silent second to shovel another bite, albeit a large one, of eggs into his mouth. Serious conversations are difficult and tiring. Despite the circumstances of their arrival he had two of his favorite people around now, he wanted to be awake for most of it.

"Tommy, you're 16 yeah?" Says Phil, who seems to be brewing an idea.

"Yeah, but my 17th birthday is in..." Tommy pauses to think, and pulls out his phone to check the date, "ten days." The next words out of Tommy's mouth surprise him even more than they surprise the three others.

"They wouldn't have even made it home."

It's something about that thought that breaks him. He had spent so long apathetic to his situation, only caring that the bills were paid, he kept his grades up, and that he could keep streaming. Yet the thought that his parents, his family, wouldn't have come back for his birthday sends him to

tears faster than he can blink.

Seventeen is when you learn to drive, it's when you stop being a child and start facing the world. Tommy never had anybody to celebrate his birthday with when he was small, but part of him had naively hoped that they would make it back for this one.

He's crying now, sobbing might be the more accurate term. He picks himself up to go grab a tissue for his nose, when a box is pressed into his hands, and there's an arm around his shoulder and a voice telling him it would all be okay. He was warm, and there were hands guiding him to the couch. The sobs were racking his body now, he was sure he looked like a mess, but finally getting his emotions out was too cathartic.

As another sob shook his body, he curled his knees in on himself, he wanted to be small again. He wanted someone there to wrap a blanket around him, and- oh wait there is. He's still shaking too bad to truly tell, and the panic has his ears ringing, but someone throws a blanket over his curled up body. They're telling him it's okay to feel this way, he's not an annoyance, he's allowed to be upset, and for once he listens, and he mourns.

He mourns for the 7 year old with a burnt hand, too short to reach the stove, but shaking with hunger.

He mourns for the 10 year old whose parents never made it to family day.

For the 12 year old who never had anyone to give him the talk, who learned through google and health class.

For the little boy who hasn't felt his mom hug him since he was old enough to remember, for the boy who was so sad and attention starved he started streaming, for all the little things a parent was supposed to do that he never had. For all the successes he could have shared with them, the good grades, the followers, the money. He realizes that he'll never have anyone to see him graduate from secondary school, college, or university. That he won't have a section for his side of the family when he gets married. He realizes curled up on the couch with a blanket over him that his parents have ripped a hole into his lifetime, and he is unsure if he can patch it.

He cries even harder after that.

The voices get a little softer, and someone is hugging him outside the blanket. There's a hand in his

hair, and he can hear what sounds like a phone conversation from a room away.

The ringing in his ears had died down now, he can recognize that it was Wilbur who was comforting him, though he was too embarrassed of his current state to look up and check for sure. Techno's monotone is still playing through Will's phone speaker, telling easy jokes and pushing an air of calm from 5,000 miles away. He can hear Phil in the other room, he sounds, aggravated with whoever he's speaking to. Tommy can tell Phil isn't mad at him, and decides that that's the win for right now, and focuses back on calming himself down.

By the time Tommy feels like the air is back in his lungs, Phil had not stopped sounding angry. Despite his stream persona Phil ran cold when he was genuinely angry, and his tone was nothing but ice.

"He's your son," then an inaudible sentence from the other end.

"Well if you refuse to treat him as such, I will treat him as mine."

"Yes, my email is PhilWatson@gmail.com. You've sent it already? Makes sense for a man like you to have those on file."

Only hearing one sentence was disorienting for Tommy, but Wilbur seemed to understand the situation, and asked Tommy if he had a printer, yes he did, and where he kept his pens, on his desk.

Before standing, Will asked Tommy if he was okay staying on the couch alone for a moment.

"Yeah, I'll be fine Will, I can just talk with Techno. What's going on?"

"I'll show you in a few minutes, just stay there for a second!" With that Wilbur is off through the house.

"So Mr. Blade, do you want to help me look for my phone?" Tommy wasn't quite to his usual cheer, but he was slowly starting to feel better.

“Tommy it is like I am for me, and I am 5000 miles away, I would love to help you” Techno’s usual monotone filled the room. Many would find his voice combined with a sentence like that a bit rude, or hard to discern, but Tommy got the message. “I’m tired, I can’t see shit, please don’t make me think right now.”

“Well, sucks to suck Mr. Blade, you’re on the phone, and I can move you!”

Tommy then remembers what Will had said and called out into the house.

“I’m going to my room for a minute, I won’t die!”

“Jesus child, yell a little quieter.”

“Well, then I wouldn’t be yelling Techno.”

“Ugh whatever, let’s go find your stupid phone.”

With Techno’s acquiescence, Tommy climbs the stairs to his room and starts looking around his desk. Eventually, he remembers that he fell to the floor the night before, and drops to his knees to look under his desk. Techno eventually calls out from Will’s phone again saying.

“Don’t hit your head, you’re too dehydrated to cry again.”

“Oh fuck off, I’m a big man, I can take care of myself.”

A gentle thunk and then an “ow!” rings through the call around a second later.

Tommy can hear Technoblade laughing, but at least he’s found his phone now. Checking his email he sees that he’s been excused from classes and that he hadn’t missed any tests or other important work. The next thing he does is send a text to Tubbo, he misses his best friend. Tubbo’s incredibly funny, intentionally or not, and Tommy misses the smiles they share.

Tommy spends a minute checking his social media, it’s the usual mess of fans, other content

creators, and everything else in between. Apparently, that minute is longer than he thought, as when Tommy zones back in, he hears Techno frustratedly mumbling.

“I swear to god if this kid doesn't respond soon I'm going to spam Phil to come get him.”

“I'm here Tech, sorry, got distracted by Twitter.”

“Jesus kid you're worse than me, Phil's been textin' in the discord, he wants you to go downstairs.”

Will's phone can most likely pick up the shuffling noise from Tommy rising to his feet, and before Tommy can open the door, Techno speaks up again.

“Hey, Tommy, I'm goin' to have to go soon, but listen to me for a second alright? I may take the piss out of you, or joke that you're annoying,” Tommy can almost hear a break in Techno's monotone when he continues speaking, “but know you are loved Tommy, I would have hopped on a twelve hour flight for you, and I know that there's so many people who would do the same.”

There are tears in Tommy's eyes for a second, everything is making him cry today, but he almost doesn't care about it. Just as the tears threaten to spill over again, another comment from Techno comes through the phone.

“Okay, that's my sappy-ness quota filled for the night, do not expect any more emotional maturity from me until I wake up next, good night.”

“Goodnight Mr. Blade!” Calls Tommy, knowing that the nickname only slightly irritates the American.

With a sigh, Techno replies “Later Tommy.” and the call disconnects.

Tommy realizes then that he probably should head downstairs now, Phil's been trying to get him for a few minutes. Grabbing both his and Wilbur's phone he walks down, to see that Phil is signing some sort of paperwork, and Will is washing dishes.

“Hey, Techno went to bed, but he said you needed me?”

“Hey mate,” started Phil, “I called your father.”

That sentence alone is enough to start Tommy shaking again. His father hated being called while away, he was only supposed to call for an emergency.

“He said some things Tommy, things a parent should never say about their child. So I asked a few questions, and he sent me an email, but before I finish this, I need you to know what's going on.”

“What did he say?”

“Tommy you don't want to know,” says Will, “trust me.”

“He’s my father, I don’t care if it kills me from the inside out, I want to know.”

“Tommy, please, there's no reason for you to hear it.” Phil is pleading now, an argument is the last thing he wants to happen.

“I’m not going to do anything else until you tell me.” Tommy knew it was childish, but it would drive him crazy not to know, he also knew that he was stubborn, almost pointlessly so. Wilbur and Phil knew this too, in Minecraft he would build towers of cobble and refuse to come down until he felt like it. Tommy was like a cat who had found a new favorite napping spot, you would have to move him if you wanted him in a different place.

They stayed locked in a staring match for another three seconds, before Phil looked away, and closed his eyes.

“I’ll tell you, Tommy, I just wish I didn't have to, just let me explain why I called him first.”

“He’s an adult, he should have been taking care of you, and he doesn’t deserve to get away with any of this. So I called him to tell him that someone knew what he was doing. He picked up the phone and asked who I was, so I explained as much as I could. He seemed indifferent to it all.”

Phil takes a second to breathe before starting up again.

“He said to me that, ‘He had never had a son, just a waste of time that he legally had to feed.’”

Phil looks up to meet Tommy’s eyes now.

“Mate I lost it. At first, I was just going to try to make him aware that we knew but after that? There was no way that man was coming back just to hurt you worse. So I asked his permission for a few things.”

Tommy cuts Phil off momentarily, “Wait, what about my mom?”

“She was there to mate, I’m sorry.”

Tommy takes a breath, and replies, “No, don’t be sorry, it makes sense.”

“She was quiet until the end of the call, she said that she would do whatever your father would.”

“Which was...” Tommy trailed off.

He felt awkward and a little exposed, everyone else in the room was aware of something that involved him, but nobody had caught him up.

Phil takes a deep breath, and looks Tommy in the eyes.

“I asked for your temporary guardianship, he had the papers signed and ready in his inbox. So I asked him to send them to me, hung up the phone, and held back from calling again to curse him out. Then I called Kristen.”

Tommy feels like the entire world has shifted off its axis.

He's so used to being alone, and now he won't be? Everything is moving too quickly. He woke up to the three of them arguing at 7:30 am, and now it's 9 am, and Phil is basically adopting him? It's not as if he doesn't want this, he knows it's better and safer to sign the papers, but this is his home. Sure, it's cold, and empty, and usually only filled by him, but it's still home. He hasn't left his home town in a while, and even if he doesn't have friends here, at least people know who he is.

Can he even do this? He knows it's legal, the paperwork on the table looks perfectly official, and Phil is clearly willing to take care of him. It just feels so wrong to ask him for so much, his birthday was in ten days anyway, he'd be an adult by then. So Phil didn't really need to do this, then it hit him.

Phil didn't need to do this, he wanted to.

And oh, how that thought aches.

Somebody chose Tommy, not just TommyInnit, not just Thomas Simmons, somebody chose all of Tommy, the loud, messy, funny, cheerful, Tommy.

Phil chose Tommy, despite it all.

So he takes a deep breath in, holds it for three seconds, and sends it out. Before he can say anything more to Phil, he has one more question.

“What did Kristen say?”

A small smile appears on Phil's face, before I could even get a word out to greet her she said, “I cleaned out the guest room, with the way you left there was no way you weren't bringing one of your boys home.”

That got a smile from Tommy and a chuckle from Will.

“Okay then,” said Tommy, “I'll sign the papers.”

“Well then brother dearest, let us pack you a bag.” Said Will, not even letting Tommy walk to the kitchen table.

“Well let me sign the damn thing bitch!” There was the Tommy they knew and loved, somehow making a swear word into a term of endearment.

Phill tossed him a pen, and once the ink dried, everything was complete.

“Phill I am going to find a way to pack Tommy’s entire PC, nobody can stop me.”

There’s a mix of mirth and frustration on Phil’s face upon hearing that, but he knows it would probably make Tommy happy to have it, and it would mean one less trip back. So he relents to Wilbur’s whims on one condition.

“If you break anything, you’re paying for it.” Phil says with the authority he now legally possesses.

Wilbur may not have been family by blood or paper, but he was family by heart, and that was enough for Tommy.

As the two sat in Tommy’s room, they began to talk, not about the big things, just about the unfortunate shade of an old sweatshirt, or laughing at a dumb joke. Tommy has his hands busy folding and packing clothes into a bag, and Wilbur is arms deep into the youngest’s PC when he finally begins to get serious.

“You scared me last night, I thought that I was going to make it here to see you-.” Wilbur cut himself off before he could finish, Tommy could hear the wobble in the other’s voice, and in an attempt to cheer him up let the first thought on his mind spill out.

“Hey, no crying into my PC, bitch,”

“Well, excuse me, Mr. Innit, *I* was trying to show emotions for once.” Wilbur’s voice came out like something between a laugh and a sob. Tommy was doing his best to hold the laughter in, but Wilbur had swatted him on the shoulder, and the game began.

“Wilbur Soot slapped a minor, I’m getting you canceled on Twitter!” With that Tommy was moving, diving to tackle Wilbur, and trying to avoid kicking his desk.

“Jesus you child, I swear I’m going to-” Wilbur was cut off again, although this time it was because a 6’3 blonde child had managed to push him to the floor.

“Tommy I will tickle you, and you will hate it.”

“I’m not scared of being *tickled*. ”

Tommy would regret that statement in less than a second, and if Phil could hear the two of them shrieking like banshees he simply put his headphones back over his ears. Tommy deserved to laugh today, even if it made them a little late getting home.

Eventually, the two of them got tired of their childish antics, and went back to the tasks at hand. Tommy had a fairly simple wardrobe, and finished packing to go and help Wilbur.

“Hey Tommy,” started Wilbur, taking a deep breath, “I know this seems a little out of nowhere, but I need you to promise me something, yeah?”

“Uhh, okay?”

“Promise me that you’ll remember that I’ll be here for you. All I can think about is all the times I’ve called you annoying or stupid, and god Tommy, I’m sorry. I just want you to know I care, alright?”

Tommy had promised himself that he wasn’t going to cry again today, so he nodded his head, then tilted up towards the ceiling so the tears wouldn’t fall.

“It was always different coming from you, well you, Techno, and Philza, but anyways, I knew you guys never meant it like that. You three have done so much for me, so please stop feeling bad.”

The hug Tommy got after that statement should have been enough to cleanse his soul. Phil may

have been the most approachable, but out of the entire Sleepy Bois Inc, Wilbur definitely gave the best hugs.

After that, pulling the PC apart, and painstakingly packing it all away so it wouldn't break seemed to go much faster. By noon they had finished loading everything into Phil's car, and Tommy realized he would have to say goodbye.

Leaning over to his "brother" again he reached in for a quick hug.

"I'm only one call away Toms, nothing to worry about."

Wilbur always had a knack for finding the right words when he needed it the most, and it seemed like this was no exception.

The brunette then pulled out the keys to the car, passed something to Phil, waved goodbye and began his drive home. They would all pretend they couldn't see the tears dripping down his chin as he drove away. This was supposed to be a happy memory.

Phill turned to look at the young boy, no, the young man next to him. He was his son now, and he would do everything in his power to make up for all his lost time.

"So, will you need help hanging up those play buttons in your room?"

"I don't want to waste your time more than I already have..." Tommy trailed off.

"Are ya kiddin' mate?" Phil's accent was getting thicker as he spoke, "You got those for a reason, it would be my honor to help the great TommyInnit hang his play buttons."

With an offer like that, who would refuse? A smile began to dance across Tommy's top lip, and he opened his mouth to reply to the older man.

"Well then, I'll say having your help would be time well spent."

UPDATE

Chapter Notes

Sequel pog and also some updates!

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

Hello everyone!

This is just a boring update chapter to let all of you know the sequel to this fic is out! You can find it by clicking the "next work" button, (thank god for the AO3 series feature) or on my page under the title "First is the Worst."

Thank you guys again for all the amazing support this fic has gotten, it has genuinely awed me and really been a light through some dark times.

Your comments and kudos mean more than you know and seeing the hit count rise has literally made my day. This was the longest piece of fiction I had written, and it has only been surpassed by my WIP document, every ounce of love you all have shown allowed me to reignite my passion for writing.

This fic was my baby, I wrote it over the span of about four days and poured every ounce of my soul into each word.

For those of you who have read the sequel, and are wondering if there is more for this AU, you're in luck! I have been (slowly) working on the third part of this storyline. I'm hesitant to give a release date for fear that I would have to push it back. All I can say for now is that progress is being made. I guess you could say I'm working on some kind of unified theory for it all. I hope the things I may post in the meantime can fill the void.

I wish I had a better way to express just how positive your impact on me as a human is, I just doubt I am good enough with words to do so.

As an aside would anyone be interested in a discord server for this fic? Let me know in the comments!

For now, stay safe, wear a mask, drink water, take your meds if you need to, and try your best to sleep!

Chapter End Notes

Just some updates. If you wanted a hint towards what's coming next, it's in here somewhere ;).

End Notes

Thank you for reading! Comments and Kudos feed my soul so let's hope I don't starve (like Tommy).

Anyway, come yell at me on Twitter @s0upsp00ns

Update: 1/27/21 Holy shit you guys, the amount of love this fic has received is overwhelming. I was never the most confident in my writing, but seeing all the positive comments, and hitting 1,000 kudos (a number I still can't comprehend) is just amazing. Thank you all so much, it truly means a lot. For those of you interested in a sequel, I can promise that the document is open, and I look forward to hearing what you all think when you see it.

Update 2/2/21: Hey everyone! The sequel to this fic is posted under the name "First is the Worst." I'm not sure if it's what anyone expected, but I hope you enjoy!

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