

Four Times Wilbur Was There for Fundy and One Time He Wasn't

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Four Times Wilbur Was There for Fundy and One Time He Wasn't

by [LiftDome](#)

Summary

Times Wilbur has been there for Fundy throughout his life, plus one time Fundy can't rely on Wilbur

(features Wilbur meeting baby Fundy, Fundy's first death, Fundy has a nightmare, the final control room, and Fundy learning about Wilbur's revival)

Notes

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

1.

Wilbur startled at the silver eyes looking up at him from the lake, eyes he'd long since accepted that he would never see again.

“Sally,” he said breathlessly. She gave him a sad smile, and slowly pulled herself out of the water, scales still dazzling her human form.

Wilbur's mind felt like it was stuck on the one thought of *Sally was actually here*. Although he

knew salmon would migrate, it had still hit him hard when she left without a word. And here she was, an entire year later.

“How are you here? What’s been happening?” Wilbur asked incredulously. Sally made to talk, but swayed slightly, and shoved something that Wilbur somehow hadn’t noticed she’d been holding at his chest. Wilbur scrambled to grab hold of it while reaching out to steady her, feeling the familiar slight webbing between her fingers.

“He’s yours. Fundy. I returned to freshwater a few days ago.” She laughed slightly, which Wilbur couldn’t reciprocate, shocked by how suddenly everything was happening.

He looked down at the sleeping baby in his arms. Although young, he had a good amount of thick, bright orange hair that spilled into fur on the sides of his face. The hair covered where his ears would normally be, and instead proportionately large fox ears were on the top of his head. Tiny whiskers protruded from his cheeks.

“Wilbur, I don’t have much time,” Sally said, her voice weak.

Wilbur dragged his eyes up, away from the baby. “What do you mean?”

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you. I just wasn’t willing to leave the sea yet, even when I knew he was coming, and so I meant to tell you, and I wanted to be there-”

“What are you talking about?” Wilbur said, quiet and intense. “What’s happening?”

“The life cycle, Will.” A tear slipped out, but she tried to smile at Wilbur, before also reaching out to stroke Fundy’s head.

“No, I thought you would have more time, I thought *we* would have more time-”

Sally pulled Wilbur into a hug, just as much for her own benefit as his. Wilbur stopped talking, and held onto her, tight. “There’s nothing to be done?”

She shook her head against his chest, and Wilbur just closed his eyes, gripping onto her tighter. They sat there, Wilbur listening to her breath until she finally took her last breath, and her body dissolved.

“Sally?” He asked, afraid, but already knowing the answer. He began to cry, nearly forgetting about the baby he was holding until Fundy started wailing.

Wilbur looked down, unsure of what to do. The shock of seeing Sally, and Sally’s death, parted enough for Wilbur to process what this whole thing meant. He was expected to be a *dad*. His arm still supported Fundy, but he made no motion to move further. He wasn’t ready for this! He was too young, too inexperienced, and certainly not capable of raising a child alone. As Fundy’s cries got louder, Wilbur’s panic grew, along with his own tears.

Fundy squirmed and nearly escaped Wilbur’s grasp, pulling Wilbur back to reality. He took a shuddering breath, and cradled him close and took a chance to study Fundy. Dark eyes that looked like his own stared up at him in distress. In a low voice, Wilbur spoke reassurances, and rocked him slightly, drawing on his limited knowledge of children.

“I guess...I guess we’re gonna be a team now, Fundy. But it’s okay, I’m going to try my best, and you can count on me, I hope.”

Slowly, Fundy seemed to quiet down. Wilbur gave him a hesitant smile, which expanded when

Fundy smiled back, the first feelings of real affection for his son being realized since this whole affair began.

Wilbur kissed his son on the forehead, and stood up to bring him to his house. *Yes, I'll be there for you, Fundy.*

2.

Wilbur sat outside the caravan, reading, and enjoying the sunshine coupled with the nice breeze. Fundy, twelve now, was sitting with chalk around the side of the caravan, drawing a picture of a fox. Wilbur paused and smiled slightly, making out the sounds of Fundy maintaining a conversation with whatever animal must have wandered near him.

Fundy, meanwhile, was enjoying using his chalk on the concrete. He had found a butterfly making its way onto his arm, so he was talking it through his drawing process.

Eventually the butterfly began to fly away, closer towards the woods. Fundy dropped his chalk, following after it. He'd never been very far from his house without his dad, but he wasn't worried, just focused on keeping up with the butterfly who was quickly getting out of his line of sight. He began to run, soon well-into the woods, and thoroughly turned around. Very little light filtered in through the trees, creating small patches of sunlight on the unfamiliar grass. Running past one boulder cast in shadow, Fundy stopped at the sound of a hiss. Crouching down slightly, he looked further into the crevice he'd come across.

"Hello?" He whispered, leaning his hand against the stone as he took another step in.

Another hiss came, much closer, and Fundy looked up to see two massive fangs underneath eight glowing red eyes not two inches away from him.

"Help! Help! Dad!" Fundy yelled out, feet catching up to his brain as he spun around on his heel, stumbling over his own feet slightly.

Unfortunately, the uncoordinated fox was easily overtaken by the spider, who, now agitated, stamped a giant leg against his stomach, pinning Fundy down on the ground. Fundy tried to call out again, but made little sound as he struggled to take in a breath against the weight on his stomach. Raw panic gripped him when the spider's head dipped, and he screamed when the fangs punctured through his arm, feeling the venom quickly rush through his body.

Something pushed the spider off of him, and Fundy could barely register the sound of it dying beside him before his father's face was in front of him. Wilbur took his hand as Fundy yelled.

"Fundy, Fundy, it's okay. You're okay." Wilbur said, stroking back the fur on his face.

"It burns so bad," he said breathlessly, squeezing his eyes shut.

"I know, don't worry, it will be over soon." Wilbur paused his ministrations, eyes looking at him sadly. "You might find yourself somewhere new, Fundy. It might be confusing, but I'll be with you until you go, and as soon as you get back, okay?"

Fundy nodded quickly, trying to breath as he started to shiver. He could feel his muscles cramping up. As he convulsed once, his vision blurred and he yelled again, "Dad!"

Wilbur continued comforting him. Slowly, his squirming slowed until he stilled completely, no

longer breathing, and finally disappeared. At this, Wilbur allowed himself to let out a sob, the dead stare of his son seared into his brain. Of course, Fundy would respawn. But it shouldn't have had to happen, especially not so violently. He'd never died before, and Wilbur knew if he had been paying more attention, this could have been avoided.

Eventually Wilbur went back to the van, abandoning the few items Fundy had left behind. He entered Fundy's room, ensuring the bed was made and ready for when Fundy appeared.

Perched at the side of Fundy's bed, Wilbur berated himself in his head. The whole situation was utterly avoidable, if he had just checked on Fundy once he stopped hearing his voice, or been clearer in his directions, or *anything*.

The minutes dragged on. Realistically, he knew it was perfectly normal for respawn to take even over a day, but it was pushing two hours and Wilbur was pulling his hair out. He just had to see Fundy, reassure himself, and maybe even slightly mitigate the guilt he was being crushed by at the thought of Fundy's last moments.

Wilbur had his stare fixed at the bed, trying to will his son to emerge, when Fundy finally appeared in the bed, a soundless arrival until he opened his eyes and gasped, pressing his arm to his stomach.

"AAH! Help!" Fundy's arms flailed out, nearly knocking Wilbur in the jaw. Wilbur reached out, carefully hugging Fundy while restraining his arms. Fundy felt a little feverish, but was obviously much better than just a few hours previous.

"It's all right, it's all right," he said, rocking him slightly. Fundy looked up and recognized Wilbur, eventually quieting down and reciprocating the hug tightly.

"I don't know where I was, it was...empty, and I felt like I was spinning, but not real" He said, his voice trembling slightly.

Wilbur held him tighter. "Don't worry, I've got you now, you're totally safe. I've got you."

3.

Fundy squeezed his eyes shut, before cautiously opening them again. Still, there was nothing but jungle surrounding him.

He took a step forward, towards a particularly tall tree. He was awake, but it felt like he was still asleep. A book lay on the ground, and he picked it up, feeling the worn cover fold easily. The first page read:

Hello! It's me, Fundy. Well, I guess that means I'm also you. Hello! It's you, Fundy.

Fundy snapped the book shut. It matched his handwriting, but he had no memory at all of writing the cryptic text. Shaking, he opened it up again, and read the words on the next few pages.

If you remember this, just know - this will continue.

You Are Not Real. You Are Not Real. You Are Not Real.

Wake Up. Wake Up. WAKE UP. WAKE UP.

Dropping the book, Fundy ran as far as he could in the opposite direction. He didn't know what was going on, but he knew he wanted to stay as far away from all of this as possible. He came across some kind of stage, with an empty podium. A booming voice echoed around him, drowning out all other noise. The words were inaudible, but fear enveloped Fundy, and for some reason, he felt like someone, other than him, was in danger. Turning in a circle, trying to find where the sound was coming from, Fundy swore he saw Wilbur weaving between a tree, away from him, but he couldn't catch more than a glimpse.

Looking across the landscape, a dark silhouette of someone stared at him, the only distinguishable feature being something that looked like ram's horns. Fundy's heart stopped, and at his side his bed appeared. He distinctly heard Wilbur yell out, and did the only thing he could think of to do; he got into bed, desperately trying to wake up - or fall asleep, whichever got him out of there.

He had barely closed his eyes, when he opened them again, panting hard. He flung off the blankets of his bed, before fully realizing that he was back in his room, and not in the jungle.

A headache pounded on his skull, memories of his dream swirling in his mind's eye. Fundy felt like he was going to throw up, or possibly faint. He stumbled out of his room, entering the tiny hallway, before hesitating at Wilbur's door.

Everything in him wanted to go to his dad, be held by him, and reassured that both he and his dad were in-fact alive, real, and safe, especially because Fundy couldn't shake the feeling that something awful had happened. And yet, the one part of his brain not working under pure emotion told him to wait. He was 14, and dealing with a nightmare, not the end of the world. Plus, Wilbur had been babying Fundy, who was trying more and more to assert his own independence.

Fundy slid down the wall beside the door, compromising with himself. He couldn't go back to his bed, he knew that much, but maybe being away and somewhat close to Wilbur would help. Swallowing hard, he prepared himself for the long hours ahead of him, for which he was under no delusions would include him getting more sleep, when the door beside him slowly creaked open.

Fundy looked up to see Wilbur staring down at him, concerned.

"Fundy, what's wrong?" Wilbur dropped to his knees, frowning, and clearing tears from Fundy's face he hadn't realized were there.

"I, I, there was a dream...you were there, and a note from myself...I saw things..." He was at a loss for how to describe everything that had happened, how it was so out of the ordinary, how it was so vivid and off-putting.

Wilbur took his hand, making circles on the back of it, and settled down close to him. "Just breathe, it's all right. It was just a dream. You're okay, safe at home."

Eventually, Fundy's breathing evened out, and he felt less panicked. Wilbur started to stand, and Fundy went with him, until he realized they were going in the direction of his room. Locking his knees, he squeezed Wilbur's hand, hoping he'd understand.

Luckily, Wilbur took the hint, and instead directed them to his own room. They settled into bed, Fundy slightly more awake now, afraid of falling back asleep and ending up in the jungle again.

“Just sleep, I’m right here.”

Hiding his face in Wilbur’s body, Fundy closed his eyes, feeling slightly better. He felt Wilbur rub his back, and Fundy began to drift off to sleep.

4.

Exhilarated and tired, Fundy followed behind Tommy through the unfamiliar tunnel. They had decided to regroup at L’manberg, where Eret said they had something prepared. He could see Wilbur up in the front, following behind Eret. Wilbur had been very busy recently, but obviously excited about the creation of the independent nation.

Fundy could see Wilbur check behind him, before entering the small room filled with chests. He restrained himself from rolling his eyes. Wilbur had been completely overprotective of him throughout all of the conflict over L’manberg’s independence (when he wasn’t entirely consumed with his vision of L’manberg), hesitant to let him participate, the crayon-uniform Fundy had to make himself a harsh reminder.

They’d all entered the room, glad to have some time to rest and heal. Fundy had barely opened his chest, when chaos exploded around him. Fire went up in the room, and he heard people yell around him. Immediately, they were joined by Dream, Sapnap, Punz, and George.

Wilbur had known something was off the minute he saw all the chests were empty. He’d wanted to believe there was some reason for it, perhaps Eret hadn’t had enough time, until the room was suddenly set on fire.

Swiveling around, he desperately tried to manage the situation. They were entirely unprepared for the ambush, especially all trapped in the small room.

“Get out! Get out! Get out!” He yelled, trying to find an exit among the walls. He turned, everything happening too fast to come up with a suitable plan.

He lurched towards the others, not fast enough to prevent Sapnap’s sword from striking through Tubbo, and Tommy’s prompt death at the hands of Dream immediately after.

Moving forward, not letting himself get caught up in what was the past, Wilbur turned to Fundy, who he could see George also moving towards. Before he could intercede, desperate to protect his son, Punz swung at him from behind, and Wilbur was killed.

Waking up from a respawn was never a good experience, especially after violent or more painful deaths. Although it was familiar, the faint buzzing after experiencing a spinning, out-of-body experience, something was off this time. The death had felt different, much more significant, like it still hung on him.

Tommy and Tubbo had already woken up, both starting to sit up in their spawn points, obviously still feeling the phantom pain from where they had been killed.

Shaking off his own pain and tiredness, Wilbur approached them. “How are you two?”

Tommy looked absolutely furious. “That bastard! And then Dream, the dirty…” his voice trailed

off, too angry to even put into words.

Tubbo spoke up, voice full of disbelief and hurt, "I can't believe Eret would do this."

Wilbur nodded grimly, and put his hand on their shoulders in comfort. He once again felt the weight of his role as general, and the trust put into him.

Behind him, he heard shuffling. Fundy had finally respawned. Wilbur settled by his side, waiting for him to wake up, which would hopefully be soon. Wilbur regretted that the fight for independence came at the cost of his family's safety, Tommy and Tubbo included. He allowed himself to wallow in the guilt, just for this time, when he didn't have to act as the general. He just wanted his son to wake up, prove to him that independence for everyone in L'manberg was worth it.

Fundy eventually blinked his eyes open, immediately rubbing chest as his face screwed up in pain. He felt Wilbur give him support to sit up. The respawn was particularly brutal, and something remained, an emptiness that wasn't usual of deaths.

"Fundy, are you all right?" Wilbur asked in a low voice.

Fundy breathed, taking a second to evaluate. Everything had happened so fast in the room, he'd had no time to process what was going on, beyond the need to *Get Out*.

Looking into Wilbur's concerned and protective eyes, Fundy felt better though, at least for now. "I'm okay Wilbur. I'm ready to go."

+1

Fundy walked to the remains of L'manberg carefully, scanning the area for Philza. Their relationship had been tumultuous to say the least, so he was very wary of why his grandpa suddenly wanted to talk to him.

It didn't help that Fundy could count on one hand how much sleep he had gotten in the last four days. Every time he slept, the nightmares became more disturbing, and he was losing trust in what was real, what was the future, and what was just a dream.

Eventually, he spotted Philza, who approached him across the glass floor.

"Hey, you weren't up to too much, were you?" Philza asked.

Fundy flinched up, feeling his eye twitching. It was a problem lately, feeling seconds away from falling asleep before jerking himself awake at the last minute.

"Honestly, I've been having horrible, horrible sleep lately. I - there are these weird dreams lately, and I don't know what I've been experiencing. I've been seeing things, and people I don't know, and there's some *weird* shit that goes on. I wake up in a wasteland, and I'm there at the van, and I see myself, and Wilbur. I really don't know what's been going on, and it's, it's stressing me out!"

Fundy doesn't know what possessed him to talk about his dreams. He'd kept them to himself, but for some reason it had all come spilling out right then. Maybe it was the lack of sleep messing with his rational thought, maybe it was his desire for any kind of guiding figure, maybe it was the small resemblances of Wilbur he saw in Philza that reminded him of better times. But really, how is he to know?

“I, I know. There’s been some stressful stuff happening, everyone’s been a bit, high-strung.” Philza looked at the ground awkwardly, cringing in at himself before looking back up at Fundy. “Well, I guess there’s no easy way to say this, but...Wilbur’s back.”

Fundy’s heart genuinely stopped. He felt his blood pound in his ears, and got such a strong sense of vertigo, he nearly fell over.

“No, no, no, no, no - Don’t even joke about stuff like that! Phil, I swear, if you are joking right now”

“I’m not, I wouldn’t joke about something like this. He’s actually back.”

He’s back. Fundy continued the conversation with Phil in a daze, yelling, crying, every response clouded with the fog of “Wilbur is back.”

While Philza was obviously trying to hold it together for Fundy, Fundy noted the tiredness in his voice. Philza confessed that he had even been happy when he first heard, but now needed to question Wilbur and Dream. He even apologized to Fundy, which Fundy couldn’t fully process with how overwhelmed he felt from everything Phil had revealed in their conversation.

Following Phil throughout the server, trying to find Wilbur, Fundy recalled many past memories, good and bad. There was something nice about walking with Philza, a figure he’d looked up to in the past and taken comfort from, without much tension. It was enough to distract him from the full distress of everything that had happened between his dreams and Wilbur being back.

When they finally said good-bye, Fundy returned to his house, the chaos in his feelings finally cementing the decision in his head. He had hoped to be done with it all, start a new chapter in his life, but with all that had been revealed, he knew it was going to be a long time until he could move on. Alone, with no one to witness, Fundy almost too effortlessly fired at the tnt, destroying his base, and preparing himself for what was to come.

End Notes

Hi! I wrote this because I love imagining Fundy and Wilbur's father/son relationship, plus I love hurt/comfort. Hope you enjoyed!

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